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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1896, TO SEPTEMBER, 1896

Volume XXIII.—New Series, Volume XIV

Dr. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor

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TO

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOLUME XXIII. APRIL, 1896, TO SEPTEMBER, 1896.

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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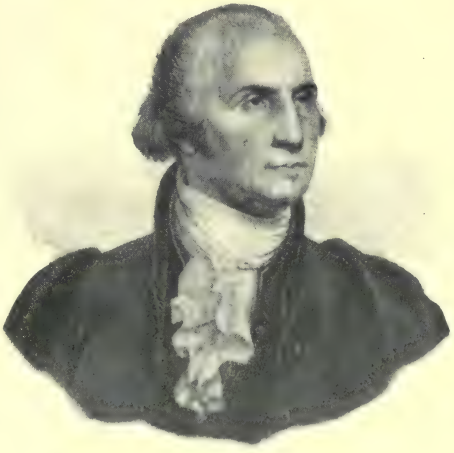
REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON.

BY H. H. RAGAN.

ON a beautiful June morning I stood on the bank of the Delaware at what was currently known as McConkey's Ferry, now called Washington's Crossing. A long covered wooden bridge now spans the stream, which, swollen by the spring rains, was at the time of my visit fully half a mile wide, and deep, strong, and irresistible in its flow. The scene is calm and peaceful, and gives no suggestion of grim-visaged war. But let us try to picture the same scene on Christmas night, 1776. Great masses of floating ice threatened to crush the frail boats in which Washington and his little army of two thousand four hundred men were crossing. They were going into a province from which they had just been driven by a vastly superior foe, and that foe even then was only waiting for the closing of the river to cross upon the ice and annihilate the poor remnant of the American Army. A blow must be struck then, or all would be lost. "Fear not: you carry Cæsar," said the great Roman to his frightened boatmen in a somewhat similar situation. No such egotistical exclamation fell from the lips of Washington, but I doubt not he did say often on that fearful night, "Courage: the liberties of America are in your keeping."



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From a painting by Charles Wilson Peale.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the landing on the Jersey shore was effected. Trenton was nine miles away, and the plan to surprise it was already a failure. So bitter cold was it that two men froze to death on that march, while the driving sleet dampened the priming and made the muskets useless. "Forward, and use the bayonet!" was Washington's answer when the disaster reached his ears. "Victory or death" was the appropriate password for the day.

On an elevation in the city of Trenton stands to-day a tall, graceful shaft, erected in 1893 to tell the story of that eventful day. Right where it stands Alexander Hamilton, then a particularly youthful captain of artillery, planted his guns to sweep the street, and from an elevation near it Washington watched and directed the action. The Hes-

sians were routed and defeated, and their commander, as well as most of his troops, was captured. It was indeed, as Washington himself said as he grasped the hand of the youthful Major Wilkinson, "a glorious day for our country."

THE HESSIAN HEADQUARTERS AT TRENTON, N. J.

There may still be seen in Trenton some few structures which saw that glorious day. Among them is the house which the Hessian colonel Rahl made his headquarters, and where his dying moments were soothed by a visit from Washington and the proffer of all that a generous victor could do for his comfort.

Encumbered as he was with prisoners to almost half the number of his own force, his men worn out with fatigue and hard fighting, Washington recrossed the Delaware without delay. But four days later, finding that his sudden descent had created something like a panic among the enemy, he crossed again, and on the second day of January, 1777, found himself upon the southern bank of Assunpink Creek, just opposite Trenton, apparently at the mercy of the foe. The famous painter John Trumbull, son of Brother Jonathan, has portrayed the great commander at this moment of perplexity and danger.

Night was closing in, and the little army, with the now impassable Delaware in the rear, and in front a vastly superior foe, checked only by a narrow and easily fordable stream, seemed doomed to destruction. Indeed the only consideration which prevented Lord Cornwallis from pushing across the stream at once, and perhaps ending the war then and there, was the reflection that it would be an unnecessary exertion for his weary men, since, as he himself put it, he now had the "old fox in a trap" from which he could not possibly escape, and was "sure to bag him in the morning." But he did not. At nightfall the "old fox" called a council of his officers and laid before them a bold, if not an inspired plan. It was instantly adopted. All night the British sentries heard just across the narrow stream the sound of mattock and spade as if the Americans were throwing up strong defensive works. All night they heard the American sentries on post and saw the camp fires blazing. When with the first streaks of dawn the little handful of men who had been keeping up this appearance of occupation suddenly withdrew, the astounded Britons saw before them a deserted camp.

At about the moment of this discovery the British colonel Maywood, with one of the three British regiments left behind at

Princeton, was crossing Stony Creek bridge, two miles from Princeton, on his way to Trenton, there to participate, of course, in the rejoicing over the captured fox, when his eye caught, through the foliage in his rear, the glitter of arms. Supposing it to be some flying fragment of the Americans, he recrossed the bridge to intercept it, and, to his amazement, soon found himself fighting the advance guard of Washington's army. The scene of the battle was a field before a farmhouse occupied by an elderly man named Clark. At first the conflict was unfavorable to the Americans, for almost the first to fall was the brave General Mercer, Washington's devoted friend from the old Fredericksburg days. Desperately wounded, he was carried into the Clark house, where he died, and where the floor is still deeply stained with his blood. Mercer's fall, which occurred in the field at the left of the house, threw his troops into confusion, and the British artillery checked a detachment of militia coming to the rescue. In a moment more the Americans would have given way, when a commanding figure on a white horse rode like a whirlwind into the space between the troops to charge. At the sound of his voice they sprang forward, and the air was filled with the smoke and dust of the conflict. Washington's aide for a moment lost his beloved commander, gave him up for lost, and drew his hat over his eyes to shut out what he dreaded to see. But when the smoke cleared away there rode the chief, waving his hat and cheering his men upon the flying enemy.

Another detachment having scattered the second of the British regiments, the troops pushed on to Princeton, where they found the remaining British force barricaded in old Nassau Hall, the original building of Princeton College. A brief bombardment compelled them to capitulate, and the "old fox," instead of reposing quietly in Cornwallis' game bag at Trenton, was master of Princeton, while the would-be holder of the game bag was metaphorically tearing his hair in his anxiety for the safety of his stores at Brunswick.

A peculiar incident of the bombardment of Princeton was the fact that the very first cannon ball fired into the town by the Americans entered old Nassau Hall and

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

contending forces and, exposed to the hottest fire from friend and foe, Washington waved his hat and called upon his hesitating shot the head clean away from the large portrait of King George III. which hung upon the wall. The frame was uninjured,

and it hangs upon the wall to this day, but, happily, it now contains the portrait of a better man,—that of Washington himself. For the damage done to the college building by the bombardment Washington paid the college authorities two hundred and fifty dollars out of his own pocket. They took the money, and with it had a portrait of him, with the face of the dying Mercer in the lower right hand corner and old Nassau Hall in the distance on the left, painted by the renowned artist Charles Wilson Peale, and this portrait it is that now fills the frame.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Washington had no thought of attempting to hold Princeton at this time. On the contrary he left it unoccupied and pushed on to Morristown, where the winter was spent watching and bitterly harassing the chagrined and humiliated Cornwallis at Brunswick. In May Washington removed to Middleburg, where on the elevated ridges of the Watchung Mountains he could keep a closer watch on the enemy. A favorite point of observation here was a great bowlder, well known in all that region as Washington's rock. Pushed forward as it is from the mountain ridge, and standing higher than any other point in the vicinity, with the whole country from its base to the sea spread out in front like a map, it constitutes a natural watchtower of which Washington could never have failed to take advantage. From it with his glass he could watch the movements of the enemy at Brunswick and even keep an eye on Staten Island and New York.

In the valley below, in full view from this rock, is the beautiful little city of Plainfield, of whose hospitality Washington partook at the old Harberger Mansion, still one of the most charming of Plainfield's many charming homes.

BRONZE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

At length Sir William Howe, who by this time was in command at Brunswick in place of Cornwallis, finding it impossible to draw Washington down from his strong position and not daring to march to the Delaware leaving such a force in his rear, evacuated the Jerseys and returned to New York. Then came months of most intense anxiety. Burgoyne and St. Leger were penetrating the country with startling success upon the north, while a great fleet was sailing out of New York Harbor to make a descent no one knew where. Washington must watch the game at all points, divine the secret plans of the enemy, and with the puniest means defeat them.

While on a visit to Philadelphia at this period, keeping watch there for the reappearance of the British fleet, Washington met for the first time a young Frenchman, whose statue in bronze to-day conspicuously adorns the great square in the city of Washington, and whose name will ever be held in honor by the American people,—the generous, impulsive, noble Lafayette.

Now, to the astonishment of every one, the long lost British fleet reappeared in the Chesapeake, making for Philadelphia by the longest way around, which in this case proved to be the shortest way there. Washington met it at Yorktown, but, with a force at least a third smaller and a thousand or more of his men barefooted, was inevitably compelled to fall back, and at last at the battle of Brandywine to give way and permit the enemy to occupy Philadelphia.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From a painting by John Trumbull. Yale University.

Soon followed the battle of Germantown, in which the old Chew Mansion, still standing and still occupied by the Chew family, played an important part. At the beginning of the action, which was an attack by the Americans upon the British encamped here, six companies of the enemy threw themselves into this house and from its upper windows poured a galling fire upon the American troops compelled to pass it. A fruitless effort to dislodge them delayed the main action for an hour, and perhaps decided adversely to the Americans the fate of the battle.

A few more weeks of skirmishing, without important results, and the disheartened little army, compelled to seek some sort of shelter for its nakedness and at the same time to remain near enough to the enemy to prevent his venturing far from his comfortable quarters, marched directly to Valley Forge. On the 19th of December, 1777, the army went into encampment there, and the soldiers immediately began to build themselves huts, remaining wholly exposed to the pelting storms until they were finished. Washington himself continued to live in his tent, without fire and with little protection of any kind from the weather, until the men were housed and the camp fortified. Then he took up his headquarters in the house our illustration shows.

In February Mrs. Washington came, and not only cheered the soldiers by her presence, but, it is said, turned her inveterate habit of knitting to good account in providing some of the poor fellows with much-needed stockings.

During that fearful winter Washington was reorganizing the army and concerting with congress plans for the next campaign, while enemies in high places, in congress and in the army, were striving to blacken his character and destroy his influence. It is told that the owner of the Valley Forge headquarters, Mr. Isaac Pitts, while walking in the valley one morning heard a solemn voice, and moving silently in its direction saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling

and the chief kneeling in fervent prayer. Whether or not just this scene ever occurred, there can be no doubt that the recesses of these forests have often echoed his supplications to that Providence in whom he firmly trusted and to whose favor he always attributed the final issue of the great conflict. And well might he conceive the need of prayer. Hard indeed for his generous soul to endure the sight of his devoted soldiers, the bloody prints of whose bare feet in the snow had marked every step of the march to this place, now freezing and starving in their wretched huts, yet bearing their sufferings with a patience and fortitude which were nothing less than sublime! But on the 1st of May came the news that France had acknowledged our independence and espoused our cause. The enemy took the hint and evacuated Philadelphia. Washington followed him through the Jerseys, and at Monmouth Court-house inflicted upon him a heavy blow.

A graceful shaft erected a few years ago to commemorate this victory stands in a conspicuous position in the village of Freehold, New Jersey, upon ground on which occurred one of the skirmishes preliminary to the main battle, which took place some three and a half miles to the westward of that spot. At the beginning of the action Washington received information that General Lee, with the advance, was retreating. Driving the spurs into his horse he dashed forward, rebuked the retreating general with a passionate outburst such as never before fell from his lips, checked the flying troops, turned them squarely about, and sent them, inspired by his voice, to a glorious victory.

WASHINGTON'S ROCK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

But the campaigns of 1778 and of 1779 were on the whole indecisive, and the winter of '79 and '80 found Washington again at Morristown, where he occupied a house provided for him by the town authorities and where, during a winter so severe as to freeze over New York Harbor, the soldiers suffered scarcely less than at Valley Forge.

(To be concluded.)

THE TARIFF IN LEGISLATION.

BY JAMES ALBERT WOODBURN, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

NO subject in the history of American politics and legislation has been more constantly before the public than the tariff. There have been many times when other subjects have taken precedence, when the people have cast their votes with reference to the settlement of other issues; but invariably after these have been settled or put aside the tariff comes again into political circles and congressional halls for discussion and legislation. When the great-grandfathers of the young voters of to-day were casting their first votes, in the days when Daniel Webster was young and before Mr. McKinley was born, the tariff was a prime cause of political division among the people. As Mr. Blaine says, "The tariff question has been more frequently and more elaborately debated than any other issue since the foundation of the federal government," and "more than any other issue, it represents the enduring and persistent line of division between the two parties which, in a generic sense, have always existed in the United States."

The literature of the subject is immense. In attempting a *résumé* of the legislative history of the tariff in a brief magazine article one can hope only to present the great landmarks of the subject and to indicate their significance. Any full account of the interests and arguments involved, of the speeches of public men, of the changes in the rates and the schedules, and of the detailed provisions of the laws would be a tedious story for the busy reader. The special student will look for these in the volumes devoted to the theme.

Those who wish not to be considered culpably ignorant on the history of our tariff laws will seek to understand the general significance of the following tariff acts and to know the epochs during which they have operated:

The first tariff act, passed July 4, 1789.

The act of 1816, claimed by many to be the first protective tariff,—certainly the first act for the purpose of protection as well as of revenue.

The act of 1824, in which the protective system was definitely approved and adopted.

The act of 1828, increasing the rates over those of 1824, called by its opponents the "Tariff of Abominations." This was the act which was resisted so vigorously by the South and which led to the nullification troubles in South Carolina.

The act of 1832, modifying the rates of 1828; and the Compromise Tariff of 1833, providing for a sliding scale of reduction, within ten years, to an abandonment of the the protective system.

The Whig Tariff of 1842, restoring protection.

The act of 1846, known as the Walker Tariff, a tariff for revenue only, seemingly a final abandonment of protection.

The act of 1857, still lowering the rates in the line of a purely revenue tariff.

The Morrill Tariff of 1861, raising the rates and involving the restoration of protection.

The War Tariff and its modifications from 1861 to 1888, and the late revenue acts known as the McKinley Bill of 1890 and the Wilson Bill of 1894.

The reader may find it convenient in following our tariff history to keep this outline in mind.

The first tariff act, of July 4, 1789, assessed *ad valorem* duties, the rates averaging about five per cent. There were higher rates on certain luxuries, the highest being about 15 per cent on carriages. There were also certain specific duties on articles like hemp, cordage, nails, iron manufactures, and glass. Each party to the tariff controversy refers to this act as a justification

of its contention. The anti-protectionist claims that the act was a measure purely for revenue and that the purpose of securing protection was not an essential factor in its passage. The protectionist, in support of his view, quotes the preamble of the bill, which recites that it "is necessary for the support of government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and for the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on imported goods, wares, and merchandise"; and the debates are referred to as involving the protection argument full grown. The truth seems to be that the men who framed the first tariff purposed to secure incidental protection while securing the necessary revenue for the new government.

For twenty years the policy of seeking moderate protection while imposing customs revenues continued. The War of 1812 cut off all trade relations with Great Britain. We doubled our import duties for the purpose of securing greater revenues, but the almost total disappearance of our foreign trade disappointed this expectation. We were thrown back on home manufactures for our supplies, and during the war a great impetus was given to manufacturing establishments in America. The war acted like a high protective tariff, securing a monopoly of the home market to the new factories which sprang up in all directions. Consequently, when the war was over and foreign goods again began to come in, many of our manufacturing establishments were pushed to the wall. It was generally recognized that the competition which they would be obliged to encounter would be too much for them without some help from government by discriminating duties. It was in this situation and with this idea in view that the tariff act of 1816 was passed. Higher duties were granted, chiefly on textile fabrics for a limited period. Cotton and woolen goods were to pay 25 per cent until 1819 and after that to pay 20 per cent, and there was a general increase of duties to an average of about 20 per cent. This was not as effective protection as the manufacturers had petitioned for, and Clay, then, as ever afterwards, a leader of the protective view, urged that the close of the war especially was a period in which a sufficient protection should be granted. The political aspects of the tariff of 1816 are interesting. Webster opposed the tariff, as he considered the mercantile interests of New England then demanded, while Calhoun spoke forcibly for the protective system. Calhoun evidently hoped that cotton manufacture would grow up side by side with its production and he looked to the protective system as a means of defense and provision in times of war. Ten years later we find Webster and Calhoun still opposing each other on the tariff, but each had changed his position.

Following 1816 there was a contraction of the currency, followed by a rapid and disastrous fall in prices, which precipitated the memorable panic of 1819. The decline in price of manufactured goods gave rise to an increased agitation for protection. The rates of 1816 were retained in 1818, and in 1820 an effort to pass a higher protective tariff barely failed by a single vote in the Senate. It was at this time—1819–20—that the protection movement may be said to have begun. There were protectionists and protective acts before this, but the body of opinion favoring this policy had not yet become solidified and organized. Now societies were formed and agencies established for the promotion of protective sentiment and protective legislation. The Middle and Western States were the leaders in this,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky. They had felt the losses of the panic most, and the agriculturists with lands and products sadly depreciated began to insist upon an advantage, or a monopoly, in the home market. New England, which was the importing section of the country, and which had not yet become a manufacturing section, was still in opposition. The South was decisively in the opposition. That section had come to believe that its manufactured goods would have to be bought either in the North or in Europe and that a protective tariff made them dearer.

The protective advocates succeeded in securing higher rates by the act of 1824. On

cotton and woolen goods the rates were put up from 25 to 33 per cent, and there were increased duties on iron, lead, wool, hemp, and cotton bagging. The manufacturers of cotton goods were by this time almost independent of the tariff, since there was abundance of raw material at hand; but makers of woolen goods were not so fortunate, and the tariff of 1824, by placing a duty of 30 per cent on imported wool, did not materially improve the situation of the woolen manufacturer. For a very short time after 1824 our woolen trade improved and the manufacturers were making a profit; but prices were soon depressed by England's admission of free wool to her manufacturers, by which these were enabled to underbid our makers in our own market. It was the woolen makers, chiefly, who pushed for higher rates in 1828. The tariff of 1828 applied to woolens the principle of minimum valuations which had been applied to cotton goods in 1816. For instance, all goods costing less than 40 cents a yard were to pay duty as if they had cost 40 cents; all costing between 40 cents and $2.50 were to pay as if they had cost $2.50; all costing between $2.50 and $4.00 were charged as if they had cost $4.00. While the rate was nominally left at 33 per cent it will be seen that on most importations it would be much beyond this; it was practically a specific duty on certain grades of cloth which it was claimed were assessed *ad valorem*. Cheap goods were taxed at a higher rate than dear goods, and the temptation to undervalue goods coming near the minimum line was very great. The tariff of 1828, also, assessed a heavy increase of duties on almost all raw materials,—on pig iron, bar iron, hemp, flax, and wool. This was done to vex New England and to detach New England support from the bill. Politics was behind this measure, and to understand the "Tariff of Abominations," which men of both parties voted for and men of no party liked, it will be necessary to understand the political influences and motives behind the scheme. The two parties were the Jackson party and the Adams party, in 1828. The Adams men were the more pronounced protectionists; but the Jackson men could not afford to alienate certain protection states. Therefore, in collusion with southern men who, it was agreed, should withdraw their support at the right time, the Jackson leaders decided to report a tariff bill so obnoxious to New England that the latter would refuse to support it and thus the Adams men could be held responsible before the people for its defeat. But to the surprise of the authors of the bill the Adams men voted for and carried the measure. It satisfied no one and led to violent opposition in the South, culminating in the nullification movement. The influence of this movement caused in 1832 a modification of the tariff of 1828, a modification which substantially reverted to the rates of 1824 while retaining, decidedly, the protective principle. This was not satisfactory to the South and nullification and resistance still continued. The Compromise Tariff of 1833 was the result. This remained in force until 1842, and, as stated before, provided for a sliding scale of reduction, taking off one tenth of the excess over 20 per cent. Every year until 1841 half the remaining excess was to be removed and in 1842 the balance, making a uniform rate of 20 per cent. The reductions the last two years were very heavy, in some instances from 65 per cent to 20 per cent. This upset the calculations of importers despite the long warning which had been given.

The Whig Tariff of 1842 was a party measure and was professedly protective. No decisive popular sentiment seemed to be behind this measure and Mr. Calhoun asserts that it was passed by the Whigs in order to secure a party issue. By this time the farming sections in the West and South were leaning more and more toward free trade, while the protective sentiment was concentrating more and more into the manufacturing centers.

The Whig Tariff of 1842 was repealed in 1846 and was superseded by the Walker Tariff,—a tariff for revenue only. This tariff deserves special notice. Robert J. Walker, Mr. Polk's secretary of the treasury, was a determined opponent of the protective system. He submitted a report from his de-

partment in 1846 in which he discussed the tariff in a very able paper, which, his admirers have asserted, deserves to rank with Hamilton's famous report on manufactures. Mr. Walker's report was, of course, distasteful to his opponents, the advocates of protection; but it is a classic on the free trade side of the argument and undoubtedly marks an important stage of tariff legislation and discussion in this country. The principles which Secretary Walker urged were these:

1. No more money should be collected than is necessary for the wants of the government economically administered.

2. No duty should be imposed on any article above the lowest rate which will yield the largest amount of revenue. A lower rate might be less protective; but, as he would not sacrifice revenue to secure protection neither would he sacrifice revenue to avoid protection.

3. Below the revenue point discriminations might be made, or articles might be placed on the free list.

4. A maximum revenue duty should be imposed on all luxuries.

5. All minimum and specific duties should be abolished and *ad valorem* duties substituted, care being taken to guard against fraudulent invoices and undervaluation.

The tariff law of 1846 was framed on these principles and is probably the best representative in our history of a purely Democratic revenue tariff. There is a radical school of free traders in America who would abolish all customhouse taxation; but the Walker Tariff of 1846 probably represents the great mass of so-called free traders in America, and they point to the great prosperity in this country between 1846 and 1857 as a vindication of their experiment and their view. The protectionist accounts for this prosperity in other ways,—by the expansion of railroad building, by the healthy immigrations of 1848-9, by the acquisition of new territory and expansion westward, and especially by the discovery of gold in California and the consequent increase of our money supply.

Redundant revenues led to a modification of the Walker Tariff in 1857. A reduction of duties was made but the principles of the tariff of 1846 were retained. The tariff law of 1857 was not a subject of party strife and, as Mr. Taussig says, it was the first tariff since 1816 not affected by politics. The law met with comparatively no opposition outside of Pennsylvania, and it seemed that the country had finally accepted the revenue basis for our tariffs.

The panic of 1857 and the consequent depression caused a revival of the agitation for protection. In 1861 the Morrill Tariff Act was passed. This began a change toward higher duties and a renewal of protection. The increase of duties provided for in this act was not caused by the necessities of war, as is often supposed, for the act was passed by the House in the session of 1859-60. The decline in revenues and the desire of the new Republican party to appeal for support in certain protective states have been assigned as the influences behind this act. Specific duties were substituted for *ad valorem* duties, and this is considered usually as an essential difference between a protective and a revenue tariff. The supporters of the Morrill Act declared their intention to be to restore the rates of 1846; but the specific duties assessed made the rates really higher. The most notable changes were the increased duties on iron and wool. It may be said that protection had again set in.

The war tariff acts were passed in 1862 and 1864. These acts should be considered in connection with the internal revenue measures of those years. The great expenses of the war made necessary a great increase in the internal taxes of the country. While in charge of the tariff act which became a law July 14, 1862, Mr. Morrill of Vermont, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, explained that the additional duties were required in order to leave the home producers in the same situation with reference to foreign competition in which they were before the new internal taxes were laid. After the greater internal revenue measure of June 30, 1864, the same reason existed for again increasing the customs duties, which was done by a tariff act of the same date. The two acts of 1862 and 1864 were protective

in their intention, and the act of 1864, placing the duties at an average of about 47 per cent, was the basis of our customs revenue policy for many years. The act of 1864 is the one referred to in the oft-quoted expression "the War Tariff."

There have been numerous tariff proposals and discussions since the Civil War, but not many tariff measures have deserved a very worthy place in our history. The recent tariff acts known as the McKinley Bill and the Wilson-Gorman Bill have attracted much attention in politics and will become historic. Efforts to reduce the War Tariff were made for many years without success, although the internal taxes of the war which had been urged as one of the reasons for the higher duties had been abolished soon after the war had ceased. The great problem of reconstruction for years absorbed public attention; the sentiment for protection had grown and the protected interests were strong; the business interests of the country were conservative, and it seemed probable that the War Tariff rates would be accepted as a permanent system. But in the West there was a strong demand for the reduction of tariff rates, and the act of 1870 was passed to reduce this form of taxation. But the reductions were chiefly on the revenue articles,—articles like sugar, coffee, tea, etc., such as were not produced in this country. The duty on pig iron, a protective article, was lowered from $9.00 to $7.00 per ton; but on many other protective articles the duty was raised. So the act of 1870 was even more protective than ever. An act of 1872 conceded a ten per cent horizontal reduction, and certain revenue articles, tea and coffee, were placed on the free list.

The next important tariff act was that of 1883. Between 1864 and 1883 there were several minor and detailed acts touching specific articles, which can only be mentioned here. These usually provided further and safer protection for such articles as woolens, cottons, iron ore, and steel rails. But the act of 1883 was the first since 1864 which attempted a general revision of the tariff. In 1882 a protectionist Congress passed an act for the appointment of a tariff commission which was instructed to report at the next session of Congress what changes it thought desirable. The majority of the commission were protectionists. Their report was submitted to Congress in the session of 1882-3, and the Senate passed a bill in harmony with its proposed reductions. But the House disagreed and in the committee of conference the bill was amended in the direction of protection. In important instances, as woolen cloths, cotton goods, iron ore, and steel, the rates were advanced over those of preceding acts. Reductions were made on cheap grades of cotton goods, on pig iron, on steel rails, on copper, marble, nickel, and other articles, while usually on agricultural articles the duties remained unchanged.

The McKinley Bill of 1890, and the Wilson Bill of 1894 are the latest statutes changing our tariff schedules. Both acts involve merely a change of schedules, not a change of principle. The McKinley Bill was one of high protection, higher than many Republicans considered necessary. It placed sugar upon the free list and protected the sugar growers at home by a bounty of two cents a pound on sugars below a certain grade. It also provided for reciprocity in certain other articles, placing upon the free list sugars, molasses, hides, tea, and coffee, and empowering the president to reimpose duties on these if at any time the countries from which they were imported refused reciprocal free rates to our products. Like all tariff measures which are supposed to provide for diversified interests, the McKinley Bill was the product of conflicting interests and enforced concessions.

The Gorman-Wilson measure, the last general revision of the tariff, although enacted by a party which had denounced protection as unconstitutional, was made almost entirely on the principle of protection. The Wilson Bill as it originally passed the House considerably modified the McKinley Act, lowering the duties on an average of 20 per cent. But so many amendments were added in the Senate prompted by protected interests that tariff-for-revenue men were ready to disclaim it, and the bill may fairly be said to be a maintenance of the protective

system. Speaking generally, the new act merely readjusted the rates. The original bill placed iron ore, coal, lumber, and wool on the free list and generally substituted *ad valorem* rates for specific. Raw sugar was left free, as under the McKinley Act, but the bounty to sugar growers was repealed. The Senate amendments took all these raw materials from the free list except wool and lumber. Considerable reductions were made from the McKinley Act on woolens, china, and glassware. Miscellaneous reductions may be said to have been made from an average of about 50 per cent to an average of about 37½ per cent. To compensate for the great decrease in duties which the reductions involved an income tax was provided for, which has since been set aside by a Supreme Court decision.

At the close of the nineteenth century the American financial historian might find storehouses of material for a legislative history of the American tariff. He would be dissatisfied to treat so vast a subject short of a voluminous octavo. But even on a theme of such extensive scope the general reader may find benefit in such a cursory sketch as we have attempted.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

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V.

TUBERCULOSIS AS INFLUENCED BY CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

A COLD, moist climate is always unfavorable for consumptives, while a warm, dry one is always favorable. In climates where there is almost an immunity from consumption we notice that there is also abundance of sunshine, and that more time is spent in the open air. When invalids go to the mountains for relief, the secret of their improvement in health is found not in the high altitude and dry air alone, but in the purity of the air and the outdoor life. Some climates are more favorable to outdoor life than others. In Colorado we find a more equable temperature, more sunshine, with dryness of the air and other favorable conditions which accompany higher altitudes. It is the nomadic life of the mountaineer that makes him strong and swarthy, and not the air alone.

Probably there is no disease that is more influenced by atmospheric changes than consumption; therefore, constant meteorological conditions, sunny and equable, give the most ideal atmosphere. The sun boxes[1] of Switzerland have proved themselves an incalculable adjunct in the treatment of this disease and are needed to-day in other countries. Baruch of New York, in an article published by him but a short time ago, insisted that "it will be a glorious day for medicine when the cardinal principle of tuberculosis or consumptive therapy[2] will be realized to be an abundance of pure air, to facilitate the entrance of which into the lungs every effort should be made, together with a perfect hygienic environment."

Surely the principal thing for a consumptive is pure, outdoor air; because any other favors the development of the disease. Sunny air improves nutrition, while aseptic[3] air aids in the repair of tissue.

A disease so common and fatal to human life as consumption needs more than a mere mention in an article bordering so closely upon climato-therapy.[4] The following quotations, which express the experience of every physician, contain valuable information and will prove a benefit to any one suffering from that disease which is always attended by such characteristic hopefulness.

Dr. A. Tucker Wise speaks of the qualities and benefits of the atmosphere of the Alps as follows:

"Dryness of the air and freedom from microörganisms, mechanical irritants, and noxious gases, low temperature, profusion of sunlight, diminished atmospheric pressure, and ozoniferous atmosphere are

the most marked peculiarities. The result on pulmonary complaints is that by breathing aseptic air, free from dust, irritation with recurrence of infection by microbes in the respiratory tract is greatly lessened; vaporization of morbid secretions in the lungs takes place, promoted by reduced barometric pressure and dryness of the atmosphere. There is increased oxidation of blood and tissue from sunlight, a general improvement in nutrition and glandular secretion, and an exhilarating effect on the nervous system."

Dr. J. W. Robertson says as regards the climate of California:

"A coast climate extending through eight degrees of latitude, where snow is phenomenal and frost rare, where the mean daily, monthly, and annual temperature varies within a few degrees only, where the bright, sunshiny days are the rule and sultry ones unknown, where the fresh salt air so invigorates as to prove an exhilarating tonic, and where flagging energies and a toneless system are revivified and thrown into a state of the highest tension, commands recognition.

"Climatically speaking, the therapeutic area of southern California is small. It is limited to those localities only which are directly influenced by the ocean breeze, and extends but a few miles inland. The majority of invalids look to Los Angeles as to a new Mecca. This climate speaks so strongly for itself, it is so mild and delightful, that the most caviling cannot find fault, and the individual susceptible to the slightest chill utters no complaint.

"Consumptives in advanced stages of the disease should remain at home."

It is claimed by some that damp soil and low lands favor consumption and that the elevations from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet above sea level are quite free from it. When we remember that consumption is more commonly found in town and city life, that the great centers of population are located in the valleys, and that consumption is spread by the germ known as the tubercle bacillus,[5] we believe the disease is less dependent upon climate and soil than we formerly supposed.

Great numbers of persons afflicted with a disease which is contagious and infectious, like tuberculosis, with a death rate from fifteen to twenty per cent of the total mortality, taking up their residence in small towns or cities must have an unsanitary effect upon the living rooms and atmosphere unless there is the greatest carefulness in regard to disinfection and personal hygiene. Flick says in a single ward in Philadelphia thirty-three per cent of the infected houses had more than one case.

The articles of clothing should be boiled, table utensils should be thoroughly washed, and the patient's room well ventilated and at stated intervals thoroughly disinfected. These preventives are absolutely needed, because tuberculosis is a communicable disease and every new case has received the infection from another person suffering from the disease or possibly from some of the lower animals.

The laity are just beginning to appreciate that consumption is a contagious disease and are willing to give the physician a helping hand by carrying out the best means for disinfecting the expectorations wherein lie the chief source of the contagion.

The germ of consumption is not exhaled into the air and, like other germs, is not found in the breath. Cadaec and Malet placed healthy sheep opposite others affected with anthrax[6] and sheep pox and allowed them to breathe for long intervals through short tubes, but they never were successful in producing the disease in those which were healthy through the breath of diseased animals.

Bacteria do not easily leave the moist surfaces of the lungs and it is only possible for expired air to carry germs when sputum or mucous shreds are mixed with it.

VI.

OTHER DISEASES AS INFLUENCED BY CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

CERTAIN climatic conditions cause disease, while others cure. Atmosphere influences the various functions of the body by its action upon secretion, excretion, respiration, and circulation. The climate of the East Indies predisposes the inhabitants to affections of the liver. The Egyptians are liable to ophthalmia, diarrhea, and typhoid and relapsing fevers, while consumption and rheumatism are almost unknown among them and insanity is still more rare. Pellagra[7] is common in Italy and malaria in China.

Climate has given us the races of men and, like vegetables, they do best in their

natural climate and soil, but when moved from one climate to another they slowly become adapted to the new atmospheric influences and after a time become acclimated. Life insurance companies have learned the importance of assuring themselves that the applicant has been acclimated before accepting the risk. The health of the European is always impaired by the climate of India and that of the Nile region. Tropical fruits are grown with difficulty in the temperate zones.

Asthma can be considered a typical climatic disease, and a change from the low land to the hillside may relieve it, while again sufferers on the hillside may find relief by going to the lowlands. There have been instances where persons have suffered from asthma for years in a certain locality and have found freedom from the malady by going from a lower to a higher altitude or from a cold and moist climate to a warm and dry, although not more than twenty miles away. The predisposition of the patient is always a potent factor, while the emanations from certain substances—such as phosphorus and sulphur, pollen, or even the smell of some domestic animals—may be active agents in producing the disease.

Humidity, fogs, cold, and sudden changes in the temperature predispose to rheumatism; also to catarrh of the mucous surfaces of the respiratory and digestive tract. In the moist, warm air of swamps and marshes we find people predisposed to malaria. Thermic conditions are always associated with such diseases as cholera morbus and cholera infantum, and the greater the heat the more prevalent and severe the disease. The nervous system is depressed when the temperature is high. Diseases of the organs of respiration are more common in cold weather. Diseases of the digestive type, including the liver, stomach, and intestines, we find more prevalent in hot weather, while a cold and moist atmosphere favors rheumatism. A hot and moist atmosphere conduces to fever; a hot and dry atmosphere favors tuberculosis, black death, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and a large variety of other diseases produced by microörganisms, because this condition of the air favors the transmigration of germs. Certain mountain valleys, especially those of Switzerland, produce goiter. Organic heart troubles are aggravated by a rare atmosphere, and, if the diminished pressure be great, syncope[8] may be produced on account of the greater demand upon the organs of circulation and respiration which we find accompanies the high altitudes.

The frequency of pneumonia seems to be governed by certain meteorological conditions which depend upon the temperature of air. Directly or indirectly, a low temperature causes not only pneumonia but a variety of lung troubles associated with inflammatory conditions.

Cold air, when the change comes on suddenly, by contracting the blood vessels of the surface of the body may produce diarrhea. Travelers have often observed this on coming from the warm air of the South and suddenly meeting the cold waves from the North. There may be an increased action of the kidneys by a change from hot to cold air. Salt air has a soothing effect upon nervous people and is also invigorating. Cold atmosphere lowers the temperature of the body by slowing the combustion of the tissues, which lessens the amount of heat produced when the vital functions require more, and has a tendency to increase the death rate among those who are debilitated and aged.

Moist air prevents evaporation from the glands of the skin and also the exhalations from the lungs, thereby diminishing the excrementitious products of the body from two out of three of its chief emunctory organs. The transparent, moderately warm, and moist air is not irritating and is always beneficial. Cloudy, moist, and cold atmosphere, with sudden changes in temperature, favors rheumatism and congestion of the vocal organs. The result is that soprano singers become scarce, and tenors uncertain, while contraltos and basses are numerous. Hippocrates[9] was the first to notice the effects of this condition of the atmosphere when he observed that the Phasians[10] of all men had rough voices, from breathing a misty, humid air. Relative humidity depends upon the changes

in the temperature producing heat and cold. At a temperature of sixty-six Fahrenheit humidity is seventy-five; when the temperature drops to sixty the air then is saturated, and still lower temperature produces rain. Vapor is always precipitated from the air when the temperature which supports saturation suddenly drops.

Dry air of itself may be desirable, but when associated with a low temperature, as the freezing point, it is harsh and irritating to the mucous surface of the respiratory organs and often produces inflammation of those surfaces, or catarrh. In dry air, with a high temperature, as when the thermometer stands at ninety, we find diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera prevalent, which is evidently due to the easy transmigration of microörganisms as much as to the heat which encourages fermentation of foods.

Zymotic[11] diseases and various epidemics accompany or follow great droughts, or seasons of dry weather. When cholera prevailed in this country in 1830 and 1849 there was very little rain.

If a dry or a moist air with a great range of temperature influences those who are well, much more will these conditions affect those who are suffering from disease.

Dry air may abstract an excessive amount of moisture from the mucous membranes in the higher altitudes on account of the rarification of the atmosphere. On high mountains evaporation is increased and the process of desiccation is so great that travelers find it very difficult to overcome the disturbances produced by it. A dry, cold air is the common cause of the frequency of chapped hands and lips in the cold season of the year. A warm, moist, and relaxing air excites perspiration and relieves congestion of the mucous membranes and internal organs. Moist air is a good conductor of heat as well as electricity, and it is with this condition of the air that we find the emanations from marshy districts and the volatile substances from flowers and plants more noticeable in the early morning and before and after rains.

The hygrometer, an instrument which determines the degree of atmospheric moisture, usually begins to fall as the altitude increases until at the tops of high mountains the air shows only about one fourth of its usual amount of water. The air usually contains only about one half the water which would be necessary to saturate it. Water evaporates because the air takes it up and the drier the air the more rapid is the evaporation. A cold and moist air abstracts the heat of the body and we feel cold, although the thermometer does not indicate cold weather.

Moist air prevents the healthy excretions from the skin, such as urea and carbonic acid gas. The skin with its innumerable glands for excretion is the chief source of regulating the heat of the body. These glands are compensatory to the kidneys, and when interfered with the functions of the body suffer, the internal organs are more likely to be congested, and chronic congestion leads to degeneration.

Moist air lowers the barometer, lessens the oxygen, lessens evaporation, diminishes excretion, and thereby increases the liability to auto-infection, or self-poisoning. This may account for the indisposition, the muscular pains and aches of those people who are so susceptible to barometric changes which are always aggravated on cold, moist, and cloudy days.

Watery vapor is a constant constituent of the atmosphere, although the most variable of them all. It varies according to the temperature from a minimum quantity in cold air to a maximum in the hot. The air that is exhaled from man is usually saturated with moisture, and if breathed into a cold room, or upon cold glass, it precipitates and becomes visible. This accounts for the appearance of drops of water upon the outside of the ice pitcher in a heated room or upon a hot summer's day. When the atmosphere has taken up all the moisture possible to a given temperature we call it saturated; and when the temperature is suddenly lowered it is condensed in the form of dew or rain. The degree of temperature at which the condensation takes place has been long known as the dew point. The heat given off from the earth's surface into the cold air of the night accounts for the dewdrops, with their

many beauties and uses, on the following morning. The constancy of moisture in the air is important in sustaining life of all kinds. If man were taken from the moist air to the absolutely dry, although there be plenty of oxygen, he would be like a fish out of water and would soon find himself gasping for breath. The usefulness of moisture in the atmosphere around us is just as great as within the cellular changes of animal and vegetable life, where it prevents friction and aids in the digestion and assimilation of food necessary for their growth and maintenance.

Although density of the air depends on temperature, yet the latter seems to have a wider influence over the bodily functions than the former. The normal temperature of the body and that of all warm-blooded animals is not influenced by external air. Cold-blooded animals, on the other hand, have a temperature varying according to the medium in which they live. Sudden variation in temperature by influencing the circulation locally or generally soon leads to disease, which in turn causes the normal temperature to vary.

It is not the high nor the low temperature which influences health directly, but the varying amounts of humidity and oxygen associated with these conditions. If heated the air contains less oxygen because of its being rarified; cold air with the same degree of purity would contain more oxygen because of its density. The consumption of oxygen is diminished by high temperature because of its enervating effect upon the system, and no doubt this accounts for the indisposition and lethargy of those living in hot climates. Great mental and physical work is accomplished with difficulty by the natives of the tropics.

In changing from a hot to a cold climate suddenly the circulation of the various organs is disturbed and the excretions of the body are altered in quality and quantity. This general physical disturbance could be anticipated and no doubt better realized by observing the effects of cold when applied only to certain portions of the skin; for example, getting the feet wet and keeping them cold is pretty sure to congest and inflame the mucous membrane of the throat and nose, producing what is commonly called cold in the head. The skin, on account of the large amount of blood it contains and its large surface for radiation and evaporation, is the chief organ by which the heat of the body is regulated. Possibly seventy or eighty per cent of all the heat lost is radiated through the skin. The surfaces of the body being suddenly exposed to cold causes a contraction of the smaller blood vessels in the skin, driving a large amount of blood to the mucous surfaces on the inside. The skin when exposed to cold becomes pale, cold, and dry, leaving the internal excretory organs an increased amount of work to perform.

It is said that the workmen of Sir F. Chantry[12] were accustomed to enter a furnace in which his molds were dried, where the thermometer stood at three hundred and fifty Fahrenheit—far above the boiling point of water. The dryness of the air, increasing the evaporations from the skin, will alone account for this toleration, because, when the air is moist and hot, evaporation from the body is prevented, as in vapor baths, where some have almost suffocated at a temperature of one hundred and twelve Fahrenheit.

In a dry, hot air there is great evaporation from the skin; in a moist and hot one there is little. As regards health, there is little choice between a moist air with a low temperature and dry air with a high temperature. It has been found that moist and high air is beneficial and moist and warm is congenial. It is not a warm nor a cold climate, not a high nor a low altitude, neither a dry nor a moist air that is necessary to show a beneficial influence over disease, but an atmosphere which is mechanically and chemically pure.

Meteorological conditions affecting the health of man are better understood to-day than ever before. Less than a century ago nearly all diseases were accounted for by those conditions, but to-day by the use of the microscope and the progress of bacteriology we find a specific organism entering into the etiology[13] of most infectious maladies.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

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EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-eight was a prolific year with James Russell Lowell—or, rather, a year in which he gathered up and gave to the public the results of ten years of graduate life. In 1848 he published his third volume of poems (including the matchless "Present Crisis," which was written in '45); his charming "Sir Launfal"; his witty and trenchant "Fable for Critics"; and the First Series of the "Biglow Papers."

This last volume consisted of a series of shrewd and immensely popular political satires which Mr. Lowell began to publish anonymously in the *Boston Courier*, in June, 1846, and completed, two years later, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. These papers criticised the events that grew out of the annexation of Texas from the standpoint of a New England abolitionist, and were published anonymously, as Mr. Lowell himself tells us in his "Letters," because he wished slavery to think it had as many enemies as possible.

Fourteen years later, during the War of the Rebellion, the Second Series of the "Biglow Papers," completing the work as we now have it, was given to the public in successive issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

This volume has a threefold claim on our attention. It vindicates Mr. Lowell's claim to be regarded as one of the first and best of American humorists. It affords us a capital illustration of the Yankee dialect, which, as railways and newspapers and summer boarders penetrate every nook in the New England States, is rapidly becoming extinct. It helps us, if intelligently read, to understand the beginning and the end of that terrible struggle with slavery which has happily resulted in unifying and consolidating the energies of our great republic.

Upon the humorous aspect of the "Biglow Papers" it is hardly necessary to dwell in the way of analysis or criticism. If the most casual reader does not appreciate this characteristic of Mr. Lowell's dialect poems no amount of explanation or suggestion could bring their shrewd hits down to the level of his comprehension. Attention may, however, be called to the fact that Lowell's humor as evinced in Hosea Biglow's sprightly poems or Parson Wilbur's laboriously learned introductions is always wholesome and never purposeless. Its prime object was not amusement, but the correction of social abuses and the abatement of political wrongs. Mr. Lowell had learned that "there is no *apage Sathanas!*[1] so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good nature on the point of it." And so he set the entire North to laughing at the absurdity of lines of conduct which he might vainly have denounced as flagitious.

In undertaking this patriotic task (for never was poet inspired with purer and more unselfish patriotism) Mr. Lowell not unnaturally availed himself of the Yankee dialect; for it was the thoughts and feelings of the humble descendants of the Puritans to which he gave expression in his political satires. Their homely dialect was, in its simplicity and directness—its propensity to "call a spade a spade," rather than an oblong agricultural implement—admirably adapted to his purpose. As he himself says,

> "For puttin' in a downright lick
> 'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther''s few can metch it,
> An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
> Ez stret-grained hickory does a hetchet."

This language was his own vernacular. He tells us:

> "To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day laborer was as rare as an American one is now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as in a mother tongue, and I am carried back far beyond

any studies of it to long ago mornings in my father's hayfields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of blackstrap, under the shadow of the ash tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long."

The writer recalls a pleasant evening spent at the residence of the late President Anderson of the University of Rochester, to which Dr. Kendrick and himself had been invited to meet Mr. Lowell. We were all from New England, and, the conversation not unnaturally turning to the Yankee dialect, Mr. Lowell assured us that he had introduced no word or phrase in the "Biglow Papers" and indicated no pronunciation which had not been authenticated by his own observation and confirmed by the experience of others. Surprise was expressed by President Anderson that one characteristic Yankee word did not occur in the "Biglow Papers." Mr. Lowell had never heard that word, and noted in his memorandum book that one of us was familiar with it, at a certain date, in the eastern part of Maine, another in northern Vermont, another in central New Hampshire. The word was "jag," meaning a small load of anything. The word is common enough now—in certain circles—and the writer has sometimes fancied that that evening's conversation may have helped to restore it to current use.

Because Mr. Lowell took such pains to make the dialect of Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin absolutely authentic, his "Biglow Papers" are sure of immortality on purely linguistic grounds. They faithfully represent a mode of speech which is too often outrageously caricatured. And their value in this direction is enhanced by the introduction to the Second Series, in which Mr. Lowell gives us a scholarly discussion of the English language in America, and the characteristics of American humor.

Because these poems were written in dialect, they at once attracted attention in England, and were accepted as a first installment of that distinctively American literature for which our kinsmen across the sea had been clamoring.

To place the "Biglow Papers" in their relation to American history let us notice first of all Mr. Lowell's own statement of their purpose and plan. In the preface to the revised edition of the "Biglow Papers" he says:

"Thinking the Mexican War, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behalf of slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an up-country man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. When I began to carry out my conception and to write in my assumed character, I found myself in a strait between two perils. On the one hand I was in danger of being carried beyond the limit of my own opinions, or at least of that temper with which every man should speak his mind in print, and on the other I feared the risk of seeming to vulgarize a deep and sacred conviction. I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere patois,[2] and for this purpose conceived the Reverend Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common sense vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishoner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity. Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin, though drawn from the life, I adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery—for I conceive that true humor is never divorced from moral conviction—I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet show. I meant to embody in him that half-conscious *un*morality which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savor which had long gone out of its faith and life. In the three I thought I should find room enough to express, as it was my plan to do, the popular feeling and opinion of the time."

Manifestly, in order to understand the First Series of the "Biglow Papers" one must know more than the average American citizen at once remembers about the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War which resulted from it. The most essential facts were substantially as follows:

Texas became independent of Mexico, with a constitution establishing slavery, which had previously been prohibited, in 1836. This was brought about by citizens of the Southern States who had settled in Texas and helped achieve its independence, with the hope of adding to the slave terri-

tory of the United States a tract of country large enough to be cut up into eight or ten states of the ordinary size, thus perpetuating the hold of the pro-slavery party on the United States Senate. The independence of Texas was recognized by President Jackson in 1837. John Tyler, who by the death of General Harrison had become president of the United States, entered into secret negotiations for the annexation of Texas, and, in April, 1844, submitted to the Senate of the United States a treaty which he had negotiated and which provided for annexation. This treaty the Senate refused to confirm.

The presidential election of that year turned largely, however, on the question of annexation, and as James K. Polk—who represented the idea of territorial aggrandizement and pro-slavery extension—was elected, a joint resolution favoring annexation was passed by Congress and signed by President Tyler just before he sank into merited oblivion, March 3, 1845.

Texas claimed the Rio Grande as her southern boundary line, while Mexico insisted on a line considerably farther north. As soon as Texas had accepted the proposition to enter the Union, President Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor to cross the Nueces[3] River and encamp, with a body of United States soldiers, on this disputed territory. This was done in the early summer of 1845. In December of that year Texas was admitted to the Union. Early in 1846, Polk, without consulting Congress, though it was then in session, ordered General Taylor to advance to the Rio Grande. This speedily resulted in a collision between the Mexican troops under General Arista and those of the United States, and led to the battles of Palo Alto[4] and Resaca de la Palma,[5] in which Taylor was victorious. Before the news of these victories had reached Washington the president had sent a message to Congress announcing that "war existed by the act of Mexico." War was accordingly declared by Congress and the president called for fifty thousand volunteers to aid in "extending the area of freedom"—which was one of the catchwords of the day.

The war was very unpopular throughout the New England States, where through the influence of Garrison and others a strong antislavery sentiment was developing which had resulted in the nomination of a Liberty party candidate for the presidency in 1844. Massachusetts, however, responded to the president's call for volunteers by raising a regiment of infantry—of which Caleb Cushing was colonel and Isaac H. Wright lieutenant colonel, while Birdofredum Sawin was one of its most illustrious privates.

The First Series of the "Biglow Papers" opens with a poem expressive of Hosea Biglow's sturdy contempt for the blandishments of the sergeant who is recruiting for this regiment, and is immediately followed by a letter from Birdofredum Sawin giving a humorous account of the disenchantment induced by actual campaigning amid the chaparral[6] and beneath the burning sun of Mexico. The faded and travel-stained journal of a relative who was a private in Birdofredum's regiment attests the substantial truthfulness of Mr. Lowell's imaginative description—extending even to the complaint:

"Caleb hain't no monopoly to court the senoreetas."

The most popular poem in the First Series is "What Mr. Robinson Thinks."

"But John P. Robinson—he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee"

was in every one's mouth. It needs, however, a pretty accurate acquaintance with the political history of Massachusetts thoroughly to understand the poem. The notes appended to the revised edition of the "Biglow Papers" afford some help in that direction; but it is much to be regretted that those notes did not emanate from the richly stored and keenly reminiscent brain of Mr. Lowell himself. The "Biglow Papers" fairly bristle with references and allusions which require explanation; but, even if they are not always understood, one can glean from the poems and from Parson Wilbur's comments on them some conception of the sturdy contempt with which the clear intellect and moral sensibility of New England regarded the outrageous assault, in the interests of slavery, on the integrity of a sister republic.

In making a transition from the First to the Second Series of the "Biglow Papers" the intelligent reader must be struck with a change in Mr. Lowell's attitude with reference to two important points—and the change is all the more striking that Lowell himself seems to be unconscious of it. In the First Series he expresses the idea—by no means uncommon among the New England abolitionists—that the annexation of Texas would be a sufficient ground for the secession of those states which were opposed to the aggressive policy of their slave-holding sisters.

"Ef I 'd *my* way, I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part;
They take one way we take t' other—
Guess it wouldn't break my heart.
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God hes noways jined,
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind."

Throughout the First Series, too, the idea is dominant that war is a great and terrible evil, for which no possible justification can be offered. He says:

"Ez for war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God."

In the Second Series, written during our great Civil War, secession must be put down at any cost of blood and treasure; and Mr. Lowell's principal objection to the conduct of the war is that it is not more thorough and unrelenting. What the crisis demands, to his mind,

"Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'."

The Second Series of the Biglow Papers did not take like the First Series. Mr. Lowell himself was conscious of a "sort of fallin' off in spots." In later years, however, he insisted that, although there was some loss in dash and spontaneity, the Second Series contained better matter than the First. In this opinion he was probably correct. Indeed few commentaries on the incidents and characters in our national history from 1861 to 1866 are more suggestive or more instructive. They do not always embody Mr. Lowell's final conclusions, however. For instance, Abraham Lincoln as Lowell "sized him up" in the "Biglow Papers" is by no means the Abraham Lincoln of the "Commemoration Ode." Hosea Biglow tells us:

"Jeff don't stand dilly-dallyin' afore he takes a fort
(With no one in) to git the leave o' the nex' Soopreme Court,
Nor don't want forty-'leven weeks o' jawin' an' expoundin'
To prove a nigger hez a right to save him ef he's drowndin';
Whereas old Abe 'ud sink afore he'd let a darkie boost him,
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an' hedn't interdooced him."

Again he bids us imagine what Jackson would have done had he been in Lincoln's place, and deplores

"This 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,
Yor cappen's heart up with a derrick;
This tryin' to coax a lightnin' streak
Out of a half-discouraged hayrick."

Mr. Lowell, like many other original abolitionists, was impatient of Abraham Lincoln's wise delay in freeing and arming the slaves of the South; but it is by no means impossible that such outspoken expressions of impatience prepared the way for the acceptance of the Emancipation Proclamation when at last it came.

The reason why the Second Series of the "Biglow Papers" was not so popular as the First is suggested by Mr. Lowell himself when he says,

"Ef I a song or two could make,
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',
All leap an' light, to leave a wake
Men's hearts and faces skyward turnin'!—
But, it strikes me, 't ain't jest the time
Fer stringin' words with settisfaction:
Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme
'Twixt upright will an' downright action."

In "Jonathan to John" he came nearest to such a poem as he here describes; and this was the most popular poem of the Second Series—as Lowell himself expected that it would be.

The prolix tediousness of Parson Wilbur was utterly at variance with the strenuous activity of such a terrible crisis in the national history; and we are grateful when

Mr. Lowell forgets that he is masquerading beneath the garb of the worthy dominie, and with forthright directness brings a personal indictment against England* which might well have been remembered against him when he was minister at the Court of St. James.

One of the shrewdest of the papers in the Second Series is that on reconstruction, "Hosea Biglow's Speech in March Meeting," with which the series closes; one of the most suggestive is the dialogue between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument —which typify the fervid and somewhat unreasonable patriotism of the period when the surrender of Mason and Slidell convulsed the North, and its calmer and less passionate, almost despondent, acquiescence in the inevitable.

But the brightest and best of all these poems is clearly "Suthin' in the Pastoral Line." There is very little that may be regarded as true poetry in the "Biglow Papers"; but in his description of an American spring in this paper Lowell (who elsewhere excels as a pastoral poet) is at his very best. And at the close of the paper, where his ancestor appears upon the scene, Lowell evinces a dramatic faculty and spiritual fervor which remind us of "The Present Crisis."

"Hosee," sez he, "I think you 're goin' to fail:
The rettlesnake ain 't dangerous in the tail;
This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rettle,—
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've won the bettle;
It 's slavery thet 's the fangs an' thinkin' head,
An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead,—
An' cresh it suddin, or you 'll larn by waitin'
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to debatin'!"

Attention has just been called to the fact that there is little true poetry in the "Biglow Papers." It may further be remarked that there is little pathos—though there is abundant room for it. Toward the close of the Second Series, however, Lowell refers with touching effectiveness to dear ones of his own blood that had fallen on southern battlefields,

"Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't
No, not life-long, leave off awaitin'."

And with this sad, sweet note, these poems, which Lowell especially loved and which have done as much as anything he ever wrote to extend and perpetuate his reputation,—these poems which satirize everything that is mean and hateful at the North as well as at the South, at home as well as abroad, but never hold up to ridicule anything that is pure and true and good—draw to a fitting close.

POLITICAL PARTY MACHINERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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A POLITICAL party is an organization of those voting citizens who agree in desiring to see the business of government carried on in a particular way. In order to carry out effectively the purposes of its existence it is necessary that a party get control of the governmental political offices and keep control of them as long as possible, for it is only through the offices that the business of the state is managed. It must not be forgotten that the political offices are few. The greatest part of the governmental offices are purely administrative and have nothing to do with carrying out a party policy. Office seeking, then, though often spoken of with scorn, must be the work of the most patriotic citizens, if they desire that their political efforts be successful. They must seek offices, possibly for themselves; but at any rate they must seek them for some of the men whom they consider especially adapted to carry out the political principles of their party. In order, now, to do well this work of securing the offices, parties must be thoroughly organized, and this party organization is called the party machine. Whether the machine shall be, on the whole, good for the country or an evil, depends

* "Biglow Papers," Second Series, No. 11.

mostly upon the purity of the purposes of the men who manage it.

The work of a political party may be summed up under three heads: (1) the selection of candidates for office; (2) the election of the candidates nominated; (3) control of the officers elected, so that they shall carry out in their administration the principles of the party.

Nominations of candidates for office usually are made in towns or in the wards in cities by direct ballot in a public meeting or caucus of all voters of the party resident in the district who wish to attend. In the case, however, of all higher officers, whether county, legislative, state, congressional, or presidential, nominations are made in conventions of delegates selected by different local caucuses. The system is purely democratic in theory, each voter having an equal voice in the selection of any candidate, even for the presidency of the United States. Of course at times individuals announce themselves as candidates for local offices, either independently or subject to the approval of the party conventions, and they personally urge their claims for an office upon the voters. At times, also, it has been customary for a few prominent citizens to select candidates for office and to place their names before the people. In earlier times members of Congress belonging to the leading parties suggested the names of presidential candidates; or a candidate was put in nomination for that office by action of some state legislature. At present, however, candidates for all prominent offices, if they are to be considered as regular candidates, must be selected by conventions especially called for the purpose of making these nominations.

The exact methods of selecting delegates, especially for the local conventions, differ somewhat in different parts of the country and at different times. Each county is, or may be, independent in its method of selecting the delegates; but the principles are the same throughout the country. In order to save trouble and expense in elections it is customary for state and local elections to be held at the same time as are the national elections, so that the voter instead of casting a single ballot for one candidate may vote for fifteen or twenty or more candidates for different offices at one time. Likewise in the nomination of candidates for these various offices it is usually convenient and economical for the same convention to nominate candidates for several offices.

Some weeks before election in each town in the rural districts and in each voting precinct or ward in the cities the voters of each party come together in a primary meeting (caucus) in accordance with the call issued by the central committee of the party, and there, as has been said, by a majority vote nominate their candidates for the local offices. At this same meeting, usually, if county officers are to be nominated or if a county convention is to be held to select delegates to a district or state convention, each town or ward in addition to nominating candidates for its own offices selects delegates to attend the county convention. When, now, this county convention, composed of delegates from the various towns and wards in the county, meets, it nominates candidates for the county offices and also selects delegates to attend the state convention which will nominate candidates for state offices or to attend a district convention which will nominate candidates for membership in Congress, for the office of state senator, or for that of judge, as the case may be. Or it may be that this county convention will nominate delegates only for some one more important convention and at another meeting will nominate candidates for the local offices. For example, a county convention called lately in Indiana selected delegates to the state convention, the congressional convention, the judicial convention, and to a special congressional convention for electing a member of the state central committee, besides choosing the members of the new county central committee. In this case the Republicans met in a mass convention, every Republican in the county being entitled to vote in the convention (though those present from each town acted by themselves in proposing committeemen), instead of the convention being made

up of delegates from the local precincts as is more usually the case.

For the nomination of president, local conventions send delegates to a specially called convention in each congressional district, and these conventions elect usually two delegates and two alternates to seats in the national convention. Special state conventions are also called ordinarily to nominate four delegates at large to represent the whole state in the national convention. Sometimes, however, one state convention names all the delegates, the representatives present from each congressional district selecting the two delegates and two alternates to represent them in the national convention. As was said, then, though the methods may vary, as we have seen, every voter of each party may, in theory, have a voice in all nominations, either directly, as in the selection of local candidates, or indirectly, through delegates, as in the selection of county or state or national candidates.

In the local caucuses in rural districts, where the voters are well known, every voter belonging to the party concerned may take part. In the large cities, however, where the voting population is so numerous that the voters are not well known to each other, it is thought necessary to keep lists of the voters of the party, and no one is permitted to vote in the caucus unless his name appears upon such a list. This list is prepared generally by the managing committee of the ward, and this committee is likely to keep upon it the names of the men whose votes they can most readily control, so that the men entitled to vote are often by no means fairly representative of the voters in the district. The party organization in New York City, for example, has at times been so strict in the selection of members that an applicant for membership in the party organization had to have his name posted, to be passed upon by the committee upon admission, and to be elected by a majority of those present at a monthly meeting. Still further, if so chosen he had to pledge himself to approve all nominations made by the committee, and to bind himself not to join any political organization which did not recognize the authority of this primary association. Such rigid rules as these have sometimes prevented more than ten per cent of the party from assisting in the nomination of candidates for office. Frequently, in practice, even in districts where the rules are much freer, an even smaller per cent of the voters nominate the candidates.

The trickery and fraud employed at times in making nominations are most frequently found in the primary; and in such work the machine men have the advantage. As members of the local committee, they call the caucus, and their chairman is expected to call the meeting to order and begin the business. At times, to gain an advantage, they notify their friends to be early, and promptly at the moment announced the meeting is called to order and the most important business is done before other voters, possibly hostile, arrive. Even watches have been put ahead to give the advantage. Again the place of meeting is at times not clearly stated in the call, but friends of the machine are given private information. Sometimes one faction comes early, fills the hall, and practically by force keeps out its opponents till the work is done. It is reported that in Philadelphia not long since a policeman in league with the machine was stationed at the door and refused to let many of the opposing faction in.

The machine proper is made up rather of the prominent committees whose duty it is to conduct the work of the elections, to keep the organization of the party in order and at work, to make provisions for succeeding nominating conventions, and to watch carefully the actions of their party members who hold the offices. Usually each convention before its adjournment selects the members of a committee, made up, in the case of a county committee, of one or more members from each voting precinct, in the case of the state committee, usually of one member from each congressional district, and in the case of the national committee of one member from each state represented. These committees, then, are the machine. Generally they organize themselves for work by the appointment of a chairman, a vice chairman,

a treasurer, a secretary, and an executive committee. Of course other officers are selected if it seems desirable. While the officers are generally taken from the members of the committee itself, it is not an uncommon custom for the treasurer or secretary to be taken from outside the membership of the committee. Usually the members of the executive committee, upon whom the main work falls, are, in the case of the county committee, men living in or near the most important place in the county, in order that at times of election they may be quickly summoned to consult upon any matter of importance. So, likewise, in the case of the state or national committees, the men in charge of the work are to be found in immediate touch with the central office directing and controlling the work of a campaign. The members of the executive committee not infrequently ignore to a great extent the other members of the committee that are selected at the convention, and do their work in the various localities through men of their own appointment who are more closely in sympathy with their views.

The purpose of the committees is primarily success in the elections; and if success is won the methods followed are usually not closely investigated nor are the accounts audited. Especially in the case of the state and national committees the wish of the leading candidate or candidates has usually much to do with the selection of the officers of the committee, and the committees are frequently in consultation with the candidates as to the methods of their work.

Besides the work of organizing a party for the campaign and of carrying on the election, these committees issue calls for the succeeding nominating conventions, select the time and place for holding the convention, fix upon the number of delegates to be chosen, and in all ways determine the general nature of the work to be done. In consequence of this, as well as by packing the primaries, the party machine often is enabled to control, in good part, the work of the nominating convention itself, both as regards the selection of candidates for office and as regards the choice of the succeeding machine committee; so that this party machine is largely a self-perpetuating machine, the committees calling conventions, the convention appointing the same men as committees, thus making one harmonious working organization.

The efficiency of the party machine can be seen best, perhaps, in its management of the important elections. In the case of a presidential election the national committee is in immediate correspondence or in personal touch with all of the state committees; the state committees in turn have reports regularly from the county committees. The congressional committees, while looking especially after the election of congressmen, take also an interest in the success of the general ticket, and give all the information that they can to the state or national committees; and the county committee, having its representatives in every voting district, is enabled to reach at once any individual voter. It is probably not too much to say that if the information were desired it would be possible for the chairman of the national committee to learn the details of the political belief or record of practically any voter in the United States by sending word through the proper channels to some neighbor who is connected with the local political committee.

Before the election, arrangements are made by each local committee to canvass thoroughly the voters in the locality; to make a list containing all their names, with the parties to which they belong; to mention those whose votes are doubtful and who, in consequence, are open to persuasion of any kind; and to give any other information regarding the individual voters that will be of use in the coming election. For use at the time of election other books are ordinarily prepared containing the name of every voter who needs to be looked after by the committee on or before election day. It may be necessary to send a carriage to bring the voter to the polls; it may be necessary to get his employer to bring his influence to bear to secure the vote; it may be wise to get his next friend to change his opinions by argument; it may be sufficient to see that on election day he is offered a certain sum

of money. The purpose of the committee is to secure as many votes as possible for the party that it represents; and if the organization is as complete as it ought to be each voter will be looked after in the way that will bring about the desired result by the person within the party who is best fitted to do the work. It is not too much to say that in important elections in doubtful states every voter is individually looked after by the local committees and, through their records, by the state and national committees. And, on the other hand, the preliminary work done makes it possible for the members of the national and state committees to know just how much assistance in the way of advice or literature or workers or money needs to be given by these central committees to the local committees to guide and assist their action.

When candidates have been nominated and elected through the efforts of a committee, they, of course, are likely to feel under personal obligations to their party and to the members of the committee individually, and, in many cases they are therefore glad to exert their influence in office to further the interests of the party. As good party men they of course believe that the welfare of the country depends upon the carrying out of their party principles, and therefore upon the continuance of their party in power. It is natural, then, that the members of the committees should have much influence over the candidates both as regards the votes that they may cast as members of the Legislature or of Congress, and in the appointments that they may make to office, if they are in prominent executive positions. The man who goes into office as a machine candidate must expect to feel the influence of the machine throughout his term of office.

Much has been said about the evils of the political party machinery in the United States, but they may perhaps all be summed up under two heads. In the first place, men thus put in charge of the party machinery are likely to be so carried away by their zeal and desire for success that they will stoop to almost any means, however corrupt, for the sake of securing success. It may well be that they are personally honest, sincerely unselfish as regards any personal aggrandizement, even thoroughly patriotic in feeling as regards the country's welfare; but, blinded by their zeal for party success and stimulated by the spirit of conflict, they will not hesitate to use any means of corruption to reach the desired goal. There can be no question that they often excuse their acts to their own consciences by the fact that their opponents are using similar tactics and that they must of necessity employ them to win, and by the sincere belief that the success of the opposite party would be a greater evil to the country than are the corrupt means employed.

Out of all this, however, naturally grows the second evil—the wish to use the party power for the securing of personal advancement. It is but natural that when one finds himself in control of the party organization which has at its disposal perhaps thousands of offices and hundreds of thousands of dollars one should use this power to secure for one's self or for one's friends the benefits within reach. If a party chief has led his party to success, he may feel and his followers will also feel that the party owes him the highest office within its reach; and, of course, it is often true that skill in managing the party is evidence of executive ability required to perform well the duties of a public office. Only fitness for the place, however, justifies giving him the office. If a man is patriotic in work for his party he will realize that his party's success is a sufficient reward for his efforts, and that the only claim he can have to an office is his fitness to perform its duties. Otherwise it would be far better for his country to do without his service as a party leader.

The employment of the party machinery for selfish ends, regardless of the welfare of the country, has become so common that it is important to inquire what remedies for the evil can be found. There are of course certain checks that may be secured by proper legislation, so far as the power of the machine is concerned. Corrupt practices acts and laws securing the secret ballot will tend

to weaken the corrupt party machine. So far as its power depends upon the getting of offices, as it does now in great part, efficient civil service rules fairly well executed will tend to weaken its power. So far as the success of the machine depends upon the absolute control of the Legislature or of the government, a system of proportional representation which will give to each party representation only in proportion to the number of its members will prevent in most states absolute party dictation and will thus remove the chief temptation toward bribery and corrupt use of the party machinery. As a last resort even the adoption of the *referendum*, or the popular vote to secure the passage of the most important laws, would put a most effective check upon the success of the machine in securing the rewards that it might seek. All of these methods should be employed so far as they well can be, but we cannot expect from them complete relief.

Party organization is a necessity, and party organization by putting men into a position of power furnishes a continual temptation for them to abuse the power. The only effectual remedy consists in developing within the voters themselves the true spirit of patriotism, which keeps always in view the welfare of the country as of more consequence than the success of the party. Then an attempt at corruption on the part of the leader will result rather in his downfall than in his success. Most men, even among our party leaders, employ corruption only as a hated means. If within each party the upright voters who are willing to secure success only by fair means should also organize themselves and announce that their support could be secured for no leader who would in any case employ unfair means, it might well be that in the majority of instances our party machines would become what they ought to be, efficiently working organizations, devoted not to selfish ends but to the furtherance of the public good. The majority in every party is opposed to corruption; but it lacks the leadership of those who are clear-sighted enough to see that the interests of country are paramount to those of party, and that purity in politics is of more vital consequence than any merely economic issue on which the people naturally divide into hostile parties.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*April 5.*]

WHAT then is repentance? You will perhaps tell me it is the being sorry for having done wrong. This, however, is far from enough. The apostle speaks of "a godly sorrow which worketh repentance," so that repentance must be something different from sorrow, even from a godly sorrow. It is the fruit of a godly sorrow. When there is anything about us that afflicts us and makes us grieve, we naturally wish, if possible, to be quit of it, and the more grievous our affliction the stronger is our desire to get rid of that which causes it. Accordingly, if we are stirred with a hearty and godly sorrow for having turned away from God and given ourselves up to sin, we must needs desire to forsake our sins and to turn from them to God. This, at the very least, is necessary to make up anything that can claim to be called repentance. When the angel came to Lot in Sodom what did he tell him? to grieve over the sins of Sodom? Had Lot done no more than this he would have perished in the destruction of Sodom. The angel bade him flee out of Sodom and escape for his life; he bade him flee to the mountain lest he should be consumed. He who sincerely and heartily repents of his sins will not be content to tarry in the midst of them, nor even in the plain in their neighborhood; he will endeavor to escape to the mountain; he will strive to climb up God's hill, the holy hill of Sion. It is a very common and a very sad mistake for people to fancy that

when they are sorry for their sins, when they abuse sin and condemn it and regret that they have fallen into it, they are repenting. But it is not so. We may speak ill of a thing with our lips and yet our hearts may cleave to it all the while. So long as we continue in sin, so long at least as we do not strive to get out of it, there is no jot of true repentance in our hearts. For the repentance which is wrought by a godly sorrow is a repentance unto salvation; but a repentance which did not move us to forsake our sins would be a repentance unto destruction. We should be destroyed along with them, even as Lot would have been destroyed if he had stayed in Sodom. Hear what the prophet Isaiah says when he is exhorting the people to repentance: "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil; learn to do well" (i., 16). In like manner John the Baptist, when he preached repentance, laid the stress of his sermon on the fruits of repentance. It was not enough, he said to the Pharisees and Sadducees, to come and be baptized and to confess their sins; they were also to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. For every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit—I pray you, brethren, mark his words: he does not say, every tree which brings forth bad fruit, but every tree which does not bring forth good fruit—every barren tree, every tree that bears nothing, is to be cut down, just as much as the vine spoken of by the prophet which brought forth wild and poisonous grapes. Both are to be hewn down by the axe of justice; both are to be cast into the fire.

Indeed the very words in the original, which in our Bible are rendered by the English words *repent* and *repentance*—the very words by which the evangelists describe the preaching of the Baptist and that of our Lord himself—mean far more than is usually understood by the English words that answer to them. The original word means a change of mind, a change of heart, a change of thought and of feeling. Therefore when you read or hear any of our Savior's gracious promises of forgiveness to those who will repent you must understand them as applying solely to those who have begun to lay aside their old thoughts about sin and to look at it not according to the evil customs of the world but according to the law of God. So long as a man asks, "What great harm can there be in this or that thing?" when God has forbidden it; so long as he says, "I am very sorry for what I do, but I can't help it"; so long as he comforts himself with the thought that he is no worse than other men—so long is he only deceiving himself to his ruin by applying Christ's promises of forgiveness to his own case. Christ's promises are to those whose minds are changed. Is that man's mind changed who does not see the great harm, the shame, the guilt, the danger of disobeying God? Is that man's mind changed who says he cannot help his sins when Jesus Christ came from heaven on purpose to bring him help and to enable him to live unto righteousness? As for that habit of comparing ourselves with other men, and comforting ourselves if we find that we are not worse than they, among all the deadly snares which Satan is ever setting for souls hardly any is more destructive, hardly any catches more victims and entangles them in sin and death than this very temptation by which he beguiles us into measuring ourselves among ourselves and comparing ourselves one with another instead of trying our lives and actions by the only true test, the word of God. In a word, unless we are heartily desirous to forsake sin—and to forsake it too on right grounds, not because it may hurt our welfare in this world but because it is hateful to God—unless we do our best to flee from sin, it is a mere pretence to say that we repent. There may be momentary pangs of sorrow; there may be stings of remorse; there may be a fear of punishment; but unless the remorse makes us hate sin, unless the fear makes us turn to God, unless the sorrow settles down into an earnest desire of leading pure and righteous lives in future, we are not among the number of those who have given heed to the cry calling them to repentance, and it will be no blessing to us that the kingdom of heaven is come.

[*April 12.*]

This brings me to consider why we are to repent. Not on account of any pleasure or satisfaction found in the work of repentance itself. I will not conceal from you that the duty of repentance is neither easy nor pleasant. The very name given to the first day of Lent shows that this was not designed to be a season for gladness. It is called, as you know, Ash Wednesday, because on that day the Christians in former ages used to sprinkle their heads and cross their foreheads with ashes, saying one to another, "Remember, O man, that thou art ashes, and unto dust thou shalt return." To cover the head with ashes was regarded of old as a mark of the deepest sorrow. Thus we read that Tamar in her grievous affliction put ashes on her head. Thus, when the wicked Haman had persuaded Ahasuerus to send forth a decree against the Jews, Mordecai rent his clothes and put on sackcloth with ashes, and in every province there was great mourning among the Jews, fasting and weeping and wailing, and many lay in sackcloth and ashes. In like manner, when Jonah preached repentance to the people of Nineveh, the king arose from his throne and laid his robe from him and covered him with sackcloth and sat in ashes. And you cannot but remember our Savior's words in which he cries, "Woe to Chorazin! and woe to Bethsaida! for if the mighty works done in them had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." Thus has repentance ever been deemed a thing sad and painful and humiliating; and thus, when we repent, must we too, like the king of Nineveh, strip off all the pride of our nature, all that the flesh and the eye delight in, to cast ourselves on the ground and to cover ourselves with the bitter ashes of our former pleasures. Nor does our blessed Master ever speak of repentance except as a thing hard to flesh and blood. You remember his words about John the Baptist, the great preacher of repentance: "What went ye out to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses." The preacher of repentance is not among those who wear soft clothing. His dwelling is in the wilderness, and they who give heed to his preaching must also go forth into the wilderness. They must deny all that they have hitherto been accustomed to pamper and must forsake all wherewith they have hitherto pampered themselves. They must curb their tempers; they must fortify their inclinations; they must be content to fare without the comforts and indulgences to which they have been used all their lives. Pains must be taken, sacrifices must be made by all who would enter in at the strait gate. Restraints must be borne, self-denial must be practiced by all who desire to recover from the deadly disease of sin. It can hardly be necessary to remind you what a tedious work it is to recover from a severe and dangerous illness, what a long time it takes—how much care is needed to keep us from falling back and losing the little ground we have gained. In how many ways is the sick man compelled to deny himself!—for instance, in abstaining wholly from strong drinks and from certain meats which, when he was well, did him no harm, but which will not suit his present weakly state. The remedies too are often painful, the medicines distasteful. All this care and abstinence the sick man may have to practice for months, until he has regained his strength. Nor is the recovery of the soul less difficult than that of the body; on the contrary it is far more difficult, inasmuch as the malady is of far longer standing. It is far more difficult; it takes a longer time; it is still more liable to be interrupted by relapses; it requires a still more watchful self-restraint and self-denial.

[*April 19.*]

The likeness between the diseases of the body and those of the soul will also supply us with an answer to the question which I put just now: Why, if repentance be so painful, are we to repent? Were a man who was lying on a bed of sickness to be asked why he sent for a physician, why he took so much nauseous medicine, why he did not eat and drink like other men, would he be at a loss for an answer? Would he not

say at once, "Because I wish to live, rather than to die; so I am taking the only means whereby I can hope to save my life"? Such should be the penitent sinner's answer when asked why he is taking the bitter medicine of repentance. This question is very likely to be put to him at the outset by his passions, which are not used to be checked, by his will, which grows outrageous at being curbed, by his former companions, who are vexed to see him quitting, and thereby condemning them—by every evil thing, in short, both within him and around him. When such a question is asked him he too should answer, "Because I wish to live, rather than to die, to live forever, rather than to die forever." Nothing can be stronger than our Savior's words on this point. If our right eye offend us, that is, if it tempt us to sin—as numbers are tempted to sin by the lusts of the eye—we are to pluck it out and cast it from us. If our right hand prove a temptation to us we are to cut it off. And along with this command, so hard to flesh and blood, our Lord has been graciously pleased to tell us the reason why we are to obey it: because it is better for us to enter into life halt or maimed, or with one eye, than to be cast into everlasting fire with two legs, and two hands, and two eyes.

This, my brethern, is the reason why we are to repent: because, irksome as repentance may be, it is only through the strait gate that we can enter into life. Does any man think of doubting whether recovering from sickness is a good thing? Did any man in his senses ever blame another for choosing to get well, at whatever cost and trouble, when he might have saved himself all this annoyance by letting himself be lifted out of bed into his coffin? for choosing to have a mortified leg cut off when he might have kept it on and become a corpse? Nay further: did any man in his right mind ever say, "It is true, I am very ill. Every day that I put off taking medicine I grow worse and there is less and less chance of my recovery. Nothwithstanding I will delay getting well for another twelvemonth, and then I will set about it in good earnest"? If such language would be downright madness with regard to the disorders of the body, how comes it to be less than madness when used of the disorders of the soul! How comes it that so many think these mad thoughts and speak these mad words about repentance? How comes it that so many go on year after year putting off the time of taking the only medicine which can restore us through God's help to our natural health and make us ourselves again?

For man, as he now is, is not himself. He is not what God made him. God made him to lead a holy and godly life; and such is the life to which Jesus Christ came to restore him. This, therefore, is our true nature, the nature in which man was made, the nature which Christ came to restore. Sin, however, has become a kind of second nature to us. In an ancient storybook we read of a great warrior who was persuaded through the malice of his enemy to put on a poisoned robe, and the robe stuck to his body so that it was impossible to pull it off without tearing off some of the flesh. It stuck to him as if it had been glued on, and the poison ate into his flesh and killed him. Thus is it with sin. It cannot be torn off without drawing blood from our souls; but if we let it remain on it kills us. Therefore we must tear it off, without shrinking or flinching from the pain it may cost us to do so. We must escape to the mountain—because we are fleeing from Sodom and because we cannot tarry in Sodom without being consumed by its fire.

[*April 26.*]

It is impossible to press this point too strongly, so I will try to enforce what I have said by another parable. On the seashore, many of you know, there are often rocks. Now suppose a man walking among these rocks and finding the stones painful to his feet thinks he shall walk more easily and pleasantly on the smooth sand below. He quits the rocks and goes down to the sands. The tide is out; the sea is calm; the waves are a long way off; there can be no danger; so he walks on. Presently the wind begins to rise. Still there can be no danger; it is only rounding that jutting cliff; there is

plenty of time, and then he will be safe. Meanwhile the sea comes on, gradually, gradually, wave after wave, like so many lines of horsemen in battle array riding one after the other. Every moment they advance a step or two, and before the man has got to the jutting cliff he sees them dashing against its feet. What is he to do? On one side of him is a steep and rugged ledge of rocks, on the other side the sea, which the wind is lashing into a storm, is rushing toward him with all its might and fury. Would a man in such a plight think of losing another moment? Would he stop to consider whether he should hurt his hands by laying hold of the sharp stones? Would not he strain every nerve to reach a place of safety before the waves could overtake him? If his slothfulness whispered to him, "It is of no use. The ledge is very steep; you may fall back when you have got half way. Stay where you are; perhaps the wind may drop, or the waves may stop short, and so you will be safe here"—if his slothfulness prompted such thoughts as these would he listen to them? Would he not reply, "Hard as the task may be it must be tried or I am a dead man. God will not work a miracle in my behalf; he will not change the course of the tides and put a new and strange bridle on the sea to save me from the effects of my own laziness. I have still a few minutes left; let me make the most of them, and I may be safe; if they slip away I must be drowned"? This picture is not a mere piece of fancy. Many stories are told of the risks people have run by the coming in of the tide when they were straying heedlessly along the sands. Some by great efforts, aided by God's good providence, have escaped. Others have perished miserably. Now the sinner is just in the situation of the man I have been speaking of. On one side of him is the steep ledge of repentance; on the other the fiery waves of the bottomless pit are every moment rolling on toward him. Could his eyes be opened, as the eyes of Elisha's servant were, he would see those fiery waves already beginning to surround him. Is this a situation for a man to stop in? Will any one in such a plight talk about the difficulty of repentance? Let passion cry out, "It is hard to deny one's self"; faith must make answer, "It is harder to dwell amid endless burnings."

There is one great difference, however, between the man walking on the seashore and the sinner loitering on the edge of the fiery lake. The former will try to climb the rocks, because they offer him a chance of escaping, but if we try to climb the ledge of repentance our escape is certain, provided we begin in time. Jesus Christ himself is standing at the top of that ledge, crying to us, "Why will ye perish?" He stretches out his hands to us to help us up; we have only to lay hold on them and we are safe.

But then we must begin in time. If a man sets about climbing a steep cliff when he is young and active and has the free use of his limbs he has a great advantage; the old and the crippled are pretty sure to fail. So it is with repentance. The young can mount the hill, if they set about it in good earnest, with much less toil. But they who are old in sin, they whose souls have become stiff through years of wickedness, and have grown double, so to say, by always looking earthward—how can they make the efforts which are needed for such a task? Of all hopeless miracles the miracle of a deathbed repentance seems to me one of the most hopeless. Therefore repent in time; that is, repent now. For now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.—*Augustus W. Hare.*

(End of Required Reading for April.)

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.

BY MARY PROCTOR.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the professor had made these concluding remarks the class was dismissed, as it was the hour for recess. As they left the schoolroom Marion Cleveland and two or three of the seniors approached the professor's desk and thanked him for the delightful lesson they had had.

"It was an experiment," said the professor kindly, "and if it will make the astronomy lessons more pleasing I shall be only too glad to continue it."

"How can we write abstracts of all you have been saying?" asked Caroline Sturgis. "You have said so much, and I am bewildered by the great distances you have told us about."

"You can refer to the books in the library," replied the professor, "and write as much as you can remember. I do not expect long essays. I prefer that they should be intelligent, showing that you understand me. You are welcome to ask me as many questions as you please during the lessons. I shall answer them to the best of my ability, and when I am uncertain there is the reference library for me as well as for you."

"But I thought you knew everything about astronomy," remarked Caroline Sturgis ingenuously.

"Everything!" said the professor, smiling. "If I lived a century, and studied night and day without ceasing, I would still consider myself but a student in this science. There is so much to learn, so much that is beyond us, and we know so very little. But as Tennyson says:

> "'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> Let more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before—but vaster.'"

As Marion and Caroline rejoined the other members of the class in the assembly hall they discussed the morning's lesson with great animation. As might be expected, a few did not appreciate the experiment, simply because it was all so new to them. One girl expressed the opinion that the thought of the stars rushing through space was positively alarming.

"Who knows," she said, "whether there may not be collisions out there among the stars? And what would happen if one should crash into our sun?"

"It would make us very uncomfortably warm, I should imagine," said Lydia Ferris, as she gazed dreamily out of the window, "but I do not think that quiet-looking sun which we see over there is going to let us run any such risk."

"There is no knowing," said Caroline. "And besides I have heard of stars becoming very bright suddenly and then flickering out again—I think they call them suns in flames—and why should not this happen to our sun some day?"

"Supposing it did, would it hurt us?" asked Lydia.

"Hurt us?—" said Caroline, "perhaps it would. Let us ask Marion, because she knows more about it than any of us. Marion, come here, there's a dear girl, and settle the momentous question. You have heard about these stars that suddenly brighten up and then flicker out again. Well, supposing our sun were to flame up that way, what would happen to us?"

"All life would be destroyed upon the earth," replied Marion, "and no students of science would remain after the catastrophe to tell its effects. However, such an event is extremely unlikely."

"Let us ask Professor Douglas at the next lesson," said Lydia. "And besides that, there are ever so many questions I wanted to ask him this morning. Supposing we send him a question from each one of us before each lesson, so that he will know what we want him to talk about. There are so many things that I would like to know.

You cannot find answers to them in text-books, and you do not know where to find them in reference books, and yet they seem so simple. Now I want to know why the stars are colored."

"And I want to know why they twinkle," said Caroline.

"Everybody knows that," said Lydia, laughing; "it is something about the atmosphere."

"That is very definite, I must say," said Caroline, turning the laugh against Lydia.

"But I am in earnest about this."

"What, about the twinkling stars?" queried Marion slyly.

"No, indeed," said Caroline, "but about asking questions, or rather sending them in to Professor Douglas."

"I'll tell you something which will be better. Send in the questions," said Marion, "but only one at a time. As there are only ten of us in the class we can each have a chance within three weeks. Otherwise we might all choose a different topic, and it would be rather confusing."

"What do you mean?" asked Caroline. "They would all be about astronomy."

"That is so," replied Marion, "but supposing you asked a question about the moon, and I asked something about Saturn, and Lydia asked about double stars, and some one else asked about comets; by the time all the ten questions had been answered the subjects would be so varied that it would be like looking through a kaleidoscope. Let us first ask the professor if we may try this plan, and then take our turn by the order of our names alphabetically. Does this meet with your approval?"

"I second the motion," said Caroline.

"All those in favor of the motion say aye."

"Aye," answered a chorus of voices.

Just then the dinner bell was heard—an always welcome sound to students—and the girls disbanded and hurried to the dining room. Marion and Caroline were the last to go, and as they passed through the assembly room they discussed the morning's program. They had both enjoyed it exceedingly and had appreciated the effort made by Professor Douglas to make this study more entertaining than it had hitherto been. His earnestness of manner appealed to them strongly, and they were determined that they would do all in their power to further his schemes.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening the professor, while making his arrangements for the next lesson, congratulated himself upon the success of his experiment. The pupils had shown an unusual interest in the lesson and he felt encouraged to carry out the plans he had made. He arranged a program for the next lesson, and after jotting down a few notes in his notebook he went to the observatory where he prepared his telescope for a view of the heavens. It was a glorious starlit night, when

> "All the stars
> Shine, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest,"

and the contemplation of the celestial vault raises in the least thoughtful mind vague suggestions of infinity, eternity, and omnipotence. Looking into the starlit depths of heaven, he knew that the objects presented to him shone from distances so great that some of them are inconceivable. He knew that what he saw was not that which *is*, but that which *was* ages ago, as respects faintly shining stars visible only by momentary twinklings revealing them to the sight.

> "How distant some of those nocturnal suns!
> So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
> To doubt if beams set out at nature's birth
> Are yet arrived at this so foreign world,
> Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight."

In looking upon the myriads of stars which are spread through space the professor was inspired with a strong desire to penetrate the mystery of the star-strewn depths. What thought is more stupendous than that the millions of suns which people space should all be in exceedingly swift motion? Each sun of our universe of suns is indeed in swift motion, as in our own. Each has its family of dependent worlds, hurrying along with it at an amazing velocity. Each star domain is continually changing, not in boundary alone, but altogether. It is astir with energy, instinct with the most amazing

vitality, and yet to our feeble senses constant. Only in the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years is the life of the universe a reality. He alone recognizes harmony and perfection in the system of star motions.

As these thoughts passed through the mind of the professor he directed his attention to the eastern horizon. It was the month of November, and the stars of Orion were rising. They were ushered in by the silvery Pleiades, and certain lines of "Locksley Hall" came to the young man's mind:

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

Above the head and shoulders of the giant towered Taurus the Bull, with his fiery eye Aldebaran, and above this again was the constellation Perseus, with the variable star Algol, known to the Arabs as the Blinking Demon. Toward the southeast could be seen the twin stars Castor and Pollux, the former being the finest double star in the northern heavens. The professor gave a passing glance to Pollux, which is a fine triple star, the components being orange, gray, and lilac.

In the telescope the star Betelgeuse, flashing with a rich topaz hue, differed in brilliancy from Bellatrix, the star on the right shoulder, while the bright orange star Rigel, in the foot of Orion, showed in strong contrast to its little blue comrade.

The professor now turned his attention to the northernmost of the set of three stars in the head of Orion. This is a triple star, the components being pale white and violet, with a faint companion. The three stars in the belt also came in for their share of attention. They are distinguished by the names Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, Epsilon being a white star with a pale blue companion, Delta a white star with a pale violet companion, and Zeta being threefold, bright yellow, purple, and gray. Just below the belt the professor observed a remarkable multiple star, a combination of ten stars, another multiple in Orion's scabbard, consisting of white, lilac, garnet, red, and blue components, and a triple star, of white, pale blue, and grape red. In fact, binary, or double stars, revolving about each other are not uncommon there. The first edition of Tennyson's "Palace of Art" contained these beautiful lines in description of the soul of a poetic genius:

"And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome,
Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fiery, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds and bee-like swarms
Of suns and starry streams,
She saw . . . . . .
That marvelous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright
Is circled by the other."

As the professor gazed upon this marvelous light-cloud, the nebula of Orion, he wondered if there were not new systems being formed amid that silvery mist. The trapezium seemed a window, through which he obtained a glimpse of heaven and distant realms in space. What is this marvelous mist? One could almost imagine that there was a strange prophetic meaning in the words which have been translated, "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" Telescope after telescope has been turned on this wonderful object with the hope of resolving its light into stars, but it still remains a mystery. How widely extended this gaseous universe may be is an unsolved problem. It must have enormous dimensions. It is a vast gaseous system, sustained by what arrangements or forces we cannot tell, nor can we know what purposes it subserves.

For some time the professor gazed, fascinated by the thought that here was a scene which appeared to him not as it is at the present time but as it may have been hundreds of years ago. He recalled a photograph which he had seen among Dr. Draper's possessions, which was even more impressive than the telescopic aspect. He had studied it carefully, so that it was easy to recall it to his mind and compare it with the view before him. No view, even with the most powerful telescope, was half so instructive or impressive as that little picture.

The thought that seemed so impressive—so thrilling as to surpass even the feeling of awe with which in the solemn darkness of night we see some mighty group of suns sweep into the field of view of the telescope—was this: that here on this tiny square inch of shore-line, with its thin film of chemical sands, had been received the impress of waves which for years had been traversing the solemn depths of space. Over those millions of millions of miles had they swept in their swift rush, at a rate which would circle eight times the entire circumference of the earth in a second, and here on this square inch of glass had they left their message, picturing here for us a nebulous mass occupying billions of billions of cubic miles of space but so remote that to the unaided eye the entire nebula appears but as a faint speck of misty light clinging around one of the faintest stars in the sword of the giant Orion. Here we have mirrored by nature herself "that marvelous round of milky light below Orion,"

> "His isles of light, and silvery streams
> And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade."

But the hour was growing late, and the professor withdrew from the contemplation of the magic scene and after carefully closing the dome and rearranging his observatory he returned to his study. He took a book from the shelf, and as he did so a sheet of paper fluttered to the ground and attracted his attention. On opening it he found the lines of a poem which some time before he had clipped from a magazine, and which now as he re-read it seemed a fitting termination to the evening:

VOICES OF THE SUNS.*

"I watched the depths of darkness infinite
Bestrewn with stars, till dreaming I beheld
From out the mystic realms beyond my ken
A star come forth with even gliding rush
Till, sweeping onward, shone its orb
With all the mighty meaning of a sun,—
A sun girt round by many peopled worlds,
And worlds as yet not peopled, being young,
And worlds long since unpeopled, being old
And dead. On all those worlds
The mystic force which lives in matter worked
Its mighty will. Dead worlds and worlds scarce born,
And worlds alive with myriad forms of life
Swept circling round that stately ruling orb.
As it sailed past I heard its solemn voice
Proclaiming through the realms of space the song—
The everlasting song of life and death,
Of wealth of life and everduring waste,
And death of life. It sang of present, past,
And coming plenitudes of life; of past
And coming wastes of death; each without end,
Without beginning each. 'Along my path
In front,' it said, 'and backwards whence I came,
And all around, above, below my course,
Lie millions such as I, through endless realms
Of star-strewn space. There is no end to God's
Domain of suns and systems ruled by suns—
No end and no beginning through all space;
But, everlasting, mystic, wonderful,
The song of us sounds ever round the throne
Of Him who reigns supreme, the Life of all—
Unknown! yea evermore unknowable!'
Then as the psalmist sang of old, I said,
Because, so moved, I could not choose but speak,
'What, Lord, is man, that thou shouldst care
For him or for his kind? the son of man that Thou
Shouldst mindful be of him or his?' Then rang
A voice of solemn thunder through the spheres:
'Say, rather, what is space or time to Me,
That thou shouldst deem mere mightiness of mass
And plenitude of time can outweigh mind
And soul? Can worlds and suns My power know?
Can æons after æons sing My praise as man,
Gifted by Me to know My power, can tell
The meaning of the music of My sphere?'
Then I said: 'Nay Lord, but if the words
Of men are worth the utterance, they are thine.
Lo! we are but the creatures of Thy hand;
We see but part of all Thy wondrous work;
Could we but see the glory of Thy light,
Could we but hear the thunder of Thy power,
We should become both blind and deaf,
Deafened by strident tones, made blind by light.
In Thee alone we live and move, in Thee
We have our being. But shall we, finite, hymn
The praises of Thine Infinite? Shall weak man,
The creature, paint with erring brush the Sun
Of might and power and wisdom evermore supreme?'
. . . . . .
The answer came, 'Shalt thou, My creature, doubt,
Or hold My will in question? Learn that the least
Of all the minds My will has made
Outweighs not once but many thousand times
The mightiest mere mass: the thoughts of human hearts
Outvie the movements of a million suns,
The rush of systems infinite through space.'"

* R. A. Proctor, 1886, in the magazine *Knowledge*, of which he was editor.—*M. P.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE pupils of the astronomy class looked forward to their next lesson with much interest, and when they entered the recitation room Professor Douglas could tell from the

expression of their faces that they no longer considered the astronomy lesson tiresome.

"This morning," he said, as they took their places at their desks, "we shall go for a ramble in starland, and any questions that may suggest themselves to you I shall be only too glad to answer. At the last lesson we referred to the star-depths astir with life. Among the stars we find an infinite variety of arrangements, streams and clusters of stars, coronets and festoons, like the festoon in Perseus that garlands the black robe of night. In one region they seem to form sprays of stars, like diamonds sprinkled over fern leaves. Elsewhere there are clusters of stars drawn together as if by some irresistible power, and with the telescope these celestial cloudlets are found to consist of myriads of stars, each star a sun, probably the center of a system such as our own solar system. It is a strange thought when we consider what it would be like if we lived on a planet circling around one of these suns. I have a selection on that subject from an author whom I have several times quoted to you. Shall I read it?"

The girls assented and he read:

"'Let us take an imaginary journey right into the heart of a cluster of suns. We would find a state of affairs utterly unlike any with which we are acquainted on this earth. We can hardly suppose that those distant star-clusters are mere barren lights, when we remember that they are among the most stupendous creations of the universe. We know that the component stars are suns such as ours; we know that these suns are counted by thousands and tens of thousands; we cannot imagine that all this wealth of matter is glowing without any purpose. We conclude, then, that there must be planets circling around these worlds, and the condition of such worlds must be totally unlike our own. There is perpetual light, perpetual supply of heat, there are no days and seasons to speak of, as far as we can judge.

"'We can form some idea of the wonderful scene which would be presented to us if we could visit such a world, because, in reality, it is no other than that which would be presented to ourselves if all the stars seen on the darkest and clearest night were to grow suddenly in luster until the faintest shone with light enough alone to banish night. The wonderful scene thus presented must be carried round by a stately motion of rotation precisely as happens with our own star-sphere. Suns must be always rising and setting, only the magnificent colors which adorn our skies at sunrise and sunset must be wanting there, being banished by an excess of splendor.

"'It is manifest that, at least when the sky is clear, there can be no shadows in the landscapes on those distant worlds, since every quarter of the sky must have its suns. When the sky is partially clouded there will be shadows, though not well-defined shadows, such as we recognize, but rather the lightest possible shade on the side of the objects which lie toward the clouded portion of the sky. But there would be one great disadvantage in living amid such a blaze of glory from the thousands and thousands of stars glowing in the firmament. It would blind them to the wonders in space which lie beyond their cluster. Thus we learn that an excess of light may hide more than it reveals.'"*

"How interesting it all is!" exclaimed Caroline Sturgis, her eyes shining with animation. "Does the author tell anything about colored stars?"

"I think so—" Professor Douglas responded, "yes, here is the place:

"'Varieties of color are not wanting to make the display more beautiful, more wonderful—yellow and purple suns, red and green suns, companion suns of lilac, russet, fawn, and olive hue, in endless numbers. Many of the stars which crowd upon the view are red, orange, and yellow. Among them are groups of two and three and four (multiple stars, as they are called) among which blue, green, purple, and lilac stars appear, forming the most charming contrast to the ruddy and yellow orbs near which they are commonly seen. In the heavens there are stars of many colors, for "one star differeth from another in glory." But the colors seen with the unaided eye are far less beautiful and less striking than those which are brought into view by the telescope. Amid the star depths there is infinite variety and wealth. The flowers of the sky fairly rival the flowers of earth and the same splendor is bestowed upon the stars on a large scale which is bestowed on a small scale upon the flowers of the field, which "toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Let us imagine the case of a world circling as our earth does in her orbit, but around a sun of a rich orange color, while a companion sun of a blue color travels round the same sun, on a path resembling that of the planet Jupiter. The blue sun would be a large and brilliant orb, as seen from the world whose condition I propose to describe; but the orange sun would necessarily be far more brilliant and look far larger, being in reality the larger sun and also the nearer. We may reasonably imagine that several other planets travel around the orange sun, others around both suns (that is, outside the path of the blue sun, and that, again, the blue sun has several planets traveling in immediate dependence upon it.

"'Now, in the first place let us take the case where

* "Expanse of Heaven," p. 215. R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

the planet is between the orange sun and the blue sun, and let us suppose that the season corresponds to our spring. Then it is manifest that, since one sun illumines one side of the globe and the other illumines the other, there can be no night; it is orange day to one half of the world, and blue day to the other. Moreover, since the season corresponds to our springtime, it follows that orange day lasts exactly as long as blue day, and, using for convenience the division of the day into twenty-four hours, there are, all over the world, twelve hours of orange day and twelve hours of blue day. This however, would not last very long, any more than on our own earth we have Jupiter visible all night for any length of time. The blue sun would gradually take up the position which Jupiter has when he is an evening star. This would happen at least if the blue sun were going the same way round the orange sun that the planet was going.

"'Now we can easily see what would follow from this. The blue sun would, in fact, rise before the orange sun had set. Thus there would be orange day as before, but toward orange sunset there would be two suns, the orange sun nearing the west, the blue sun passing over the eastern horizon. Then would come orange sunset and blue day; but the blue sun would set before the orange sun rose, and there would be, therefore, a short night, though no doubt not a dark night, since there would be blue twilight in the west and orange twilight in the east. Gradually the length of this night would increase, the length of the double day also increasing, but the orange and blue hours gradually shortening. At length the blue sun would have drawn quite near to the place of the orange sun in the heavens, and there would be double day and night, but neither orange day nor blue day alone. The double day would probably be white since the colors of the two suns are supposed to be complementary. After this the blue sun would pass to the other side (the west) of the orange sun, and would be placed like Jupiter when he is a morning star. There would then be blue morning, white day, orange evening, and night, the night gradually growing shorter and shorter until at length the blue sun would be opposite the orange sun, and there would be no night, but simple alternations of blue day and orange day, as at first.'"*

"How strange it would be to live on such a world!" said Marion, who had listened with the greatest attention. "Has not Flammarion written about some such imaginary planet traveling around Gamma Andromedæ?"

"An account of such a world is given in his book 'Uranie,'" replied the professor, "and if I remember rightly it is somewhat as follows:

"Uranie led a mortal from earth toward the star Gamma Andromedæ, which was a sun absolutely blue, looking like a disk cut out of our most beautiful terrestrial skies, and standing out brightly against a background entirely black, besprinkled with stars. This sapphire sun was the center of a system of planets which received their light from it. Near it was a second sun, a beautiful emerald green, and still another sun which was yellow-orange. The blue sun, which was the smallest, revolved around the green, and this, with its companion, revolved around the great orange sun. The orange sun glowed with a vivid color, its rays mingling with those shed by its two companions and producing by the contrast a singular effect. Everything on the worlds belonging to the sapphire sun was blue—the landscape, water, plants, and the rocks, which were slightly tinged with green where the rays of the second sun fell, and scarcely touched by the rays of the orange sun, which was just rising above the horizon."

"I would like to know what makes these suns different colors," said Lydia Ferris, who was deeply interested in the subject.

"The colors of stars depend upon the kind of vapors surrounding them, according to the theory of the great scientist Dr. Huggins," replied the professor. "Each star glows in reality with a white light, but the white light has in some cases to pass through vapors of a ruddy hue, and therefore the star looks ruddy, while the light of other stars shines through blue, green, purple, or any of the endless variety of colors, and therefore these stars look blue, green, purple, or yellow, as the color may be."

"May I ask a question now?" requested Caroline Sturgis. "I know it sounds very foolish, but I would like to know why the stars twinkle."

"I am much pleased that you asked me that question," replied the professor, "as it is one that is often heard and seldom properly answered. We are living under a great ocean of air, that surrounds the entire globe. To see the stars we must look at them through this vast ocean of air. If it kept perfectly quiet while we looked, all would be well, but unfortunately that is not its inten-

* "Expanse of Heaven," p. 229. R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

tion. It is usually very unsteady, and often in a state of great commotion. The result of this disturbed condition of the air is to make a star apparently twinkle and to more or less totally destroy the image of a celestial body when looked at through a great telescope. As Professor Barnard says: 'The atmosphere is the great foe to large telescopes, which not only magnify the stars but also the wave disturbances in the air. The ideal place for a telescope would be that planet which has no atmosphere at all. But such a place cannot be found on our planet, and if it could a new kind of observer would have to be invented to run the telescope.'"

"You were saying just now, Professor Douglas," queried Marion, "that there may be planets traveling around the stars. Do you suppose they are other worlds like ours?"

"That is a difficult question to answer," replied the professor. "While scientists can teach us many facts concerning the stars and planets, yet no astronomer can tell us about life in other worlds. He may have his theories as to the possibility of such worlds being in existence, and speculate as to their supposed inhabitants, but he can never have any positive knowledge on the subject. Spectrum analysis has revealed to us the fact that many of the elements which are to be found on our own earth exist in the far distant stars and nebulæ, and they would be present in any planets which may be circling around the stars. Professor Langley gives the following in his book on 'New Astronomy':

"'We have literally within our bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe is composed, and you and I are not only like each other, and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in the literal sense, having bodies actually made in great part of the same elements that made Aldebaran, Sirius, and other stars. They and we are near relations.'"

"What a wonderful thought!" said Lydia Ferris. "And how much closer it seems to bring us to the stars! I do wish, though, that it were possible to find out if the stars are inhabited."

"That is impossible," replied the professor, smiling. "I mean that the stars themselves could not very well be inhabited, since they are glowing suns just as our own sun is. But there is a possibility that around these suns there may be planets, just as there are planets traveling round our sun. A great astronomer named Laplace suggested that space might hold as many dark as bright bodies. In 1844 this theory was partially confirmed by an astronomer named Bessel, who while making a study of Sirius inferred that it did not travel alone. If the star had been solitary its path would have been straight, whereas it undulated markedly and regularly once in about half a century. There must be some reason why it did not keep in a straight path, and astronomers began to search for the cause of the trouble. On January 31, 1862, a mysterious attendant was seen by Alvan G. Clark. The companion of Sirius is a dull yellow star of the eighth magnitude, almost lost in the glittering radiance of its great neighbor. It has been suggested that it may shine by reflected light from Sirius, and in that case it must be a planet. But such a planet is probably equal in size to more than a million earths. For many years, however, astronomers could not believe that this planet, if such it is, should still be massive enough to sway the onward march of Sirius visibly to and fro. But this has been proved beyond a doubt. Thus we have a system curiously unlike our own solar system. Its chief body, Sirius, shines ten thousand times more brightly than its attendant, while the so-called planet is unusually massive in proportion to its light. The smaller body may thus already have advanced far on the road toward planetary solidity and obscurity.

"Voltaire, I believe, is the only writer who has been able to interview an inhabitant of Sirius. This was done in 1752. The imaginary description appears in his 'Micromegas,' being the journey of an inhabitant of Sirius with a professor from Saturn. He had been banished from Sirius for writing a book on insects, which was supposed to have some heresy concealed in its pages. Knowing the laws of gravitation, he was enabled to go from globe to globe as a bird hops from branch to branch. When the

traveler from Sirius (where, according to 'Micromegas,' all the inhabitants were proportionately tall and long-lived) discovered our own little solar system and lighted on what we call the majestic planet Saturn, he was naturally astonished at the pettiness of everything compared with the world he had left.

"That the Saturnian inhabitants were in his eyes a race of mere dwarfs (they were only a mile high instead of twenty-four miles high like himself) did not make them seem contemptible to his philosophic mind, for he thought that such little creatures might still think and reason. When he learned that these beings were correspondingly short-lived, and passed but fifteen thousand years from the cradle to the grave, he could not but agree that their life was but a span, their globe an atom. He met the secretary of the Saturn Academy, and was surprised to learn that the inhabitants of Saturn had but seventy-two senses. He was still more surprised when the professor from Saturn informed him that there was a small planet revolving around the sun whereon the people had but five senses, although some people were vainly endeavoring to find the sixth.

"The traveler from Sirius begged the professor to take him to this strange planet. It was our earth which they longed to explore. Seeing only a pond, the Atlantic, they concluded there were no inhabitants. Subsequently, picking up a whale and laughing at its smallness, they concluded that the earth was only peopled by whales. By the aid of a microscope they finally discovered certain animalculæ on the surface of the earth, and even conversed with them. The professors laughed heartily at the ignorant speech of the mites, refusing to believe that intelligence could exist in such almost invisible insects until one of them (it was an astronomer with a sextant) measured his height to an inch. A ship of learned men was next discovered floating on the ocean, and after the learned philosophers had examined it they dropped it in the ocean and returned to their respective homes, there to relate their wondrous adventures."

The girls laughed with amusement at this fanciful narration, and then Nellie Cameron asked seriously,

"Are there any other suns with attendant planets?"

"The variable star Algol, in Perseus, is also attended by a massive companion," replied the professor, "which is assumed to pass between us and Algol, thus causing it to vary in brightness. The diameter of Algol is shown to be one million one hundred thousand miles, and that of its dark companion eight hundred and forty thousand miles, the latter being nearly equal in diameter to our sun. Dr. Chandler places the star at such a distance from us that light which occupies eight and a quarter minutes in reaching us from the sun needs more than forty-six years to come to us from Algol. Hence when the star appears faint it is not because its companion is now between us and it, but because it did pass before it almost half a century ago."

Here the professor opened a notebook to one of his apt selections:

"'Spica, in the constellation of Virgo, and Rigel, in Orion, both show indications of having comparatively small, close, and dark companions revolving around them. One cannot well help asking whether we may not here be dealing with phenomena that indicate the existence of actual planetary systems belonging to these giant suns.'*

"It has also been suggested," he continued, "that probably Procyon is attended by a companion star, which, though much fainter, cannot be much less massive. An anti-Copernican system seems exemplified in Zeta Caneri."

Again referring to his notebook he read:

"'Here a cool, dark globe, clothed possibly with the vegetation appropriate to those strange climes, and plentifully stocked, it may be, with living things, is waited on, for the supply of their needs, by three vagrant suns, the motions of which it controls, while maintaining the dignity of its own comparative rest, or rather of its lesser degree of movement.'"†

"Perhaps there are suns and worlds forming in the nebulæ," suggested Marion Cleveland.

"Very likely," replied the professor, "but at present, although there are stars sprinkled

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* "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," p. 157. Garrett P. Serviss.—*M. P.*

† "System of the Stars," p. 211. Agnes M. Clerke.—*M. P.*

over these glowing clouds, millions of years will probably pass away before the formation of such systems is completed."

"What are nebulæ?" asked Caroline Sturgis.

"They are mysterious looking objects," replied the professor, "which resemble clouds in the sky, for each of them apparently occupies but a small space amid the stars. In reality, were our earth and millions of bodies as large put together they would not be nearly so great as one of these nebulæ. Our solar system would be but a mere speck. The most wonderful nebula which has been observed in the heavens is the nebula of Orion. In the constellation of Lyra there is a ring-shaped nebula, and this gigantic ring is composed of luminous gas. To judge of the size of this ring let us suppose that a railway were laid across it and the train you entered at one side was not to stop until it reached the other side. How long do you think this journey would require? Professor Ball gives rather an amusing illustration in his book 'Starland.' He writes as follows:

"'I recollect some time ago a picture in *Punch* which showed a train about to start from London to Brighton, and the guard walking up and down making the announcement, "This train stops nowhere." An old gentleman was seen vainly gesticulating out of the window and imploring to be let out ere the frightful journey was commenced. In the nebular railway the passengers would almost require such a warning. Let the train start at a speed of a mile a minute. It would be rushing on for a thousand years, and at the end of that time the journey would certainly not have been completed. Nor do I venture to say what ages must elapse ere the terminus at the other side of the ring nebula would be reached.'*

"Another writer says:

"'In the constellation of the Fox there is a peculiar looking nebula supposed to resemble a dumb-bell. It covers quite a large space when seen through a powerful telescope. It is much farther away than the nearest stars, and its light must have been hundreds of years in coming to us. It must occupy a region of space exceeding that which encloses our solar system many million times. The spectroscope, or light-sifter, tells us that it is composed of glowing hydrogen gas, immense masses of nitrogen, and two unknown substances. Thus we see that a ray of light from that fluffy ball has unraveled the mystery of its composition, after traveling millions of miles. The correct way of describing what the spectroscope tells us about this object is to say that instead of its light presenting all the colors of the rainbow it is found, when sifted by the spectroscope, to contain three colors only, all of them greenish, but slightly different in tint. One of the colors is precisely such a tint of green as comes (with four other colors) from glowing hydrogen gas, and shows us that there are enormous masses of hydrogen in that remote cloud; another tint shows, in like manner, that there are immense masses of nitrogen; but the third tint has not been found to correspond with a tint of any known substance.'"*

"Please explain about the spectroscope," asked Caroline Sturgis. "It is all new to me."

"I am pleased to do so," replied the professor, "and still more that you have shown enough interest to ask me about anything you do not understand. With regard to the spectroscope, or light-sifter, it is an instrument provided with glass prisms, through which the ray of light passes from the sun, stars, or nebulæ, and is changed into a band of rainbow-colored hue. We compare these colors with the lights given by the different elements when burning, and thus we are enabled to discover the elements which exist in the stars and nebulæ."

"I did not know that elements burned with different colors," said Caroline, who did not yet understand this difficult problem.

"You will study that in chemistry," replied the professor, "which teaches you that each substance, when kindled, gives its own particular color, by which it is possible to recognize it. For instance, sodium when burning gives a yellow color, strontium gives a red light, which nothing else will give. Magnesium burns with a white light so dazzling that it pales the gas flames to insignificance. When we recognize these colors in the ray of light sent from a star we know exactly what it means, and that is how we have learned that there is sodium, iron, and magnesium, for instance, in Sirius, Aldebaran, and other stars. But to return to the nebulæ. There is a very celebrated nebula in the constellation of Andromeda which has been called the most beautiful queen of nebulæ. It has been described as

* "Starland," p. 331. R. S. Ball.—*M. P.*

* "Easy Star Lessons," p. 177. R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

presenting the appearance of a candle as seen through horn, and has often been mistaken for a comet. A ship captain who had crossed the Atlantic told Professor Bond of Cambridge that he had seen a small comet which had kept in sight during the entire voyage. In reality he had seen the nebula in Andromeda. Huggins suggested that the two nebulæ near Andromeda were probably planets forming. A sixth magnitude star appeared in the midst of the great nebula in 1885. In a few months it totally disappeared. No telescope has been able to discover the nature of this nebula which seems to be shrouded in mystery. There are other nebulæ scattered in profusion over the depths of space, all masses of luminous gas. They are of varied forms, such as ring nebulæ, elliptic, spiral, planetary nebulæ, nebulous stars, and large nebulæ of irregular form. The large telescopes of modern days have revealed many new nebulæ, and their number has become so great that upwards of eight thousand are now on record."

(To be continued.)

THE PROTECTION OF ITALIAN EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

BY LUIGI BODIO.

ONE of the most important questions considered in the geographical congress held last September in Rome was the one touching the oversight of our emigrants. Previously—in 1892—the congress sitting at Genoa had discussed this subject at length, and had formulated several propositions which may be summed up as follows:

First, the governments which desire immigrants ought to base their colonization laws on the direct offer of small tracts of land to be handed over in fee simple to their cultivators. Second, the Italian government ought to open a bureau of information in order to distribute notices regarding national and foreign colonies, to oversee the actions of emigrant agents, and to ascertain the actual condition of colonizing enterprises. Third, while not condemning private companies formed to assist Italian emigrants, it would recommend the establishing of a new and general association to compete with the emigrant agencies. Such an association should not be founded with charitable aims only, nor for speculative purposes, but with the intention of aiding emigrants by means of loans at a moderate rate of interest. In this way the acquisition of land might be facilitated to the emigrants. Fourth, the congress of Genoa also pointed out the necessity of amending the law of 1888 in some particulars, especially in the part which concerns the authorization of agencies, the nomination of subagents, and the guaranties demanded of them. The congress also petitioned the government and Parliament to modify the laws of military recruiting so that without offending the principle of obligatory service in the army the accomplishment of this duty might be less onerous to those citizens who reside abroad.

In the three years that have elapsed since the congress of Genoa we might naturally expect that certain of the views then expressed had been attained and that the obstacles enumerated had been lessened. This, however, does not seem to be the case. We note rather that in recent years emigration has steadily decreased, not only from Italy but from all Europe. The number of Italian emigrants to the United States suddenly fell from about 70,000 in 1893 to 39,000 in 1894. The immigration into Brazil presents sudden variations also. In 1887 about 40,000 Italians arrived there, in 1888, 104,000, the year following, 36,000. In 1891 the current enlarges to 183,000, then it is again restricted to 43,000 in 1894.

To the Argentine Republic in 1888 there went out 75,000 Italian emigrants, and in 1889, 88,000. Then came the financial troubles there, and in 1890 the number fell to 39,000, and in 1891 to exactly 15,511. This same year the premium on gold passed the limit of 400 per cent. Later the situation improved, and the immigration rose to 37,000. Since the economic and social conditions of the countries which furnish the emigrants cannot be so greatly affected from one year to another, it is evident that the great variations in totals depend especially on the state of prosperity or misfortune of the countries which are colonized. But if emigration diminishes, if our peasants and workmen have greater difficulty in finding work in foreign lands, this state of things obliges us to be more careful in protecting our emigrants and removing the obstacles they encounter.

For Italy emigration is a necessity. We should desire that some hundreds of thousands of our people should find annually an abiding place abroad. If twice as many left us as now leave we should not lament the loss of them, but rather rejoice that they find work outside. Under the present industrial and agricultural conditions we have too stable a population, considering the ratio now existing between the amount of available capital and the number of workers. The density of the population of Italy is 107 inhabitants to a square kilometer. In Germany it averages 97. It is 80 in Austria, and 72 in France. France has plenty of capital, lent at most moderate rates of interest. It has well cultivated lands, seeming almost like gardens. It has great advantages in the skill of its artisans, in its divided estates (some think too subdivided), and with all this it has a population a third less than ours, supposing the territory of the two countries to be equal. We have masses of poor peasants and many unemployed operatives that might become a menace to the social equilibrium. So emigration is a relief to the population that remains behind, which can then be employed more advantageously with the capital available.

We are now discussing the methods and means of colonizing Eritrea, and surely we should strive to gain profit from our African possession as soon as possible. But Franchetti, who has studied up the subject, shows that an advance of four thousand *lire* is necessary to a family composed of from five to seven persons, for building the house, getting implements, seeds, and provisions, until the first crop is gathered, without reckoning in the traveling expenses, the cost of digging wells, surveying, and sanitary service, which would devolve on the government. There is a talk of colonizing Sardinia and populating the Roman territory. Well and good! But even for these undertakings heavy advances of capital are needed, to say nothing of the obstacles which the imperfect assessment of these lands would create. The manner of holding land in common which prevails in Sardinia creates serious doubts as to the condition of any who would seek to acquire individual property and real estate in that island, not to mention the recent fiscal troubles which have arisen there owing to the inability of some thousands of property owners to pay their taxes.

Draining and making healthful the swampy and malarial lands which render so great a part of the Italian coast so desolate is one of the greatest objects of interest to our country, as it is a duty for a nation having political unity to people the desert which surrounds its capital. This may not be denied nor passed over. But internal colonization cannot be undertaken with any measure of efficiency until capital can be employed at quite a lower rate of interest than obtains at present. Besides, we do not believe that the extent of barren lands in Italy is so great as to attract to them a very large part of the current of emigration. Italy has an area of 28,500,000 hectares, of which only 20,000,000 are productive, inclusive of the Alpine pastures. The other 8,000,000 are not cultivated. But of these eight, 4,654,000 hectares are occupied by roads, public and private waters, and lakes, beds of rivers and streams, or are mountain lands so far above sea level that they are not susceptible of any yield

whatsoever. There remain, then, 3,772,000 hectares uncultivated and mostly given up to grazing, and out of these only about 1,000,000, according to investigations carried on by the Department of Agriculture, could be usefully cultivated. And the expense of preparing that portion of the million which is now malarial and miasmatic would be so great as to deter any but a most flourishing public treasury from attempting it.

In America, on the other hand, our emigrants are taken up without any subsidy on the part of the state, the mother country. For a few years they may be in straightened circumstances, to be sure, but for the primal necessities of life an organization of any kind which they find on the ground is sufficient. They reach the new country and are received there, carrying with themselves their implements and a few score of *lire*, if indeed they are not actually in debt. It is our duty to foster voluntary emigration, the only emigration which is useful, which bears in itself latent energies, that is, those powers of initiative and resistance which conduce to the success of the emigrant together with benefit to his native country and the new country of adoption. It is our duty to seek to obtain for the masses of workers a useful employment for their labors. On the one hand we ought to protect their confidence from being abused by self-interested agents, on the other we ought to increase the outlets, remove the obstacles, bring the men nearer to the means of production, to the mines, to the earth.

There are 34 emigrant agencies in Italy having a total capital of 2,690,000 *lire*. The number of subagents has increased from 5,172 in 1892 to 7,169 to-day. In some provinces they have more than doubled in a few years. The same difficulty regarding the subagents was experienced in Switzerland, and gave rise to a law restricting their number. For a time they numbered 400 persons. They had no salaries from the agencies, but were paid in proportion to the number of emigrants recruited. Hence a genuine propaganda. But a federal law of 1888 imposed an additional capital of 3,000 *lire* for every subagent, besides a tax of 30 *lire* a head at the approval of every nomination of a subagent. The number was thus reduced to 170. Our laws do not prohibit, as do the Swiss laws, the advance of passage-money to the emigrant, by the agency, to be paid back later on. A part of our emigrants are given a free passage, offered by some of the federal states of Brazil. But these states prefer families of peasants, comprising, each one, several individuals fit for work. They make a contract with some bank which assumes the payment to the steamship companies of the passage from a European port to the Brazilian.

Let us now see what is done to protect our emigrants who go to ports in the United States. The minister of foreign affairs, Baron Blanc, succeeded in obtaining an important concession from the United States government and in having a bureau of information and protection established for Italian emigrants at Ellis Island, the place of disembarking at New York. It is well known that lately in the United States, even before a sharp industrial and commercial crisis occurred, a current of opinion unfavorable to immigration was formed on account of the competition which was maintained by European laborers, who accepted a scale of wages lower than that which had been paid to American operatives. The legislation of the United States was somewhat affected by this movement, and in the direction of limiting immigration. Individuals afflicted with certain maladies were sent back, and those who brought with them so little money as to give rise to the apprehension that they might become objects of public charity. Then those under contract to perform certain specified work in the New World were also refused a landing. All these restrictions have affected the Italians more, perhaps, than any other class of immigrants at Ellis Island, partly because they are so poor, partly because they are under contract, and partly also because they are tricked into saying they are under contract by being led to believe that they will land the more quickly for making such a statement. Sometimes the American authorities send back our emigrants who have left wife or children in

Italy, under the general plea of "undesirable immigration," since these immigrants do not intend to become naturalized American citizens. The United States willingly receives any immigration which has a stamp of permanence about it, which promises to assimilate itself to the American people, which is desirous to share in its political life, which adopts the language of the country, which has a family in America or soon forms one, so that the children may be Americans in tongue and aspiration and character. But it does not like birds of passage. It is not so much the quantity as it is the quality of the immigration which is the object of serious attention in the United States, due to the deliberate purpose not to allow the immigration of non-assimilating elements to come to disturb the political and social status of the republic. In the fiscal year 1894–5 there were 731 Italian emigrants rejected out of 33,902 who had reached Ellis Island.

What the financial condition of our emigrants is has been shown by individual testimony gathered by the American commission. In the questioning to which the newly arrived are submitted it is asked, among other things, how much money they bring with them, and they are even asked to show the money they have on them. In 1895 our 33,902 emigrants disembarking at Ellis Island had with them $362,000, that is, a little more than $10 apiece, including those who were rejected as "paupers" and "undesirable immigrants." In the year preceding, the average to each individual was practically the same. Our minister of foreign affairs concerned himself particularly about the protection of our emigrants to America, and endeavored to disarm so far as possible the hostile views prevailing there against our fellow-countrymen. In June, 1894, an American bureau was opened at Ellis Island for the dissemination of information regarding the different states and their inducements to immigrants, the railways, corporations, and individuals who might offer work. The secretary of the treasury conferred on our ambassador the privilege of nominating to that bureau one or two Italian agents to instruct our emigrants and offer useful suggestions as to their future location. Professor Alessandro Oldrini, a man of much intelligence and culture and well acquainted with the United States, having resided there for more than ten years, was the first Italian commissioner appointed by Baron Blanc, and he was soon assisted by Egisto Rossi, who had likewise been a close student of American affairs and had written a highly valued book on the United States. We now hope that the royal government may furnish the bureau with the means to fulfill the most important part of its duties, that of giving information to emigrants by which they may find work and be assisted in the acquisition of land.

The Italian government spends now $500 a month for the salary of the commissioners and their assistants and the expenses of the bureau. But the work should not be confined to aiding our people at this office only, and gaining for them a new hearing before the American authorities in case it is at first decided that some of them are to be rejected as unfit. Nor is it sufficient that our commissioners aid the emigrants in furthering their claims against the emigrant agencies for the bad treatment they may have received on board ship, or for the loss of baggage and the like. The most important thing is that they should give them useful indications toward furthering their journey to the Central and Western States, where they may be able to find work on the farms and in mines, or toward thinning out those who have settled in New York, where our people are massed together in most unfortunate conditions. This part of the task our governmental agency at Ellis Island has not yet been able to develop. The means are lacking. The commissioners would need to make trips into the interior in order to verify the exact conditions of the places as regards temperature, dryness, healthfulness, agrarian contracts, and so on.

Out of the total number of 34,000 Italian emigrants who arrived in the United States during the fiscal year 1894–5 about 20,000 passed through the office of our commission straight to New York City and its suburbs.

The other 14,000 scattered about in the interior of the country, either rejoining families already established in the different states of the Union or going into mining regions. Now it would be a good thing to facilitate this pushing into the center of the United States by our emigrants, to the mines of Colorado, Michigan, and Minnesota, the cattle ranches of Texas, or the fruit farms of California. About $10,000 would be needed to enable our commission in the United States to establish a labor bureau, such as you find at the barge office for Germans and Irish, in order that our emigrants should not be obliged to deal with the *padroni* but should find a sure source of information. Such a sum could also provide for a deposit office offering sure guaranties to the holders of money, who now lose as much as $150,000 in one year by the rascality of the so-called bankers of the port. A tax of two *lire* a head on our emigrants would easily provide this extra sum. Some such arrangement has been made by the federal government, which demands a dollar a head from the steamship companies for use in the inspection of immigration.

The minister who has looked after the protection of emigrants to the United States is meditating the same thing in some countries of Latin America, where the need is no less felt than in the North. In the Argentine Republic the Italians are practically at home, such is their number in proportion to the rest of the population. In Brazil, however, and in its federated states a similar bureau of control ought to be established. The condition of the Italians who settle in Brazil is known. You cannot say that it is altogether bad. The state colonies here must be distinguished from the private plantations, those opened first and those founded later on. Many Italians are quite well off in Brazil. Many others must pass through indescribable trials before reaching a tolerable situation. It is certain that the organization of the public service and private colonization enterprises is deficient. No one could certify that the new arrivals have really found what was promised them in the circulars distributed in their homes. They should find the lots of land surveyed, the roads laid out, houses built, and so on, all of which is not looked after as it should be. And besides, even if they receive the wages paid in paper money to the extent that they were told, all kinds of provisions are raised to exaggerated prices and furnished by a monopoly held by the contractor, and these prices lower the worth of their money. The home government has here abundant reason for intervening in behalf of its oppressed subjects.

In short, far from discouraging emigration, we should aid it in every way, improving its quality and making it an aid beyond the sea to the influence of the mother country. It is a safety valve for class hatreds and social unrest, an efficacious instrument of human equality. For us Italians, coming late in our development, it is also a school. The higher classes should see to it that it is kept healthy and is not left without protection. And especially should we rejoice when our emigration tends toward those lands which are settled by peoples superior to us in methods, in boldness, in economic potentiality—the peoples that to-day form the dominant race, the Anglo-Saxon. This race is dominant because it is educated in the spirit of reform, opposing justice to resignation, individual energy to alms-taking, work to apathy, and success to good intentions.

Such is the principle of natural selection, and we must take the world as it is, not as we should like it to be. We must convince the majority that the emigrant is the most useful commercial traveler for his own country possible, and that only after him come the manufacturers, the writers, diplomacy, and defense by force of arms.

THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM A. ELLIOTT, M.A.

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THIS month will witness the inauguration of a series of international athletic contests under the name of the New Olympic Games. When first proposed the plan was regarded as the airy project of unpractical enthusiasts or the pedantical effort of worshipers of the past to bring forth from antiquity's grave an institution long since dead. Now that success seems certain, carpings have given place to murmurs of expectant interest.

The credit for this unique idea belongs to a Frenchman, Baron de Coubertin, of distinguished family and scholarly attainments, who is now secretary of the international committee having general charge of the enterprise. The chairman of the committee is Demetrias Bikelas, probably the best known living Greek man of letters. The membership includes notable and influential men of all countries.

The institution of the games is meant to be permanent. Contests will be held every four years, thus reviving the old period of the Olympiad. It was decided to have one at Paris during the World's Exposition of 1900 and another four years later at New York or some other American city. London, Berlin, and other cities will come later in an order yet to be determined. For the first meeting there could be but one place. Greece is the country to which we owe the custom of athletic contests. There they had reached their highest and purest development, and it is fitting that there should be witnessed the renascence of one of the most noble and glorious institutions of antiquity.

There has been some criticism because the name Olympic is used for games that are not to be celebrated at Olympia. This is but petty carping. The name Olympia long since outgrew the narrow limits of the Altis in the Elean hills. The word that stands for all that is noble and illustrious in athletic sports has gone out into all the world and become the whole world's heritage. If these new games shall show the same principles of sturdy honor and ennobling manliness that characterized the ancient games when at their best, they may justly claim the ancient title. Not the place but the principle determines the name.

It would have been a pretty conceit, it is true, to consecrate, as it were, these new international contests by holding them on the site of old Olympia, running the races, for instance, on the selfsame stadium that Heracles with giant foot measured off. But that stadium lies under fifteen feet of sand washed down by the shifting Alpheus. Only its two ends have been laid bare. Then too the Altis lies in a sparsely settled region, remote from any town, and has scant accommodations for strangers. The modern enthusiasm for athletics has not yet become keen enough to induce its votaries to live for days on hard bread and spring water and to sleep stretched out along stone porticoes or under the sighing pine trees, as the people of old were glad to do when they flocked to the great quadrennial festival of the Greek world.

Yet the games this month will be held in a classic spot, the stadium where were formerly celebrated the Panathenaic Games, on the occasion of the greatest of Athenian festivals. A nook in the hills on the eastern edge of Athens forms a great amphitheater shaped like an elongated horseshoe. The arena is six hundred seventy feet long and one hundred nine feet wide. All around save at the open end of the horseshoe the steep hills rise high, affording room for thousands of spectators. In the second century after Christ, Herodes Atticus, that princely lover of the Greek land and people, at his own expense fitted the great area with marble seats for full fifty thousand.

One does not wonder at the report that in his lavishness he exhausted the quarries of Mount Pentelicus. Those magnificent marble benches long ago went to fill mediaeval limekilns. But a second Atticus has not been wanting; Georgios Averoff, a wealthy Greek merchant of Alexandria, has given in successive donations almost a million francs to make a beginning in restoring the stadium to its pristine splendor. The barrier of the arena, the first three rows of seats, and the supporting walls at the end will be of glistening marble. The rest of the seats will be of wood, to be replaced with marble as opportunity shall offer. In this country such magnificence would be but wastefulness; there marble is the cheapest durable material that can be used. We here would make the seats of brick and rubble and veneer them with two-inch marble slabs. They would last a generation perhaps. Those Greek seats will stand till Judgment Day, if left unspoiled by reckless man. When this magnificent amphitheater shall have been fully restored, no other city in the world will have an assembly place equal to it in beauty and spaciousness.

Back of the stadium the hills rise gradually to the foot of flowery Mount Hymettus, sure to be all-glorious in its wealth of purple hues on these April days. In front flows the Ilissus, whose plane-shaded banks Socrates and his disciples used to frequent. A few hundred yards away, in full view from the starting point, rises the rugged Acropolis, crowned with the orange-hued columns of the Parthenon, in whose sculptured frieze Pheidias has perpetuated the glories of the great Athenian festival. Amid such scenes, on such historic ground, can athletes fail to do their best?

In this first celebration it is not designed to present a mere reproduction of the ancient program, interesting as that would be historically. The new games are not to be the old ones transplanted to these modern times, but they are designed to hold the same relation to general athletics of to-day as did the Olympic festival to the athletics of its age. It is fifteen hundred and two years since the last festival was held in the sacred grove at Olympia. The world has moved since then, and some features of the old program would be impossible, others not consonant with modern taste.

In these days the ancient list of events would seem a meager one. It was opened with the foot races, the first of once the stadium's length, about two hundred yards, another of twice that distance, and the long race, from twelve to twenty times the length of the stadium. There was also a race in which the runners carried each a heavy shield, as if charging upon an enemy.

After the races came the *pentathlon* consisting of five distinct events. The first was leaping with the aid of weights, in which great distances were covered, though the tradition that Phayllos once cleared fifty feet can scarcely be credited. The second event was throwing the discus, a flat circular stone about ten inches in diameter and weighing some twelve pounds. Holding this upright in his right hand the athlete could by using all his weight and strength hurl it over a hundred feet. It is a difficult feat on account of the strain on the wrist in holding so large and heavy a disk upright by the lower edge. However, it is a valuable means of exercise and has much to commend it to modern athletes. After the discus throwing came hurling the spear, either directly from the hand or by means of a thong attached in such a way as to give a firm hold to the fingers. Running and wrestling were the last events of the *pentathlon*, of subordinate interest but necessary sometimes to decide between different victors in the first three. The victory could be gained only by a good all-around athlete, since success in three of the five events was necessary to win the prize.

Next followed numerous horse races of various sorts, both in harness and in saddle. Then came the regular wrestling and boxing matches, and last of all the *pancration*, a savage contest of wrestling and boxing combined.

Victors were rewarded simply with wreaths made from branches of the sacred olive tree, said to have been planted by Heracles

himself. Their names were announced by a herald and hailed with tumultuous applause by kinsmen and friends and fellow citizens, who counted it an honor so much as to belong to the same city with an Olympic champion. They were celebrated by poets, eulogized by orators, honored with statues, overwhelmed with civic and social distinctions.

Up to the time of the Persian Wars the Olympic festival lasted one day only, but at the seventy-seventh celebration, 472 B. C., the time was extended and was thereafter five days. The first meeting of the modern series will last ten days, beginning April 5. The local arrangements are in the hands of a committee at Athens, with the popular and energetic Crown Prince Constantine at its head.

There will be races of one hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, and fifteen hundred meters; a hurdle race; all kinds of jumping and vaulting; putting the shot, and discus throwing. There will be all sorts of gymnasium events, such as feats with parallel and horizontal bars, rings, arm-pull, and the like. Fencing and wrestling will not be slighted. There will be opportunity for the crack shots of the nations to try their skill and for lovers of horsemanship to witness their favorite sport.

Noticeable as is the advance here seen on the old games, greater innovations are planned. There will be matches in cricket, in tennis, and in such other similar sports as shall be represented by contestants. What a pity that America could not send over two of her best amateur teams to initiate the Orient into the mysteries and fascinations of baseball! Still further, there will be bicycle races, the shortest of two thousand meters, the longest a time race of twelve hours. Even into the classic East the conquering wheel is making its way, no less popular there than here.

The most interesting event historically will be the long distance race from Marathon to Athens, repeating the feat of him who brought the glad news of Miltiades' victory to the trembling city. His time will scarcely be equalled. True we have not the official record, but a few days before the battle Pheidippides ran from Athens to Sparta, a hundred and fifty miles, much of the way over rough mountain paths, in less than forty-eight hours, and a messenger of victory on that glad August day would not be slow in going some twenty-two miles, weary though he was from slaughtering barbarians all day long. Then, too, we remember that the brave messenger ran so fast that with the first cry of victory he fell dead at the feet of his countrymen.

Besides all this there will be boat races of various kinds. Think of it! In the matchless waters of the blue Saronic Gulf, where three hundred Greek ships withstood Xerxes' thousand and beat back forever the tide of Persian invasion, the boatmen of the nations will meet in earnest but friendly rivalry.

The victors in the contests will receive their prizes at the hands of King George. These will be olive crowns, more lasting if not more honorable than those of old, for they will be of wrought silver.

There should be but little question as to where the prizes will go. The Anglo-Saxon race is preëminently the athletic race of this age. The other nations of Europe are distinctly inferior. The conscript system in continental Europe has fostered an overshadowing spirit of militarism. The strong leaning toward military life and habit is evident everywhere. Military exercises take the time and attention elsewhere given to out-of-door sports. Thus it is that only in America, Great Britain, and, to a less degree, Scandinavia, is interest in athletic sports other than rare and slight. In Greece there has been of late years something of a revival of the ancient athletic enthusiasm. During these centuries of poverty, degradation, and misfortune, the love of contests of physical skill and prowess has not entirely died out. But Greece is too poor as yet, too recently freed from the toils of Turkish oppression, to be able to devote much time to such luxuries as athletics. Both government and people are kept too busy in securing means of daily existence to rival closely communities more blest with wealth

and leisure. Greeks will try hard for the prizes; they will doubtless fairly earn some; but if the majority of the victors are not Englishmen it will be from lack of adequate representation. At this writing it is not certain that America will be represented at all.

It is of course unfortunate for us on this side the ocean that the games come at a time when our college athletes can least easily be absent. But the time perfectly suits all Europe, where the Easter vacation is long and universally observed. Then the demands of the climate make the date selected unavoidable. The summer is unbearably warm in Athens, but April is the fairest month of all the year. Cloudless skies of deepest blue, a warm but not depressing temperature, perfection in color and atmosphere, the culmination of beauty in flower and foliage render Athens at that season of all cities most enchanting. Purple mountains and flowery plains, sea and sky of intense and indescribable azure are all full of ravishing delights that inspire, almost intoxicate, the traveler.

It is the purpose of this new movement to revive the genuine old spirit of Olympia, adding to athletics in all nations real elements of life and interest. It is hoped to stem the tide that has been setting so strongly of late toward professionalism and turn it back in the direction of legitimate amateur sport. We in America especially need such an influence. We do our athletics too much by proxy, hiring men to play baseball and football for us while we sit by in ruinous inaction. Even in our colleges but a small fraction of the students take more part in athletics than to pay their subscriptions and attend the games. Every one of our out-of-door sports has been debased to the service of the professional athlete, whose object is to develop not a symmetrical and healthy man, but a distorted animal machine fitted by long training for the performance of this or that particular feat of skill. Athletic and gymnastic sports are absolutely essential to the physical salvation of a race as tensely strung and nervous as Americans, but their renewal and popularity depend on their rescue from the control of those whose goal is the almighty dollar and not the simple olive branch. When athletics become a trade their influence for good is dead. We in America do not need more hired athletes, but we do need a general revival of interest in out of door sports, an interest that shall be personal and universal, without age limit. The new movement properly managed and adequately supported cannot fail to have a powerful influence in this direction.

But the greatest good of this first meeting of the New Olympic Games will accrue to Greece herself. It will be a great rallying time for the people of Greater Hellas. The inhabitants of the Kingdom of Greece are but a minority of their race. They are less than two and a half millions, while European Turkey has full two millions and Asiatic Turkey almost as many. Crete groaning under Turkish misrule, Cyprus unhappy under even English sovereignty, Chios with Greek affiliations unquenched in the blood of the foulest massacre of modern times, all the islands on Turkey's coast, and sections of Asia Minor, to say nothing of Epirus and Macedonia, are largely, if not predominantly, Greek in language, religion, and interests. In every city of the Mediterranean basin, even in the remote towns of Turkey and southern Russia, are found numerous Greeks. All these are Greek in more than name. They regard themselves, the home-land regards them, all as children of one loving but unfortunate mother.

In the National Assembly that elected the present king to the throne thirty three years ago, delegates from the Greeks in Constantinople, Odessa, Alexandria, London, and other cities sat side by side with those from Athens and Sparta. Every Greek community of a hundred souls anywhere on the broad earth had the right to send a delegate to that council. No other race remains so faithful to the traditions of its fatherland. Whether in the cities of the Orient, in Western Europe, or in the distant New World, the Greek is still a true son of Hellas. His thoughts and prayers are for her; for her, too, his money if he becomes rich. The numerous fine buildings that are rap-

idly making Athens the handsomest city of the East, for the most part gifts of wealthy Greeks in foreign lands, attest this irradicable love of native land.

Of these absent children thousands will flock to Athens. The sixth of April is the seventy-fifth anniversary of Greek independence, and the fires of patriotism will blaze high in Greek hearts. It will be no strange thing if the Cretan shall go back to his island more than ever intent on revolution; if the Macedonian Greek with eyes more full of longing shall look across the mountains to his happier Thessalian brothers; if the Greeks throughout the sultan's realm shall wait with yet greater impatience for the time to come when the enslaved half of Hellas shall be free.

Superiority of numbers is not the sole claim the Greek has to these large sections of the East. Judged by the standard of intelligence, industry, and force of character, he has still more decided advantage.

These three quarters of a century have wrought marvels with the Greek. Naturally restless he is learning self-control; enthusiastic he is learning patience; yesterday a serf he is to-day learning the arts of democracy, for his government is monarchical in hardly more than name. When the clock shall strike the hour of doom for the Turkish Empire, Greece will be all ready to take the place that is rightfully hers. Epirus, Macedonia, Crete, Cyprus, and parts of Asia justly belong to her. She may fail in her ambition to regain Constantinople, but that city might be in worse hands, and there might be a worse solution of the eastern question than handing over Turkey in Europe and parts of Asia Minor to the Greeks.

This is not merely the vision of a single enthusiast. All Greeks know that old tradition that Constantinople will again be theirs when a Constantine and a Sophia shall be their sovereigns. When Crown Prince Constantine with his Prussian wife Sophia ascends the throne that condition will be met.

This dream of modern Greeks is not without interest to us. All Philhellenes join in wishing well to the land that is the repository of so many cherished associations. But all who love our civilization and long to see it triumph in the world will watch with keenest interest the gathering crisis in the East. The long-delayed demise of the Sick Man can not be far off. When that shall come will Slav or Greek succeed to his estate? Supremacy of Slavic rule in the East will end forever the dreams of a united and fully liberated Hellas. It will do more. It will replace Turkish barbarity with Slavic intolerance and plunge the East into darkness for another half millenium. Russian rule may be more humane than Turkish; it is not more civilizing.

If these New Olympic Games shall lead to closer contact between Greece and the western nations, give to us a truer estimate of the Greek and a juster conception of his possibilities and rights, and bring to him greater appreciation and emulation of western civilization, we as well as he will be the gainers.

THE PRINCIPLES WHICH UNDERLIE THE COOKING OF FOOD.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS GRANT ALLEN, M. A.

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A WELL known French chemist, Professor Berthelot, has prophesied that in time, during the next century perhaps, many of the staple foods which we now obtain by natural growth will be produced in factories; that meat, milk, eggs, and flour will, by the methods of synthetic chemistry, be built up from their elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. As a result the broad acres which are now devoted to raising wheat and corn and rice will be utilized for other purposes, for flour, meal, and breakfast foods will no longer be grown, but made. Cattle, sheep, and swine will no

longer be raised, for beef, mutton, and pork will then be products of our laboratories.

The land which will then not be needed for the growing of food stuffs will probably come to be divided among the people who now crowd the tenements of our large cities. Every family could then have "three acres of land and a cow" and instead of being choked with gases, blinded with smoke, and offended by vile odors would inhale the pure air of the prairies and enjoy the odors of its anemones and daisies.

That this prophecy may not appear a mere fancy may I remind my readers that our best known American chemist appears to believe with Professor Berthelot that foods will be manufactured, and that considerably cheaper than they now are grown, thereby lessening the struggle for existence. Some foods and food flavors have already been built up from inorganic materials; thus, vanilla, which has always been obtained until recently from the tonka bean is now being displaced by artificial vanillin. Fats have been prepared from their elements and it is pretty well known that sugar, which represents another class of foods, can be prepared from sawdust. "I do not say," says professor Berthelot, "that we shall give you artificial beefsteaks at once, nor do I say that we shall ever give you a beefsteak as we now obtain and cook it. We shall give you the same identical food, however, chemically, digestively, and nutritively speaking. Its form will differ, because it will probably be a tablet. But it will be a tablet of any color and shape that is desired, and will, I think, entirely satisfy the epicurean senses of the future." May I add that perhaps it will also always be tender, and cooking will become so simple that a discussion of the principles which underlie the art will seem superfluous.

Meanwhile for a few years to come we are likely to go on eating the same foods prepared in the same old ways, and so long as we do their proper cooking will be an important factor in rendering them digestible and otherwise fitting them for our use.

Man was at one time, in all probability, a vegetarian, and a very narrow one at that, for his food consisted of fruits and nuts only. If these were now his only foods, cooking would be unnecessary, but down through the ages he has been experimenting with everything that is edible until now his dietary includes all the varieties to be found in a well-conducted modern grocery and meat market. His experiments have been attended by more or less failure and often with damage to himself, and that in many ways, for the kind of food a man eats influences his character physically, mentally, and morally, more perhaps than we are willing to admit. Man has not only often been imprudent in his choice of food but from ignorance of the relations which should exist between the substances used as food and the structure and wants of his body he has, perhaps, quite as often made mistakes in his methods of cooking.

Let us consider first why we cook our food and then let us discuss in some detail the principles which underlie the application of heat to each of the three principal classes of food substances; viz., the proteids, fats, and carbohydrates.

We cook our food to render it more agreeable to our senses of taste and smell. Cooking develops flavors and odors not present in the raw state. This is particularly true of the animal foods, but it is also true to a greater or less extent with regard to vegetable foods and indeed some vegetables, as potatoes and beans, would be repugnant were they uncooked. The cooking of most foods may be so conducted as to make them more pleasant to look upon, and no doubt this receives considerable attention. We may, therefore, say that cooking renders food more palatable, gives it a more savory odor, and if well done usually renders it more attractive. The superior flavor, appearance, and taste of a piece of beefsteak nicely cooked is a case in point. The development of pleasant flavors in the coffee berry and peanut illustrate the same principle.

A second reason why we should cook our food is to be found in the fact that thereby we facilitate the process of mastication. Some foods are tough or hard and can neither be finely divided nor well mixed with saliva. Cooking softens these so that the

work of the teeth is performed with greater ease, and the results, so far as the digestibility and the amount of nutrient matter obtained are concerned, are vastly more efficient.

Again it is often desirable that the food be chemically changed; thus some foods or portions of them are absolutely indigestible in the uncooked state; the fibrous tissue of meat, for example, can not be considered a food until by the application of heat it has been changed chemically to gelatin. Similarly starches, though not entirely indigestible when raw, are changed into a more digestible form by cooking, and the cooked starch, as in bread, is by the process of toasting converted into a new chemical substance called dextrin, which closely resembles sugar both in its chemical properties and in the ease with which it is digested. Again sugar is changed into caramel and fats are partially decomposed into other more digestible substances.

A fourth reason for cooking food is that the warmth which is thus imparted promotes digestion by causing an increased flow of blood to the digestive apparatus and hence a more copious secretion of the digestive fluids. It is to stimulate the flow of digestive juices that hot soup is given as the first course at dinner. As a result of this increased flow the digestion of the food is well advanced by the time dinner is over. The general stimulating effect of tea and coffee is enhanced considerably by their warmth.

The general result of all these changes mentioned, the development of flavor, the increased ease of mastication, the chemical changes, and the warmth imparted by cooking, is that more nutrient matter is obtained from the food at the same time that its digestion is promoted.

Finally, cooking destroys any parasites that may be present in the food. Of these, *trichinæ* in pork and the *scolex*, or encysted head of the tapeworm, in what is known as measly beef, are the most common. To show that these are not so rare I may mention that between two and three per cent of all the hogs slaughtered at the Chicago stock yards are found to be infected with *trichinæ*. Most food materials serve as favorable media for the propagation and growth of bacteria. Many of these are harmless, but we must remember that we cannot be sure at any time that no dangerous ones are present. As heat destroys bacteria we are taking fewer chances when we cook our food than when we do not. The principal source of evil is not the presence of bacteria themselves but the chemical products which they form, the ptomaines, leucomaines and toxalbumins. If these have been formed in the foods before heat is applied, cooking will not materially alter the poisonous nature of such food. Further, there are some foods which we do not desire to cook. For these reasons it is absolutely essential that we keep the food material, the kitchen, and everything with which the food can come in contact, and by which it might become contaminated, scrupulously clean.

Having now considered why we cook, let us next consider how we cook, and then let us discuss the principles embodied in the method. And, first, as a type of the proteids let us study the cooking of meat.

The cooking of meat is accomplished in at least four different ways: by the application of heat through the medium of water, by baking or roasting, by broiling, and by frying.

Of the first of these methods there are at least three modifications; viz., boiling, soup making, and stewing. In the first the object is to retain in the meat as nearly as possible all the nutritive qualities and natural flavor. In the making of soups, broths, and gravies the object is to separate as completely as possible all the juices from the meat. Perhaps the making of beef tea, in which only some of the juices of the meat are desired, should be classed with soup making. In stewing, which is a combination of these two methods, a part only of the juice is extracted and served with the meat.

The principle upon which we rely for the accomplishment of our purpose in each case is based upon the fact that albumen is fluid and soluble below 134° F. but becomes solid and insoluble above 160° F.

You can illustrate this by a simple experi-

ment. Place a little of the white of egg in a test tube or beaker containing water. The white of egg is principally albumen and water, indeed albumen is a Latin translation of the common name *the white*. If the mixture of egg and water be now stirred for a minute you will soon be unable to distinguish the egg from the water, for it will have become dissolved in it. Now insert a thermometer in the tube and place it in a larger vessel containing water and gradually heat this. When the thermometer shows that the temperature of the solution in the tube has risen to 134° F. white threads of albumen will begin to appear within it; these will increase in size and number until a temperature of 160° F. is attained, when the whole of the dissolved albumen will become white and opaque. It is now coagulated and may be called solid. If we now examine some of the result we shall find that the albumen thus only just coagulated is a tender, delicate, jelly-like substance, having every appearance to touch, sight, and taste of being easily digestible. And this we find to be the case. Now continue to heat the albumen until 212° is reached and then maintain it at this temperature for a while. It will dry, and become hard and shrunken. If the temperature be carried a little higher the albumen becomes converted into a hard, tough cement.

This experiment teaches us that the temperature for coagulation or cooking of albumen is not that of boiling, 212° F., but 160°, or 52° below. Since the albumin of meat is like this albumen of egg, does not this experiment also illustrate the difference between a "tender, juicy steak, rounded or plumped out in the middle, and a tough, leathery abomination that has been cooked so as to cause it to shrivel and curl up"?

Remembering now what has been said in regard to the end which it is desired to obtain in each of the methods of cooking in water, let us see how we are practically to apply this principle. It must be remembered that the albumin of meat is a liquid like the white of egg and can be dissolved out by cold water just as you have seen the white of egg. If it is, therefore, desired to retain as completely as possible all the nutrient juices as well as the volatile substances to which meat owes its flavor and stimulating properties, it will be at once apparent that an impervious case must be formed around the piece of meat to be cooked at the outset of the operation. This is accomplished by at once immersing the piece of meat in hot water, and causing the water to boil for about seven minutes. The addition of salt assists the boiling water in forming a case of coagulated albumin which prevents the escape of the juices from the meat. After this brief period of exposure to a high temperature, the water should be allowed to cool to about 160° F. and this temperature maintained until the meat has been cooked. This does not mean that the meat be allowed to simmer, for as you can easily show by a thermometer there is practically no difference between the temperature of boiling water and simmering. All that is required is that the interior of the piece of meat should reach and be kept at a temperature of 160° F. for some time.

With the low temperature the time required for cooking is longer, but the results are better. The meat is more tender, more digestible, and has a better flavor. The retention of the flavor is explained by the formation of the case of coagulated albumin, the tenderness by the experiment with the egg, and the increased digestibility is owing to the fact that none of the fibers have been shrunken or hardened.

The only practical difficulty in this method of cooking is the maintenance of a constant low temperature. Numerous devices have been adopted to secure this end, but of these only the merest mention can be made. A simple but rather imperfect method is to lower the gas flame. If we have a convenient thermometer the temperature could be easily regulated. Another method is to use the *bain-marie*, which is simply a small, thin saucepan suspended in a larger one adapted for the fire and containing water which when boiling or nearly so suffices to heat to a few degrees below its own temperature the contents of the inner vessel. This resembles the method on which the carpen-

ter's glue pot is constructed, with which most persons are familiar. Perhaps the most efficient piece of apparatus for this purpose is that known as the Aladdin oven, designed and thoroughly tested by Mr. Edward Atkinson, the well known economist. The essential principles in its construction are two: first, the sides of the oven are made of some non-conducting material, as wood pulp or *papier-maché*, thus preventing waste of heat, and second, the heat is supplied by means of an oil lamp or gas, in either case the amount supplied being always under the control of the cook.

In making soups, broths, or gravies the meat should be immersed in cold or tepid water and the temperature slowly raised to about 170° F.

In the preparation of beef tea and *bouillon* the water should have a temperature above 134°, as this prevents the escape of albumin.

In stewing, the temperature of the water should be kept between 134° and 180° F. Below 134° albumin would escape from the meat. It is this which forms the scum and which often is foolishly thrown away. Above 180° it would be rendered hard and tough. A considerable portion of the nutritive matters of the meat by this method escapes into the surrounding liquid, but as it is served with the meat there is no loss and stewing is therefore an economical and quite popular method of cooking meat.

Most people prefer to have the flavors and juice retained in the meat, and the method of cooking which best accomplishes this is that known as roasting or baking. In the ordinary oven the cooking is effected by radiated heat and by heated air. In order to retain the juices as completely as possible the roast is first exposed to a strong heat, either by having the oven hot or better, perhaps, by searing the surfaces in a very hot frying pan. By this method the surface is coagulated, water is evaporated, and a sort of crust is formed which presents a barrier to the subsequent escape of the juice. As soon as this crust is formed cooking may proceed slowly at a lower temperature, for this method best secures tender, unshrunken, unhardened, muscular fiber. The gravy is formed of the melted fat together with some of the juice which we cannot altogether prevent escaping and a small quantity of gelatin which is formed when the temperature is long continued. The basting with this gravy is an important part of the process as it tends to diffuse the heat uniformly over the roast, prevents scorching, and such hardening of the surface as would cause it to crack and permit the escape of flavor. Not only does roasting retain all the natural flavors of the meat, but the dry heat browns the surface aud develops several new substances which have agreeable odors and pleasant tastes characteristic of roasted meat. A pan of water placed in the oven underneath the roast performs, to some extent, the same work as the basting, and prevents the melted fat from decomposing and yielding disagreeable odors.

Broiling, or grilling, being a process of cooking either by radiation of heat from an open fire or by bringing the meat in contact with a hot surface, is almost the same as roasting, only this method is applied to smaller portions of meat. The pieces should not exceed from three fourths to an inch in thickness. The surfaces are quickly sealed. The interior can then be cooked at a lower temperature either by removing the piece farther from the fire if it be coals or by turning the flame lower if the source of heat be gas. The juices thus expanded and unable to escape render the piece full and plump. Broiling develops a very fine flavor and is rapid and convenient.

Frying is a method of cooking meat very generally condemned and justly so, owing to the fact that by this method the meat is rendered much less digestible. As the meat is usually cut into thin slices and then cooked by the application of heat through hot fat or oil it is apt to become more or less saturated with grease. This renders it less permeable to the digestive juices. Again fatty acids developed by the action of the high temperature on the fat are apt to lead to disturbance of the digestive process. The fat should be at a pretty high temperature in order that the juices of the meat may be retained and that the meat may absorb as little grease as possible.

If the surface of the meat be covered with flour, bread crumbs, or egg, less of the fat is absorbed by the meat and the objectionable results which usually attend this method of cooking are to some extent obviated.

Fish is baked, broiled, fried, or boiled. I use the last term advisedly, for indeed fish ought never to be cooked in boiling water. Not even the preliminary boiling for a few minutes, as in meats, should be attempted, if the fish has been cut into slices, for there is always danger of the fish going to pieces. The superficial albumin can be coagulated at a temperature lower than the boiling point. The time required is less than that for meat and the harder the water in which it is cooked the firmer is the flesh and the better does it retain its flavor.

By the time-honored method of cooking eggs, three and a half minutes in boiling water, the white is usually hard and indigestible and the yolk soft and underdone. If, instead, the eggs are placed in boiling water just sufficient to cover them and then the vessel set back for from twelve to twenty minutes, the white will be just nicely cooked and the yolk will be firmer than the white.

It is claimed by some that cheese when cooked is more digestible than the uncooked article.

The proteid of peas and beans is very difficult of digestion in the raw state. Long and thorough cooking is necessary to render these satisfactory articles of diet.

With regard to the cooking of fats little can be said. It is believed that partial dissociation takes place owing to the high and somewhat long-continued temperature. The fat becomes granular and is more easily digested. If, however, the chemical change be complete the fat is decomposed into fatty acid and glycerin, and the fatty acid will be apt to cause trouble.

We come now to consider the cooking of carbohydrates. The foods which contain them in quantity are vegetable, and the most common carbohydrate is starch. The starch which we find in seeds and tubers has been placed there to serve as a store of food for the young plant when it begins to grow the next spring. As it must withstand the cold of the winter season it is laid up in a dry, compact form and surrounded by hard walls of cellulose. In order that the starch grains may be used as food for man not only must the walls be ruptured but the grains themselves must be made soluble. Cooking of starch accomplishes these two changes, the starch combining with water to form a starch paste. It is this paste which is employed in the thickening of gravies, sauces, etc., by adding flour. In addition to these changes the application of dry heat to starch effects a chemical change, as in the formation of sugar and caramel in bread crust and in toast.

In the cooking of potatoes and other vegetables containing starch and cellulose, not only is the starch cooked but the cellulose is softened so that it is less irritating to the digestive tract and in some cases, as in asparagus, it is digested.

The vegetables are particularly rich in mineral matters, but when cooked in boiling water these are dissolved out and the liquid containing them is frequently thrown away. This ought not to be. By boiling or baking potatoes in their jackets not only are these salts retained but more agreeable flavors are developed than when the jackets have been removed.

Bread seems to be the best form in which starch can be taken as food, for in the light, spongy, porous condition of the loaf a large surface is presented to the action of the digestive juices.

This porous condition of the loaf is brought about by means of a fermentation in which the yeast plant is the active agent. The chemical changes involved in the fermentation are the conversion of a small portion of the starch of the flour into sugar and the further changes of the sugar into two new substances one of which is alcohol and the other a gas known as carbon dioxide. The gas is entangled by the tenacious gluten and the porous sponge is the result.

Kneading gives elasticity to the dough, breaks up the bubbles, and distributes them evenly through the mass.

The temperature most favorable to fermentation is between 70° and 90° F. Above 90° a second fermentation would begin and

change the alcohol to an acid, which would make the bread sour.

Baking destroys the yeast plant before this secondary fermentation begins, cooks the starch and gluten, expands the gas, drives off the alcohol, and forms a pleasant crust.

The interior of the loaf is cooked at the temperature of boiling water and the oven must, therefore, be maintained at a temperature high enough to accomplish this The most favorable temperature, according to Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Boston Institute of Technology, is from 400° to 550° F.

Water, which when changed to steam has expanded to seventeen hundred times its volume, has something to do with the raising of pastry and crackers.

Cakes are frequently made light and porous by the expansion of air which has been entangled in whipped eggs and then mixed with the flour.

In what is known as aërated bread the gas is prepared in suitable vessels and then forced into the dough. When baking powder is used for the same purpose the gas is generated in the dough by the chemical change which takes place when the principal constituents of the baking powder are brought into solution.

MILITARY BANDS OF EUROPE.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN.

THE leading bands of European armies are those of the Household Brigade of Great Britain, including the Grenadier, Coldstreams, and Scots Guards (infantry), the Life Guards (two regiments) and the Royal Horse Guards Blue (cavalry), the Royal Artillery and Royal Marine Bands, and that of the Engineers. Germany has the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regimental Band, Belgium that of the Guides, France the band of the Garde Republicaine, Austria the Imperial Guards' Band, Turkey an organization attached to the Ottoman palace, and Russia rejoices in the Czar's regiment of Guards, whose musicians delight the St. Petersburg citizens with rich, highly colored national music.

THE SCOTS GUARDS' BAND.

Of course this enumeration does not profess to include many other deservedly popular and standard brass and reed orchestras,

and considering that in Great Britain alone there are over forty thousand military bands, while France, Austria, Germany, and Belgium are equally prolific in this respect, a detailed survey of genuinely excellent bands is simply impossible here.

The two leading bands of Europe to-day—which met in honorable rivalry at the French Exhibition in London during the summer and fall of 1890—are those of the Grenadier Guards of England, conducted by the world-famed bandmaster the Hon. Lieut. Dan Godfrey, and the Garde Republicaine of France, conducted by M. Wettge. Both are composed of picked men, artists who have served a long apprenticeship in other bands previous to being honored and gratified by being called to join these. And when upon state occasions, such as the trooping of the colors on the queen's birthday, the Guards' bands of the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots Fusiliers are massed together for combined effort, or the full complement of the Garde Republicaine is pouring forth glorious melody under the trees of Paris' great parks and gardens, one can fully understand how it comes to pass that their fame has extended so widely.

DRUM MAJOR, COLDSTREAM GUARDS' BAND.

Our American orchestra conducted by M. Sousa is avowedly an imitation of the great French band. And our readers will look upon Lieutenant Godfrey's face with some interest when they recall the fact that he brought his band to the grand international musical festival held in Boston during the year 1872. This was the first time an English soldier had appeared in uniform in America since the days of 1812–16. Questions were asked in Parliament as to the advisability of the step, and a special act by that august body was necessary to enable the band to leave the country. Belonging as it does to the personal establishment of the sovereign, Victoria could have done us no greater honor than to send to us, clad in bearskin and resplendent scarlet and gold, her favorite musicians.

Before dwelling on the Godfreys and the Guards, two names inseparably associated in the history of military music, allow me to quote from a Boston paper for June 19, 1872, concerning this well-remembered visit to our shores:

"The greatest sensation of the day and of the

occasion was reserved, however, for the Grenadier Guards' Band—a sensation which had a most substantial basis in sound musical judgment. The appearance of the band in its really splendid and elegant uniform was quite enough of itself to fire the popular heart and to account, with the added consideration of hospitable friendliness of feeling, for their welcome. But long before they had finished their opening overture it was felt that no such military band had ever been heard in the United States."

I forbear to quote more. Doubtless the memorable scene when Mr. Dan Godfrey signaled his men to play "The Star Spangled Banner" still lives in the recollection of Bostonians who were fortunate enough to be present. It literally beggared description. The popular enthusiasm of thousands in the audience was sustained by the rarer zest of the foreign orchestras, and amid a hurricane of applause Mr. Godfrey's band accomplished more for the cementing of good feeling between two great nations than many a tedious period of diplomacy has done. The palm of supremacy was unanimously awarded to the English band. "It was the triumph of my life," said Mr. Godfrey to me this summer, "and I often play your national hymn at my *al fresco* concerts during the season. My remembrance of America is of the kindliest nature."

PIPER, SCOTS GUARDS' BAND.

The history of the Godfrey family is very largely the history of the advance of military music throughout the English-speaking world. Their names are familiar to every lover of music. Who has not heard of the father, his three sons, and their sons in turn? Their selections, arrangements, compositions, waltzes, marches, and galops are played by every band of repute throughout Europe, America, and Australia.

When the elder Godfrey died he left three sons in his family who inherited his fame, Dan, Charles, and Fred. They each conducted a Guards' band, and while Mr. Fred is now deceased, his brothers, Dan and Charles, continue to be the premier bandmasters of the British queen and nation, possessing the finest infantry and cavalry bands respectively of the army, and some critics say of the world.

In a recent interview Lieutenant Godfrey stated that he was born in 1831 and graduated at the Royal Academy of Music, where he is now a professor. On July 2, 1856, he was appointed to the Grenadiers by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Albert the Good.

"Never," said Mr. Godfrey, "shall I forget my first day's duty. The troops were

returning from the Crimean War and I composed a march in honor of the auspicious hour. Not a dry eye could be seen as we wended our way through the crowded Strand."

Referring to his American visit Mr. Godfrey continued: "I think we may claim to have prevented a terrible calamity while out there. It was the last day of the exhibition and some twelve thousand people were in the building where a stand had been fitted up for the use of the band. Suddenly a thunderstorm burst over the place. The lightning tore open the roof and clouds of sand were whirled around the auditorium like smoke. The Guards were playing the overture to 'Zampa.' Hundreds of people arose to their feet in dismay. Somebody called 'Fire!'; there was a rush—when it occurred to me to stop the band, and in another moment we struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The effect was instantaneous and everybody quieted down."

LIEUT. DAN GODFREY, BANDMASTER GRENADIER GUARDS.

During the evening the writer listened to this band they played the following program:

BAND OF H. M. GRENADIER GUARDS.
(By permission of Colonel Oliphant.)

1.—COMMANDEUR-MARSCH.....*Kosubek*
2.—SELECTION..... "Orfeo" .....*Gluck*
3.—WALZER..... "Meerleuchten" .....*Ziehrer*
4.—MOTET..... "Hear my Prayer" .....*Mendelssohn*
(Cornet Solo—Sergeant Knight.)
5.—MINUET FROM 1ST SYMPHONY.....*Beethoven*
6.—SELECTION .... "Der Vogelhändler" .....*Zeller*
(Performed in London by the Saxe Coburg Opera Company.)
7.—VORSPIEL.."Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"....*Wagner*
8.—SELECTION..... "The Shop Girl" .....*Caryll*
Conductor – LIEUT. DAN GODFREY.

The feature of the performance was the magnificent cornet playing of Sergeant Knight, whose rendition of the motet from Mendelssohn provoked a positive sensation among the throngs around the stand. In a band of sixty or more performers, every man an artist of repute and a soloist upon his particular instrument, Mr. Knight stands out prominently for a purity and delicacy of tone and correctness of phrasing which make his playing a rare treat afforded by complete musical culture.

The Guards have produced many famous players. Jules Levy, who is now in the United States, and Howard Reynolds, together with Sergeant Charles Knight, are a trio of cornetists unexcelled the world over. Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Willman, and Mr. Pollard were equally good upon the clarionet. Mr. McGrath is the best trumpet player in England to-day. Mr. Bourne and Mr. Phasey, euphonium players, are both recently deceased. I shall not easily forget hearing Mr. Bourne play a favorite solo of his, "O ruddier than the cherry," an aria from Handel, at the Crystal Palace, London, in the year 1889.

These gentlemen were and are the leading instrumentalists in organizations which maintain supremacy because the material is so good, and this remark applies to both instruments and men. If it is the dream of the French conscript that some morning he may awake to find a marshal's baton in his knapsack, it is equally the dream of the young English bandsman that some day he will be in the Guards. He will serve ten years in another regiment and forfeit all this time and its pension in order that he may don the bearskin, the scarlet, and the gold, and march to St. James with the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, and the Scots. He is allowed to reside out of barracks, to wear civilian dress, and to take other en-

gagements than those pertaining to duty. Many of the gentlemen in London orchestras appear at night in faultless evening dress and parade the following morning in the elaborately laced and epauleted tunics of these regiments.

A comparison of the playing of the English and German Guards' bands shows the superior orchestral properties of the former. The German bands which visited the Chicago Worlds' Fair evoked comment on their unbalanced and brassy tone, fanfare-like, and lacking even formation. The English Guards are distinctly more refined, and with wonderful attack, rhythm, and almost overwhelming crescendo movements there is linked artistic taste and sweetness. In fact, the shading of the reeds is equal to that of a skillful stringed orchestra, deftness and purity and every change of subtle tone being evidenced with absolute faultlessness. I am of the opinion that if Sousa or Victor Herbert could arrange a musical festival, as the late Mr. Gilmore did in '72, the verdict then given would not be very seriously threatened, save by that truly superb body of players the band of the Garde Republicaine.

SERGEANT CHARLES KNIGHT, SOLO CORNETIST, GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND.

The Austrian capital is the home of the *walzer*, and the Strauss Orchestra has won there and throughout Europe and America a singular reputation for dance music. The military bands of Austria and Russia, too, are very superior for musical quality, but they do not rank with the Belgian Guides or those before mentioned. Here is the makeup of the Coldstream Band, conducted by Mr. Cadwallader Thomas, a pupil of the late Fred Godfrey. This band consists of one bandmaster, two sergeants, two corporals, and forty musicians; total, forty-five. They play upon two flutes, one piccolo, one oboe, two Eb clarionets, thirteen Bb clarionets, three bassoons, four horns, three euphoniums, three basses, six cornets, four trombones, and two drums, giving twenty-two reed, twenty brass, and two percussion instruments. In 1785 the band consisted of twelve German musicians enlisted in the king's domain of Hanover. They performed upon four clarionets, two bassoons, two oboes, two French horns, one trumpet, and one serpent. Then came three Africans who carried tambourines and bells.

For fifty-one years the father of Lieut. Dan Godfrey conducted the Coldstreams, and after he died his second son, Fred, took his place until 1880.

The Royal Horse Guards' Band is more largely brass and less reed than those of the Foot Guards. The mounted player must be skillful indeed to manage a reed instrument and a horse in a crowded thoroughfare at one and the same time. Mr. Charles Godfrey, the brother of the lieutenant and a fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, told me that his men have to do double duty, as a mounted and a dismounted band. "Besides, I have in my band," continued he, "five men who can play the violin, one player for the viola, two altos, three contra-basses, and a pianist."

The hereditary musical gift is abundantly manifest in Mr. Charles Godfrey. His style in conducting, his reading of the most diffi-

cult passages, and the control he exercises over an orchestra have called forth the praises of many critics. His arrangements for bands, if tabulated, would fill some pages of this magazine. Among the best known let me mention some overtures: "Ruy Blas" *(Mendelssohn)*, "Raymond" *(Thomas)*, "Due d'Olowne" *(Auber)*, and "Macbeth" *(Halton)*. Verdi's "Nabucodonosor," "Faust," by Gounod, Spohr's "Last Judgment," "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini, and "The Flying Dutchman," by Wagner, are also among the selections arranged by Mr. Godfrey.

He has a son—Charles III. we may call him to avoid confusion—who conducts the Crystal Palace Military Band, which he has caused to rank next to the crack regimental bands of the world.

The program the Horse Guards Blue played at the Horticultural Fête at the old border town of Shrewsbury in August of '95 drew together sixty thousand people. The last number, a rhapsodical symphony by

BAND OF H. M. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.
(BLUE.)
(By permission of Colonel Brocklehurst.)

1.—MARCH ..... "La Sortie de la Garde" ..... *Eilenberg*
2.—OVERTURE ..... "Ariadne" ..... *Kling*
3.—SELECTION .. "The Flying Dutchman" ..... *Wagner*
4.—NORWEGIAN DANCE ..... *Greig*
5.—SACRED SONG ..... "Ave Maria" ..... *Mascheroni*
(Cornet—Mr. Windscheffel.)
6.—SELECTION .... "Hansel und Gretel" .... *Humperdinck*
7.—PICCOLO SOLO ... "The Lilliputian" ..... *Brewer*
(Piccolo—Mr. Guttridge.)
8.—MAZURKA ..... "La Mousmé" ..... *Ganne*
9.—RHAPSODIE ..... "Pester Carnival" ..... *Liszt*
Conductor - - Charles Godfrey, R. A. M.

The duties of these bands of the Household Brigade, attached as they are to the court, bring them in contact with the queen and the royal family almost constantly. Lieutenant Godfrey says that Her Majesty is attached to the German School of music, especially Mozart and the earlier composers. Scotch music, like all things Scotch, is also in favor, the overture to "Ruy Blas" being a pet selection of Queen Victoria's. Every program played in her castle or palaces is submitted to her for approval, and it is no unusual thing for Her Majesty to spend some time in the quadrangle at Windsor and

DRUM AND FIFE CORPS, GRENADIER GUARDS.

Liszt, formed a suitable *finale* to a rendering of the whole which placed it above criticism. The following is the program:

speak a few words of approval to the bandmaster. She made Dan Godfrey a lieutenant, and he is the first bandmaster to receive

the rank of commissioned officer in the British Army.

The Royal Albert Hall is a favorite resort for popular concerts in London. In one evening you may hear the band of Sir Charles Halle, the songs of Sims Reeves, Madame Albani, Madame Sterling, and many another luminary — the whole for twenty-four cents in the gallery, fifty cents in the main auditorium, and a dollar in the boxes. Think of this rich feast within the reach of a poor music-loving theological student resident in London and you will not wonder that I often left Paley, Descarte, Butler, Meyer, and John Wesley to take care of themselves while I drank deep and drank again and came away athirst for more, and thanked heaven for the only ministry through the senses to the spirit which does not necessarily end in sensualizing the spirit—for the divine gift of music.

CORNET AND EUPHONIUM PLAYERS, SCOTS GUARDS' BAND.

The Royal Artillery Regiment, like those of the Marines and Engineers, is both a military and a string band. Every member has to be "double handed," to use a technical expression. To-day he may march through the streets of Woolwich, Chatham, or Plymouth, playing a march from Eilenberg; to-morrow he will be seated in a palatial drawing room or behind banks of exotics in royal houses or on the stages of great centers such as the Albert Hall, interpreting the deepest emotions and most harmonious splendor of Meyerbeer, Wagner, Dvorak, and Sullivan.

Mr. Kappey, until recently the conductor of the Chatham division of Royal Marines, has been known for many years as an authority on all pertaining to military music. A scholar, historian, antiquarian, and passionate lover of his profession, he was long and worthily recognized as technically in the front rank. He traces the history of trombones from Egypt and Greece and states the reasons for the employment of the brass and reed instruments in a band; he knows their tone and quality and the combined effect of them all. Flutes, oboes, saxophones, cornets, and French horns are his intimate friends. Whenever the Marine Bands, four in number, are advertised to give a performance they are sure of an audience. Mr. Winterbottom, the bandmaster of the Plymouth division, was kind enough to send me his photograph and a history of his family. His principal instrument is the *cello*, a genuine Joseph Guarnerius, as he states with commendable pride. His uncles William and John were both bandmasters in the Guards and Marine Artillery, and he has followed in their steps by establishing in Plymouth some delightful symphony concerts held during the winter.

"I played last year with my soldier boys, and their string and reed and brass combined the following selections," said Mr. Winterbottom: "'Anacreon,' 'Fingal's Cave,' 'Leonore,' and 'Don Juan,' overtures; the 'Vorspiel' from 'Tristan and Isolde'; 'Norwegian Melodies' by Grieg; the 'Pastorale' and 'Oxford' symphonies; Brahms' No. 2., Schumann's No. 3., and Beethoven's No. 8., 'Extracts'; among 'Suites', those of Grieg ('Peer Gynt'), Mackenzie ('Raphsodie Eccosassé'), and the 'Siefried Idyll' by Wagner."

These speak for themselves, and as work done by military bandsmen are simply admirable, needing no note and comment. Contrast them with the blare-away vulgarities raked from the lower schools of music performed by the average brass band and one may see at a glance how the possibilities of bandsmen can be most wonderfully advanced.

DRUM MAJOR, SCOTS GUARDS' BAND.

Auerbach well said that "music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life." In the last half of the eighteenth century these orchestras were attached to the retinues of great monarchs and lordly earls. To-day they are common property. The popular taste for music is so cultivated by a good band that you cannot make the musicians walk one way and the crowd go in the opposite direction. For recreation, culture, and uplifting influences among men who toil daily, little outside of religious exercises can compare with the knowledge of instrumental music. There is no doubt that the source of attraction at Hugh Price Hughes' services in London does not consist solely in the preaching of Mr. Hughes; many are drawn thither by Heath Mills and his orchestral concert by sixty performers.

But superb military music, resonant and yet mellow, graceful as well as powerful, uniting sweetness, light, shade, majesty, and force, is not the product of a moment. It has taken one hundred and fifty years of toil unmitigated and ardor unsubdued, in workshops where instruments are made, in band rooms where artists are trained, and by every aid, mechanical, professional, public, and private, to evolve a band such as the English Guards or the Garde Republicaine.

A LOYAL LOVER.

BY JOHN EDGEWORTH.

"A love large as life, deep and changeless as death."

—*Lucile.*

I.

IT was at Antibes, in the Café de Provence, that I first saw him. I had sojourned in the south of France, veiling under the pretext of artistic studying and sketching a desire to escape from my friends, with a great grief which craved the solace not of sympathy but of solitude. I sought in nature the renewal of energies lavished with profusion in the violent emotions of a serious crisis of my life.

I had wandered leisurely along the coasts of the Mediterranean, through that famous valley which lies between the blue Cévennes and the white Alps, from Perpignan to Nice. The charm of its clement yet radiant skies; its tropic luxuriance of palm and olive and vine and rose, with scattered forests, on the slopes, of oak and pine; its majestic cliffs of porphyry alternating with long, low, sandy shores, golden yellow; its turquoise sea, melting and mingling with a sapphire sky; and its stirring histories suggested at every turn by antique castles and churches and, older yet, the ruins of Roman times,—all this beauty and poetry awoke in me a sense of peace. I mused of the generations which from remotest times had here lived out their destiny, until my sorrow merged in the "fellowship of universal suffering." I lost the egoism of grief. My life appeared as but

"Brief rest upon the turning billow's height."

And this calm of mind invited deeper thoughts. The glory of the world in its fairest aspects persuaded me that "nature at heart is very pitiful." Then my spirit groped after Him who is above this pageantry of history and nature, in eternal peace, until at last I caught glimpses of the Father's face, behind "the mask eternal love doth wear."

I was cured, but tarried still in this hospital of the heart—this *hotel-Dieu* of my moral maladies,—and finally established myself at Antibes, a secluded little city which has all the charm of Cannes with a quaint beauty of its own. The days, hardly noted and counted, were occupied in excursions amid the olive groves and vineyards or to the inland villages which nestle in the Alpine foothills or along the precipitous shores of the promontory of La Garrouppe, terminating each evening at the modest Café de Provence. And it was there, and thus prepared in sentiment to meet him, that I saw my "lover."

I had entered earlier than my wont, at an hour when the little *café* was full of gay diners and every table on its broad, vine-shaded esplanade was occupied. It was the superb calm of the day's afterglow, when the sun had sunk beyond the mountains and the twilight lingered in the vales beneath.

He passed close by me, and the casual glance which noted his entrance was quickened to steady regard, at his aspect and its inaptness to the gay quality of the scene and to the deference of the *garçon*, who welcomed him with bows and smiles at a table standing apart in a corner of the room. It had been reserved. It was beside a window that opened on the fragrant courtyard of the house. It was spread for one guest alone. It was adorned with a great bowl of Provence roses. The guest thus honored, who returned Jean's greeting with a grave courtesy, was tall and spare, but vigorous. His face was that of a dreamer, save for the firm closure of the straight, strong mouth, which argued well for his persistency. The brow was high, narrow, and deeply marked by lines which curved from the temples to converge in a depression between the eyes. These were full of severe but thwarted thought, a dumb, vague longing, and an old, habitual pain. He was clothed in worn but neat garments of unusual style. The long coat, but-

toned close to the neck, with its line of white collar, was yet suggestive of neither the soldier's frock nor the priest's cassock. His meal was so frugal—bread, a bit of cheese, olives, and coffee—that I wondered at the care with which he was served.

My curiosity was piqued, and when he retired I looked about for Madame Duschene, the buxom, bustling landlady of the *café*. She would sometimes do me the honor deftly to arrange the dishes of my meal. And after she had discovered, by delicate advances, that I was not averse to her cheery talk she would pause and regale me between *entrée* and salad, or in coffee time, with naïve and piquant bits of character sketching. Let it not be maligned as gossip, this witty, kindly, graceful chat, so instinct with generous sympathies. In this way I had made acquaintance, avoiding the discomforts of familiarity, with the *habitués* of the place, and in fact with the inhabitants generally of the village and its vicinage. And so when Madame came that day with the usual flask of wine and my box of American cigars I asked her who and what the man might be. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders with an indescribable air of tenderness as she said:

"Alas! M'sieur, it is a story very sad. He is called M. Beguin. He was of this village when I came. It is five—near six years now. And for longer he has lodged above the shop of Michel, the jeweler, in the Rue Marseilles."

"Has he no family—no friends here?" I asked.

"Not of this place," she answered. "Here he is always lonely. And no one knows whence he came. He is absent sometimes for weeks, and always in June. Without one word, he goes—he comes again."

"What is his profession," I asked. "How does he live?"

"He has none," said Madame. "He is not of the rich—no! Yet he has friends, though he knows it not. Money comes to Michel, who now and again places the coins in his desk with what may be there, and he knows not. He is scrupulous, but has no suspicion. And, yes—often the very same franc pieces come back to Michel when the rent is due. M. Beguin is oblivious. He believes that all he has earned. He sells the papers."

"What!" I exclaimed, "he peddles papers?"

"Yes, each day he visits the hotels and the gardens with the newspapers from Nice, from Marseilles—yes, even from Paris, and they say from England as well. And the people buy. You should see. It is with the grand air he supplies his patrons."

"Poor fellow, he must be demented."

"But truly not so bad as that. He is *tête montée;* but so silent, so docile. He is ever as you see."

"But," I queried, "can nothing be learned of his past life? It is pitiable that he should be alone in this way. His friends should be sought out."

"True, M'sieur, but how? Michel and the *curé* have striven, but now long since have ceased to search. They believe that he was once the *pasteur* of a Reformed Church, and was crazed by the death of his wife. Ah, the poor man! God called her. It does not seem that was good; but—yes, we must still believe. To think—such devotion, such desolation, such fidelity! 'Tis celestial, and all the world loves him—the poor, grand lover who can never forget."

Madame's story appeared to me fanciful. It was evidently conjectural. She admitted that it was pieced out of undesigned allusions which had escaped Beguin from time to time. Yet there were in the man's face vestiges of a mystery and a tragedy. I pursued my inquiries.

"He seems to have been a man of intelligence?"

"But yes, the *curé* has learned by some chance word that he was a scholar who composed books, and asserts that he must have been an orator superb. But now, ah, it is a grand ruin."

"He visits the *café*?" I asked.

"Yes, he dines here—*ciel!* if it can be called thus. You saw. And I fear often it is the sole meal of the day. We do him honor. We hope it may soothe him a little. He does not make conversation. Sometimes

he smiles—ah, so sad—when he sees the roses of Provence."

This story filled every cranny of my idle brain with teasing curiosity. How much was true in this narrative of dubious fragments—part broken facts, part vague surmises? Could such an intellect be wrecked by a common sorrow? Was he not superior even yet to his menial occupation? If so what was the motive of his conduct? What meant the frequent absences—these mysterious comings and goings? Whence came the money which he used so nonchalantly? Decidedly I would cultivate this M. Beguin.

But I found this difficult. Every evening I visited the *café* at his hour. I studied him sedulously, as an alluring but evasive problem, yet without even the surmise of a solution.

He did not seem conscious of my scrutiny, and several little advances on my part toward an acquaintance, as delicately offered as possible, awoke no response. He consorted with no one. He did not converse, even with Madame, who often met him at entering, and always with cheery greetings that, never going beyond a few conventional phrases, were yet radiant with a pitying good will. He accepted them as though vaguely conscious of their meaning, but with a gravity that checked further address. On entering the room, or departing, he invariably paused at the door and saluted the company with a bow, which was as quietly returned. A week passed, and another. I was as far from him as ever. I called on Michel, and over a few trivial purchases ventured questions about his lodger. He could, or would, tell me no more than I already knew.

Then I watched Beguin as he passed through the public gardens. It was at once pitiful to see him peddling papers, and pathetic to notice how the people accorded him universal respect—except as now and then some group of careless foreigners would laugh at his quaint appearance. Of this he was oblivious. He appeared incapable of suspecting discourtesy.

I never saw him at this period of my observations in any conversation. For the people respected his reticence. And it was strange how one in his position exacted, so quietly, such regard.

I began to despair of piercing the armor of his reserve, when one day as I walked to my lodgings, in the gloaming of a delicious eventide, I heard voices in clamorous dispute. Turning toward the sound, into a little lane, I saw Beguin surrounded by a group of people. Others, like myself, were hurrying forward. They were *ouvriers* and their women folk, all chattering vivaciously with much gesticulation. In the midst was a peasant girl, in *sabots*, short skirts, and bodice, with her apron flung over her head as she wept in hysterical sobbings. Beguin was trying to console her. His face was pale, and blood trickled from an ugly, bruised wound above the left temple. At their feet was a hulking, low-browed, coarse-featured fellow in a blue blouse, just then struggling to his feet. I pressed through the crowd saying,

"Monsieur, can I be of service? Pray command me."

"That scoundrel offered an insult to this poor girl. I was passing as she screamed, and beheld him seize her—"

"Yes," now exclaimed the girl, "he followed me along the lane. I was going home—he—he would accompany me. I hastened—he ran—and—and—took hold of my arm. He—he—" and she could say no more for her sobs.

"I came up," resumed Beguin, "and remonstrated. He turned and struck me with a stick he carried, and I—I knocked him down, as you see. *Scélérat!*" he added, turning to the scamp, who was now held by several of the men; and I thought he was about to spring at him, when the light faded from his flaming eyes, a gray pallor spread over his face, his hand sought his head uncertainly, and before I could catch him he sank to the ground in a heap, as men do when all the energies are paralyzed instantly by a shock to the vital centers.

I pressed back the excited people, loosed his collar, discerned a faint fluttering at the heart, called for brandy, and when it was administered shortly decided that he could

be borne home. Meanwhile a physician was summoned thither, who after a hasty examination drove all from the room but Michel and myself, saying,

"Bad contusion—no fracture—severe shock—concussion of the brain, most likely. What was it, d 'ye know?"

I related the assault.

"Yes, yes," he said in the same jerky, explosive, peremptory speech. "Put him to bed—stimulation—may regain consciousness all right—may have brain fever—tell his friends."

I narrated the meager outlines of Beguin's story. He was much interested, saying,

"Strange case—partial suspension of faculties—very long period—study it out—may account for this condition. See him in the morning—must be watched."

I offered to stay during the night, and was left alone with the sufferer. He lay in a stupor, but toward morning became restless, tossing and moaning fretfully. I could do nothing but renew the cool bandages on his head. The watch was dreary enough. I found nothing to read, and in the plain, bare room, scantily furnished, there was but one thing to engage my attention. That was a miniature which hung on the wall above the foot of the cot. It was the portrait of a young and very beautiful woman. Its artistic quality surprised me until I traced the signature. It was the sign manual of a man now world-famous, who at the date intertwined with the initials was in the outset of his career. Here were the prophetic foregleams of his genius. He had depicted a lovely soul revealed through features of singular fascination. Yes, he had portrayed a soul, for here was not only the art of drawing and coloring,

> "An outward show of things that only seem—
> That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,"

but also the genius which discerns, and by a magic touch depicts, all that is noblest, sweetest, most spiritual in the character. The face, when critically examined, was not perfect. The nose was large—too large—but not coarse. It gave force to a countenance whose short, curved upper lip and narrow though daintily rounded chin were amiable to the verge of weakness. The forehead seemed narrow at the temples, because the brow above rose broad and full. The eyes were large, somewhat deeply set, and of a rich, lustrous hazel. The hair was a yellow brown, shot through with tints of ruddy gold. But words clumsily strive in vain to convey an idea of the grace and charm of the countenance in its completeness. Here was both power and gentleness. It was easy to fancy this woman crooning over her child's cradle, or steadfastly enduring anything, to the utmost martyrdom, for her love or her faith.

It was the lost wife, I thought. Ah, this solves the problem. This face explains all, reveals all. It justifies the life-long grief that has broken the heart and wrecked the brain of poor Beguin.

I noticed that the two latticed windows in opposite sides of the room faced east and west, so that the last, and the first, rays of the sun, going and coming, would linger on the picture. I fancied the slow fading of the light in the long eventide, until the face vanished in gloom, to burst on the vision once more in the first glory of the morning. It dissolved into night; it flashed into light, like some mystic shrine before the eyes of this worshiper, whose earliest and latest thoughts each day it consecrated.

Obeying a sudden impulse I took the picture from the wall, locked it in a drawer of the table, and retained the key.

In the morning the doctor gave his verdict:

"Ah, fever—profound shock to the whole nervous system—brain injured—whether by the blow or by emotion, can't say as yet. Perhaps they have united in hastening a crisis of his malady. Result?—who can tell? May pull through an imbecile—may become conscious, to die, or to live perfectly sane. Matter of weeks. Notify friends. Ah, no relatives?—then must have a nurse."

Michel suggested the sending for a nurse from Marseilles, where, he said, were two deaconesses, pious, skillful women of his communion, who devoted themselves to the poor and the sick without recompense, for the love of Christ. One of them would come, he believed, at once. Leaving him to arrange af-

fairs, I sought my room for much needed sleep, but returned to the little jeweler's shop in the afternoon.

I then learned something more. For, having mused amid the slow hours of the lonely night over the shattered story, I found myself still groping after the lost links of fact which might construct a reasonable explanation. But I failed. I bade myself dismiss the whole matter with the conclusion, "The man is crazy"; but my mind would not rest in this. So that afternoon I had recourse again to Michel, who, now persuaded of my sympathy, disclosed another fragment of the story. Seven years before, Beguin had appeared in Antibes an utter stranger. He stopped before the jeweler's window, read the notice affixed by wafers to the pane, "Apartments to let," entered, and engaged the little upper room which had since been his home. He emptied his pockets on the counter, saying,

"M'sieur, it is all I have. Take it and give me shelter while it lasts. I must earn more. I know not how. I need but little. Be assured I will not burden you. If I fail, when this is exhausted I will go away. See, I reserve this five-franc piece for food."

Michel assented, for the stranger's manner won the gentle, poetic artisan. And ere long he learned to love his guest. Moreover the passion for romance and mystery in this born Provençal was all aroused. And by degrees he learned something of Beguin's life. It was mostly from chance allusions, for Beguin was morbidly averse to speaking of his past and indeed was unable to recall in any clear, continuous form its happenings. Michel thought that he caught only momentary glimpses, as through a rifting mist which at once discloses and disguises a distant scene. How he took up his humble avocation was not known, but he discharged its duties with exact fidelity. In fact he was quite rational in all pertaining to the present. He would converse intelligently, but with languid interest, about current events. Nothing aroused him but some incident of cruelty or iniquity. He dealt with questions forced on his attention like a man of powerful intellect without adequate information yet with the habits and methods of a scholar. He was skillful at the game of chess, which he often played of evenings with the village priest, his only intimate besides Michel. The former was an obese, indolent, but intellectual man of jovial, yet tender and sympathetic temperament. His humble parishioners adored him, but his ecclesiastical superiors held him in no great favor—a distinction due, doubtless, to a liberality of sentiment easily discernible in his conversation.

His characterization of Beguin seemed to me just. He said in our first interview after the accident:

"He is a man without a past or a future; an intellect detached from emotions and all natural relations. His heart is stunned. His will acts automatically, and is incapable of initiative. Yet occasionally his nature rehabilitates itself, and one catches a momentary view of a noble man, fitly planned, but discordant, deharmonized."

During the seven years of which these two bore testimony his life had been uneventful, except that he wandered off into the country at intervals, always after a period of moodiness. And this occurred regularly each springtime. On the approach of June after his arrival in Antibes he became restless, reserved, and dreamy. Michel feared the outbreak of some mental malady. But one day Beguin said, "My friend, I go away. I will return. Do not ask me questions."

In a week he returned, sad, silent, and haggard, but calmly content, and resumed his life's monotony. Michel dared not interrogate Beguin, who had never by design or accident afforded the slightest hint as to the place or purpose of these journeys.

The money which Michel received was from a generous Englishman who, visiting Antibes, became interested in Beguin and yearly sent, to assure his maintenance, a small but sufficient sum. It was the gift of a stranger who had no acquaintance with the lost periods of his life.

Thus it appeared absolutely hopeless to explore the mazes of Beguin's career. There was no clue. I abandoned the search. Yet I decided to await the issue of his illness.

dismissing from my mind the problem of his life. For sympathy had now taken the place of mere curiosity.

II.

THE next morning I found in the little room, sitting quietly at the luminous eastern window, a robed figure, which rose to greet me, with an Old-World courtesy, and, as I bowed, the words,

"This is M. Lowell? I have heard. You are his friend. I am the Sœur Marie, who has come to nurse him."

It was a figure not quite nun-like, yet all unworldly. The gown, severely simple, was of bluish gray, which showed clear against the mellow morning light of the vine-draped window, and was emphasized by the contrast of snowy apron, deep cuffs, broad collar, and closely fitting little crown cap that completed her attire. As she turned to the cot, her face, before in shadow, caught my gaze. I was startled by an illusive suggestion which I could not trace. Was this face obscurely similar to a type with which I was familiar among friends in South Carolina, of Huguenot ancestry? Indeed it seemed more American than French. Perhaps, however, this effect on me was due to the simple directness of her manner; the unobtrusive self-dependence; the calm confidence, with an element of vivacity, utterly clear of coquetry, to which I was accustomed in my sisters overseas, and which was so unlike the attitude of the French maiden.

Before I had completed my very pleasing observations Sœur Marie turned from the cot, saying,

"He is quiet now. Almost it is a natural sleep. The fever abates. Pardon, M'sieur, will you be seated?"

As I availed myself of the proffer she resumed her place at the window and took up a bit of knitting, whose ball of gray yarn and shining needles wove memories of my boyhood's New England.

"Do you think," I said, "Ma'm'selle—excuse me; I have not learned your name—"

"They call me Sœur Marie," she said with a smile.

"Ah, yes," I replied, finding it distasteful to use this monastic title. "I was about to ask, do you think you can endure the charge of such a patient?"

"Oh, yes, easily," she answered, "unless he should become delirious. If he were very violent I would of course need aid. And you know we are inured to such duties. I am licensed as a nursing deaconess, and have some experience."

"I was not aware that the Reformed religion had its nu—sisters."

"But we are not nuns, M'sieur."

"Pardon," I replied. "I did not say 'nuns.'"

"But you thought it," she interrupted, with the flash of a smile, "and you *did* say—'nu—sisters.'"

"Yes, but that unlucky *n* stood for 'nursing'. I meant 'nursing sisters.' That was your own phrase."

She laughed charmingly. It was a genuine, hearty laugh, yet dainty and melodious, as natural as a bird's song.

And she replied with emphasis:

"No! no! M'sieur, we are not nuns at all; for we do not believe in shutting up people in stone walls, but in sending them out into the world to do all the good they can."

"Well, but you are *dévote*. You have your vows, I suppose—your rules of duty in the sisterhood, and all that?"

"Oh, yes, we have."

"May I ask what they are?"

"Certainly," she said. "They are very simple. We spend a time in training at the mother-house of our order, at Kaiserswerth, and are then assigned to work, at the will of our superior, in nursing or teaching or visiting the destitute and degraded in the parishes of great cities. It is very little, alas! we can accomplish, where so many, many suffer and sorrow; but we do what we can."

"Ah!" said I, "it is a noble service. And do you devote your whole life to it?"

"Yes, M'sieur, if it is God's will; that is unless some call to one's own home should intervene. If my dear mother needed me I would go to her. It would be recognized as my first duty."

"Then you are not bound by irrevocable vows?"

"Not at all, for we can not tell which way duty may point to-morrow. And what are such vows but chains upon the soul? We would serve our Master not 'grudgingly or of necessity,' but render up our lives to Him in the freedom of the spirit."

I proposed many questions as to this revival in a modern and most Protestant form of the ancient sisterhoods, but I must confess less from interest in the system than in this particular deaconess, and the conversation continued until the warning noon bell chimed from the village church. It revealed in the girl an unconscious grace, an intellectual integrity, a mingled sincerity, sagacity, and spirituality of mind which amazed me. I had known women bred in the best Puritan traditions who possessed a like practicality of judgment, conjoined with a profound and pervasive spiritual tone of feeling; but they had long passed girlhood, into the maturity of disciplined and instructed life. I had admired it as a moral heritage from Pilgrim ancestry, developed in favorable conditions. But here amid the Alpine foothills, in sunny, poetic, pleasurable Provence, I had found a flower of the same stock. It was not a blossom of cultivation, but grew apart as though flung down from the skies by the hand of God. In what peasant's cottage or petty bourgeoise household could such a rare, fine nature have been born and bred? No wonder she had, little apprehending the motives that had moved her, sought escape from the narrowness of such a home, in a career affording scope to the aspiring, idealizing tendencies of her nature.

I rose to go, saying,

"And now what can I do for my friend, or for you? I shall be only too glad to give my aid."

"Nothing, M'sieur, not anything do we need. M. Michel will relieve me this evening, that I may rest, and some of the good women of our little church will afford me assistance."

"Very well," I said. "Command me at any time. I will return to-morrow."

I had but exchanged greetings with Sœur Marie the next day when the doctor entered, and with a gruff nod turned to the patient. As he raised his head from a careful examination he caught sight of the nurse's card affixed to the wall above the cot, on which were noted the symptoms at regular intervals. He studied it critically and then wheeled on his heels.

"Good, very good," he said. "The sufferer is better. I hope for his life, and even for his reason. And you, Ma'm'selle,—" as he advanced, eying Sœur Marie quizzically, "and you—what are you? Not a *bon secours*, no! nor a sister of charity. Are you of a new order of nuns?"

"No, doctor, I am a deaconess of the Reformed Church. I was trained at Fleidner's school for nurses at Kaiserswerth, and have served two years in a hospital in Paris. I am now detailed for duty in Marseilles and the vicinity."

"Yes, a deaconess? Well, no nun—don't approve of nuns—morbid creatures—unnatural product of superstition. So, I suppose you can marry, eh? Well, do so, do you hear?—even if a good nurse is lost to us."

Then after a few orders he bowed himself out.

So then Sœur Marie was not under vows that precluded love and sweet home life. I found myself musing on her fitness to make some worthy man happy, when her voice startled me.

"M'sieur is *distrait*. He is not ailing, I trust."

"No, oh, no," I said. "I never felt better. I was only thinking."

"Of your friend, doubtless. Well, take heart. You heard the physician. He confirms my own opinion. I believe he will awake rational. Perhaps this shock may deliver him from his long bondage."

"May God grant it," I said. "It would be very strange. Have you ever heard of such a result?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "It is true, as I learned at the hospital, such instances are rare. After so long alienation few recover. But there have been some. One will resume consciousness, as it were, where it failed, and between all is a blank. To another that interval will seem as a 'dream

when one awaketh.' And, rarer still, memory returns to the distant past, which had disappeared behind a cloud, and still retains the later impressions. Then the sufferer knows of his malady and recalls many of its experiences."

"Poor Beguin!" I said. "The last, if it befall him, would be pitiful. Better to die than to awake to all his early misery."

"No," she said gently, "that is in a wiser choice than ours. And besides, as I understand, he was never rid of it. Amid the wreck of his intellect the memory of his sorrow remained."

"True; in fact it appeared to have been intensified, because no later interests ever occupied his thoughts, and no sympathy could soothe it, since he never shared his emotion with a friend."

"At any rate," she replied, with a glance of pitying gentleness at the sleeping man, "we must be prepared for the best—and for the worst—and it is impossible to say which would be better and which worse."

Just then Beguin turned, opened his eyes, and began to mutter.

Sœur Marie hastened to him, and as she stooped over him, he said:

"Désiré, is it thou?" Then, presently, in broken words—"I am ill; but I know thee now. See, dear, the roses of Provence! Dost thou remember? Ah, my wife, my love, can we ever forget?"

And taking the sister's hand, which had rested on his brow, he kissed it most tenderly. As she drew back he sighed softly and said, "I will sleep," and calmly closed his eyes, as a smile of peace faded from his worn features.

As she turned to me there were tears in her eyes.

"You heard? He thought I was 'Désiré.' Poor soul! But it is well. His mind is full of gentle thoughts. The demons of grief are gone. May they never return."

The following morning he was better. He had taken food. He slept much, but normally. When awake, at brief intervals, he talked of his home, his parish, his acquaintances, and asked for "petite Marie," and "the babe." Once he tried to rise, saying, "Where is it? I have not seen the child. I must go. Where is it?" Again he said, "How long have I been ill? Désiré where am I? Is this our room?"

So had passed the night in quiet slumber, with brief periods of anxious questionings. And through all he persisted in the strange delusion that the pretty, gentle sister was his wife.

She told me all this and more with bewilderment.

"'Tis very strange," she said. "And the coincidence! The little one—his child—had my name."

"Yes," I replied, "but it is the most common, because the most beautiful, of names. Do you think this favorable to his recovery?"

"Yes, all is hopeful. And I believe the crisis approaches. It remains to be seen how he will endure the recollection of his sorrow. Now he is living in the recovered memory of the period before it."

Late that evening as I sat in the *café*, detailing to Madame Duschene what I have just narrated, and she was querying, with an arch smile, about "that charming sister," the little jeweler came, much excited, exclaiming:

"M'sieur, come! Come quickly! Sœur Marie sends for you. M. Beguin is very strange. I implore you to come without delay."

He was unable to give particulars, as we hastened to the Rue Marseilles. The Sœur Marie was standing in the tiny room back of the shop. She was profoundly agitated. Her usual composure had been sadly disturbed. She said with nervous haste as I entered:

"He is quiet now. The doctor forced him to slumber by means of a narcotic. He feared the anger would madden him utterly. It was fearful to see—oh, dreadful!" and she pressed her hand over her eyes as though to shut out a visible horror.

"What was it?" I queried. "Be seated now"—and I took her hand, which trembled so pitifully that I stroked it with sympathy as I led her to a chair. "Compose yourself, my dear lady," I said—for I was oblivious

for the moment of the deaconess. "I pray you be at ease, and tell me what distressed you. Was our friend very much worse?"

"Ah! M'sieur, I will tell you all. He had been asleep, and roused, saying, 'Désiré.' I went to his side, and saw the look of happy expectancy in his eyes change quickly to anxious surprise, to fearful doubt and distress. Then he said sharply, 'Where is she—my wife? Who are you? Marie? No! You have her eyes; but—tell me who you are. She is a child, and I have not seen her. But my wife was here. I want her—do you hear? Bring her. *Heu*! where am I? Am I ill? This place!—it is not my room. What is it all?'

"He looked slowly about him. He had forgotten me. He was struggling with his thoughts, like a swimmer drowning in a sea of mysteries. Then steadily he emerged from the abysses to the light of reason, and he cried, oh! so piteously,

"'My God! I remember. Oh, my God! It was a dream, and I have awakened. Yes, yes; this is Michel's house. I know it all now. I have not seen her. She died so long ago—and I—I live again. If God were good, I had died. But—I did see her; I heard her voice. Whether I was in the body or out of the body I know not. It may be I had cast off the flesh and could commune with her. Oh, why was I thrust back again? Oh, Désiré, my wife—my love—lost again—lost—lost—lost!' and, stretching out his arms imploringly, he turned his face to the wall and sobbed; not passionately, but hopelessly, as though the great groans were wrung from a breaking heart.

"I know not how long I stood, weeping also, before I dared to speak, when he turned his face quickly at the sound of my voice. Before he saw me his gaze lingered on the wall opposite, when he sprang upright, shouting, 'Where is it? The picture! Who dared to touch it?'

"'What picture, M'sieur?' I said.

"He glared on me, his face convulsed by rage, and called aloud,

"'You—you have taken it! Give it to me, I say! now—at once! Do you hear? It alone was left me, and you have robbed me of it. Get it! get it, I say! Do you hear?'

"His voice rose to a scream. He fell back exhausted by excess of passion, yet he raved, he cursed me— oh, M'sieur, such words! He would have risen but for weakness. He would have slain me. He was mad. His frenzy was horrible, and I called for Michel, who brought the doctor. They held him despite his struggles, until he yielded to the drug inserted in his arm, and with sobs and sighs and convulsive tremors, at last, thank God, he slept. And now I fear the end approaches. When he wakes this mania will possess him. This delusion shows that the brain fails. Alas! poor soul, he soon will find his Désiré."

"But my dear Ma'm'selle," I said, when she was quiet again, "it is no delusion. There is a picture. It hung from the wall, and he missed it."

"A picture?" she said, "I did not see it—"

"No," I interrupted, "for I took it down. It was evidently a cherished relic—the portrait of his wife, I suppose—and framed with a curiously wrought case of silver, which I feared might disappear—"

"What!" she said. "You did not trust me?"

"Why I did not know *you* were coming. No one could tell what stranger might have access to the room. I did not even know that a nu—or 'nursing deaconess' was coming. I had not made the acquaintance of your charming order."

She shrugged her shoulders, and pouted —positively pouted—while her eyes smiled. I was glad to see her thoughts diverted.

"Well," I added, "therefore hold me excusable for locking it in his desk."

Then I described the miniature and its location, adding, "Stay, I will get it," and soon placed it in her hand, little suspecting the effect it would produce. The girl glanced, then gazed. Her eyes widened. She paled and flushed, until she sank back in her chair murmuring, "My mother!"

I feared she would faint, and hastened to her side, but she rallied bravely, with an effort mastering her emotion, and said presently,

"What does this mean? I cannot think. How should *he* have my mother's picture?"

"Be composed," I said. "Why should you be alarmed? You are misled by some resemblance."

"No, I am positive. This is my own dear mother, as she was, as I recall her in my earliest memories. And even yet these are her eyes. She is lovely still—oh! lovelier and nobler than this—though not quite as fair as in her girlhood. Yes! yes! 'tis she. I know it."

I endeavored to laugh down her delusion, seeing it affected her so seriously. I thought her unduly moved, and even a little perversely persistent in holding fast an opinion so manifestly erroneous. It was impossible that this man, an utter stranger, far from her home, should have her mother's picture. And besides it was the portrait of his dead wife, as proved by his angry exclamations. As to that he could not be mistaken. She heard me with patient attention, regarding the picture meanwhile, until presently she reversed it, and with an exclamation pointed to an inscription traced in delicate letters: "Ernestine Marot. For her dear husband, on her 18th birthday."

"Perhaps you are aware that our name is Marot," she said. "You see that I am correct."

I was silenced. This was unanswerable. It could not be the dead wife's picture. Her name was Désiré Beguin.

"Oh, what is the meaning of all this?" she said piteously.

I suggested that Beguin had somehow possessed himself of the portrait in his wanderings, and cherished it because his distempered fancy fastened upon some likeness to his wife. I asked Marie if her mother had ever spoken of such a portrait.

"No," she said, "my mother has been always averse to talking about the period of her married life, which was brief, ending in the sudden death of my father."

"Do you remember your father?" I asked.

"Yes, but vaguely. I used to ask questions about him, until I noticed how it grieved my mother. She would be sad for days when anything recalled that time. I have tried, but can never see his features in my thoughts or dreams. I recall his blithe, cheery ways, and the merry romps I enjoyed with him in the garden of our home. Often I rode on his shoulders or stood with my feet in the side pockets of his coat and my arms about his neck, laughing with childish glee as my face peered beside his while he carried me across the fields and through the village streets. Often in the early morning I would be with him as he tended the flowers, and I can remember well how in the season he would fill my apron with Provence roses for *maman*."

These reminiscences were, however, fragmentary, for she had never renewed her memory, as is the fashion of children, by talking of them with her mother. But certain scenes appeared vividly as she peered into that dim past of her childhood. Thus as I encouraged her to talk, hoping to win her attention from poor Beguin, she said,

"Once father told me that *maman* was ill, and I must be very quiet. The house was hushed and the doctor came. I feared him, and ran out in the garden and threw myself down on the ground beside a great rose bush and sobbed and prayed the *bon Dieu* to make *maman* well. I recall nothing more until I was riding in a cart with our old servant, *Tante* Lisette, along a country road. It seemed a great distance before we came to a farm house, where I was very happy in the novel delights of the place, except when I thought of home. But the kind peasant woman told me that *maman* was well, and would send for me some day. She was very good but seemed to pity me. I was surprised at this. Often she would look at me and shake her head, and then take me to her bosom, saying, '*Pauvre p'tite*, the good God be with thee!'

"A long time elapsed, as it appeared to me, until I was taken home, and my mother, very pale and sad, took me in her arms and wept over me, saying that papa was gone away to heaven, and I could not see him any more until God took me, if I was good, to that beautiful place."

Then there was a long journey, and arrival at the new home in Montbron, near Angou-

lême, where she had lived ever since. It was the village where her mother was born, in which she owned a cottage that now sheltered her desolate widowhood, as it had been the nest of her infancy. In the sweet and simple life of this quiet hamlet Marie's youth was nourished until she chose her vocation and entered the training school at Kaiserswerth, three years before.

When the brief story of her life was finished I could say nothing except to comment on the singular coincidence of Beguin's having the lost portrait and her coming to find it, after all these years, and across the whole breadth of France.

And then I restored it to its place on the wall of Beguin's room, that his eyes might fall on it as they opened from his stupor.

(To be concluded.)

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC dry plate will remain unaltered as long as it is kept in the dark. The faintest ray of light reaching the plate will impress itself upon it. Up to within a few weeks it has been supposed that nothing could pass through the wood, paper, or other light-proof or opaque material in which such plates are kept that would affect the plates as they are affected by light. It was known, however, that photographs could be obtained of things not visible to the human eye.

PROFESSOR WILHELM CONRAD ROENTGEN.

Certain materials have long been known to possess the property of phosphorescence. The most common example of this can be seen in the objects painted with "luminous paint." After exposure to strong light such materials glow with a phosphorescent light in the dark.

These three facts, the safety of photographic plates in the dark, the fact that the camera can sometimes give us pictures of the invisible, and the phosphorescence exhibited by certain materials, have hitherto marked the outermost limits of our knowledge in these directions. All else was unknown, perhaps unknowable. At the same time it must be noticed that there is a suggestion of something more, a wider field of knowledge yet beyond. The camera has in a few instances pictured that which is invisible to the eye. Would it ever do more? Did it suggest new possibilities in photography? Did it suggest things and laws in nature yet to be discovered?

Early in January last it was announced that these limits to our knowledge had been suddenly removed, new vistas in science had been opened, and in precisely the direction suggested by the camera. Discoveries were announced concerning phosphorescence that indicated wholly new laws in the physical universe. The photographic plate assumed wholly novel aspects under novel conditions. The report of these discoveries opened a new and most promising field of scientific research, even suggested a new science, perhaps a new art. These reports attracted

universal attention and every electrical and physical laboratory in the world instantly took up the new knowledge, experimented with it, and at once confirmed by actual demonstration the truth of the reports. More remarkable than all, the entire press of the world repeated this purely scientific news in every language. Details of the new discoveries were telegraphed under every ocean and the reading public of the world read the news almost at the same breakfast table. In less than thirty days absolutely new scientific terms were apparently adopted into the daily language of the newspapers. This universal eagerness to hear the news, this universal acceptance and adoption of the new facts and laws in nature was of itself almost as impressive as the discoveries themselves. The incredible was stated and it was believed.

Professor Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, in making his report upon his discoveries before the Physico-Medical Society of Würzburg, appears to have been inspired with that fine, unselfish spirit that characterizes the true man of science. There is no hint of patents or copyrights, no discussion of the commercial value of his discoveries. All is given freely to the world. "We observe," he modestly says, "It is to be observed," he repeats, that under new conditions old and familiar materials behave in a new way that completely upsets all our previous ideas concerning them. Under such conditions new laws appear, familiar materials behave in wholly new ways, and common things exhibit properties of which we had no conception.

Fortunately it is not necessary here to examine minutely or to consider in detail all the complicated apparatus and methods used by Professor Roentgen in the researches that resulted in his discoveries. We can apprehend the value and import of his discoveries without comprehending his methods. It is only necessary to understand clearly a few definitions. A vacuum tube is a glass tube or vessel from which the air has been exhausted. Some forms of vacuum tubes have received the names of inventors who devised them, as the Geissler and Crookes tubes. Newer forms have been made in whole or part of metal in place of glass. Vacuum tubes are used to examine the behavior of electrical currents under high vacuums and a great field of scientific research has been occupied through the use of these tubes. The details of the construction of these tubes and the long list of remarkable phenomena they exhibit need not now be considered. We have only to observe that light rays out from the tube when it is in action. There are other rays that radiate from such tubes that do not behave exactly like light, though they produce some of the effects of light. These have received the name of cathode rays (from the cathode or negative terminal of the wires that convey the current to the tube) and they have been made the subject of long and exhaustive study by many men of science.

Professor Roentgen's discoveries begin just here, where, until now, it seemed as if the limits of knowledge had been reached. Professor Roentgen reported that he had been experimenting with a vacuum tube and a paper screen covered with some phosphorescent material. As a matter of experiment he covered the tube with black cardboard, thus cutting off all the light it gave out and leaving the room totally dark. In this darkened room the phosphorescent screen glowed with light. Here were absolutely new conditions and new results. What caused the phosphorescence? Light would cause it and there was no light. Clearly there were undiscovered and invisible rays passing from the vacuum tube directly through the cardboard and through the dark air of the room. The next fact was even more startling. If the cardboard was transparent to these rays, might not other things also permit them to pass? Might not other things besides paper be thus transparent to these unknown rays? Paper, tin foil, leather, wood, and other things that to our own sight are opaque or light-proof were found to be transparent to these rays. A book, a pack of cards, a piece of board placed before the screen cast only faint shadows or none at all, precisely as if they were glass in sunlight or as if they had no real existence.

The living flesh of a man's hand offered very little obstruction to the rays and the shadow of the hand upon the screen clearly showed the invisible bones of the fingers.

Thus far Professor Roentgen's discoveries, while of transcendent interest, do not pass beyond the field of scientific research. The next step is even more remarkable and transfers the subject to the domain of practical work in the photographic studio, the hospital, and the workshop. Wishing to prove that these unseen and hitherto unknown rays (happily called "X rays") really existed, Professor Roentgen experimented in another direction. He examined the action of the X rays upon photographic plates. The results were most extraordinary. The sensitive plate inclosed in its wooden holder, and therefore shut off from all light, behaved in the new rays precisely as if in ordinary daylight. In other words, photographs could be taken by the invisible rays. The X rays could be used to make a picture, and with the most remarkable results. To understand this it should be observed that the photographic plate is inclosed in its wooden holder. The object to be photographed is placed upon the holder in the path of the X rays. We may suppose the object is a leather purse with a metal frame and hasp and containing some coins. After the exposure has been made in this simple manner, in full daylight, the plate can be developed, when a negative is produced that gives the metal parts of the purse and the coins and nothing more. Clearly the X rays give a photographic plate precisely as does light with this difference: the peculiar transparency of certain things to the X rays is shown in the photograph. The leather purse is transparent to X rays and the negative is blank. It should be observed here that in the first experiments in the study of phosphorescence with the X rays the vacuum tube must be covered with some material that cuts off all light, the experiments being conducted in the dark. In the photographic work no cover is needed, and the work may be done in day or lamp light, as the plates are always inclosed in a light-proof holder or dark box.

It is evident that these remarkable discoveries give us entirely new facts concerning the properties of things. We could not imagine that leather and wood are transparent to anything or that glass can be opaque to any rays. When the presence of new and unseen rays that have the photographic power of light with new powers of passing through different materials as light passes through glass is announced we see at once that a long series of experiments must now be made to discover the relative transparency of wood, paper, horn, flesh, bone, and other things. Living flesh is transparent, bone is less so. This means that we can photograph the bones of a living hand. Such a photograph of a human hand seems at first glance strangely ghostly and uncanny. The hand is faintly yet clearly photographed, and right through the shadowy fingers shine the white bones, showing their perfect form and articulation, exactly as if the flesh were a transparent jelly clothed about the skeleton. Such a photograph, marking as it does the discovery of a new photography, may well point with bony fingers toward a vast field suddenly opened to human study and research. To what strange land it points none can tell. We only know it points the way to a new and hitherto undiscovered country. Naturally, hundreds of photographs have within the past few weeks been taken with the X rays, exhibiting curious, almost fantastic results. The bones of fish and small animals, steel tools showing the metal inside the wooden handles, the lead inside a pencil, and other odd bits of photographic work have been published everywhere in the newspapers and have seemed to make the new X-ray photography familiar.

The immediate practical value of these discoveries is plainly pointed out by the bony fingers of this transparent hand. If the flesh is transparent and certain metals are opaque in the X rays, a bullet or needle in the flesh, invisible to the eye, perhaps beyond the reach of the surgeon's probe, may be pictured in a photograph. Photographs of hands and feet have already been made showing shot buried in the flesh, fractured bones, and malformations in the bony structure of the limbs.

The value of such pictures of the invisible is beyond estimate. By the aid of such photographs the surgeon can discover the exact condition of the invisible bones or the position of a foreign body, like a shot or needle, and being thus able, as it were, to look through the flesh can work with precision and confidence. For this, if for no other reason, the discovery of the X rays must rank among the greatest discoveries now made. Moreover, the new science becomes instantly of vital, practical, and universal value to humanity in the home and the hospital. In other directions the new photography is full of possibilities. We can obtain pictures of invisible bones and with equal ease obtain pictures of the invisible in many things—flaws and fractures in metals, weldings in pipes, imperfect combinations in alloys, perhaps many other conditions or changes in metals that are wholly invisible to the eye. If the X rays penetrate the opaque and picture the unseen they may yet make the photographic plate a detective searching out the hitherto unknown.

These remarkable discoveries are so new that there has not yet been time to learn all the laws governing the action of the X rays. The many experimenters all over the world who have taken up the study of the rays appear to have learned one or two facts that seem to indicate that, while the X rays produce some of the effects of lights, they do not follow the known laws of light. They traverse many objects that do not permit light to pass. They do not appear to be reflected nor can they be refracted. They will impress a photographic plate, but not in the usual way in a camera. A lens has apparently no effect upon them, except to obstruct them. Solutions that absorb certain rays of light have no effect upon the X rays. In photography with X rays no camera is needed. This explains why all the pictures taken with the new rays are silhouettes. They are pictures of shadows only and shadows in rays that appear to be wholly independent of light. All the work so far has been done by placing the plates in a holder, placing the object to be photographed upon it in the path of the invisible rays. There is no focusing, as there is no lens, and it appears to be only necessary to place the object to be photographed as near the plate as possible. In appearance the negatives all seem to be most perfect in the center, as if the streams of rays from the vacuum tube spread through the air in every direction. The plates give the best results when close to the tube and all the photographs appear to be deeper or most intense in the middle and to fade or grow thin at the edges. The rays cannot be deflected or concentrated as in a camera and therefore there are as yet no real pictures. However, the silhouettes obtained are so remarkable that we can well afford to wait and see what future experiments and discoveries will bring forth.

One of the curious results of these discoveries is the universal interest everywhere taken in them. The public is eager to learn all that can be learned of the new art of picturing the invisible and the hundreds of experimenters who are at work in this new field of science are more than willing to report in the press from day to day all they learn concerning the behavior of the X rays. The result has been, in some respects, unfortunate by raising public expectation too high and in leading people to believe that the impossible may soon become true. And yet every conservative mind must hesitate even to say what is the impossible. The impossible has just been done and the general newspaper public calmly accepts the last new statement with confidence because it has just seen the unknown made known and pictures made of the invisible. No man has yet seen the bones of the hand through the flesh. We have all seen pictures taken by rays that penetrate the flesh and give us silhouettes that appear to the eye precisely as the thing itself would appear could the eye see through the flesh to the bones.

Out of the researches of many must come new facts, new laws, new uses for these discoveries and we can await the results with confidence. When hundreds of keen, observing minds are suddenly turned to the investigation of new and remarkable phenomena we may be sure that processes and methods will be made cheaper and more

simple. Already the experiments of our leading men of science, inventors and electricians, have added immensely to our knowledge of the subject. New discoveries and new methods have been announced every day from all parts of the country and it would seem as if any day or hour might bring forth new phases of the X ray photography that would be as startling as any yet recorded.

The student naturally wishes to investigate the matter himself, and for those who may desire to make such investigations a few simple directions, suggested by Dr. W. J. Morton of New York, may be of value. The X rays can be easily produced with any ordinary static machine and a common Crookes radiometer bulb that can be bought at the opticians. The terminals of the machine are brought close together to give a stream of sparks. Small disks of tin foil are then secured on opposite sides of the radiometer bulb and each is connected by a wire with the machine. All the phenomena of cathode rays can then be seen in the bulb and the unseen X rays will be found to flow from the cathode disk on the bulb, and a photographic plate in its holder held near the bulb will give shadow or silhouette pictures of objects held in the path of the rays.

Naturally there has been much speculation concerning the value of the X rays in practical work. So far it has been found in the pictures of living bony structures and in the study of metals. All else is conjecture. Whether the rays will have any influence over germs of disease as have heat and light remains to be seen. It is encouraging to know that hundreds of experimenters are everywhere advancing into this new field of knowledge and much of value to humanity must come from their labors. What it will be no man can yet say.

We can only be glad the door has been opened to a new domain of knowledge where new laws and new conditions obtain. We may be sure that these new discoveries only open wider our view of the "beautiful whole," the cosmos where law reigns. The spectroscope widened the visible universe to an almost inconceivable extent and proved that the laws of nature remain unchanged to the uttermost star. The vacuum tube has opened up a new country and yet the X rays may be only new manifestations of the law of motions that entends from sun to sun and, however strange these new things appear, they are yet a part of the Creator's universe.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.*

BY EDWARD F. HAY.

THE most unhappy man in the world, say they who have seen him, is Abdul Hamid II., sultan of Turkey. Monarch of an empire one million six hundred thousand square miles in area, and absolute ruler of nearly forty million persons, he is a victim of poverty more bitter than penuriousness, of solitude more harrowing than bereavement. Whenever he reaches out to appropriate the privileges and enjoyments which his high place procures for him, his hand drops empty as a beggar's, paralyzed by the death lurking therein, and whenever he rides out in view of his craven subjects, while they applaud, storms of suspicion rack him with torment, widening the gulf that separates him from all his kind.

ABDUL HAMID II.

Out of all this multitude of subjects he has

* The following articles of interest in connection with the Turkish question have recently appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Turks in Armenia" and "The Founding of the Red Cross Society" in the February number; "Armenia and the Armenians" and "Clara Barton" in the March number.

never found one whom he did not regard as capable of designing against his life. Despot himself, he is held in abject obeisance by this constant apparition of murderous treachery. It drove him from the most beautiful palace in the world, built for the abode of the sultans, to exile in a plain kiosk called Yildiz. Dolma Bagtche, the palace he deserted, is a structure of exquisite loveliness, built of the purest marble, fairylike in its airy grace and priceless furnishings. But charming as it is the sultan did not fancy it for a tomb and so abandoned it; for it is so near the water that foes could suddenly disembark and in a few minutes arrive at its very door.

The sultan's refuge was originally only a summer villa of modern build, but now it is palatial throughout and imposing in its simple elegance. What it lacks in splendor is offset by its safe location on an elevated site and by the fine view of surrounding Europe, Asia, and the Bosporus which it commands. Yildiz contains, says a recent authority, "all the *dramatis personæ* of the tales of the Scheherazade, the eunuchs, mollahs, pashas, beys, astrologers, slaves, sultanas, kadines, dancing women, Circassian and Georgian odalisques." This swarming ant-hill is surrounded by a pleasant park, which is constantly guarded by soldiers under the command of Osman Pasha.

From this stronghold the sultan never ventures forth except on Fridays, when his religion requires him to go to a mosque to pray, and once a year on the first day of the month of Byram, when he is obliged, also by his religion, to repair with his court to the "Chamber of Noble Garments" in the palace of Dolma Bagtche.

These short journeys occurring with relentless regularity whether the sultan is sick or well, are the occasions of pageants unparalled the world over in magnificence. Twelve thousand troops line the road and stationed at various places are other soldiery and bands of students who have been ordered out to sing and pray for the sultan as he passes. His majesty, with Osman Pasha sitting at his left, travels in a fine equipage drawn by two superb white Arabian horses. About his carriage are mounted bodyguards in the most gorgeous uniforms; then there are the imam of the padishahs in his flowing robes and green turban, a band of learned Arabian and Syrian ulemas, some of the favorite wives closely secluded in their carriages and attended by eunuchs, the grand vizier, the generals of the army in imposing uniforms, ministers of state, officers, secretaries, and dignitaries innumerable, all a dazzling, replendent procession. Every movement in the multitudes of people thronging to witness these marches fills the sultan with dread apprehension. He is a picture of terror from the moment he sets out till the gates of Yildiz close him in their shelter again.

Even at Yildiz his vigilance never ceases. Visions of the assassin's weapons are supplemented by nightmares of the assassin's poison. He has water, his principal drink, brought from a distance in tightly closed casks, and his food, mostly vegetables, served in sealed saucepans of silver. At one time he actually subsisted for days on hard-boiled eggs to avoid being poisoned. Sometimes the sultan receives a guest or one or two of his sickly-looking sons at his repast, but usually he eats alone. Tasters are always obliged to sample the food before the sultan partakes of it.

Exile and fearful of his life as Abdul Hamid is, it is easier to gain audience with him than with any other European ruler. The one condition required is to be a friend of Turkey and of Turkish rule. An ambassador upon presenting his credentials is received in a sumptuous reception room. He delivers his message to his own official interpreter, who repeats it to the sultan's chamberlain; he in turn delivers it to the sultan. The sultan's reply is sent back by the same stages. The ambassador then is conducted to the imperial Turk and seated on the divan beside him. His majesty lights a cigarette, which he offers to his guest. It is accompanied by a fine amber mouthpiece and coffee served in jeweled cups. Sometimes Abdul Hamid dines at the same table with guests whom he has invited to visit him, but more often he only

sends them dishes from his own table in token of honor. Unofficial visitors he treats with much less ceremony, but they undergo thorough examination before admittance to the imperial presence. Plain and simple in his manners as in his dress, the sultan is very courteous to all his guests. The terrible side of his disposition no doubt finds sufficient exercise on those of his subjects considered by him to be rebels.

Well has Abdul Hamid earned the name of the modern Nero; in the recent massacres instigated by him in his kingdom, during two months only, in six provinces, fifty thousand Armenians were slain, a greater number of persons than perished in any one of the ten great crusades of the church. This wholesale bloodshed has set the world shuddering in horror; this relentless destruction of a Christian nation has called forth councils of civilized governments to discuss the rescue of the hapless race from the oppression of a monster of barbarism. And in sight of the great slaughters the lesser slaughters and the object of them both are by many lost to view. Indeed when whole villages are reeking in gore, it seems a small thing that during this despot's reign scores of Turks have been summoned to his court and never heard of more, but the principle of the wholesale and of the individual murders is the same: to root out the elements that threaten the prosperity of the Ottoman Empire and its ruler.

Nor is Abdul Hamid, when considered in the environments which he inherited, an unusual monster of cruelty; for in nations half of whose people custom holds in such a low condition as to be bought and sold, to be kicked or caressed at the will of the other half, where infants of these mothers are reared or killed as convenience dictates, it cannot be expected that human life will be valued as highly as where in the eyes of the law all are born free and equal.

His father before him was a shedder of blood; in his reign occurred the massacre of Christians in Lebanon and Damascus of such enormity as to provoke the western world to interfere. Abdul Hamid's mother is said to have been an Armenian slave woman, and this is not unlikely, nor in Turkeydom a stigma, for all the women of the imperial harem are originally slaves—most of them bought or stolen in childhood from Circassian and Georgian peasants. A sultan is therefore always the son of a slave woman. Moreover Abdul Hamid resembles the Armenians in appearance and possesses traits characteristic of that race, such as his genius for politics and finance. Perhaps royal families who scorn to marry outside of their own caste and consequently are the victims of centuries of enervating wealth would be the better for an infusion of healthy, sturdy peasant blood. It may be from this source that Abdul Hamid obtains his vigorous industry and perseverance. It certainly is not from his training.

Reared in the seclusion of the seraglio and never allowed to participate in the ceremonies of court life, nor to receive newspapers, letters, or other communications from the outside world, as is the unwise custom for all members of the Turkish imperial family, he had no practical preparation for the consulate. Besides, the education of Ottoman princes is very inferior, being relegated largely to foreign parasites and adventurers. Imprisoned in this hotbed of superstition and ignorance, it is no wonder that he debased his very early manhood by rioting in the demoralizing luxuries which make Constantinople the cesspool of the world. Then suddenly he faced about from his evil course, banished intoxicants, and devoted himself to books. He had lived as a pious ascetic for some time when in May, 1875, the sultan Abdul Aziz was deposed and Abdul Hamid's brother, Murad V., placed on the throne. Then came the gruesome news of Abdul Aziz's suicide. In a few months Murad V. was proclaimed mad and Abdul Hamid was called to the sultanate.

Abdul Hamid protested against the deposition of his brother and employed the best medical advice to effect his cure, but all in vain. The men in power became impatient, and the following August Abdul Hamid ascended the throne.

No longer the confines of the seraglio bounded his horizon. A prisoner of state

no longer, he was given the authority of life and death over one of the vastest empires of the world.

In heathen Turkeydom a sovereign's partner in honor is his mother, or, if he is so unfortunate as to have lost her, her place is taken by his nurse, who is second in esteem only to his mother—a noble custom which should put to shame children of neglected mothers and employers of rude, incompetent nurses, so common in Christendom. When Abdul Hamid became ruler of the empire, his nurse became ruler of his harem, an honor of no mean proportions, for this feminine hierarchy of fifteen hundred persons forms a court much like that of the sultan. Upon ascending the throne Abdul Hamid did not create so much agitation in this veiled city as did his grandfather, Mahmoud II., "the Reformer," who had more than one hundred and fifty women from the harems of his two immediate predecessors drowned in the Bosporus.

From such ancestry, the victim of such environments, with little or no training for his high offices, Abdul Hamid was tossed into the leading place of government just at a time when the country was most in need of guidance by a skilled hand and wise head. The home provinces were in insurrection, foreign war seemed inevitable, and owing to the wild extravagances of Abdul Hamid's uncle, Abdul Aziz, there was no money nor credit left to maintain armies. Servia and Montenegro lost no time in declaring war; the Russians supported Servia and threatened invasion on the north and east; Greece made hostile demonstrations on the south and Austria on the west.

Shaken by the recent tragic death of his uncle and deposition of his brother, he dared trust none of his men. Many of the Turkish pashas he suspected of being in Russian pay and could not venture to avail himself of their counsel. So in the fear of treachery and the confusion of inexperience he struggled on alone. His one bright ray of encouragement in these dark months of chaos was Osman Pasha's heroic defense of Plevna. When at last this gallant general was forced to surrender and the Russians rushed over the Balkans to Constantinople, the pashas all urged hasty flight to Brusa across the Bosporus, but Abdul Hamid would not hear of it. Placing Mouktar Pasha in command of the surviving wreck of the Turkish forces, he ordered them drawn up for a last stand. In this desperate situation the Turks were alarmed by the British fleet which now forced the Dardanelles and anchored at Prince's Island, only one day's steaming from Constantinople. The pashas and influential ministers unanimously counseled flight. Abdul Hamid resisted them and the capital was saved. When the Russians as victors demanded the surrender of the Turkish fleet, by his prompt action and bold address Abdul Hamid withheld it from their clutches.

He saved the fleet by adroitness only to lose it by neglect. In the embarrassed condition of his country he was unable to exercise the proper ascendency over the marine power and so preferred to see it fall to decay rather than strengthen it to his own undoing; for he remembered that the conspirators against Abdul Aziz had first secured the fleet and then enforced their demands by pointing its guns at the capital.

Though the sultan does not float much of a fleet, he manages to float loans at five per cent—twenty years ago Turkish loans were out at twelve per cent. Besides rescuing the empire from bankruptcy the sultan has built up a fortune for himself. The peasantry, it is true, have steadily been pinched to sorer poverty, but the national credit must be restored and suffering is the unavoidable accompaniment of war.

If for his financial triumphs the sultan has obliged his subjects to narrow their expenditures, on the other hand he has enabled them to broaden their lives. At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War, he was founding a preparatory college for the civil service. At the close of the war he established a law school at Constantinople. He also founded other special schools, and during his reign two thousand elementary schools have been opened accommodating one hundred thousand pupils. He has encouraged the education of women by providing numerous girls'

schools in the capital and other towns. He is the first Turkish monarch who ever allowed a Christian woman to sit at his table, and the first to decorate his palace with pictures and portraits or to show any interest in the valuable remains of Grecian art. All of these indications of a broadening spirit distinguish him from his predecessors. Some of his liberal ideas may have been gained in the famous European tour which he made in his youth in company with his uncle Abdul Aziz. If only the broadening influence had not stopped short of his religious life awful wrongs and bloody persecutions might have remained unwritten in his history.

Yet, as sultans go, Abdul Hamid cannot be considered a savage. His friends insist that he is humane where the safety of the throne and empire is not at stake; one of his efforts in this direction is the abolishment of the hideous custom of slaying the male nephews of the sultan.

His majesty's atrocities may be accounted for by his adherence to Aristotle's noted maxim that "enfeebled governments in order to regain vigor should return to the principles upon which they were originally founded." Terror, then, must be the winning power in the government of Osmali, for by terror the Ottomans wrested their throne from the Cæsars and by terror they have held it through five centuries. Massacre has been the common method of strengthening their authority.

The annihilation of unbelievers is a leading tenet of the Mohammedan faith, therefore massacre of heretics only adds luster to the sultan's record as a pious Mohammedan, and this is what he prides himself on being. Ambitious even in piety, he is not content to emulate the modesty of his califf predecessors and be known simply as the "Servant of the Servants of God," but gradually has made inordinately presumptuous claims in spiritual, as he has in temporal, domains. For instance the titles "Shadow of God," "Refuge of the World," "Pontiff of the Mussulmans," "Slayer of Men," and "Father of All the Sovereigns of the Earth," were unknown to former sultans and find no support in the Koran.

Aspiring to every conceivable honor himself, he can bear to have no one else receive any distinction or seem to exert any power. Still there is one man in the empire so influential that without his consent a sultan cannot be installed nor deposed. It is the sheik ul Islam, or vizier general. His office is to report to his sovereign all that occurs among the clergy, to preserve the balance of religious affairs by rewarding or punishing certain acts, in fact to keep up the zeal not to say fanaticism of the faithful throughout the empire. Though the sultan can depose him at will, he has so strong a hold on the superstition of the people that unless aspirants to the throne were fortified by his approach the soldiers would mutiny and the populace rise in insurrection rather than recognize them.

The present sultan's policy in regard to this dignitary is different from that of his ancestors. In the last century about one hundred grand viziers met death by the rope or in the "terrible well of blood" whose ruins may to-day be seen in the Castle of Seven Towers. Abdul Hamid's blows are aimed at the office. He seeks to neutralize this official's dangerous influence over the people by averting to himself all the reverence and superstitious veneration pertaining to the office, leaving the grand vizier to figure in the eyes of the people as a tool, stripped of all power except that of regulating the religious ceremonial functions of the empire. By this policy the sultan has won a position much like that of the pope of the Latin Church.

In governmental affairs, too, in fact in all departments whatsoever, the sultan suppresses the possibility of a rival in public attention. He promptly annihilates any one who rises above mediocrity. Consequently he has no statesmen, but only machines to carry out his will. Even the thirteen counsellors in his Royal Porte have no incentive to develop ability in their offices. They are only less insignificant than the farcical Parliament tolerated by him at the beginning of his reign to serve as a blind to the great powers who had demanded reforms in the

government of Turkey. The burdensome habit of trusting no second person to do anything, which in the inauspicious beginning of his reign caution required of him, has become a mania with Abdul Hamid. Although he labors industriously seventeen or eighteen hours a day, it is inevitable that many important affairs of state must be overlooked by a sovereign whose jealousy and distrust impose on himself the task of doing in person absolutely everything that is done pertaining to the ruling of his empire, from the signing of proposed regulations for a suburban *café chantant* to the signing of a permit to allow a British ambassador to repair at his own expense his steam launch in the Turkish dockyard. What wonder that business moves slowly in an empire where the whole procession of details must pass in single file before one mortal man?

Impeded by this freight train of commonplaces, the sultan has yet managed to get ahead of all the rival diplomats of both continents and to keep their meddling fingers out of his domain. But his coveted position of "Esteemed Center of the Universe," to which his generalship entitles him, he has the bitter mortification of seeing forfeited by his own too great self-seeking, in the case of his timorous neglect of the fleet. This has caused Turkey to slip from her proud position as mistress of the seas, and consequently to become practically a fief to Russia. The arrogant sultan now bears the galling title "the czar's *dvornik*" or keeper of the back door of the Russian Empire.

BECKONINGS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE year is sown with wiles;
Through slant and baffling snows
March smiles,
And shows
Where the first snowdrop blows.

Beyond damp April's verge
And May's uncertain moon,
Emerge
Bright June
And the red rose for boon.

Through summer's haze of heat
Oe'r sad, sere meadows rolled,
How sweet
Unfold
October's stores of gold!

Still the elusive strife!—
From slope to beckoning slope
Through life
We grope,
Urged ever on by hope.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

CRACKER ENGLISH.

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

OF WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MACON, GA.

WE have had a surfeit of dialect lately. The pages of the magazines have been filled with patois of every description and professional readers and writers have vied with each other in humoring the popular whim till good English seems to have gone quite out of fashion. We have had negro dialect and cracker dialect and hoosier dialect and "hobo" dialect and "heathen Chinee" dialect and Chinook dialect, and now Professor Garner is threatening to give us chimpanzee dialect into the bargain! What wonder if the lover of good English, in the agony of his soul, degenerates into slang and cries, "Give us a rest"?

And yet dialect has its uses, both literary and scientific; it is only the abuse of it by writers who exploit the prevailing crotchet of the day to float a story whose bad English is its only title to distinction that is here condemned. In his eagerness to work his specialty for all it is worth the professional writer of dialect stories perverts and exaggerates local peculiarities until the natives themselves would never recognize their own speech as interpreted in his pages. Even so true an artist as Miss Murfree is led away by this temptation into making her simple-hearted mountaineers say "mounting" for mountain, a vulgarism into which the vaulting ambition of the country schoolmaster or the circuit preacher may sometimes o'erleap itself and fall, but from which the unaspiring simplicity of the typical cracker may be pretty safely relied upon to protect him. So, you will frequently hear from the rural pulpit expressions like this: "The apostle Paul are here speaking of the Jews"; and I once knew a fancy butler, a "gemman of color," who would always announce with a flourish, "Dinner are served." But slips of this kind are common only among those whose speech has been contaminated by association with "edicated" people.

Dialect, being the language of simple and uncultivated people, naturally runs largely into mere vulgarism, hence it is impossible to treat of the one without touching also, to some extent, upon the other, and many of the "crackerisms" recorded here will doubtless be recognized by readers in other parts of the country as old acquaintances of their own. But dialect, as the speech of unaspiring, unprogressive, and more or less sequestered communities, is comparatively free from the shifting slang and catchwords of the streets, and almost wholly so from those pretentious vulgarisms that result from an overweening desire to be elegant. In its broader sense, as understood by philologists, a dialect is to its parent tongue what a variety is to a species in botany or zoölogy, and as such may possess untold possibilities. In this sense the English language itself was once a mere dialect of Low German. But as the word is popularly understood it applies to those linguistic odds and ends that we find stranded in the stagnant pools and marshes along the shores of the great current of our living speech. They represent rather the belated survivals of obsolete forms than the vigorous offshoots of a growing tongue—the old-fashioned garments of thought left behind in the garrets and closets of our linguistic household, from which the renovating hand of modern culture is fast clearing them away. For this reason, while the speech of the more recently settled parts of our country may be more replete with the class of vulgarisms that come under the head of slang and neoterisms, it is in the older sections that we are to look for the more marked peculiarities of dialect.

Owing to the presence of the negroes and to the long social and political isolation of the Southern States on account of that presence, this section has, perhaps, preserved more marked peculiarities of dialect than any other portion of the Union. As a general thing the southerner learns what I may call his "mammy" tongue before making the acquaintance of his mother tongue, and the influence of the earlier speech is apt to affect his utterance through life, as may be observed in his tendency to ignore the letter *r*, or to regard it as a mere modifier of the preceding vowel. This peculiarity causes our native dialect writers unwittingly to mislead their readers of other sections in rendering the negro and cracker pronunciation of such words as *of*, *to*, *you*, etc., by "er," "ter," and "yer." While this spelling exactly conveys the sounds in question to a southern ear, accustomed to the elision of *r*, its effect is likely to be altogether misleading among readers who are in the habit of treating that ill-used letter with due respect. It cannot be more wide of the mark, however, than the conventional "yo" of the comic papers. The negro says "mo'" for *more* and "yo'" for *your* because he has an unconquerable antipathy to the letter *r*, but neither he nor his cracker neighbor ever says "yo'" for *you*; in pronouncing the latter word he simply gives *ou* the sound of *u* in *hut*.

From negro English to cracker English is but a step. In fact, barring a few differences in accent and intonation, their speech, except where it shades off into the "salt water" lingo, or Africanized English of the seacoast, on the one hand and the quaint dialect of the mountaineer on the other, is practically the same throughout the cotton belt of the South Atlantic States, and its vocabulary is largely made up of survivals from the standard English of bygone generations. In the classic pages of Burke and Goldsmith, of Swift, Fielding, Sterne, and Addison, to say nothing of the older writers, I am constantly running upon old acquaintances that I have known all my life as part and parcel of our Georgia plantation vernacular. Fielding, for instance, makes a very near approach to the crackerism, "He allowed he'd do it," in such a passage as this: "The audience allowed I did your part justice"; and when Burke complains that "England is disfurnished of its forces," he is using almost the exact phraseology of my cracker neighbor who has come to borrow a peck of meal and politely hopes that I am not "disfurnishing" myself for his accommodation. *Ill* is still occasionally heard, even among the better class of rustics, in the piney woods of Georgia and Alabama in its Shakespearean sense of dangerous or wicked, as "The copperhead is an ill snake," or "Johnny is a very ill," that is, naughty, "boy this morning." I am told by a friend from Kentucky that the same usage, though rare, is not unknown among the same class in that state. To "favor," meaning to resemble, as "He favors his father," was good English in the days of Addison and Shakespeare, and its derivative, *ill-favored*, is still current.

In fact, if precedent counted for as much in language as it does in law I could produce very good evidence to show that cracker English is classic English. Is Chaucer talking plantation English or is Cuffee talking Chaucer English when the one tells us that "the sun uprist" and the other that "the sun has ris"? And when my cracker friend complains of having a "sorry crop" he is but echoing Chaucer's description of a "sorry place." Moreover, we have the high authority of the father of English poetry and of his great contemporary Barbour for such pure crackerisms—I might almost say Africanisms—as "mo,'" "whar," and "tother," of Mandeville for "right nigh," and of Chaucer and Gower both for that unmitigated Americanism "I guess." The negro is sustained by Caxton, Chaucer, and a host of worthies in saying "axed" for *asked*, and both negro and cracker are talking pure Anglo-Saxon when they emphasize the neuter pronoun *it* into "hit." This pronunciation is very common where the pronoun is emphatic, but I have never heard the *h* with an unstressed *it*. So, also, "ourn," "yourn," "theirn" are relics of the old Saxon inflected pronoun, to which "hisn" and "hern"

have been conformed by analogy. "Fitten," for *fit*, "sposen," for *suppose*, "outen," "abouten," "douten," for *out*, *about*, *without*, suggest further reminiscences of the same archaic diction.

Whether the peculiar idiom of the mountaineer, "you'uns" and "we'uns," would admit of a similar explanation I shall not undertake to decide. The fact that it is seldom used in the possessive, which was the case that had the adjectival inflection in Anglo-Saxon, would seem to point to a negative conclusion, though I do not pretend to speak with authority in such learned matters. When used possessively, as it is occasionally in some sections, it is fitted with the modern inflection and expanded into "we'uns's" and "you'uns's." "Them'uns" I have encountered but once, that I remember. It was employed by an old inhabitant of that secluded region around the foot of Sand Mountain, where the three states of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee come together, and they are welcome to divide the honor of its paternity among them.

Judge Bleckley, of the Supreme Bench of Georgia, himself a native mountaineer and a most careful and competent observer, writes me:

> "I have never heard 'we'uns' or 'them'uns' in the mountains, but 'you'uns' is much in use there, and has been since my earliest recollection. It is not applied in the possessive case, the common form of possessive being ''you'all's,' and I think this form is used only when the speaker refers to a family or group as owners. When the ownership referred to is that of an individual, *your* is used in its purity."

The judge also furnishes me the following list of expressions from the mountain vernacular, all of which, except "oozles" and "fornent," are common among illiterate people in other sections of the state:

narry bit, for none
right smart, for a considerable quantity
plum good, for excellent
axed, for asked
dassent, for dare not
critter, for horse or mare
seed, for saw.
narry one, for not one
shore, for sure
shorely, for surely or certainly
to scrouge, for to crowd or press
fornent and fornenst, for opposite or against.
idee, for idea
right peert, for lively or sprightly
lots, oozles and oceans, for much
purty, for pretty
bimeby, for by and by
young 'un, for baby or infant
ingerns and inguns, for onions
knowed, for knew
hāth, for hearth

"We all" and "you all" are common everywhere in Georgia, even among fairly well-educated people. In the second, the two words are generally run together into one syllable, "y'all." Not long ago, while riding on one of the local trains through middle Georgia, I happened to be seated near a group of country people and overheard one of the women say to her companion, "Did John eat dinner at y'all's house yistiddy?"

The last word illustrates another curious crackerism, the interchanging of the sounds of short *e* and *i*, as a cockney does his vowels and *h's*. For instance, we have "pin" for *pen* and "pen" for *pin*, "hin" for *hen*, "miny" for *many*, "sence" for *since*, "tell" for *till*, etc. Will some phonologist explain the principle of this inversion?

The word *cracker* is one of those linguistic gypsies that refuse utterly to give any account of themselves. "Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms" derives it from *corncrake*, a species of long-legged crane, but the authority of a writer who could seriously define "Palmetto City" as a name for the "city of Augusta, the capital of South Carolina," can hardly be entitled to much respect, if his philology is of a piece with his geography. Mrs. Cunningham, in her "Recollections of a Southern Matron," attributes the name to the cracking of the long whips carried by the class in question as they drove to town in their little carts with loads of pine knots or ground peas to sell. A more probable derivation, it seems to me, would be from "corn cracker," that is, "corn eater," Indian corn in its various forms having been the staple food of both negroes and poor whites before the war. Even now the word *corn* is often used as an intensive of *cracker*, and it is not uncommon to hear an extreme specimen of the genus described as "a regular stomp-down corn cracker."

The meaning of the word seems involved in as much uncertainty as its origin. The dialect stories that have made the southern cracker such a fashionable figure in American literature have, among their other inventions, created the impression that the name applies to a distinct hereditary caste living in a state of perennial ignorance and poverty and shiftlessness, relieved occasionally by impossible virtues and vices that set each other off in the most approved artistic fashion. Now, I have lived all my life in a region where both the word and the thing it represents are indigenous, and I have always heard the word *cracker* employed merely as a synonym for rusticity. Any one who is rustic or awkward or out of date in dress, manner, or speech is properly described, in our Georgia vernacular, as a "cracker" or, in a milder form, as "crackerish." Of course there are crackers and crackers, of every shade and degree, from the "sandhillers" of the piney woods and the "moonshiners" of the mountains to the well-to-do country farmer who has an ambition to "rub his boy's head agin the college." I have heard the word applied to a governor of the state, a judge of the Supreme Court, a United States senator, and a cabinet minister. In the low country, where the great rice and cotton plantations left no room for an intermediate class of small farmers, the crackers, known locally as "sandhillers" because they occupied the poorest and most unproductive land, conformed more nearly to the conventional type of the dialect story, but in the upcountry we are all "crackers" outside the towns and villages, and it is not uncommon to hear a city-bred girl declare laughingly of her country kin, "Oh, cousin Betsy" or "cousin John," as the case may be, "is such an unconscionable cracker!"

As has been said, it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between the cracker vernacular, strictly so-called, and those more general provincialisms and vulgarisms that affect the speech of all uneducated people. As Georgia English runs into Chaucer English on the one hand, so it runs into Yankee English on the other, and if you undertake to define strictly the limits of any dialectic variation you very soon find yourself in the predicament of the Alabama congressman who didn't know "where he was at." Not long ago I was asked by a professor of English in a northern university, "Why is it that you southerners *will* always say "like" for *as*?" The next day I heard a sermon by one of the most noted divines of the northern pulpit—a graduate of Yale, I believe—and almost the first words he uttered were, alluding to some good man he had known in his youth, "I want to love God *like* he did." Now, what becomes of *like*, as a southern provincialism? On the other hand, the harsh, rasping sound of an intruded *a* in such perversions as "caow," "taown," "haow," for *cow*, *town*, and *how*, usually credited to New England, is by no means uncommon at the South, and the excruciating vulgarism of flattening the *a* of such words as *laugh*, *half*, *can't*, etc., into "lāfe," "hāfe," "caint," is one of the most marked peculiarities of cracker pronunciation.

The truth is, we have no fixed dialectic forms in America. There are localisms and provincialisms of varying shades and limits, but the free American citizen is too ubiquitous to remain long pent up in a corner, and his speech travels and grows with him. There have been marked changes in the dialect peculiarities of the South within my own recollection, and these changes are proceeding with an accelerated velocity that bids fair in the course of a generation or two to render the popular dialect story of to-day as unintelligible as the poems of Cædmon or of Robert Browning.

COÖPERATION AMONG BIRDS.

BY COLETTE SMILEY.

THE first time I ever saw anything like coöperation among birds was when I was a child living in what was then a pretty, wild region in the backwoods of northwestern Ohio. My home was on the edge of the solid green forest that stretched away to the north for perhaps a hundred miles with no other break than that made by a narrow trail and a branch of a canal that ran across that corner of the state. The settlers were a hardy set, however, and with axe and fire beat down the giant growths that covered their lands. Oaks, beaches, elms (the meanest wood a farm-maker ever faced), hickories, maples, and even cherries and walnuts were felled into long windrows and then when dry were fired and burned. After the fire had been applied the first time many logs but partly burned were left scattered around, and these were to be gathered in heaps. A man with a good team could do it, though that was a task that strained the muscles and broke the heart of the stoutest.

But this weary, depressing work could be and often was turned into a frolic. Where neighbors agreed they gathered in gangs for a clearing bee or a log-rolling bee. The huge tree trunk that one man with a team could scarcely move was taken in hand by a dozen or a score of men with two or three teams and hustled with a whoop upon the tallest kind of a pile of other logs of equal size. I have seen four men with handspikes make a log of a ton's weight fairly jump; it was a lighter task than to lift one of a hundred pounds when working alone. And how the flames crackled and the blue smoke rose to high heaven on those sunny days of spring! And what fun it was for us youngsters to run about gathering sticks to add to the glowing fires! And how we screamed and laughed when some brawny neighbor picked one of us up and saying that such a fat lump would burn better than shell bark pretended to toss the chubby one into the flames! That was long ago, but I never see a burning brush heap in these days without a sigh, for I never knew such happy times when young as I had in the old clearings.

It was during a log rolling one day early in June that I first saw coöperation among birds. A big horned owl was routed out of a thick tree top by the work of the men. He flew across the field they were clearing toward the woods beyond. Before his appearance I had noticed only a few birds around. A quail had whistled from a wheat field near the house. A robin or two had been gathering worms from the earth where the men had torn away logs. There were blackbirds, a sparrow or two, and a kingbird in sight most of the time. But now as the owl appeared birds seemed to come swarming from every tree and every bush in sight. The robin screamed the first alarm, though the kingbird was first to hasten to the attack. A pair of blue jays came next, although I had not seen a jay for a month, and while yet I was wondering at the sight the air about the great blinking thief was filled with a cloud of animated feathers. There were at least ten varieties of birds of which I did not know the names, but I remember thinking at the time that a gorgeous Baltimore oriole was the best fighter of the lot for it led even the kingbird in the plunging dashes made at the enemy.

A neighbor who stopped beside me to look for a moment at the flying host said, "Look's like they'd made a bee, don't it?"

That was precisely what they had done. It was a case of coöperation for the common good, and they drove that owl clear out of the neighborhood. Since then I have often seen birds unite for that purpose. The alarm note of one is understood by all species, apparently. I am sure I never saw a baby bird get into trouble and call for help without a crowd of sympathetic old

birds of many kinds coming to the rescue.

Coöperation of a different kind can be seen during the migrating season. Ornithologists say that we do not, as a rule, see the migrating hosts, but only stragglers, or bunches, that gather to join the great throng that goes trooping by at night. However, we see enough to get some idea of the composition of the migrating tides. We all have noticed, for instance, that in a flock of blackbirds just arrived from the South in April there may be found crow blackbirds, redwings, cowbirds, and bobolinks. They are related families—cousins—but here is a union for some purpose when traveling. Robins travel alone, it is said, and so do bluebirds, but where one knows the birds let him observe the throngs that may be found in a handy wood lot in the latter part of September. One may visit the brush in the morning, say, and see nothing save a chipping sparrow. The next day—or even but an hour or two later—another visit shows the brush swaying everywhere. Scarlet tanagers, Maryland yellow-throats, red-eyed vireos, redstarts, thrashers, and thrushes, Blackburnian and black-throated blue warblers—all have gathered there and are searching high and low for food. They talk as they work, talk in the most cheery fashion, though their voices be low and the sounds in no sense a song, save only as a chickadee must needs do more than say peep.

In May almost any of these birds would have pitched fiercely at almost any other kind that came near it. In May it was the usage of bird society to resent the violating of privacy—resent it with fierce words and a sharp beak. In September the irritability—the disposition to get huffy, due to little love affairs and the cares of teasing children—has all passed away. Instead of arguing over sectarian differences the birds all begin to look for the good qualities their neighbors may have and straightway find a plenty of what they look for. Then, too, food is abundant and good cheer creates a kindly disposition. They had occasionally fought for each other when the *raptores* appeared in May, but now that the mellow September days are followed by chill nights they will all join wings and whirl away to the sunny South.

A curious instance of coöperation among birds is found in the nesting habits of the **ani,** a sort of cuckoo which abounds in the Bahama Islands and is occasionally seen in the southeastern coast states from Pennsylvania around to Louisiana. The females of a flock (the birds always live in flocks) unite to build one nest which all use in turn when laying eggs, and then, the nest having been filled, they all take turns in keeping the eggs warm until the incubation is complete. It seems incredible that in a nest filled with eggs in layers the young could all be reared properly, but the fact is the young grow so rapidly that the first ones hatched get out to make room for the others as they come. And the whole flock unite in caring for the young.

But for the most remarkable examples of coöperation in labor among birds one must go to the tropics. Bates, Belt, Stolzman, and Hudson, the distinguished naturalist authors, have all observed and written about these feathered unions. On the Amazon it appears that a little gray creeper leads a host of insect and worm eaters through the forest. They gather at about nine o'clock and then travel along, some climbing about the trees like a titmouse, searching every angle of the bark for bugs and insect eggs. Others flit from shrub to shrub and from limb to limb gathering winged insects. Others burrow in rotten logs and draw forth a harvest of a different kind. They chatter sociably as they go. Stolzman says the noise of a flock of the kind is like that of a shower of rain on the leaves. It appears that this coöperation is profitable—that the coming of the host stirs up the insect world so much that the average gain of each individual is greatly increased. Moreover it is a sociable gathering. That the birds thoroughly enjoy such associations need not be doubted.

It may not be uninteresting to some of the young folks who read this to know that the little gray creeper who leads the tropical host is supposed by the Indians there to hypnotize the others and lead them on the

long quest for food. They think, too, that its magic powers may be transmitted. There is nothing in the world so highly prized by the Indian maidens of the region as the dried skin of this little guide to the feathered union. With one of them on her dress she thinks she will surely have a great train of lovers after her. And so it happens, too, for the Indian youths believe that the skin has magic powers for good and become as eager for the girl as she was for the talisman.

Doubtless the gathering of gregarious birds into flocks is a sort of coöperation. Robins as well as blackbirds roost in flocks at night. Barn swallows and tree swallows (the red-breasted and the white-breasted) now build together under the same barn roof. They form colonies for self-protection, and no one ever saw even the fierce sharp-shinned hawk enter one of those colonies. In the tropics the most conspicuous—really the only conspicuous nests are those of the orioles. A tree that towers high above the surrounding forest and has a a smooth bark and comparatively few leaves is invariably chosen, and the beautiful hanging pockets swing from slender bare limbs in plain view. One may see a hundred nests on one tree, and that means that a hundred fierce little warriors armed with needle-sharp beaks can be summoned at any moment to repel the attack of swooping hawk or sneaking monkey or crawling snake.

Once upon a time while Olive Thorne Miller and Florence Merriam, two charming writers on bird life, were taking notes in Lewis County, New York, they found a widowed redstart and her baby in the wood lot. Like all babies the little redstart was constantly teasing for something to eat, and like most mothers the redstart was just wearing herself into the grave trying to supply the demand. And then came the kindly hand of a good-hearted and wholly unselfish neighbor to help her. A jolly bachelor of a chestnut-sided warbler heard the baby cry and saw the weariness of the overworked mother, and he fluttered his wings at the thought that here was a chance to be courteous to one of the other sex without any one being able to say that he had an ulterior purpose in the kindly attentions he might give her. Gathering a goodly worm the bachelor carried it to the baby. At first the poor widow didn't know about that. She might be without her natural protector, but no meddling strangers need think her unable to take care of herself and little one; and she made some pretty harsh remarks to the chestnut-sided warbler. But he, good fellow, did not mind that. He would have taken the baby in his arms and walked up and down to soothe it, had that been the fashion with baby birds, but as it was he kept on bringing worms and other things until even pert little Mrs. Redstart was calmed into a peaceful state of mind and, the baby being satisfied, was able to smooth out her much-rumpled skirts and attend to the gloss of her beautfully contrasted breast and arms. It was a most charming little episode in bird society.

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THE CHURCH.

BY MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

II.

A.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RACE.

B.—THE STORY METHOD.

C.—PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOLOGY.

THE development of the individual in connection with the development of the race and of language is a most fascinating and fruitful study. As a former article referred to the desirability of making truth and beauty attractive to the individual, so we would say that there is, also, an attractiveness to him in a study of the race.

The child, the man, and the woman want to know who lived in the long ago. "What did the people do?" "How did they live?" "How did they treat each other?" "How did they communicate with each other?" they ask.

A sympathy and fellowship with nature in the study of plant life and of animal life should be pursued. Myths, fairy tales, and fables have a place here, indicating how an appreciation of the physical universe may be promoted and how humane treatment of animals may be cultivated. Then comes the recognition of other relationships, which are between human beings, and by stories the child is led into a large unexplored field and his thought is delighted and uplifted. Mr. Felix Adler has given to us a most thoughtful and scientific classification of stories (and no modern teacher is more unremitting in efforts to make truth clear and available than that writer and Miss Blow), sifting carefully "Æsop's Fables," the "Odyssey," the "Iliad," and other classics that the pure and wholesome germ may be given to the child-mind. The child-heart must be reached also, and the filial and ethical relations of life shown to be of high importance. To each other, to their parents, and to God the smallest child bears relationships, as well as to the long-ago men, women, and children, and how to meet the duties of life in harmony with these relationships the kindergarten teaches in its first lessons.

It is in the Bible that the best material for children's stories is to be found. Mr. Adler says, "The narrative of the Bible is fairly saturated with the moral spirit; the moral issues are everywhere in the forefront. The Hebrew people seem to have been endowed with what may be called a moral genius, and especially did they emphasize the filial and fraternal duties to an extent hardly equaled elsewhere." The same writer continues: "Now it is precisely these duties that must be impressed on young children, and hence the biblical stories present us with the very material we require. They cannot in this respect be replaced; there is no other literature in the world that offers what is equal to them in value for this particular object."

The golden rule, illustrated by the story of the good Samaritan, holds the principle of true fraternity, while the story of Adam and Eve makes obedience and the fifth commandment truly attractive. Familiarity with the narrative is gained by repetition, the old story being as dear to the child as the old doll, and when the authority of the Word is recognized by both teacher and child a permanent force is given to character. There is nothing like the story for teaching truth, and the Teacher by the Sea of Galilee used this best and most attractive method.

It is a necessity for the most extended and thorough teaching of Frœbel's system that the kindergartner have a knowledge of the Bible and be able to give truths sometimes, at least, through its recorded stories.

Psychology and philology are indispensable requisites in this day for any teacher of small children. By this I do not mean that a person must understand all that has been written by Perez, Sully, James, and many other good authorities, but some knowledge, complete and practical as far as it goes, should be acquired. This should be first of the psychology of childhood, and with it should be some systematic child-study, with observations from life and records of the same. To this should be added an outline, at least, of language as developed in the race, and of philology in its technical, and then in its broader, definition. Speech is but an instrument of expressing thought, but it is the only one we refer to now, leaving the language of action for later treatment. Now the story method of showing truth succeeds and is made attractive if it have a naturalness and spontaneity which appeals to the mind and to the heart; both must be reached to be effectual for good. The teacher who has told a story successfully need not make the application, for the alert child-mind has already done that and connected it with some experience in life. It is just here that many Sunday-school teachers fail, for after giving a truth they proceed to illustrate it, denying the child his right of expression. In the limited time of a Sunday-school session it is possible to put the thought and principles of a story before the children and then give them an opportunity of expressing any ideas they may have received, and they may do this in speech or upon the blackboard. In the kindergarten a story-truth may be told in

both speech and action, but to undertake this with kindergarten materials on Sunday results in confusion and superficial teaching.

Too many primary Sunday-school teachers value a "program" more than a principle, and lay more stress upon a machine than upon its work. After many years' experience as both kindergartner and Sunday-school teacher, we can say there is but one way to do kindergarten work and to utilize its games, which are of such educational value, and that is to have a kindergarten each morning. Here, without haste, the children may express themselves in speech, gesture, and by other means, under trained teachers who direct the daily growth of the mind and culture hearts which, all through life, shall influence their service in the world.

The great principles of the kindergarten system may be studied by any primary teacher in the Sunday school, and she will gain thereby a new force in her teaching, and also some knowledge of the best method of awakening a healthy development of the spiritual life of her pupils. Though she may not find it possible to have the complete training of a professional kindergartner, she can use the principles of the kindergarten in her Sunday teaching, and by the aid of strong and helpful literature, now so abundant, she may use the advanced methods of the new education.

It is the aim of kindergartners of the church to promote all these things, and to bring the instruction of little children to the highest standard.

LARGE OR SMALL DINNER PARTIES?

BY G. VON BEAULIEU.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

IN society there are masters and bunglers, but alas! the bunglers are far more numerous than the masters.

Those who frequent society are comprised in three classes: those who seek it for the sake of their positions, those who go to fill up an idle life, and those to whom society supplies a need of heart and mind. To the first society is a duty, to the second a business, often the only business of their lives, over which they sigh and groan continually.

But all these are only social bunglers. They do not consider sociability an art because they do not understand how to live the art, the most difficult of all arts. Women above all should learn to promote sociability in a masterly manner. A close restriction is put upon the husband by his business and after his work is done he has not time nor strength left for other things. The wife should beautify their home and make happiness radiate from it on all who come there—yes, she should send these sunbeams out to dissipate misery, cold, and darkness wherever they are. In the art of sociability it does not suffice to be a good housewife, to make sacrifices of money, but a woman must also give her good will, her thought, in a word, herself.

I know an old woman not rich nor fair to look upon. Yet she affects others like a magnet: whoever approaches her feels drawn to her. What attracts people to her? She gives no large, elegant parties; no one has to make a duty call on her. Her husband has long been dead, she has been in no strong, select circle, either of artisans, or scholars, citizens, officers, or moneyed aristocracy. She understands one little thing: the art of being sociable. She knows how to make the interests of her guest her own; she brings him sympathy, intelligence; she can mourn with him and, more than that, she can rejoice with him. And the latter is rare, very rare. Sympathy in misfortune is indeed to be found, but sympathy in fortune, genuine, disinterested sympathy is not a common treasure. When you visit this dear old woman for a quiet chat in the twilight hour you may talk to her like a confessor without fear of being misunderstood, without anxiety lest a rash word be carried too far

for the swing of friendship, resulting in mischief-making or sharp resentment. Ear and heart of my old woman are like a golden receptacle that is not agitated by any troublous blast. You always have the feeling that when you come she is most delighted, that you are her most welcome guest.

Such a visit compared with attendance at a large dinner party will easily throw preference on the side of the small dinner company. Of course the capital housekeeper objects that this advice is easy to talk about but not easy to follow; for you must know that it costs much more trouble and expense to give several small dinner parties than one large one, that people are dissatisfied if they are not all invited at the same time, especially those who are left out. Besides, while she can endure for once to upset the whole household, clear the rooms, banish the children to acquaintances, empty all the china cupboards, get out the silverware, she would not wish to make this hubbub a permanent rule of the house.

Naturally one who must give, or thinks she must give such dinners, "feeds" they are disrespectfully called, to pay off her social debts, does it by wholesale; but she does not know how to practice sociability as an art; to her it is nothing but duty and work. Matters are worse yet when the entertainer is the victim of restricted circumstances; and that is more frequently the case than one would suppose.

At such a "must" entertainment the host often feels like a stranger in his own house. Tables, chairs, table service, candle sticks, lamps are rented, everything not fit for company being crowded into the sleeping room, which looks like a rag-shop. A restaurant furnishes the food; the housewife does not even know what will be served. She sits there with flushed cheeks and keen eyes; she is vexed that that atrocious man, the cook, has sent Weser fish instead of Rhine fish, that there may not be food enough to reach, that the fish and the meat at her party are more bony than at other people's parties, that the ice is beginning to melt, that the hired servants are drinking too much, and so on. Of course in this frame of mind the housewife cannot bring herself down to conversation; she is very happy if she does not give her neighbor an utterly irrelevant answer. With a stifled sigh of satisfaction she sees the ladies begin to draw on their gloves and the gentlemen to seek their hats. And when the last guest departs with the assurance that he never before had so charming a time, she heaves an honest, deep sigh of relief and says: "God be thanked, that is over for this year."

Once outdoors, some cannot resist remarking: "The whole affair plainly spoke, 'I am trying to and cannot.' Well, they are paid off for this year, I am glad to say. Aside from that I am sorry for them. Persons who have not the wherewithal should not attempt to entertain large companies."

Why, indeed, do they do it? They say it is owing to one's position, it hurts one's career to drop out of fashionable society. As though a worthy man really were rated and promoted on the merit of his "feeds"! The argument has more foundation in the imagination of those it concerns, in their reluctance to, their horror of, doing something unconventional than in reality. Let people have the backbone to acknowledge that they are not well enough off to entertain large companies and can only entertain their friends in a modest manner.

This is the "must" dinner; but what of the "can," or rather the display, dinner?

The latter is conspicuous among the rich people of Berlin; they have few engagements, but on that account the more vanity and ambition. Their parents, often they themselves, are uncertain in the mother tongue. They cultivate art because it is fashionable; they prefer to read trashy literature, but because it is fashionable to do so they take a first-class paper, although they find it stupid; in the theater they prefer the opera, buffoonery, and plays about dowries. The idea that one should go to a tragedy now and then "in order to be able to talk about it," they consider a ridiculous prejudice, still they make the sacrifice for the sake of their standing.

When such a person gives a great ban-

quet, he possesses, perhaps, everything he shows on the occasion. But what a spread he, too, makes about it! He flaunts it before your eyes far and wide, he flings it in your teeth, just to hear himself talk. He tells you the price of everything, so that you may not fail to realize its value, he urges you to indulge in drink and food, not because they are good, but because they are expensive. His company consists of mixed crowds thrown together. He has obligations to no one, but he seeks to put people under obligations to him. He fishes for the socially great, he hunts for celebrities, he aims at the stars of literature, of art, of knowledge, not because he is interested in what they are doing but because it is considered a fine thing to show a few "names" among his guests. One sees at his house an eminent man and wonders that he is there; if there are several prominent persons present, each defends himself to the others for being there. These stars belong to humanity, they do not know how to say no, they always are getting cornered by some rich candidate of whom they can get rid only on condition that they "grant him the honor." One sees there others who, out of curiosity, have come to scoff and to laugh, and still others who, for the sake of a good dinner, will tolerate the host and hostess into the bargain, whom on other occasions they treat very shabbily.

Often the host does not know his own guest. He has used one of his friends for a step ladder, who has brought along with him college friends, comrades, any one who happened to come in his way; upon arrival they make their bow to the host and hostess, names are murmured, hands are shaken, everybody is very happy, there is an effusive welcome. But it is still more pleasing to get it all over with.

"Everything was fine, my dear," says the host to his wife. "Strictly first-class names, and how they all ate!"

"Yes, but my waiter spilled sauce all over my new brocade buffet cover, so I shall have to send it to the cleaner right straight to-morrow."

"Nobody calls it sauce any more, dear child; fruit is later. Always keep to the very latest and to Old German. Did we not sit on Luther chairs at one hundred marks apiece?"

"You needn't tell me of it; I can feel it yet," grumbles the aggrieved wife.

That was a big affair, a "can" dinner.

The guests at a dinner where sociability is practiced as an art should comprise a greater number of graces but not of muses than were present on these other occasions; yet graces as well as muses should be merged into table companions. The repast should be simple, so that the entertainers may not be distracted; the food need not be expensive, but should be well prepared; the guests should be people congenial to each other, who have not seen each other for some time, who consequently have not conversed to the exhaustion of each other, and who are delighted to meet unexpectedly.

And you, dear housewife, try to surprise one and another of your guests with little attentions, as well in a choice of companions as of food. Be impartial, cordial, friendly. Pay no heed to outside murmuring, but once you have made your arrangements proceed in them and let outsiders take care of themselves. Drill your servants beforehand, so that your guests need not hear a word of exhortation. If a little accident occurs, do not mind it nor jest about it; but do not fret, for that frame of mind will be unpleasant both to yourself and to others. Be in the conversation heart and soul, but let others do the talking; as for yourself, speak little, hear much. Wait till a sudden hush falls on the company, then enliven the conversation with a question, an objection, a new theme.

Should one of the expected guests fail to arrive do not comment on it to those present, making them feel that the delinquent is the one on whom you had counted the most. Do not make such remarks as: "I cannot imagine why the D's do not put in an appearance; they promised to come." "What could have happened to the X ens? I am getting anxious." "Is Mr. Z. not here even yet? No? That is too bad. That leaves Miss Abc without an escort to dinner. She

will have to put up with a lady, dear girl."

Never be guilty of saying such things, and likewise preserve silence on the secrets of preparing the table.

Devote yourself wholly to those who are there. Charm to the surface the best that is in each guest, so that he will be astonished at himself and say: "Singular! In that home I always am so contented and easy. Simple as everything is there, one never has as good a time anywhere else as he has there. What is the reason for it?"

OUR WAY AND HIS.

BY LUCILE RUTLAND.

A MAN once sinned;—and so the world
Did pass him by
With scorning mien and lip out-curled
In mocking cry.

Beneath its cruel weight of blame
His sad heart bled;
Before its scourging lash of shame
He ever fled;

Until, at last (Oh, sequel sweet
To human woe!),
Down at the great world's busy feet
Death laid him low.

Then, as this strange, new sanctity
O'er him did brood,
The world turned all its mockery
To reverent mood,

Nor named his sin; but, with low breath
And humbled pride,
He whom in life it judged, in death
It justified.

. . . . .

O blind, irrational world, and slow
To comprehend
That thy poor judgments cannot go
Beyond life's end!

The living only are thine own
To bless or blight;
The dead are God's—and He alone
Will judge aright.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

EASTER DAY.

THE Easter anniversary differs totally from every other. On Christmas Day we celebrate a birth—a common type of human experience. So we also celebrate the birth of Lincoln and of Washington. Other anniversaries are days of victory—of some among many victories—or they are days sacred to the memory of some work, as the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The things celebrated are instances in their several classes of actions or events. But the resurrection of Jesus has no fellow fact. In solitary and awful stupendousness it stands alone. This sublime solitude, this separateness from all other events makes the resurrection a severe test for our modern faith.

Let us suggest some practical helps to a better appreciation of the value of this anniversary—perhaps they may also be helps to faith.

1. How easily we all agree that, if among all the men who have died one were to be chosen as most worthy of this honor, the world's suffrages would unite upon Jesus of Nazareth. He surely best deserved to rise again from the dead. This consent of our hearts to His superiority means more than we think—it is our honor that we choose the pure and gracious son of Mary for the solitary glory of a resurrection.

2. If we were asked to vote again and select the one man whose virtues and deeds would, if perpetuated, best serve the best interests of mankind, we should agree again and select for this honor Jesus of Nazareth. Imagine Him living on always among His fellows of the earth, speaking over and over to every generation His evangel, and touching with His healing hands all our sick in all ages. What other life could be such a benediction?

3. In these suffrages of our human hearts we have unconsciously given a pair of the highest reasons for the resurrection of Jesus; and in the second one we have covered the place where the rising of Jesus works its perpetual miracle. Dismiss the doubt of science, and we at once see by surveying the facts of the history that to all intents and purposes Jesus of Nazareth has been alive, as no other has been, ever since that first Easter Day. His followers have agreed in all times to think of Him and speak of Him and feel about Him as one who is alive forevermore.

4. We may easily agree also that there would have been no Christianity if the disciples had not believed in the rising of their Lord from the dead. They set forth with this faith in their hearts and on their lips to enrich the world with a living Jesus who should live always, and always cheer, uplift, bless, and heal the children of men. The success of Christianity means that the miracle has been in very fact accomplished. The distinctive honors of this anniversary—if we may write of honors—surround a precious name shining in the solitary splendor of the one human life which goes on always and draws all other lives up toward its manly and spiritual nobility and beauty.

WORK AS A DISSIPATION.

AMERICANS, more particularly the people of the United States, have shown the world what true industry is, and beyond this have demonstrated that the ancient curse of work can become so fascinating that it changes from an irksome necessity to a luxury, and so adds a strange and fatal dissipation to man's already crowded list.

Mere physical labor is not so often overdone as the various forms of mental work, for the reason that when the mind is put to a great strain the mind worker loses the consciousness of failing strength which causes the manual laborer to take rest. The brain is not aware of its own burning; nor is this at all strange, since in consuming itself it generates the heat which we call enthusiasm.

This is why so many exceptionally brilliant young men and women die early or fail to realize in the end what their beginnings fairly promised.

We see it often stated that "there is no excellence without great labor"; but this is not true if by great labor we must understand uninterrupted or over-strenuous effort to be meant. It is highly desirable that the worker shall enjoy his work; yet the enjoyment must not take the form of intoxication. A certain amount of labor is safely stimulating and healthful. Over-indulgence results sooner or later in an unnatural demand for an increase, and the worker passes to the state of the morphine eater or the whisky drinker, subjecting himself day by day to greater and greater strain.

In extolling the dignity and beauty of labor, whether manual or intellectual, we should qualify eulogy so as to confine it to labor judiciously indulged in. When work becomes a ceaseless grind for glory or gold it is no longer dignified or beautiful. What is there worthy of righteous admiration in the spectacle of a human being rushing, gasping, straining, from year's end to year's end, merely to do more and more or to grasp more and more? Is not the intemperate worker a mere slave to dissipation?

There is a middle ground lying between the idler and the man who works himself to death, and upon this ground may be sought all the solid comforts and safe luxuries of life. The race is not to the swift, but to the judicious. A long life of reasonable work is better than a short life of intemperate effort. The motto "Strike while the iron is hot" does not mean strike every iron that is hot. Life has little real comfort for the glutton at any board.

"Know thyself" is a command which the laborer must heed. Just what he can safely do must be perfectly clear to every truly successful man; for success means duration of power, rather than a spurt, no matter how brilliant. The most admirable quality of true greatness is the ease with which it avoids a dangerous strain, while keeping ever along the limit of utmost achievement. Capability properly respected is the distinction of long and laborious lives.

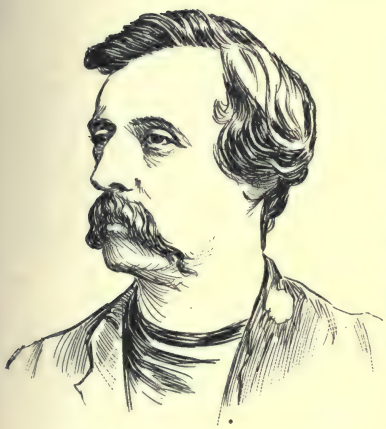
Old countries persist in claiming the right of a higher civilization when compared with us, and the claim must be allowed in at least one regard: they have the virtue of repose. Moreover, they have learned how to make the most of small incomes, which knowledge insures a large part of earthly happiness. Contentment is not another word for shiftlessness; but it cannot exist where work has been distorted by ambition, greed, or avarice into a devouring dissipation.

Our greatest danger as a nation is, perhaps, that we may attain to such dizzy progress, such a tremendous rate of speed in pursuit of all the rewards of work, that we shall lose our grip upon the permanent track of life. The homely saying "Enough of a thing is enough" embodies the safest wisdom of economy. Sharp competition begets a healthy commerce; but when the struggle takes on a purely artificial energy and becomes a competition for mere excitement's sake it is time to consider consequences. The whole body of trade and enterprise takes the form of a gambling operation in which to win at all hazards is the sole object.

We may well turn back again and again to rectify our lives by the immutable standard of nature, in which economy consists in maintaining a healthy equilibrium. For every excess there must be a corresponding retrenchment. For every waste there must be repair; and it must not be forgotten that it often takes more time for recuperation than for loss. At all events, nothing is more certain than that life cannot be all waste without very soon ending in disaster.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE SALVATION ARMY DISRUPTED.



COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

AFTER nine years in command of the Salvation Army in the United States, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth have retired from the Army and have undertaken the organization of an independent movement of the same character. On January 6 Commander Booth received an order from headquarters in London directing him to prepare to resign his command and return to England in about nine weeks. A few weeks later a mass meeting of the Auxiliary League and the general public was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, and resolutions were adopted asking General William Booth to reconsider his order. The order was not reversed, and on February 22 Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth relinquished the command, stating that they were compelled to do so by a peremptory demand from Commander Herbert Booth, who had come from Toronto with the authority of international headquarters. They declared at the same time that they had purposed to yield their authority to the incoming commissioners, but had informed headquarters that they could not accept a foreign command. Commissioner Eva Booth was appointed by the London office to direct Army affairs until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, the commissioners whom General William Booth, commander-in-chief of the Army, has named to succeed the Ballington Booths. No little disaffection was manifested in the ranks on account of Commander and Mrs. Booth's removal, and for a time the entire separation of the American division from the rest of the Army was looked upon as not impossible. Commander and Mrs. Booth, however, expressed themselves as unwilling to lead such a revolt, and later on placed themselves at the head of an independent movement which is to work especially for the middle artisan classes of the country. The movement was inaugurated at a most enthusiastic meeting held in Cooper Union, New York, on the 8th of March. The new organization has taken the name "God's American Volunteers" and the auxiliary is known as the "Defenders' League." Mr. and Mrs. Booth are supported in their new work by large numbers of their former comrades in the Army.

The Record. (Chicago, Ill.)

Whether the fault of judgment is on the son's side or the father's, both men acted with characteristic firmness. Ballington Booth refused to give up his command, but he also refused to avail himself of an opportunity which, in the hands of an ambitious man, might have been put to selfish account. There can be no doubt that with his strong influence and popularity among the members of the American Army he was in a position to create a revolt in the ranks. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that he might have led a large part of the Army to secede from General Booth's rule and install the American Army as a separate branch. He was loyal to his father's organization, however, even though he was unwilling to obey one of the general's commands.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

The Christian Guardian. (Toronto, Canada.)

It is, of course, impossible for outsiders to possess themselves of all the facts, but from what can

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This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. Course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.

be gathered it seems most probable that the persistent, officious dictation of the London office in minor matters was responsible for Commander and Mrs. Booth's retirement. . . . It is well known that the Army is not constituted after the most democratic model, and it is thought that the London office is incapable of understanding the spirit of American institutions, to which the Army must conform in order to succeed in this hemisphere. The present crisis will be a serious blow to the organization.

The Journal. (Kansas City, Mo.)

The general belief among those who have closely observed the growth of the organization is that its success in this country is very largely due to the intelligent and wise direction of Mr. Ballington Booth, and that if his administration has displeased his father the change in command means a return to conditions which will have anything but a tendency to a continuation of its favorable growth.

The American. (Baltimore, Md.)

Such work as that of the Army is seriously threatened in its results by dissensions in the ranks of the workers. One branch or the other must be adjudged in the wrong, and that to receive the verdict of condemnation will lose proportionately in influence. Saints may forgive the imperfections of human nature, but sinners hold the good to a very strict account.

The Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

There is doubtless room enough in the United States for at least two organizations to work on Salvation Army principles. The two can teach a grand lesson of Christian unity and brotherly love by working along in harmony, assisting each other whenever possible, and carefully avoiding anything that might look like strife or jealousy.

COMMANDER HERBERT BOOTH.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CONTROVERSY REGARDING VENEZUELA.

EVERYTHING seems now to point to a peaceful settlement of the Venezuela boundary question and to the restoration of complete harmony between Great Britain and the United States. The speeches made at the opening of Parliament not only by the leaders of the opposition but by the government's adherents as well indicated a strong desire for an amicable adjustment of differences. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, the government leader of the House, said the government saw no reason for criticising the Monroe Doctrine and would not be prevented by diplomatic punctilios or false pride from trying to finally settle the boundary question. Premier Salisbury agreed that the United States' intervention might to some extent conduce to desirable results. The British blue book, prepared by Sir Frederick Pollock, professor of jurisprudence in Oxford University, and presenting Great Britain's side of the matter in dispute was brought before the House of Commons March 6. The receipt of this work will greatly facilitate the investigations of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission. Venezuela presented the first part of her evidence to the commission on March 10 and has appointed Hon. William L. Scruggs of Georgia, ex-United States minister to Venezuela, to represent her as counsel before the commission. During the month there has been considerable discussion regarding the possibility of the boundary dispute being settled by means of a joint commission of two Englishmen and two Americans, but no official action concerning such a body is known to have been taken. There has also been renewed agitation in favor of establishing a perpetual board of arbitration between England and the United States. Numerous meetings to this end have been held in both countries. One especially noteworthy convened in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Washington's birthday and

was attended by delegates from Columbus, Boston, St. Paul, and New York. A movement is on foot for a national convention in the interests of peace to be held in Washington at an early date.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

The speeches in Parliament, combined with Mr. Olney's application for British assistance for our commission, show that after much trouble we have at last got back to the position in which we stood before Mr. Olney wrote his dispatch on the 20th of July last, or, if any one prefers it, in which we stood before the president wrote his message on the 17th of December. A gentlemanly note, such as Mr. Bayard wrote the other day to Lord Salisbury, would have undoubtedly secured the information we are now asking for, without the alarm and loss which have since intervened. The speeches in Parliament show clearly that there is a strong desire on both sides not to quarrel with the United States on any subject, and least of all on the Monroe Doctrine.

(Dem.) The Globe. (St. Paul, Minn.)

A more complete and unqualified vindication of the foreign policy of this administration could not be conceived than that which is brought to us by the dispatches announcing the opening of the British Parliament. . . . . To have won the united support of the American people was a great triumph for the administration. To have compelled the assent of the legislative body and the executive officials of the nation against which we pitted ourselves is something beyond either expectation or precedent. We do not exaggerate the language or the meaning of the leaders of opinion in England.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (New York, N. Y.)

The Schomburgk line seems to play little part in Sir Frederick Pollock's argument. That was to be expected. The fact is, Sir Frederick Pollock has, in this Venezuelan blue book, made an argument that is "impressively if not irrefragably strong," to quote the *Daily News* of London, but not, as that paper says, for the British case, but for arbitration. He has proved more clearly than any Venezuelan advocate or any American champion of the Monroe Doctrine has yet succeeded in doing the urgent desirability—for the sake of justice, the imperative necessity—of submitting to intelligent and impartial arbitration the title, not merely to the gold-mine region of the Yuruari, but to the whole territory bounded by the Orinoco, the Caroni, and the Essequibo rivers. And that, there is reason to hope, is what the British and Venezuelan governments will speedily agree to do.

(Lib.) The Daily News. (London, England.)

The Venezuelan blue book bristles with facts and challenges refutation. We shall be much surprised if it does not strongly impress, with their sense of fairness, the very able men now sitting to consider the matter in Washington. Our case is impressively if not irrefragably strong. But the stronger it is the less reason can Lord Salisbury urge against unconditional arbitration. We are most hopeful that the next step will probably be the appointment of the joint commission.

(Lib.) The Daily Telegraph. (London, England.)

We seem to have reached an *impasse* from which arbitration is the only practicable issue. Nobody reading the admirable statement of the British case can doubt that, while maintaining her just rights, England has consistently shown a desire to meet Venezuela half way.

THE LATEST FRENCH CRISIS.

M. BOURGEOIS.
The French Premier.

DURING the month of February complications arose in French politics which threatened to overthrow the ministry and even, as some thought, the very constitution of France. The Senate was dissatisfied with the government for its manner of investigating the southern-railway scandals and particularly with M. Ricard, the minister of justice, for designating Judge Poitevin instead of Judge Rempler to conduct the inquiries, and on February 11 and again on February 15 by vote declared its lack of confidence in the ministry. The Chamber of Deputies, on the other hand, on two separate occasions supported the ministry with large majorities. The ministry, although constitutionally responsible to both Chambers, refused to resign so long as it had the support of the Chamber of Deputies, and a deadlock in legislation was feared. But on February 21, the Senate, while still protesting against what it called "an attack upon the precise provisions of the constitution" and affirming the responsibility of the ministers to both Chambers, declared its unwillingness to suspend legislation and its purpose to continue its deliberations, leaving the country to judge between it and the ministers.

The Tribune. (New York, N. Y.)

The French people have shown far too much steadiness of purpose and fitness for self-government to be stampeded now. They have suffered too much from the antics of irresponsible Chambers, split into wrangling factions and careless of all things save political plunder, to commit to such a body unreservedly the welfare of the state. The Senate has taken a wise and patriotic stand, and an uncommonly shrewd and tactful stand as well. It deserves the support of every real friend of the republic, and it will probably receive at least enough of such support to make it victorious in the battle for the constitution.

The Leader. (Cleveland, O.)

We do not believe that the French Republic is in the least danger. The old feverish expectation of changes and revolutionary outbreaks which filled Paris when any political crisis came has been replaced, it appears, by a feeling of indifference and general confidence that things will come out all right in the end. That is the most solid proof possible that the French Republic is on a sound basis, and that there is no longer danger of revolution whenever some agitator may choose to call upon the Parisian mobs for a crusade against the government.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is well for the electorate that the defect in the constitution should be revealed so strikingly as to insure its correction in order hereafter. The Bourgeois ministry will not long endure because it does not deserve to endure. Its chief benefit to the country, as future annals will doubtless show, will be that it led the way to enactment of a new clause in the fundamental law that a ministry acceptable to the directly chosen House shall not be thrown out at the sole demand of the Chamber indirectly chosen.

GOVERNOR FREDERICK THOMAS GREENHALGE.

GOVERNOR FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

THE death of Governor Frederick Thomas Greenhalge, which occurred at his home in Lowell, Mass., on March 5, was not an unexpected event, the serious character of his illness having been known for several weeks. The breaking down of Governor Greenhalge seems to have indirectly resulted from overstrain, the social duties of his office having been extremely arduous. For the first time in over twenty years the gubernatorial chair in Massachusetts is vacant. Frederick Thomas Greenhalge was born in Clitheroe, England, July 19, 1842. He came with his parents to this country in 1854 and settled in Lowell, Mass. His education begun in Clitheroe was continued in the Lowell public schools and finished at Harvard College. He entered Harvard in 1859; three years later the death of his father forced him to abandon his studies to become the support of his mother and sisters; he, however, received his degree of A.B. from that institution in 1870. He taught school for a time, studying law in his leisure hours in the office of Brown and Alger in Lowell, Mass. His public life began with service in the common council in 1868 and 1869. He was elected mayor of Lowell by large majorities in 1880 and 1881. In 1888 Mr. Greenhalge was chosen as a member of the Fifty-first Congress, where he acquired reputation as an effective debater and active worker. He was nominated by acclamation by the Republican party for governor of Massachusetts in 1893 and was elected by 20,000 majority. He was re-elected in 1894 and 1895. Governor Greenhalge's successor is Lieutenant-Governor Roger Wolcott of Boston, who, according to the constitution, was officially known as "acting governor" during his illness, and since his death has assumed the duties and powers of governorship and becomes commander-in-chief. It is thought probable that he will be elected governor by the Republicans next fall.

(Rep.) Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The death of Governor Greenhalge creates in the ranks of Massachusetts' distinguished men a vacancy which is not easily filled, even by a commonwealth that boasts so many able sons, and robs the nation of one who strikingly exemplified the possibilities of the best alien citizenship. An Englishman by birth, the land of his adoption found in him all the loyalty and uncompromising Americanism that mark the stanchest of our native statesmen. His culture graced, as his wit enlivened, the wide circle in which he moved. His oratory stirred the depths of human nature, and was never enlisted in an unworthy cause. His Republicanism rang true under every test. Tolerant of weakness but intolerant of wrong, he was master of himself

and faithful to every trust reposed in him. Every state in the Union may well lament with Massachusetts the loss of such a man.

(Rep.) The Journal. (Boston, Mass.)

His general policy in state affairs was a wise mingling of progress and conservatism. He was assiduous in his attention to the social duties of his position—which have multiplied of late years beyond all reason—to the peril, as the event proved, of his own personal welfare. He aimed to be the governor of all the people, without regard to party, race, or faction. His purpose was understood and appreciated, and his administration received in two immense majorities an extraordinary mark of popular approval. From first to last the public life of Frederick T. Greenhalge was an honor to himself and to his state. His friends and family may well cherish his memory with pride and his fellow-citizens with gratitude.

The Budget. (Boston, Mass.)

Our governor was very near to his people. The tremendous pluralities he repeatedly received testified in language unmistakable of the degree to which his fellow-citizens believed in and trusted him. And not once, from the hour when first he swore allegiance to his state, has he failed to serve, with most rigid uprightness, the welfare of those whom he represented. His record as governor is a noble and glorious crown to a life full of goodness and high achievement.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA AND THE ACTION IN CONGRESS.

THE messages from Cuba continue to chronicle repeated defeats for the insurgents, but so far "rebels defeated" as used by the Spanish under General Weyler seems to leave the insurgents as irrepressible as it did under General Gomez. The several combinations made by the Spanish troops to crush Maceo and Gomez separately all failed. Early in March uneasiness was caused in official circles by the consolidation just east of the Havana line of forces under Gomez, Maceo, Lacret, and other Cuban leaders. A battle followed, March 7, in which, Havana reports say, the rebels were defeated with great loss. General Weyler's terrible methods of conducting the war in secret, announced in February, make pale the censorship of the press already instituted; for he has ordered away from the Spanish columns both American and Spanish correspondents. By the same decree he limited their writing concerning the war wholly to the affirmations proclaimed from the palace in official bulletins. Great cruelty shown by General Weyler and threatened retaliation by the Cubans is reported. All travel in the island is stopped and commerce at a standstill. Popular sympathy in the United States is active for the Cubans. On March 5 the Senate and the House almost unanimously passed resolutions, which they made concurrent, stating that in the opinion of Congress the United States should recognize the belligerent rights of both parties at war in Cuba and observe a strict neutrality between them; that the government of the United States should use its good offices and friendly influence to establish the independence of Cuba; that the United States should be prepared to protect legitimate interests of America in Cuba by intervention if necessary; and that Congress pledges its support to the president in carrying out these resolutions. A sub-committee was appointed to consider whether the executive has authority to veto concurrent resolutions. The president and Cabinet are not in favor of according belligerent rights until the Cuban party has established a *de facto* government, and they consider their present information insufficient to warrant any action. On March 9 a resolution was agreed upon requesting the president to communicate to the Senate all available information on the state of affairs in Cuba, especially that touching the interests of the United States. On March 11, a joint resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate authorizing and requesting the president to institute a thorough investigation into the war methods of both the Spanish and belligerents in view of learning whether they adhere to the established rules of civilized warfare or resort to barbarous atrocities.

The Enquirer. (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The Republicans in the Senate and in the House have taken the lead in this matter, and though the Democrats are in alliance with them it must be remembered that the former are going directly in the face of party precedent while the latter are casting back to an old party project for the acquisition of Cuba. Twenty years ago there was an insurrection in Cuba which lasted for ten years, and General Grant, a Republican, under the advice of very able Republican politicians, refused to take the course which the Republican leaders now recommend.

Kansas Capital. (Topeka, Kan.)

The point to which Congress should give its attention is that this policy of General Weyler is not war. The proclamations and acts of the tyrant, in the common judgment of humanity, relieve this nation from any requirement of international law to stand aloof from the Cuban cause.

The Herald. (Binghamton, N. Y.)

General Weyler intimated, when he took charge of affairs in Havana, that he would end the revolution in a month. Now he says he will end it in a year and a half. It is quite evident he knows more

about the revolutionists and their strength than he did before he landed on the island.

The Times. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is a movement in the interest of humanity, and it is also a movement to extend something like equal rights to Spain and the Cubans. An insurgent army that started upon one end of the island, marched its whole length, amounting to 700 miles, and that today occupies nearly or quite every province of Cuba, cannot be treated by the civilized world as a mere rebellion. It is a revolution. . . . . It is Cuba against its oppressor, and the least that this government can do is to extend equal rights to both the contending parties as far as possible.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is reported that Spain is negotiating with several European powers, with a view to securing their agreement to a joint protest in the event of President Cleveland's recognizing Cuban belligerency. . . . We need to consider the chances that, in giving Cuba our sympathy, we shall incur the displeasure of Europe, with the possible consequences of it.

FOREIGN COMMENT.

The Matin. (Paris, France.)

Spain's indignation is justified, but we advise her not to take extreme decisions by which she would injure her own interests.

The Westminster Gazette. (London, England.)

The American Congress' action is steadily destroying not only respect abroad but its influence in the conduct of foreign affairs, and the strange result of this rabid republicanism is that it is daily forcing one man more and more into power.

The Pall Mall Gazette. (London, England.)

The House of Representatives has done well to smooth the rough edges of the Senate's resolution. The recognition of the rebels need not necessarily be precipitated. If Spain is the conqueror, awkward complications might be brought about. On the other hand there is nothing to show that General Weyler will fare a jot better than Campos. Great Britain, in any case, is but remotely concerned in the affair. There is the broad fact that Cuba, under Spain, is perpetually revolting or wanting to revolt. Nobody, therefore, is especially anxious to back Spain through thick and thin, especially through thin.

The St. James Gazette. (London, England.)

If war be the result, the jingo politicians may be surprised. We do not see where, outside of the United States, the Americans will find any support for their unlimited policy of aggression.

The Figaro. (Paris, France.)

Although President Cleveland is not a man to recoil from a conflict with Spain should his electoral interests require it, he will resist the excitement of Congress. The American statesman will do well not to exasperate Europe with the Monroe Doctrine. It is certain that Spain will not recede and it is difficult to see what benefit the United States will derive from war.

FREE-COINAGE LEGISLATION IN CONGRESS.

THE United States Senate on February 1 adopted the free-coinage substitute for the House bond bill by a vote of 42 to 35. The substitute declares that standard silver dollars shall be coined, as provided by the act of 1837, upon the same terms as gold and that the seigniorage on the silver purchased under the act of 1890 shall be coined and silver certificates be at once issued for it. It also provides that the government shall redeem greenbacks and treasury notes in either silver or gold at its own discretion and shall retire national bank notes below the denomination of $10.00. This substitute suffered a crushing defeat in the House, being rejected February 13 by the committee of the whole and the next day by a formal vote of 215 to 90. The Senate Committee on Finance was not satisfied with the adoption of one free-coinage measure and February 4 reported as a substitute for the House tariff bill a measure which retained only the enacting clauses of the original and added to these a duplicate of the silver bill already adopted. So far all attempts to induce the Senate to act on the original tariff bill have failed and the contest between the free-silver and anti-free-silver Republicans in the Senate has attracted widespread interest.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus, O.)

If the silver party in the Senate are so disposed and think they are strong enough to take protection by the throat and say "Join with us in cheapening the currency of the country or we will unite with the free traders in humbling or cheapening the industry of the country," let them go on. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Senator Platt of Connecticut never loses his head or speaks at random. The present coalition between the silverites and free traders marks, he says, "the end of the silver agitation in this country." It is certainly the beginning of the end. Cheap silver and cheap labor go together. Those who want the one do well to coalesce with those who want the other. The Republican party wants neither.

(Dem.) The World. (New York, N. Y.)

The vote in the Senate is insignificant. It does not represent the sentiment of the country, as is clearly shown by the attitude of the House, fresh

from the people, with a heavy majority against the silver craze. The states both of whose senators voted for free silver have a total population of less than twenty millions out of the seventy millions in the country. And even that twenty millions is not truly represented by the senatorial vote, as the largest state in the list—Missouri, with its nearly three millions—has overwhelmingly rejected the free-silver craze since the two senators who misrepresent that state were elected.

(Ind.) The Salt Lake Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Ut.)

The silver question will be on hand in the conventions to vex both parties, and if both parties, under the guidance of such men as John Sherman and Grover Cleveland, please to ignore the demand, then there will be more work and more agitation, because the gigantic robbery and wholesale spoliation which is now being perpetrated under this high-sounding name of "sound money" will have to be stopped before the silver question will be disposed of.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (New York, N. Y.)

It is not improbable that this decision may prove of great value in international finance. If British and other European investors have been deterred from buying American securities to a large extent by the apprehension that the free-silver craze might at some unexpected moment plunge the currency of this country into disorder, they now have the best reason to dismiss their fears. The House represents the people.

THE ITALIAN DEFEAT IN ABYSSINIA.

ITALY is passing through a serious crisis brought on by the disastrous defeat of her army in Africa. On March 2 the Italians, about 40,000 strong, under General Baratieri attacked the position held by the army of King Menelik of Abyssinia, estimated at about 60,000, and was overwhelmingly defeated with a loss of over 5,000 men. General Baratieri has been relieved of his command and is succeeded by General Baldissera. The news of the defeat created great excitement throughout Italy, and was the signal for a popular uprising against the government. In the Chamber of Deputies demands were made for the impeachment of Premier Crispi and his ministers, the ministry being constitutionally responsible to that body, and riots broke out in many of the principal cities where attempts were made to call out the reserves. This imbroglio is the result of the effort made by Italy to extend its hold upon Eastern Africa. Italy's possessions in Africa include about 603,000 square miles. The battle of March 2 was fought near Adowa, which is the Abyssinian capital. This region became an Italian protectorate in 1889 by virtue of a treaty between King Humbert and King Menelik, who is recognized as the supreme ruler of Abyssinia. Since the treaty there has been constant friction between the Italians and Abyssianians, which has recently developed in open rebellion and has resulted in the utter defeat of the Italian Army. The policy executed by the government in this aggressive warfare has been opposed by a large portion of the Italian people and has cost not only thousands of lives but has resulted in the overthrow of Crispi's ministry. The condition in Italy is extremely critical. Her obligations to the Triple Alliance have forced her to maintain a military and naval establishment far beyond her strength, in the face of impending bankruptcy and at the cost of oppressive taxation. The defeat at Adowa seriously affects Italy's position in Europe and may forecast a readjustment of the Dreibund. Owing to the gravity of the situation it was thought that King Humbert, who nominates his ministers, would have difficulty in forming a new ministry, but on March 10 the members of a new cabinet were sworn into office, with Marquis di Rudini as prime minister and secretary of the interior and General Ricotti as minister of war. It is stated that King Humbert favors prosecuting the war but the people denounce its continuance. What the outcome will be is not now clear.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

The defeat of Baratieri last Sunday cannot fail to weaken the influence of Italy in Europe, and the disaster is one which is well-nigh irreparable in its effects. In addition to demonstrating to the world the weakness of Italy as a military force, it has bred internal strife, which has been brewing for years and which the government will find difficult of suppression.

The Tribune. (New York, N. Y.)

Thousands of lives and millions of money have been wasted in an attempt to conquer a land which, if conquered, would be valueless. The attempt has ended in disaster. The military prestige of Italy is damaged worse than it would have been by withdrawal from the Triple Alliance. The nation has sold itself for naught. It thought it was seeking its own aggrandizement and glory when it was merely slaving for a selfish taskmaster. The real object of its struggles was to serve Germany and to fulfill Bismarck's dream of forty years ago.

The Record. (Chicago, Ill.)

The task awaiting the man who becomes premier of Italy is one that would make any statesman hesitate. The finance system is chaotic—a fabric of debts and taxes. Political feeling runs high and the various factions embitter the quarrel with charges and countercharges of scandalous corruption which, unfortunately, are evidently based upon truth. Above all at the present time the Abyssinian blunder presents a problem the solution of which will excite

popular wrath no matter what course is taken. The Italians would bewail the withdrawal of the troops from Abyssinia, and they just as certainly would condemn any further exports of men and money to keep the fight in progress. It is in such a complication as this that one begins to appreciate the importance of Crispi in Italy and the strong hand which he has been exercising in past months.

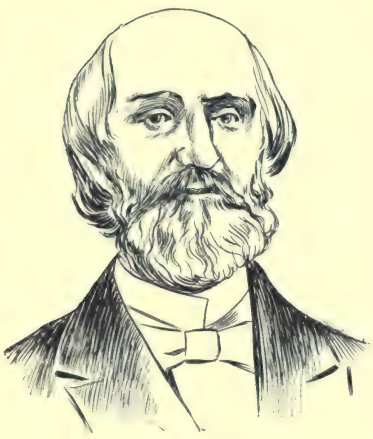
The Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The new Italian ministry, with Marquis di Rudini at the head of the table, is reported to be decidedly Conservative in its leanings, which is probably a good thing for the nation. While the Crispi administration was classified as Conservative, it had advanced ideas on a foreign policy which, in other countries, are characteristic of the Radicals. Rudini is a man of experience, and, although he falls far short of Crispi's ability, as does, indeed, every other of that great Italian's contemporaries, the new premier possesses a well-stored mind, an adequate conception of the tangled condition of Italy's affairs, both foreign and domestic, and he has the disposition to sink his own views in order that there may be in the new ministry a homogeneous policy. It would seem that the first effort of the premier should be to bring about an *entente* with King Menelik, to the end that Italy may emerge with peace and honor from the Abyssinian campaign. It is to be admitted that in the present excited state of the Italian populace this will not be an easy performance.

The American. (Baltimore, Md.)

The effect of the disaster upon the politics of Europe may be of vast importance. The Triple Alliance has been in a shaky condition for a long time. Germany has been paying assiduous court to Russia, and has shown little regard for her allies. She has also so distinctly drawn away from England that actual collision has recently been threatened.

HENRY CHANDLER BOWEN.



REV. HENRY C. BOWEN.

THE editor and proprietor of *The Independent*, Mr. Henry Chandler Bowen, died of heart failure at his home on Brooklyn Heights February 24. His health had been failing for some years, but his death was sudden. Mr. Bowen was in his eighty-third year, having been born September 11, 1813, at Woodstock, Conn. He was of sturdy New England stock, the son of George and Lydia Bowen. His early education was acquired in his native town, and although ambitious to enter college he was kept busy as a clerk in his father's store until the age of twenty. He then went to New York and became engaged in the dry-goods business, being first associated with Arthur Tappan and finally becoming senior member of the firm of Bowen, Holmes & Co. The house was prosperous until the panic preceding the war, when it was forced to suspend. Mr. Bowen was one of five persons to found *The Independent*. The first issue appeared December 7, 1848, with Dr. Leonard Bacon as chief editor and the Rev. Richard Storrs, Jr., the Rev. Joseph Thompson, and Joshua Leavitt, D. D., associates. It was established as the organ of Congregationalism and was a powerful antislavery advocate. During its early history it was not a financial success, and in a few years Mr. Bowen bought out his associates, and has since remained sole owner. He was an ardent Republican and in 1862 was appointed by President Lincoln collector of internal revenue for the Third New York District, but was removed from office by President Johnson because *The Independent* opposed his policy. Drs. Bacon, Storrs, and Thompson having retired from the editorship of *The Independent*, Henry Ward Beecher, and later Theodore Tilton held that position; on the retirement of Mr. Tilton Mr. Bowen became editor as well as proprietor, and until his death controlled its policy and fortunes. Mr. Bowen was a faithful believer in the Christian church, and conspicuously active in the Congregational denomination. He was instrumental in founding the Congregational Church Building Society, which distributes nearly $200,000 yearly for churches and parsonages. He retained his love for his native town and left a beautiful park as a memorial.

The Advance. (Chicago, Ill.)

Mr. Bowen will be generally accorded a rank among the great journalists of America. Not laying claim to special literary attainment, he knew how to select and employ the talents of others to the building up of a great institution and to the furtherance of great ends. With business ability which won him large financial success, he more than once took great financial risks rather than abandon his deepest convictions. He was a man cast in a large mold, a journalist of high and clear ideals and wide sweep of sympathy and purpose and of statesman-

like conceptions, a powerful force for truth and righteousness in many lines, political, social, and religious, throughout the country.

The Evangelist. (New York, N. Y.)

A man of true New England spirit and force, peculiarly endowed with the qualities which make a successful organizer and executive, gifted with energy that was tireless and courage that never faltered, Mr. Bowen has been a power in New York of no ordinary kind for over half a century. . . . To have stood among the founders of Plymouth Church, the Church of the Pilgrims, and of *The Independent*, and to have retained a leading position to this late date, is at once evidence of eminent ability and the high honor of enduring leadership. Men of this sort are rare.

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE TRANSVAAL AFFAIR.

WITHIN the month several events of importance in connection with the Transvaal have kept the subject before the public mind. Early in February Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the British colonial secretary, submitted to President Kruger through the governor of Cape Colony a scheme recommending certain so-called reforms in the internal affairs of the Transvaal and invited the president to visit England for a conference. President Kruger resented what he considered an infringement upon the treaty rights of the republic and informed the colonial secretary that he could tolerate no interference in the domestic affairs of the state. About the same time Baron Marschal von Bieberstein, the German minister of foreign affairs, speaking in the Reichstag defined Germany's position, saying that country would uphold the *status quo* of Delagoa Bay, the rights involved in the ownership of the German railways and the maintenance of the independence of the South African Republic as guaranteed by the treaty of 1884. Cecil Rhodes, ex-premier of Cape Colony, after remaining in England scarcely a week started on his return to Rhodesia to resume work for the British Chartered Company, "without," as Mr. Chamberlain said, "the control of a single policeman." The prisoners sent from Pretoria for trial by the British government arrived in England the last week of February. Dr. Jameson and fourteen others were arraigned before the Bow Street police court February 25, charged with warring against a friendly state. Bail was fixed at £2,000 and the prisoners were released on their personal recognizances. If the applause with which Jameson's appearance was greeted is an index of public sentiment, he is a hero in the eyes of the English people.

The Republican. (Denver, Col.)

The debate in the Reichstag over the Transvaal affairs brought out the fact that sentiment generally approved the action of the emperor in congratulating President Kruger, but there were expressions indicating a disposition to criticise him for assuming such great responsibility. His dispatch was in harmony with German feeling, but it was going a little too far for him to assume a position that might have led to dangerous foreign complications. The manifestation of this spirit of criticism suggests that there is a strong element in the Reichstag prepared to restrict the emperor within the limits of his prerogatives.

The American. (Baltimore, Md.)

President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, never did a shrewder thing than when he delivered Jameson and his freebooters to the British government to be punished by British law. He thereby avoided infinite embarrassment himself, and will probably cover the British government with confusion. Had he held the invaders and dealt with them under the laws of the republic, they would have been martyrs, no matter how leniently punished, and their imprisonment would have been a rankling sore in British public opinion, incessantly demanding heroic treatment. . . . By delivering these freebooters to the British government, President Kruger imposes upon the latter the obligation to try and punish them for a very grave offense. The soft language of Mr. Chamberlain will avail nothing in such a case. It is a stern duty he has to perform, and it is very doubtful if he will be able to perform it.

The Record. (Chicago, Ill.)

The sturdy Boer president has received the liberal damnation of faint praise, and Dr. Jameson stands a fair show of receiving praise in the form of faint damnation. Meantime, whatever the Bow Street court may do, the British public has already "vindicated" the culprit by its attitude of admiration.

The Leader. (Cleveland, O.)

It looks very much as if the plotters who seek to embroil the little Boer state with Great Britain and bring about its downfall would have to work fast if they are to succeed while Kruger lives. He is too wise and prudent to be easily led into their traps, and he is clearly determined to bring about friendly relations with the great mass of English-speaking settlers in the gold fields, if it shall prove possible to do so without taking from his own people the control of their own country. Unfortunately for the Boers, however, President Kruger is an old man, and although he is erect and strong at seventy-five or thereabouts he cannot be expected to guide the course of his people many years longer with the same cool courage and shrewd foresight which have hitherto characterized his leadership.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY AS A HOLIDAY.

FIVE states of the Union, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Minnesota, and Washington, observed Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February, as a legal holiday, and in many other states celebrations occurred. Among the most noteworthy of the speeches made in honor of Lincoln were those of ex-Governor McKinley in Chicago, General O. O. Howard at Burlington, Vermont, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew in New York, ex-Confederate General J. A. Walker, of Virginia, in Boston, and Hon. Booker T. Washington, the well-known freedman, in Brooklyn. The various celebrations and the introduction into Congress of a bill (which was defeated) to make the 12th of February a national holiday caused the press to comment freely upon the advisability of taking such action.

The Ohio State Journal. (Columbus, O.)

It would be a happy consummation if the birthday of Abraham Lincoln were set apart as a national holiday, instead of having it celebrated, as now, by one political party. He wrought for the whole country. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the time, but with infinite patience and consummate skill carved a nation out of a host of discordant elements. Each year adds to the circle of those who worship at Lincoln's shrine. In good time we shall see the republic, North and South, stand uncovered in his mighty presence. Already all loyal hearts are his. On Columbia's calendar of worth and fame his name stands first.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Much as we revere the memory of Lincoln, we believe that honors peculiar, and unshared with any, should be reserved for Washington. Even many years before his death, and long before he had become president, the custom of celebrating his birthday had come into vogue among his fellow-officers, and also among his fellow-citizens, being more and more widely observed each year. This custom should remain an undivided honor.

The Courier Journal. (Louisville, Ky.)

There is a good deal of humbug in this business of creating holidays to celebrate the birth of eminent men. A great many men have rendered services to the country that should make their memories dear to the people, but it does not follow that they are specially honored by giving holidays to federal employees while everybody else is engaged at work. It was not by idleness that these men were able to serve their country, but by doing with all their might what was necessary to be done. We have about enough of these so-called national holidays which are not generally observed. New ones should be created with great caution. . . . The safest rule is not to make a holiday by law until the people have made it such by actual observance.

REBELLION IN NICARAGUA.

GEN. JOSÉ SANTOS ZELAYA.
President of Nicaragua.

WAR has again broken out in Nicaragua. On the 25th of February it became known that the Departments of the West and North were in open revolt against President Zelaya. The center of the revolt was at Leon and the insurrectionists, led by General Oritz, an ex-president of the republic, were a faction opposed to the Zelaya wing of the Liberals because of long-standing grievances. Among these were the removal of the capital from Leon to Managua and differences of religious belief. The Conservatives of Granada rallied to the support of the president and an army of 3,000 men with twenty pieces of artillery was quickly put into the field. This force advanced to meet the rebels, who were reported to be 4,000 strong, and on February 27 Nagarote and the next day Momotomba were captured by the government forces. On March 2 the rebels under General Escalon attacked Nagarote and after six or eight hours' fighting were wholly defeated or dispersed. They succeeded in firing the town before they fled. President Zelaya reviewed an army of 5,000 men at Nagarote on the 9th of March and conferred high honors upon the officers who had distinguished themselves in the recent battle. At that date there was talk of waiting until troops from Honduras were in a position to assist the Nicaraguans before advancing further. The United States steamer *Alert* has been ordered to Corinto to protect American interests in Nicaragua.

The Republican. (Denver, Col.)

The revolution in Nicaragua is greatly to be regretted, more especially since it occurs at a time when it was thought that Nicaragua was beginning to appreciate the benefit of orderly government and that prosperity would soon be the rule. The turbulent spirit of the average Spanish-American could not be quiet but had to revolt. It may become necessary for the United States to interfere in order to protect our interests in the proposed canal. Such interference would be a good thing for Nicaragua, for it would establish order and without that it is impossible for the country to prosper.

The Leader. (Cleveland, O.)

If there were a great waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific, in Nicaragua, the property of the canal company and the canal itself would be in danger of serious injury at the hands of the semi-savages fighting over a local quarrel of no importance to the world. It would be necessary to protect the canal from destruction or blockading, and that work would naturally fall to the power which was most interested. . . . But this country could hardly permit European soldiers to be used as guardians of a great American canal. Their presence would virtually convert the little American state in which they might be stationed into a dependency of the nation taking charge of the canal. That would be such a violation of the Monroe Doctrine as could never be tolerated. . . . That is one of the most important reasons why the great highway of commerce which must soon be opened through the American isthmus will have to be an American enterprise under the control of this republic.

DR. SANFORD HUNT.

REV. SANFORD HUNT, D.D.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. Sanford Hunt the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has lost one of its most prominent members. He died of apoplexy, in Cincinnati, whither he had gone to attend the annual meeting of the Book Committee of his church. Dr. Hunt was the senior member of the firm of Hunt and Eaton, agents of the eastern Methodist Book Concern, and during his long life was closely identified with the affairs of his church. His death came with a severe and sudden shock, as he was in good health when he left home two weeks before. An impressive memorial service was held in Cincinnati February 12 by the Book Committee, and funeral services were conducted at his home in Brooklyn February 15. Dr. Hunt was born in Eden, N. Y., in 1825. He became a member of the Methodist Church at the age of fifteen years and at twenty-two was graduated with honors from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. During the same year he joined the Genesee Conference, of which he was for eight years secretary and for nearly ten years presiding elder. His reputation as a financier was obtained by unremitting labor in church building. He was elected delegate to the General Conference seven times. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in 1871 by his *alma mater*. He was first elected one of the heads of the eastern Book Concern of his church by the General Conference in 1879 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Reuben Nelson; subsequently he was reëlected every four years until the time of his death. By virtue of his position as senior agent of the eastern house he had been, for several years prior to his death, treasurer of the missionary society of the church, in which important office he displayed marked ability. He has written a number of books of value in Methodist literature, among which are "The History of Buffalo Methodism," "A Handbook for Trustees," and "Religious Corporations." The erection of the present home of the Methodist Book Concern in New York, valued at $1,110,000, was an achievement to which his energy and ability contributed in no small degree.

Christian Advocate. (New York, N. Y.)

In all positions he commanded respect, won life-long friends, made constant additions to the church, administered wisely, was firm, yet conciliatory, and became the confidential adviser of others. Thus inspiring trust in his discretion, and hope by his steady enthusiasm, he brought those things to pass which his reason approved as fitting under the circumstances.

Zion's Herald. (Boston, Mass.)

Few are the men who were so generally beloved, revered, and honored by our Methodism. He did his work so loyally and with such unselfish devotion that he had rightly won a peculiar place in the confidence and affection of the entire church. His life was so well balanced, his religion was so pervasive, that he lived on a plane where not even suspicion or misapprehension reached him.

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY.

As if their atrocities in Armenia were not enough excitement for the Turks, there is imminent a revolution of the young Turkish party. Meanwhile depredations against the Christians in Asia Minor, especially at Erzerum, Harpoot, and Marash, continue with increased aggravation. Whole villages have been demolished, and their thousands of inhabitants have fled to the cities, where, destitute of shelter and clothing these winter months, they wander about begging bread. In Palu and its vicinity the Turks are forcing the Christians to sign away their fields and property. Tax gatherers beat the Armenians to extort from them the money that has been given them to avert starvation. The government post offices, on plea of danger from robbers, refuse to forward money orders to interior districts when applied to by kinsmen of the persecuted. Unofficial almsgiving is suppressed with the order that the sultan in person is managing that work. In spite of these obstacles, by the middle of January one hundred thousand dollars' worth of supplies raised by the Armenian Relief Committee (American) had been distributed successfully among the sufferers by a committee of foreign diplomats and residents in Constantinople working through European consuls and Americans located in the principal cities of the interior. To extend the work of relief by government protection, it was put in charge of Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross Society. Her preparations for the undertaking were almost completed, when on January 13 the Turkish minister at Washington announced the official refusal of the imperial government to allow "any distribution among its subjects in its own territory by any foreign society, or individuals, however respectable the same may be (as for instance the Red Cross Society), of money collected abroad." Miss Barton resolutely went on to Constantinople, and on February 18, through Minister Terrell, she obtained the sultan's permission to aid the suffering Armenians and promises of his full protection. Her headquarters are at Pera, and her agents have proceeded to Harpoot, Aleppo, and other interior provinces. Notwithstanding this concession, the sultan has negatived the promises of Tewfik Pasha, minister of foreign affairs, repeated before Miss Barton, to allow Red Cross distributors of relief to go to Antolia.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

It is a curious commentary upon modern diplomacy that while the great powers of Christendom are lying still, each glowering at all the rest and each doing nothing to restrain the bloodthirsty Turk from exterminating the inhabitants of Turkish Armenia, two American women should be carrying on in that desolated district a campaign of peace, of love, and for Christianity. Dr. Grace Kimball, an American medical missionary and one of the chief agents of the Armenian Relief Association in the interior of that ancient kingdom, and Miss Clara Barton, the president of the Red Cross Society of the United States, at Stamboul are managing an army of which bankers, consuls, consular agents, missionaries, merchants, and colporteurs are the rank and file.

Evening Star. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Whether or not there has been an alliance offensive and defensive between Turkey and Russia is a matter of no moment. The whole civilized world is interested and shocked by the Armenian inhumanities, and if necessary to their prevention the whole civilized world should not only enter a word protest but that more effective argument, the presence of warships and troops at Constantinople, with a full understanding as to the object of their visit.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

Abdul Hamid objects to the people of the United States expending any money to aid such of his subjects as have survived the butcheries of the Kurds wearing the uniforms of his army and furnished with arms and ammunition from his arsenals. It is this well-known fact that calls for the most prompt and energetic action. If the European powers will not act in unison with our government we ought to act alone and as promptly as the exigencies of the case will admit.

The Evening Herald. (Binghamton, N. Y.)

The sultan has granted permission to Clara Barton to enter his empire, not as a representative of the Red Cross Society, however. The sultan will permit individuals whom Minister Terrell names to distribute funds and clothing in the interior of Turkey upon the condition that Turkish officials are kept informed of what is done. The sultan does not love a Christian any more than he did before giving permission for Miss Barton to enter. He simply believes that it is the part of wisdom not to anger the United States more than it is necessary.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

As for Miss Barton's mission, it is not easy to understand, all things considered, why it was undertaken, or what good can come of it. It is likely to be costly and without any compensating results. Although the outcome is doubtful, it is undeniable that the time has come for the United States to plainly voice the sentiment of the American people with reference to the intolerable condition of the Christians in Turkey, particularly those who are American citizens.

RELEASE OF EX-CONSUL WALLER.

THE dispute between France and the United States in regard to John L. Waller, ex-consul for the United States to Madagascar, has been settled amicably to both governments. Mr. Waller (negro), whom the French at Tamatave courtmarshaled in March, 1895, and sentenced to twenty years' solitary confinement under conviction of treasonable communication with the Hovas, was released from Nîmes Prison February 20, having been pardoned by President Faure. The French government granted the release on condition that the United States should claim no indemnity for the arrest, conviction, and imprisonment of the ex-consul. Mr. Waller was also convicted of embezzlement. His friends denounce both charges as a plot to rob him of his property and of valuable concessions in the rubber district granted him by the natives.

(Rep.) The Leader. (Cleveland, O.)

Paul Bray, the stepson of John M. Waller, makes a good point against the Democratic administration when he says that Secretary of State Olney withheld from Congress that part of the official correspondence in the Waller case relating to the rights of France in Madagascar at the time the ex-consul was arrested for holding communication with the Hovas government of the island. . . . France was, so far as this government was concerned, simply a filibuster, for the reason that the French protectorate over Madagascar had never been recognized by the United States. Indeed our consuls to Tamatave received their exequaturs from the Hovas government and not from the representative of France, and no citizen of this country had any reason to believe that he was subject to the authority of France in any way while in the island.

(Dem.) The Times. (Kansas City, Mo.)

Waller's release makes the record of the foreign policy of this Democratic administration almost complete, and, as far as it goes, completely invulnerable to hostile criticism.

(Rep.) The Journal. (Kansas City, Mo.)

When before was an American citizen thrown into a foreign dungeon without shadow or form of law or right and released on the supine promise of the American government that no demand for reparation should be made? This is the crowning act of an administration which has been distinguished for its abject submission to foreign insult. Every American ought to blush for shame at the spectacle.

(Dem.) The Record. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

As the event proved, the conduct of the French government in the matter was irreproachably correct; and the release of the prisoner was an amiable concession to the American republic.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

With the release of John L. Waller from a French prison the "Waller incident" seems to be regarded as closed. . . . . It may be added that our state department, after a careful examination of his case, declined to interest itself very heartily in his behalf, and rather intimated that he was guilty of indiscretion, if nothing worse, though scarcely deserving of the severe sentence imposed.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT AND THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE regular session of the British Parliament opened February 11 and the same day the queen's speech was read before the assembled Lords and Commons. The speech presented a statement of the general relations of the nation to home and foreign questions and offered suggestions for legislative action. The three leading foreign topics, Venezuela, Turkey, and the Transvaal were given prominent place. In regard to Venezuela, the statement was made that the United States had manifested a desire to coöperate in the termination of the differences and hope of a satisfactory settlement was declared. The reference to Turkey expressed deep regret for the Armenian massacres and asserted that the sultan had sanctioned the reform measures. The invasion of the Transvaal was deplored and the promise made that its origin and circumstances shall be made the subject of searching inquiry. The document also contained references to the conclusion of an agreement between France and Great Britain by which the independence of Siam is established, to the delimitation of the boundary separating India and Afghanistan from Russia, and to the expedition against Ashantee. Parliament was urged to give its most earnest attention to the improvement of the naval defenses and was asked to consider the Irish Land Bill, a measure for the formation of an Irish board of agriculture, and measures for mitigating the distress of the agricultural classes.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

There is not a word of condemnation for the incursion into the South African Republic of an armed force maintained and controlled by the British South Africa Company, nor is any intention expressed of punishing that company by a forfeiture of its charter. . . . . As to the appalling situation in Armenia, not a word is said about the duty or purpose of the British government to bring the perfidious Turk to book before his infernal plan is carried

out of solving the Armenian problem by the annihilation of the Armenians.

The Irish World. (New York, N. Y.)

So far as can be gathered from the rather vague language of the "Queen's Speech," Salisbury has made up his mind to recede from the position he first took up. . . . . It may be that England's isolation, as shown by the attitude assumed by the other nations when she and Germany seemed to be on the point of coming to blows, may have had something to do with Salisbury's conversion to arbitration.

The Record. (Chicago, Ill.)

The speech, unfortunately, leaves no chance for a definite conclusion as to the stand of the British ministry toward the Monroe Doctrine, but it is hard to understand why Her Majesty's government should have made even this tacit recognition of the United States' interference unless it meant to imply that such interference was based on plausible and possibly legitimate grounds.

NANSEN AND THE NORTH POLE.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

THE north pole has at last been found, if the most direct news may be believed, and its discoverer, the Norwegian explorer Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, has returned safely from that goal to Ust Yansk, located on the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Yana River. The exact date of arrival at the pole is not known, though as Dr. Nansen started on his voyage from Christiania June 24, 1893, there was ample time for him to have made the journey before last spring when rumor first credited him with success. All the news yet substantiated is that sent by the trader Peter Ivanowich Kuchnareff stationed at Ust Yansk, of whom Nansen obtained Eskimo dogs for the expedition, to the merchant Kuchnareff at Yakutsk. His letter dated November 10, was telegraphed on to St. Petersburg by the governor of Irkutsk as follows: "We learn that Dr. Nansen has reached the pole, has discovered hitherto unknown land, and has now returned. Consequently the Arctic Ocean has now been explored." The fact that Dr. Nansen was said to be returning by way of Siberia cast doubt on the report concerning his success, for it was his theory that his stout ship *Fram*, once north of the New Siberian Islands, would drift with the ice in the north-flowing current over the north pole, and then southward to the coast of Greenland. But his discoveries disproving the popular theory of a sea at the north pole account for the change in his plans.

The Tribune. (New York, N. Y.)

It is proper that a Norseman should get first to the pole. The old Vikings scoured the sea to America even before Columbus, and long before modern science came to help them penetrate into the far North. The arctic zone is theirs by right. Nobody will begrudge their flag place at the world's axis.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

If Dr. Nansen has discovered the north pole he has done what no record of history shows has been achieved by any other man. He will have destroyed one of the greatest sources for speculation and popular as well as scientific imagination and writings. . . . All the fables of the open Polar Sea, of the maelstrom, and of the legends of mythology will be banished if Dr. Nansen's quest has been successful.

The Record. (Chicago, Ill.)

The theory on which Dr. Nansen planned his trip —namely, that he could sail his boat into the ice floe north of Siberia and then drift on the floe across the polar site into the Greenland seas—has been bitterly attacked by some explorers and as warmly approved by others. If the present rumor is correct, however, Nansen has failed to establish his own theory, whether he reached the pole or not, for instead of returning by way of Greenland he is said to have been heard from in Siberia again.

The Inquirer. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It has been wondered why Nansen should have returned along the line that he took to reach the North, but that may be because arctic travel is what it has to be, and when a ship is caught in an ice floe it has to go with the floe on whatever current or before whatever wind is blowing. Nansen intended to cross the top of the earth and after he had reached the pole continue south and get into the Pacific through Behring Strait. This may not have been found possible, and so he decided on returning by a safer route. It would really be glad news to the world if the *Fram* should some day before long sail into Archangel harbor from *Ultima Thule*.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

February 7. House bill to prohibit prize fights and bull fights in the territories and the District of Columbia is passed.

February 8. The Republican committee of New York endorses the candidacy of Morton for president and decides upon March 24th for the convention in New York City.

February 11. Railway collision on Illinois Central Railroad between passenger and freight trains. Seven men killed.

February 13. It is announced that Senator M. S. Quay is a candidate for president.

February 17. The president sends to the Senate the nomination of William W. Baldwin of New York to be third assistant secretary of state.——Mardi Gras carnival opens at New Orleans.

February 18. The Daughters of the American Revolution hold their fifth annual congress at Washington, D. C.

February 19. Secretary Carlisle awards the bonds of defaulting bidders, amounting to $4,700,000, to the Morgan syndicate.——The Senate passes the pension and military academy bills; the agricultural bill is passed by the House with provision for free distribution of seeds.

February 20. Preliminaries are arranged for holding an exposition of southern products in Chicago which will open August 1, 1896.

February 21. Proceeds from the sale of bonds bring the gold reserve above the $100,000,000 mark for the first time since September 7, 1895.——The ram *Katahdin* is commissioned at Brooklyn and the monitor *Monadnock* at Mare Island, Cal.

February 22. Josiah Quincy, at a banquet in Boston, proposes Secretary Olney as Democratic nominee for president.

February 25. A filibustering expedition just about to leave New York for Cuba on the steamer *Bermuda* is captured, and General Garcia and other prominent leaders are taken into custody.

February 27. Lord Dunraven is expelled from the New York Yacht Club by a vote of 31 to 1.

February 28. A resolution to give woman full suffrage is defeated in the Iowa Senate by a vote of 49 to 44.

February 29. The American liner *New York* runs aground near New York Harbor in a dense fog.

March 2. The Senate passes a bill for the increase of the navy, authorizing the addition of 1,000 enlisted men.——The United States Supreme Court decides in favor of the estate of the late Senator Leland Stanford in the suit brought against it by the government to recover $15,000,000.——The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is placed in the hands of receivers.

March 3. The Arkansas Republican State Convention at Little Rock elects delegates to the national convention and instructs them to vote for McKinley.

March 4. The supreme court of Pennsylvania sustains the conviction of H. H. Holmes for the murder of Benjamin F. Peitzel.

FOREIGN.

February 7. Mrs. Liliuokalani Dominis, ex-queen of Hawaii, is released from imprisonment for participating in the uprising of 1895.

February 10. An aërolite bursts over Madrid; buildings are damaged and many persons injured.

February 11. A revolt takes place in Korea, during which the prime minister and seven other officials are murdered. The king and crown prince take refuge in the Russian legation.

February 12. The Porte issues a proclamation granting amnesty to the Americans who are in possession of Zeitown.

February 14. Prince Boris, eldest son of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is baptized with great ceremony at Sofia, according to the Greek Church.

February 18. John Dillon succeeds Justin McCarthy as chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party.

February 19. Sir John E. Millais is unanimously elected president of the Royal Academy——At Vienendorp, a suburb of Johannesburg, S. A., much property is destroyed and over 100 persons killed by an explosion of dynamite.

February 28. A motion protesting against federal interference in the school question is carried in the Manitoba Legislature by an overwhelming majority.

NECROLOGY.

February 6. General Gibbon, commander-in-chief of the military order of the United States. Born 1827.

February 7. William A. English, prominent banker and politician. Democratic candidate for vice president in 1880. Born 1822.

February 12. Charles Louis Ambroise Thomas, celebrated musical composer. Born 1811.

February 15. Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson ("Pearl Rivers") proprietor and editor of the New Orleans *Daily Picayune*. Born 1849.

February 21. Michael D. Harter, ex-congressman. Born 1846.

February 22. Geo. Dexter Robinson, ex-governor of Massachusetts. Born 1834.——Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") noted humorist. Born 1850.

February 23. Judge Henry Reed, author and lawyer. Born 1846.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR APRIL.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

First Week (ending April 7).

"Initial Studies in American Letters." Chapter VII. concluded.

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapter XV.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Footprints of Washington."

Sunday Reading for April 5

Second Week (ending April 14).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters I. and II.

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapters XVI. and XVII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Tariff in Legislation."

"Political Party Machinery in the United States."

Sunday Reading for April 12.

Third Week (ending April 21).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters III. and IV.

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapters XVIII., XIX., and XX.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Air We Breathe."

Sunday Reading for April 19.

Fourth Week (ending April 28).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters V. and VI.

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapters XXI. and XXII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Biglow Papers."

Sunday Reading for April 26.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Response to consist of a selection from a favorite author studied in "Initial Studies in American Letters."
2. Military Study—The campaign in New Jersey during the Revolution.
3. Character Sketches—Lafayette, Burgoyne, St. Leger, Arnold, and Rochambeau.
4. Reading—"Dickens in Camp," by Bret Harte.
5. Discussion—The influence of magazines on the literary taste of the people.
6. *Questions and Answers* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on "Initial Studies in American Letters."
7. Table Talk—The Red Cross in Armenia.*

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Each member of the circle to respond with a selection from his favorite author.
2. General Discussion—The week's reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
3. Essay—Laura Bridgman and schools for deaf mutes.
4. A Study in Natural History—The llama.
5. Experiments in Psychology—See page 22 of the text-book "Thinking, Feeling, Doing."
6. Questions on American Literature and American History and Geography in *The Question Table.*
7. Table Talk—The crisis in the French Cabinet.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. The Lesson.
2. Paper—Localisms and provincialisms in America.
3. Dialect literature and its purpose.
4. Discussion—The influence of gesture and facial expression on the utterance of thought.
5. A Review—Why the various languages interest the anthropologist.
6. Experiments for time of discrimination, choice, and association. See pages 52 and 53 of the text-book "Thinking, Feeling, Doing."
7. Questions on Current History and Psychology in *The Question Table.*
8. General Discussion—The work of the Salvation Army.*

FOURTH WEEK.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Study in Philology—Homophonous words in the English language. Some member of the circle may prepare a list of such words and trace out their origin, primitive meaning, and the changes in form and significance.
3. A Talk—Heroes whom history has proved never to have existed as real men.
4. Essay—Music and its power.
5. Discussion—Physical culture and its relation to the will power.
6. Historical Study—The Mexican War, its causes and results.
7. A Review—*Questions and Answers* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on "Thinking, Feeling, Doing" and "Some First Steps in Human Progress."
8. Table Talk—Arctic explorations.*

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR APRIL.

"INITIAL STUDIES IN AMERICAN LETTERS."

P. 204. "*Vraisemblance.*" [vrā-säm-bläNs′] A French word meaning probability, the appearance of truth.

P. 206. "Apaches" [ă-pă′chēz]. They once occupied the territory extending from the central part of Texas to the Colorado River. Some of them now live on reservations in Oklahoma.

"Utes" [ū′tēz]. These tribes of Indians formerly occupied the whole of the central and western parts of Colorado and the northeastern part of Utah. They are now confined to reservations in Colorado and Utah.

"Navajoes" [năv′a-hōz]. They occupy the Navajoe reservation in Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona.

"Mariposa" [ma-rē-pō′sä]. A county in central California which contains the Yosemite Valley and the "big trees of California."

P. 214. "Dénouement" [dā-nōō-moN′; ON is a French nasal and has the sound of *on* in *song*]. French. The raveling of a plot.

"Turgénieff" [tōōr-gā′nēf or toor-ge-nef′]. A Russian novelist who died in 1883.

P. 217. "*Dramatis personæ.*" Latin. The characters represented in a drama.

P. 219. "*Monde.*" French. World, society.

P. 220. "Charlatanism" [shär′lă-tan-ism]. Quackery. From a French word for a quack, a mountebank.

"SOME FIRST STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS."

P. 149. "Sta-lag′mite." A deposit formed by water which contains lime dripping on the floors of caverns. It resembles an inverted stalactite.

P. 150. "Märne." A tributary of the Seine River, in northern France, about 300 miles in length.

"Puris" [pōō′rēs]. They are nearly extinct.

P. 152. "Viollet-le-Duc," [vyō-lā′le-dük′]. An archæologist and architect of France. He died at Lausanne in 1879.

P. 156. "Man′dans." A single tribe of Indians numbering about 250, living with other tribes on a reservation in North Dakota.

P. 160. "Al-gon′kin." A name applied to several tribes of Indians who live in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

P. 162. "Flensburg." A seaport in northern Prussia.

P. 163. "Catamaran" [kăt-a-ma-răn′]. Any craft with twin hulls, whether propelled by steam or by the wind.

P. 164. "De Quatrefages" [dŭ kătr-fäzh′]. A French author of works on zoölogy and anthropology. He died at Paris in 1892.

P. 176. "Onomatopes" [ō-nŏm′a-tōps or ŏnō′-ma-tōp]. From two Greek words meaning to name and to make.

P. 181. "Mpongwe" [mpōng′gwe].

"A′o-rist." One of the tenses of the Greek verb which expresses an action as completed in time fully past.

P. 182. "Crees" [krēz]. A tribe of Indians numbering about 1700 and living in Manitoba and Assiniboia between the Saskatchewan River and Lake Winnipeg.

P. 186. "*Ἐπίσκοπος.*" *Epischopos*, a bishop. The English form is episcopal; the French, *épiscopal;* the Portuguese, *episcopal;* and the Danish, *episkopal.*

"Malayo-Polynesian." Occupying the Malay Peninsula and most of the islands of the Pacific from Madagascar to those islands west of the coast of Chili, except Australia, Tasmania, central Borneo and New Guinea, and a few other large islands.

P. 191. "Otomacs" [ō-tō-māks′]. In the early part of this century these Indians lived along the middle course of the Orinoco River, and were noted for their habit of eating clay. They have disappeared from this region and if not entirely extinct they probably live in the interior of the Orinoco Plains.

P. 192. "Mnemonic" [nē-mŏn′ik]. From a Greek word meaning mindful, remembering; aiding the memory.

P. 204. "Hi-er-at′ic." Devoted to sacred purposes. A modified form of Egyptian hieroglyphic writing was called hieratic because it was formerly supposed to have been used only for sacred purposes. Another form was called the demotic, or common, because it was used in secular writings.

P. 214. "*Ἰος.*" *Ios.*

P. 215. "*Mährchen*" [mĕr′ken]. German. Tales.

P. 217. "Phaëton" [fā′e-ton]. The son of Phœbus Apollo, the sun-god, from whom Phaëton obtained permission to drive his chariot, the sun. He could not control the steeds, which, unrestrained, caused great destruction on the earth. For his rashness and presumption Phaëton was killed by a thunderbolt sent by Jupiter.

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

P. 18. "Romanes" [rō-mān′ez]. A naturalist born in Canada in 1848. He died at Oxford in 1894.

"Formicaria." The plural of formicarium; formicaries or ant-hills.

P. 19. "Antennæ" [an-ten′nē]. The plural of

antenna. Organs of feeling attached to the heads of insects and crustacea; they are commonly called feelers.

P. 20. "Larvæ" [lär'vē]. The plural of larva; from a Latin word meaning a ghost, a mask. This word was applied by Linnæus (1707–1778) to the first condition of an insect as it issues from the egg, usually in the form of a caterpillar, in the sense that this stage conceals or masks the true nature of the species. Since the time of this noted naturalist the term has been extended to other animals which undergo a metamorphosis.

P. 22. "Houdin" [o͞o-daN'] (1805–1871). He learned the watch-maker's trade but his interest in natural magic and his friendship for a traveling magician induced him to turn his attention to jugglery.

P. 25. "Galilei" [gä-lē-lā'ē]. Galileo. He is commonly called by his Christian name Galileo [gal-i-lē'ō; Italian pronunciation gä-lē-lā'ō]. He was a physicist as well as an astronomer. He died near Florence, Italy, in 1642.

P. 26. "Clairvoyant" [klâr-voi'ant]. From a French word meaning clear-sighted, penetrating; seeing or perceiving what is not perceptible to the senses in their normal condition.

P. 33. Si-mul-ta-ne'i-ty. The state or condition of occurring at the same time.

P. 38. "Stop-watch." "A watch which records small fractions of a second, and in which the hands can be stopped at any instant, so as to mark the exact time at which some event occurs; chiefly used in timing races."

P. 51. Geissler [gīs'ler]. These tubes received their name from the inventor, Heinrich Geissler (1814–1879), a German who manufactured chemical and physical apparatus at Bonn.

"Induction-coil." It consists of two coils of wire wound on a hollow cylinder in the center of which is a bundle of soft iron wires. One of the coils, the primary, which is connected with a battery, consists of coarse copper wire wound directly on the cylinder. The fine wire composing the secondary coil, which is often 100 miles in length, is wrapped around the first, from which it is insulated by vulcanite or glass. By rapidly breaking and making the current of electricity which enters the primary coil, a current is produced in the secondary.

"Spark-coil." "A coil of insulated wire connected with the main circuit in a system of electric gas-lighting, the extra spark produced on breaking the circuit of which is employed for electrically igniting gas jets."

P. 65. "Em." Formerly in printing, the portion of a line occupied by the letter *m*; the square of any size of type used as a unit by which to measure the amount of type in a piece of work.

P. 79. "Dynamometer" [dī-nȧ-mom'e-ter].

P. 80. "Ulysses." The name by which the Romans called Odysseus, the king of Ithaca and the hero of Homer's "Odyssey," which relates the marvelous adventures of Odysseus during the ten years immediately following the fall of Troy. The story tells us that when he returns home he finds his faithful wife, Penelope, besieged with many suitors who have employed the giant beggar Irus as a messenger and guard. By the aid of his son and two servants Odysseus slays the suitors, makes himself known to Penelope, and is reconciled to his people.

P. 85. "Marseillaise" [mär-se-yāz']. A French patriotic song composed in April, 1792 It was soon after arranged for a military band and proved so popular that copies were distributed among the French soldiers, who sang it as they entered Paris, in July, 1792, and as they marched to the attack of the Tuileries in August of the same year.

"Orgiastic" [ôr-jĭ-ăs'tik]. Having the characteristics of the orgies, ceremonies observed by the ancient Greeks and Romans in honor of Bacchus and characterized by wild revelry.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"THE AIR WE BREATHE."

1. "Sun-boxes." The same as *solaria*. Apartments surrounded by glass placed on the side or top of buildings for the purpose of sun bathing, or exposing the body to the rays of the sun for therapeutic results.

2. "Ther'a-py." From a Greek word meaning medical treatment; therapeutics. It is most frequently used in compound words.

3. "A-sep'tic." Not containing the living germs of putrefaction or disease.

4. "Climato-therapy." *Climato* is an Italian prefix meaning climate; therapeutics of climate, or the influence of climate on disease.

5. "Tubercle bacillus" [bā-sil'us]. In medicine a microscopic vegetable organism discovered by Robert Koch, a celebrated German physician.

6. "An'thrax." An infectious disease affecting the lower animals, principally cattle and sheep, which is probably caused by the presence of minute organisms in the blood.

7. "Pellagra" [pĕl'a-gra]. A disease peculiar to Southern Europe, and characterized by the rose-colored spots of various sizes which appear on the skin.

8. "Syncope" [sing'kō-pē]. In medicine a loss of consciousness; fainting.

9. "Hippocrates" [hi-pŏk'ra-tēz]. A Greek physician, called "the father of medicine," who lived from 460 B. C. to 377 B. C.

10. "Phasians." People who lived in the ancient town of Phasis, a strongly fortified trading post near

the modern town of Poti in Transcaucasia, and near the eastern extremity of the Black Sea.

11. "Zymotic" [zī-mŏt'ic]. From a Greek word meaning fermentation; hence, depending upon fermentation. A zymotic disease is "any disease, such as malaria, typhoid fever, or smallpox, the origin and progress of which are due to the multiplication within the body of a living germ introduced from without."

12. "Sir F. Chantry." An English artist noted chiefly for his portrait sculpture. He lived from 1781 to 1842.

13. "Etiology." The science which treats of causes, especially that which seeks to know the cause of diseases.

"THE BIGLOW PAPERS."

1. "*Apage Sathanas.*" Greek words meaning "Be gone, Satan!"

2. "Patois" [pa-twä']. A dialect peculiar to a locality and used by the illiterate classes; a form of speech which is not in harmony with the pure idioms of a language.

3. "Nueces" [nu-ā'sez].

4. "Palo Alto" [pä-lō ăl'tō]. A battlefield in southern Texas near Matamoras.

5. "Resaca de la Palma" [rā-sä'kä dā lä păl'mă]. A battlefield in Texas near Brownsville.

6. "*Chaparral*" [chä-pa-răl']. A dense thicket of evergreen oak or thorny shrubs common in the southwestern part of the United States.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"INITIAL STUDIES IN AMERICAN LETTERS."

1. Q. Who is one of the most original and ingenious of American story-writers? A. Edward Everett Hale.

2. Q. What peculiar art was his? A. The art of making wildly improbable inventions appear like fact by a realistic treatment of details.

3. Q. In reviewing the literary history of the last quarter of a century, what two facts are very evident? A. First that New England has lost its long monopoly, and secondly that a marked feature of the period is the growth of realistic fiction.

4. Q. When did a new era of national expansion begin? A. During the forties.

5. Q. What events gave rise to the literature of this period? A. The admission of Florida as a state, the annexation of Texas, the cession of California, the discovery of gold, and the admission of California as a state in 1850.

6. Q. How did Bret Harte characterize this period? A. As "an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry."

7. Q. By what poem was Bret Harte's name made famous? A. By "Plain Language from Truthful James."

8. Q. Who was the most successful imitator of his style in verse? A. John Hay, private secretary to President Lincoln.

9. Q. Whose novels are pictures of rural life in the early days of Indiana? A. Edward Eggleston's.

10. Q. What Indiana poet has attained the rank of a really national poet? A. James Whitcomb Riley.

11. Q. What show that his poetry is not dependent upon dialect for its highest effect? A. His verses in classical English, such as "The South Wind and the Sun" and "Afterwhiles."

12. Q. Who was the author of the most characteristically southern poetry that has ever been written? A. Sidney Lanier.

13. Q. What authors have made northern people familiar with the life of the "moonshiners" in the South? A. Joel Chandler Harris and Miss Murfree.

14. Q. For what is George W. Cable noted? A. For his stories of French-Creole life in Louisiana.

15. Q. What two novelists have helped to shape the movement of recent fiction? A. Henry James, Jr., and William Dean Howells.

16. Q. In what respect are their writings alike? A. Both are analytic in method and realistic in spirit.

"SOME FIRST STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS."

1. Q. What houses has nature provided for the use of man? A. Caves.

2. Q. Where were the cave-dwellers very numerous? A. In France.

3. Q. How can we tell the kinds of animals they used for food? A. By the bones scattered through the caverns.

4. Q. Of what nature were the houses used by men of the Neolithic period? A. They were copies of natural caves dug out in the soft rock in the Marne Valley.

5. Q. According to the opinion of some authors what became of the cavemen of France. A. They followed the retreating ice of the glacial period and are to-day the Eskimos.

6. Q. What are used for shelter in the tropical forests of Brazil? A. Rude huts.

7. Q. In what country can the construction of huts be best studied? A. Africa.

8. Q. What two kinds of huts can be found there? A. Permanent constructions to be occu-

pied for years and temporary huts, which, after using, can be taken apart, packed away, and transported.

9. Q. How may the low dome-shaped hut be heightened? A. By excavating the floor or raising the roof.

10. Q. What is the Ainu method of building a house? A. He builds the roof first, raises it on poles, and puts a wall below it.

11. Q. Where do lake-dwellings and pile houses now exist? A. In Venezuela, New Guinea, and in districts in the Malay region.

12. Q. Of what materials were ancient houses made? A. Of wood, stone, or brick.

13. Q. What kind of houses are found among the Iroquois? A. The long-house, rectangular in shape, with vertical walls and pitched roof.

14. Q. Where were the great circular houses found? A. Among the Mandans.

15. Q. Of what are the Pueblo buildings made? A. Of stone or adobe.

16. Q. What fact of peculiar interest is mentioned concerning the houses of savage and barbarous people? A. There is a fixed place in them for each member of the family.

17. Q. How does the condition of the country affect the houses of the people? A. It determines the material, their form, and character.

18. Q. What is the very simplest form of boats? A. The float.

19. Q. How did the men of the stone age make boats? A. By hollowing out the upper side of a log.

20. Q. What primitive forms of boats were evolved from the dug-out canoe? A. Bark canoes, and the skin-covered canoe, or kyak.

21. Q. What is the "coracle"? A. A skin canoe, flat-bottomed, and circular in form.

22. Q. From what pattern were the modern pleasure boats developed? A. From a framework covered with bark or skins.

23. Q. From the raft what boat has been evolved? A. The catamaran.

24. Q. How is the form of a boat modified or affected? A. By the nature of the water in which it is floated, by the use to which it is applied, and by the mode of propulsion.

25 Q. What is one of the truly marvelous achievements of mankind? A. The gaining expression for thought.

26. Q. How does man express thought? A. By means of grimace, gesture, speech, and writing.

27. Q. Where is the best place to study gesture language? A. In a deaf-mute institution.

28. Q. Of what two kinds are natural gestures? A. They either point out an object thought of or they picture it in the air.

29. Q. What are onomatopes? A. Words which have been produced by repeating or imitating natural noises.

30. Q. What kinds of words probably formed a considerable part of the primitive language of mankind? A. Imitative sound words, interjections, and exclamations.

31. Q. From what source do most of the words of a language come? A. From what the linguist calls roots.

32. Q. What devices have been used for increasing the range and power of languages? A. Intonation, change in root vowel, reduplication, and compounding.

33. Q. How are ethnic differences shown in a language? A. (1) By the dislike or inability to pronounce certain sounds; (2) by peculiarity in accent; (3) in the character of the roots; (4) in the matter of grammatical agreement and control.

34. Q. Why does language interest the anthropologist? A. It is interesting in determining connection or contact between different races as showing the status of a race or people and as evidence of a grand development and progress.

35. Q. What do the words used in counting show in regard to primitive man? A. How he kept his mind from wandering.

36. Q. What characters does the Indian use in writing? A. Pictures, part pictures, and symbols.

37. Q. Among the North American Indians where did picture-writing gain its fullest development? A. In Mexico.

38. Q. With what did their books deal? A. With religious festivals and the legendary history of the people.

39. Q. How have the Chinese developed written language? A. By the use of pictures, ideograms, phonograms, and determinatives.

40. Q. What important process took place in Egyptian writing, not found in the Chinese? A. The phonogram which at first stood for a word gradually came to represent its initial sound.

41. Q. What is acrology? A. The process of using a character to represent the initial sound of its first meaning.

42. Q. From what was the first alphabet made? A. From the simple phonograms which the Egyptians produced by acrology and which retained little of their picture value.

43. Q. In what qualities of the savage mind with reference to nature does the myth have its origin? A. A tendency to personify everything and a desire to explain everything.

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

1. Q. What is the fundamental method of all knowledge. A. Observation.

2. Q. What is the first thing to be learned? A. The art of watching.

3. Q. What fundamental rule must be observed in watching? A. The act of watching must not change the person or thing watched.

4. Q. Against what errors must the observer

guard? A. The errors of prejudice, unconscious additions, and untrustworthiness of the senses.

5. Q. Why has mental science not kept pace with the physical sciences in development? A. Because of the late introduction of experiment.

6. Q. How do observation and experiment differ? A. In observation we wait for things to happen; in an experiment we arrange the circumstances so that the thing will happen as we wish.

7. Q. What is the fundamental law of experiment? A. Vary only one circumstance at a time.

8. Q. Into what three grades can experiments be divided? A. (1) Tests; (2) qualitative experiments; (3) quantitative experiments.

9. Q. To what problem in psychology do we naturally turn first? A. To that of willing an act.

10. Q. For measuring small intervals of time what is one of the most convenient methods? A. The graphic method.

11. Q. By experiment what is proved in regard to the time of an action and the time of the will? A. That the act occurs after the will.

12. Q. By what is the rapidity of tapping affected? A. By fatigue, the mental condition, the time of day, habit, and age.

13. Q. What does the author mean by reaction? A. Action in response to a signal.

14. Q. What is meant by reaction-time? A. The time between the moment of the signal and the moment of the act.

15. Q. To obtain the best results in experiments in reaction-time, where should the person experimented upon be placed? A. In an isolated room.

16. Q. How is this room connected with the apparatus with which the experiment is made? A. By telephone.

17. Q. What have these experiments shown in regard to the reaction-time for noises as compared with that for tones? A. It is a trifle shorter than for tones.

18. Q. What is a general law for the reaction-time to touch? A. That a weak touch is answered by a slower reaction than a moderately strong one.

19. Q. How does reaction to cold compare with that to heat? A. The reaction-time for cold is shorter than for heat.

20. Q. Why is a photographer able to get a perfectly natural flash-light picture? A. Because the time required to take the picture is less than the reaction-time for the flash.

21. Q. To what has simple reaction-time led? A. To a method of measuring the time of thought.

22. Q. What is meant by recognition-time? A. The difference in time between a reaction in which recognition is not present and a reaction after recognition takes place.

24. Q. What other fundamental processes of thought have been experimented upon? A. Discrimination, choice, and association.

25. Q. Of what are all our acts complications? A. Of thinking times, simple reaction-times, and action-times.

26. Q. What is the chief value of the experiments in mental and muscular time in fencing? A. They call attention to the experimental study of the psychological elements involved in games, sports, gymnastics, and all sorts of athletic work.

27. Q. How has civilization affected the time of thought? A. It has decreased it.

28. Q. What is the first requisite for increase in mental rapidity? A. A desire for such increase.

29. Q. Which is more efficient, a conscious motive or an unconscious one? A. A conscious motive.

30. Q. What is the most interesting fact discovered by the experiments in steadiness of position? A. When the will is exerted the steadiness of position is increased.

31. Q. How does intellectual excitement affect the will power? A. It increases it.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—VII.

1. Who was called "the Laurate of the South" and "the Poet of the Pines"?

2. What brilliant poet and musician in charge of a Confederate vessel to run a blockade was captured and kept for five months in Point Lookout prison?

3. What noted historian was secretary of the navy under President Polk?

4. What historian, who was a friend of Goethe, lived to see his books read by six generations?

5. What two traits give the charm of a true story to Louise May Alcott's "Little Women"?

6. Who has done more than any other author to elevate the juvenile literature of the day?

7. Who is the author of "Kathrina: Her Life and Mine in a Poem" and "Bitter Sweet, a Poem in Dramatic Form"?

8. In Richard Henry Dana's "The Idle Man" and other essays, what aptitude as a critic does the author show?

9. Why did Edward Payson Roe resign his ministerial charge and devote himself to literature?

10. What noted journalist placed a Shakespeare memorial fountain at Stratford-on-Avon, a monument

over Edgar Allan Poe's grave, and one over Leigh Hunt's unmarked grave, gave a stained-glass window for Westminster Abbey in memory of William Cowper and George Herbert, and another for the little church at Bromham in memory of Tom Moore and his wife Bessie Dyke?

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—III.

1. How and when did the Dutch obtain possession of Manhattan Island?

2. By what waters is it surrounded?

3. By what names was New York City called previous to 1674?

4. Why is Wall Street so called?

5. By whom was Staten Island named and why so called?

6. Where is Gardiner's Island and for what is it noted?

7. When and by whom was Albany, N. Y., founded and what name was first given it?

8. Who commanded the English and American forces at New York in 1776?

9. What was the chief Continental fortification in the Hudson Valley during the Revolution? Who superintended the erection of this fortification?

10. In what war did the contending nations fight almost two years before war was declared?

PSYCHOLOGY—VII.

1. Which one of the senses may be called the basic sense, or that from which all the others have developed?

2. What is meant by the temperature sense?

3. What term is applied to the senses taken collectively?

4. What is the result of the combined operations of sensation and perception?

5. In what are sensation and perception alike?

6. What is meant by the term self-consciousness as a faculty of the mind?

7. Of what benefit is the sense of personal identity, or the sameness of self?

8. Of what is self-consciousness the basis?

9. As a faculty, how may intuition be defined?

10. As a product, of what are intuitions concepts?

CURRENT EVENTS.—VII.

1. Why was ex-Consul John L. Waller imprisoned?

2. When did the French first found a colony in Madagascar?

3. When and why did France take forcible possession of the seaport of Tamatava?

4. What was the result of the occupation of this seaport?

5. How long since the present French Cabinet was organized?

6. By whom was it formed?

7. When, where, and by whom was the Salvation Army organized?

8. By what name was it first called? When was the present name adopted?

9. When did it begin work in America?

10. What has been done by the republics of Central America toward forming a complete federation?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MARCH.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—I.

1. His eulogy on Bryant, the president of the Century Club. 2. His writings are full of puns. 3. Forty-eight hours. 4. His "Commemoration Ode," said to be the finest poem he ever wrote. 5. Her brother N. P. Willis. 6. Thomas Buchanan Read. 7. H. D. Thoreau. 8. His wife Virginia, in both cases. 9. Translations from Goethe. 10. Helen Maria (Hunt) Jackson.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.—II.

1. North Virginia. 2. Captain John Smith in 1616. 3. Charles River; Plymouth; Cape Ann. 4. Cuttyhunk. 5. Martha's Vineyard; Cape Cod. 6. The French. 7. The French names which some of the towns bear. 8. Louisiana; La Salle. 9. The French and Indian War. 10. To Spain.

PSYCHOLOGY.—VI.

1. Perception is gaining primary ideas of particular material things present to the senses. 2. Percept. 3. There must be a stimulating agent or some form of contact with the sensory nerves. 4. A complete percept. 5. The cerebral conditions necessary to produce them are not the same. 6. No, the faintest sensations will produce a percept. 7. Perceptions of weight and pressure, and space relations between objects. 8. On the forehead, the temples, and the back of the forearm. 9. To feel an increase of the pressure, one third must be added to the weight already resting on the hand. 10. Only one seventeenth of the weight lifted.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VI.

1. In Western Africa on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. 2. Coomassie. 3. For its gold and its goldsmiths. 4. St. Louis, June 16, 1896. 5. In 1839; Louis Daguerre and Joseph Niepce of France, and contemporaneously with them William Henry Talbot of England. 6. Sir J. Pauncefote. 7. President Cleveland; five. 8. To maintain the fund for the redemption of United States treasury notes, or greenbacks. 9. The Morgan-Belmont syndicate; about $65,000,000. 10. Gold coin; from Europe.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1899.

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS."

"*Truth is eternal.*"

OFFICERS.

President—R. C. Browning, Orange, N. J.

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CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.

CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

MEMBERS of '96 are steadily sending in reports and it is evident that the class will be well represented at the many Assemblies to be held this summer. The class has the usual number of those who have struggled through under many disadvantages. One member in apologizing for not filling out the White Seal memoranda alludes to the fact that she is in her seventy-eighth year and that two little orphan grandchildren have been added to her family within the past year, thus occupying her time somewhat to the exclusion of C. L. S. C. interests. Another member writes on sending the name of a recruit for '99, "There are three of us reading here. We are trained nurses of the M. E. Hospital in this place. This is the third member that I have persuaded to read with us, two for '99 and one in the Class of '97." Another member writes, "I have completed the Greek and Roman years but unavoidably omitted the English year. I have thought the matter over, however, and shall try to do double work."

MANY Chautauquans who have fallen a little behind will find that by some extra effort within the next few months they can make up the unfinished readings and thus have the satisfaction of completing a good undertaking.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

"*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

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Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Dayton, O.

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CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.

CLASS COLOR—OLD GOLD.

AMONG the '97's in foreign lands who report active interest in the work this year, are four or five members of a circle in New South Wales, several readers in Berkshire, England, two or more in the Hawaiian Islands, and others in Mexico and Bulgaria.

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"*The humblest life that lives may be divine.*"

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Secretary—Miss Elizabeth Brown, Janesville, Wis.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

CLASS COLOR—OLIVE.

MANY members of '98 are improving the opportunity given for the correction and return of memoranda. This indicates an interest in thorough work which speaks well for the members of the Lanier Class. The name of the class has proved very attractive to members in all parts of the country and much latent enthusiasm may be expected to develop when '98 completes its fourth year of work.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

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Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

THE president of '99 recently had an opportunity to present the Chautauqua work before the National

Editorial Association in Florida. The occasion was one of great interest and many men and women influential in the journalistic profession were brought into closer touch with the work of Chautauqua. The convention officially endorsed the Chautauqua course and it was recommended that the editors so far as possible enroll themselves as members of the Class of '99.

ONE of the oldest members of the Class of '99 is a resident of Towanda, Pa., Mr. J. A. Record. He has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday and has followed the readings with great interest.

GRADUATES.

A GRADUATE circle of ten members at Jamaica, L. I., is studying epic poems. Special questions for this work have been prepared for them by the Chautauqua Office, and they have been reading and studying the "Iliad" with great profit.

THE Current History course has been steadily adding to its membership, and busy Chautauquans who want to take up special lines of work find the reading required by this course just enough to keep them in touch with current thought and yet give them opportunity for other study as well.

TO THE CLASS OF '83: Any members of this class who are willing to help in adding to the furniture of the class cottage at Chautauqua are requested to send such furniture, ornaments, books, botanical or geological specimens, or money to the treasurer, MISS HARRIET EDDY, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Per order A. H. Gardner, President.

TO THE GUILD OF THE SEVEN SEALS: Will each member of the Guild please send to the secretary any items of interest concerning his work in the C. L. S. C.? These items are desired for the purpose of writing a Guild history to be read at Chautauqua in August, 1896. Members are also reminded of the annual dues of twenty-five cents to go toward the defraying of decennial expenses, to take place in 1897.

ANNIE H. GARDNER, Secretary and Treasurer.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
LINCOLN DAY—February 12.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
WASHINGTON DAY } —February 22.
LOWELL DAY }
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
MICHAEL ANGELO DAY—May 10.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
EMERSON DAY—May 25.
HUGH MILLER DAY—June 17.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

WHAT OUR SECRETARIES ARE DOING.

MRS. K. M. JARVIS of Selma, Ala., recently has been appointed state secretary of Alabama. Mrs. Jarvis expects to be at the Alabama Assembly this summer to take charge of the Round Tables. As a woman of much literary ability and experience her position as state secretary will give her many opportunities to reach those who can be interested in the C. L. S. C. work.

For Oregon Mr. J. R. Greenfield of Portland has been appointed state secretary. Mr. Greenfield is a graduate from both the literary and the law departments of the University of Oregon, but like hundreds of others he finds the Chautauqua course a valuable supplement to his college work. He is president of the largest and most active circle in Portland, and is closely identified with Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association. It is proposed to hold a rally of all Chautauquans in this association the coming summer at the annual Assembly in Gladstone Park, which is said to be one of the most beautiful natural parks to be found anywhere. This, together with the splendid corps of speakers which the Assembly has been able to secure by coöperating with the other Pacific coast Assemblies, should be sufficient attraction in itself to bring out every available Chautauquan, but arrangements have been made to offer still further inducements to each local circle that will report at once to the state secretary. Mr. Greenfield is an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker at whatever he undertakes and his appointment will undoubtedly add much to the strength of the work in Oregon.

NEW CIRCLES.

MEXICO.—A little company of people at Saltillo intend to make up the year's work before the close of the year. The scribe says: "Two of our number

are Mexicans, bright young men who speak English and wish to become familiar with our literature."

BRITISH INDIA.—At Poonah the Association for the Study of the Jewish Religion enrolled on November 3 among Chautauqua circles in the department of Jewish studies. A president, vice president, and secretary were elected who also were to act as committee on instruction. Twenty members were enrolled of whom eighteen are reading at Poonah and three at sub-stations.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Seven enrollments in the C. L. S. C. are received from New Hampton.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston Chautauquans report that "the local work in the Temple Adath Israel goes on enthusiastically, each succeeding meeting being pronounced more successful and profitable than the preceding." At the last meeting the large audience present was treated to the preliminary talk on "Prophecy and Prophets in Israel," followed by three excellent and scholarly papers on "Haggai," "Zachariah," and "Malachi." A decidedly interesting discussion ensued on the Jewish and Christian interpretations of the prophets.

CONNECTICUT.—A minister of New Haven has sent for the guides arranged for the study of the "History of the Jews."

NEW YORK.—Marble City Circle of Gouverneur is small, but its members meet often and are doing good work.——A circle with twelve enrolled members has been organized in New York with headquarters in the West End Presbyterian church.——A number of nobly ambitious women at Strykersville are pursuing the course as scheduled in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. They call their C. L. S. C. Alpha.——There is a live circle at West Valley.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The First United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia has organized a C. L. S. C.——"On the evening of September 27, a preliminary meeting of the C. L. S. C. was held at the residence of a graduate of 1895, Allegheny, for the purpose of organizing a circle for 1895-6. At the next meeting officers were duly elected and the circle took the name of Longfellow. This circle," continues the secretary, "has since held regular meetings and has taken up the Chautauqua studies with great earnestness and profit. We now have ten members and look forward to a profitable and pleasant year of study."——At South Easton eight persons are engaged in the Chautauqua course.

TEXAS.—Some of the members of the circle at Brenham wisely aspire to take examinations on their year's work.——Presbyterian C. L. S. C. at Houston meets in the church parlors. Though its organization is not complete it is a very promising society.——Nine Chautauquans at Manchester Mills join the C. L. S. C. with the prospect of finishing the full course and graduating as '96's.——The circle at Waxahachie has sixteen readers and expects more.

OHIO.—Prosperity is evident in the Knowledge Seekers of Haverhill and the circle at Navarre.——The sixteen Gleaners at Toledo have kept up their reading in both the text-books and magazine, meeting every Tuesday evening at their various houses.

ILLINOIS.——At Danville a class of twenty, most of them C. L. S. C. graduates, are interested in the foreign travel course.—At Quincy a student is availing herself of Chautauqua helps in her study of the history and literature of the Second Jewish Commonwealth.——The founder of the new Isaiah Temple of Chicago expects to introduce Chautauqua work among his congregation.——Evansville's circle of '99's is flourishing.

MINNESOTA.—Fleur de Lis C. L. S. C. of Thief River Falls is in a flourishing condition.——The circle at Barrett is prospering.

IOWA.—Blairstown Chautauquans, eleven in number, enroll in the Class of '99.——At the close of the Waterloo Chautauqua Assembly last summer, a class was organized at Waterloo and an efficient president and secretary installed. Through the untiring efforts of these officers the circle has grown until it now numbers eighty-eight active, enthusiastic members, all registered at the general office. This organization, known as the Waterloo Chautauqua Assembly Circle, is divided into four neighborhood circles, but has one general meeting.——Though Gilman has only three hundred inhabitants it has a Chautauqua circle of eighteen members, who follow the work as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.——Letters from Colfax, Des Moines, Newton, Cedar Falls, Oskaloosa, Prairie City, and Manchester report unusual interest in the work.

MISSOURI.—Church Circle at Sedalia and the study club formed at Kansas City are promising societies.——"The C. L. S. C. of Carthage," writes the secretary of that place, "has been in the regular work for three months past, with the full limit of members, twenty. A great deal of enthusiasm has been manifested all year. The *Question Table* and *Word Studies* are used and each member brings in news items on her topic, which together with questions prepared on magazine articles, program suggested, and general review of books makes the two hours seem very short. A critic is appointed the first meeting in every month, which makes us more particular and is quite a help to our efforts. We meet from house to house and our work is mapped out by a program committee appointed for the year."

KANSAS.—In his account of the Chautauqua circle at Pittsburg the secretary says: "We have an enrolled membership of thirty-three, and a more enthusiastic circle would be hard to find. The interest seems to grow at every meeting. We meet every Monday evening and follow out precisely the program given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We have

named our circle Ad Astra. The members consist of school teachers, young lawyers, doctors, dentists, etc. I think the greater part of them are striving for medals."

NEBRASKA.—The Bible course has been undertaken at Lexington by six Chautauqua graduates from the Lexington Married Ladies' Circle and one who has not hitherto been connected with the C. L. S. C.——The following encouraging notes are extracts from the state secretary's budget of Nebraska news: "The readers of the circle at McCook, the first circle organized in that city, are keeping up unflagging interest and hold enthusiastic meetings.——The first circle formed in Wayne County was organized by the county secretary at Wayne with a membership of about forty which numbers many prominent citizens of the place.——Maclean Circle, which was organized late in 1895 at Hastings, and whose members are enrolled in the Central Circle, is doing progressive work. Its president writes: 'I already feel the benefit of enforced system.'——A lady living at Humphrey enrolled as an individual reader. A little personal work arrested thought and awakened interest, resulting in the organization of a circle of thirteen.——A circle at Rising is prosecuting the work with unfaltering zeal."

SOUTH DAKOTA.—A Chautauqua Circle of thirteen '99's and two '98's has been organized at Dell Rapids. With its constituents earnest and leaders competent, it is making fine progress.

CALIFORNIA.—There is prospect that a delightful circle soon will be in running order at Bush Street Temple, San Francisco. The rabbi of the temple is much interested in the work.

COLORADO.—A circle was organized last October at Salida. It consists of seven earnest workers, who rejoice in the progress they are making.

OREGON.—Homathedioan Circle, consisting of six busy officers in the state reform school, was organized in October at Salem. The interest of the members in the readings on American history rejoices the heart of the founder of the circle, himself a Chautauquan since '85 and a graduate of '89 but still as interested in the work as when he began it.

IDAHO.—There is a charming circle at Silver City.

OLD CIRCLES.

MAINE.—The local circle at Fryeburg continues the readings though not attempting to master all of the required books.

CONNECTICUT.—The secretary at Wapping writes: "Hawthorne Chautauqua Circle commenced its fourth year with greatly increased interest and the addition of several new members. The Chautauqua circle is recognized in this little community as a force for good, developing the mind and strengthening the church. Individual members give frequent testimony of the help they have received from the Chautauqua course of reading and from meeting weekly in the circle." One loyal Chautauqua mother says she rejoices in her efforts to keep up in her reading because of the help she has gained from it.

NEW YORK.—At Adams the Progressives, twenty-seven in number, are busy in their third year of C. L. S. C. work. They have a composite course and are doing good work. Meetings are held fortnightly.——This year the Canandaigua circle has nine new members who are taking the full course and three new members who with several of the graduates are taking the Current History course. The leader tries to bring to the attention of the circle the interesting events of the day. One evening, in addition to the lesson, he entertained the class with quantities of photographs of the city of Washington; another evening, following the death of Eugene Field, with a sketch of this poet's life and readings from his prose and poetry; at another time with a talk on the Atlanta Exposition with all the illustrated papers to be had containing views, and at still another time with a sketch of Dr. Samuel F. Smith. Some in the circle say their meetings never were more interesting.——The class at Hall's Corners is doing excellent work.——Encouraging reports are received from Gorham and Geneva.——The circle at Waterloo is thriving.——Chautauqua circle P. H. C. of Jamestown initiated four new members and received seven applications for membership at a January meeting. An entertaining program was closed with remarks from members of visiting lodges. The circle accepted an invitation to attend an entertainment and banquet to be given by Falconer Circle February 19.——Chautauquans at Bloomville are flourishing.——On the evening of January 14, the No Name Circle of Brooklyn enjoyed a social preceded by a delightful program. In response to roll call, an incident of the new year was narrated by each member. The following "Greeting to the New Year" was given by Mrs. Wm. Fawcett:

"We hail thee, glad New Year!
Though yet may not appear
What thou shalt bring;
Though like the spring you stand
Silent, with close shut hand,
The joy of this fair land
Is, God 's thy King.

"Should pain or loss betide,
The storm we will outride,
Kept by His grace.
Should light and love and peace
And all our joys increase
We 'll sing His praise, nor cease
Till face to face.

"And so we greet thee, friend!
While hope and trust will blend
With hail to thee!
Young monarch, may thy reign
Be bright, without a stain,
And peace and right remain
O'er land and sea."

——Delaware Circle of Buffalo reports twenty regular and fifteen local members. They meet once a month on Friday from one to three o'clock.—— A member of the circle at Sandy Creek, who did last year's work without joining the Central Circle, wisely requests last year's questions to be sent with this year's.——Park Circle of Utica is on its second year's work. "The enrollment is about sixty, and the average attendance for the seventeen meetings of the year to present writing is thirty-seven and a half. The circle is unsectarian and communicants of five or six denominations compose its membership. Monthly socials are held and a monthly paper in manuscript, called *The Arrow*, is issued. The meetings are conducted by the pastor of the Park Baptist Church."——Eureka Circle of Woodlawn has received an addition to its membership roll.

NEW JERSEY.—At the time of its last report Round Table Circle of Jersey City was about to give a leap-year sociable to the Chautauquans of the county. This society holds interesting sessions. Faithful work and pleasant meetings are the rule of circles in Jersey City. Circles Grace, Beach, Simpson, Central Avenue, Y. M. C. A., Culver, Centenary E. L., and Una, all are making commendable strides toward the desired C. L. S. C. goal.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The circle at Millville is a real live one. Its fifteen members are nearly all new in the work. They meet every Wednesday and are delighted with the course.——In its regular meetings Progressive Circle of the Young Folks' Reading Union in Philadelphia continues faithfully to follow the lines of reading in Jewish history and the programs arranged. This circle proposes to hold an open meeting in the near future. Members of Pioneer Circle, also of Philadelphia, have entered upon the study of the Talmudic epoch. The library of Rodeph Shalom congregation has established an alcove of Judaism with special reference to the needs of readers in the Jewish Chautauqua courses.—— The circle at Sellersville, which has added a number of '99's to its ranks this year, recently has given the Chautauqua Extension Lectures on Social Science with most encouraging results. The president writes: "Quizzes were conducted after each lecture, which led to most interesting and instructive discussions. People of the town seemed highly interested in our course and the small fund which we have secured is intended to help start a county organization."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—White Rose Circle of Yorkville sends an exhilarating array of names for enrollment.

ILLINOIS.—"The Clionians of Elmwood send greeting to other C. L. S. C.'s and hope they are as interested in the work as we are. We have ten members, not a large circle but an earnest one. All but two of the members are married women. There is a circle of young people here who are doing well. The Clionians are bound to show marked progress in their work and it is pleasant and inspiring to know that so many are interested and engaged in the same work."

KANSAS.—Sunflower Circle of Wichita has enlarged its circumference to embrace eight new enrolled members.

NEBRASKA.—"Rising City has a progressing circle of fourteen members," writes the C. L. S. C. secretary at that place. "The class was organized in 1893 and is growing in interest each year. A code of by-laws has been adopted, by which the class is governed. Before joining, each person must know what is expected of the members, and their cheerful compliance therewith has been of much benefit to the circle. Last year's work was finished on June 25. After the lesson each member present gave a historical sketch of characters which had been studied during the year. This was followed by a sumptuous banquet. Our faithful president is serving his third year. He assigns the work according to his discretion and all members respond the best they can."

NEVADA.——Virginia City Chautauquans are progressing in their C. L. S. C. work.

CALIFORNIA.—The sixty-two members of the circle at Placerville now are doing excellent work. When they reorganized in October they framed a new order, not allowing any honorary members and requiring all members to pay the enrollment fee.——Chautauqua work is going on at Centerville and Pasadena.

THE SALEM INTER-STATE CHAUTAUQUA.

THIS Assembly, held at Salem, Nebraska, has closed a very successful session and reports an attendance more than double that of any previous year. Rev. David H. Shields of West Virginia acted as superintendent of instruction, and work was carried on in three departments: biblical exposition under J. Vincent Rosewame, music under Prof. G. A. Spelbring, C. L. S. C. instruction under Prof. W. H. Dana. Prof. Dana's talks aroused much enthusiasm and induced many persons to plan for the organization of local circles upon their return to their homes. It is hoped that 1896 will bring a number of graduates to the Assembly. O. W. Davis of Salem, Nebraska, secretary and manager of the Assembly, arranged for a series of interesting platform lectures which were delivered by Eli Perkins, Hon. H. W. J. Ham of Ga., Rev. D. H. Shields, of W. Va., Rev. J. R. Hicks of St. Louis, Mo., Prof. W. H. Dana of Warren, O., Hon. W. J. Bryan, Hon. F. W. Collins of Lincoln, Neb., J. Vincent Rosewame, and others.

All in all, the season was a highly enjoyable one.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Philosophy and Science.

In these days of rapid progress in all branches of learning, the average intelligent American must know something of the scientific world. This is made comparatively easy for him by the numerous books prepared specially for busy people. Because of its great utility in commercial life, electricity is, perhaps, a subject of the greatest interest to the general public and one with which the average reader is not very familiar. For such, alternating currents have been explained in a little volume* prepared by Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D., and A. E. Kennelly, Sc.D. In simple language technical terms are defined, and by a multitude of illustrations and the simple descriptions accompanying them a knowledge may be gained of the various appliances necessary to produce and utilize these currents.

Another volume on electrical science† has been provided by Philip Atkinson, A. M., Ph. D., author of several works on the same subject. The elementary principles of static electricity, electric batteries, dynamos, electric motors, and magnetism are carefully explained. The application of electricity to the telephone and telegraph, to heating and lighting are also tersely described, which with the numerous illustrations throughout the book form a work well adapted to supply the general reader with accurate information in regard to the nature and applications of electricity.

The study of natural phenomena will prove a most delightful task if one but understands some of the simple laws which govern the universe. A volume entitled "The Forces of Nature"‡ throws much light on these laws and the various classes of phenomena which occur in nature. The first part of the volume is an astronomy, geology, physics, and chemistry, compacted in a few pages, while the second gives many short, interesting articles on such subjects as: "Spontaneous Combustion," "Spontaneous Generation," "Geologic Change," and "Argon," the newly discovered property of the atmosphere. It is a valuable book for busy, workaday people.

Those interested in science, particularly the naturalist, will welcome Vol. V. of "The Cambridge Natural History,"* three fourths of which are devoted to insect life and the remainder to myriapods and peripatus. The brief sketches of the habits of these members of the animal kingdom, with the descriptions and illustrations of their anatomical structure, make entertaining as well as instructive reading.

The would-be student of the Spencerian philosophy will find his work greatly lightened by "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer"† which the author says in the preface was written to furnish a helpful guide or "outline-map" for those who would undertake the study of the voluminous writings of this philosopher. An interesting biographical sketch which forms the first chapter of the book traces the life of Spencer up to 1860 when the prospectus of his synthetic philosophy was published, which is reproduced in a later chapter of this volume. As an exposition it will be a valuable aid to the student and of interest to the general reader who wishes to keep in touch with philosophical thought.

To the scientist and philosopher the essays of Thomas H. Huxley are always a source of pleasure, not only on account of the pleasing, graceful style but for the thoughts which they arouse. He therefore will be glad to read "Evolution and Ethics,"‡ a discourse delivered before Oxford University and published in book form with two other essays, "Science and Morals" and "Capital—The Mother of Labour." The volume also includes "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," a series of "letters on the 'Darkest England' scheme" published first in a London newspaper and afterward as a pamphlet.

Fiction.

Bound by the unwelcome terms of her uncle's will, we are told in "A Princess of the Gutter,"‖ a cultured young English heiress took up her abode in London's terrible East End slums, there to work as best she might for the uplifting of her fellow-men. The suffering she relieves and the heartaches she soothes we easily fore-

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* Alternating Electric Currents. By Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D. (Princeton), and A. E. Kennelly, Sc. D. 236 pp. $1.00. New York: The W. J. Johnston Company.

† Electricity for Everybody; Its Nature and Uses Explained. By Philip Atkinson, A. M., Ph. D. 250 pp. $1.50. New York: The Century Co.

‡ The Forces of Nature. A Study of Natural Phenomena. By Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis. 159 pp. Columbus, O.: Harrop & Wallis.

* The Cambridge Natural History, Vol. V.: Peripatus, by Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S.; Myriapods, by F. G. Sinclair, M.A.; Insects, by David Sharp, M.A., M.B., F.R.S. 584 pp. $4.00. New York: Macmillan and Co.

† An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. By William Henry Hudson, Associate Professor of English Literature in Leland Stanford Junior University. 243 pp.——‡ Evolution and Ethics and Other Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. 349 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‖ A Princess of the Gutter. By L. T. Mead. 307 pp. $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

see, and the dark tragedies that touch her life as well, but we wonder at the end if she shares with us a sense of failure in the little she has really done to change the lives of the two she has most striven to influence.

Half a dozen clear-cut little vignettes of life are the "Russian Portraits,"* sketched with the masterly stroke of the French Academian De Vogüé. Distinct in outline and detail, there is still present in each that intangible atmosphere of cheerful despair that invariably surrounds the Russian peasant and opens for him always the door of our hearts.

"The One Who Looked On"† tells us in the artless language of a well-bred, generous Irish girl the pathetic heart-story of a stern, cold London lawyer and baronet. Through the eyes of the brave little on-looker we see much that is interesting in the lives of her friends, but we wait in vain for her to reveal any happy love affair of her own, and we close the book feeling a wee bit jealous and defrauded.

Napoleon in a new phase, but tyrant and conqueror still, is shown us in "Courtship by Command,"‡ a pretty story of love and war in which fact and fiction lend charm to each other.

A plucky little Cavalier lad, Jack Patten, of the bloody days of Cromwell, appears before us as the hero of a novelette‖ whose historic attraction and literary merit are assured when we know the author to be Stanley J. Weyman, and a perusal of which happily fulfills our highest expectations.

We have all read and re-read so many sweet stories of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and we know so well her hardy New England fisherfolk and their self-satisfied Beacon Street antipodes—so well we know, too, her faithful feminine touch that lingers lovingly on the fortunate color of a maiden's gown, the artistic pose of a lovelorn lad, and the scenic effect of sea and sky on both, while painting in the softened shadows of an underlying sorrow—so well and so gladly we know it all that "A Singular Life"§ comes to us like a much-heard-of stranger with a letter of introduction—half familiar and wholly welcome. The religious trend of this book is deep and intense and our best emotions are stirred by the martyr's career of the handsome young hero.

If a preference wholly personal may be expressed, be it said that to one reader "London Idylls"¶ seems the best bit of English in this fiction list. The "Idylls" are ten quaint, vivacious, often piteous little stories, of decided individuality and instinct with a spirit of human brotherhood that draws the reader fully into sympathy with the characters.

Religious.

A delightful religious custom and one whose influence on the young cannot be overestimated is that of invoking divine blessing before entering upon the duties of the day. To promote this old-time ceremony and to make it attractive to every member of the household Bishop J. H. Vincent has arranged a helpful little book called "At the Table Altar."* For each morning of the month a short Scripture lesson is given with beautiful thoughts from the author's own pen expressive of prayer and thanksgiving. A half dozen "Responses," suggestions for special days, and references for twenty lessons "to be committed by everybody," with space for a family record, including guests, complete the booklet.

"Always Upward"† is the title of a collection of well-written essays, twenty-four in all, on life, its aim, its significance, and the destiny of the soul. Throughout the series Christ is pointed out as the central figure toward which all humanity should tend, and to prove that there is a future state of immortality the author brings forth strong arguments founded on the revelation of the Holy Scriptures and the natural longings for eternal life implanted in every human heart.

Denominational history has a valuable contribution in "The Creeds and Platforms of Congregationalism."‡ The volume contains reproductions of the platforms and creeds formulated by that denomination since the sixteenth century, some of which are interesting not only in their relation to church history but as literary curiosities. These with the notes and comments supplied by Williston Walker, Ph. D., make a work indispensable to the Congregational theological student.

The revised edition of "Christianity in the United States"‖ traces the history of "Protestantism, Romanism, and a variety of Divergent Elements" through the different periods of American history down to the present time. The facts, attractively presented, are fully verified by a large number of maps, charts, and tables of statistics, founded on the

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*Russian Portraits. By Vte. E. Melchior de Vogüé. Translated by Elisabeth L. Cary. 143 pp. 50 cts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montresor. 215 pp. ——‡ Courtship by Command: A Story of Napoleon at Play. By M. M. Blake. 226 pp. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‖A Little Wizard. By Stanley J. Weyman. 190 pp. 50 cts. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

§A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 426 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

¶London Idylls. By W. J. Dawson. 315 pp. $1.25. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

*At the Table Altar. Meditations for a Month of Mornings. By Bishop J. H. Vincent. 56 pp. 50 cts.——† Always Upward. By Rev. Burdett Hart, D. D. 296 pp. $1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‡The Creeds and Platforms of Congregationalism. By Williston Walker, Ph. D. 612 pp. $3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‖Christianity in the United States from the First Settlement down to the Present Time. By Daniel Dorchester, D. D. Revised Edition. 814 pp. $3.50. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts.

official publications of the different religious denominations. Altogether it is a valuable contribution to the studies in religious development in America.

"The New Life in Christ"* is a series of short lectures by Joseph Agar Beet, D. D., intended as a sequel to a former volume, "Through Christ to God," by the same author. How the presence of the Holy Spirit in the heart influences the lives of men is discussed, and also how man is freed from the bondage of sin and enters into a life of liberty by salvation through Christ. By the study of the nature and source of this new life the attributes of the Holy Trinity are exhibited, and abundant Scripture references are given with which to fortify the statements made.

A rational view of the creation is presented in "Studies in Theology."† The author forcefully shows that no atom of matter, organic or inorganic, exists which does not show the creative force of an almighty power; that inorganic matter was created first and existed ages before the creation of organic matter, of which vegetable life was the first form; that by the exercise of a new energizing force animal life, of which man is the last and highest type created, was brought into existence; and that no one of the various forms of organic life evoluted from another, but that they are closely related. His evidence is based on facts deduced from the study of astronomical and geological science as well as on philosophical principles.

The last volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel,"‡ beginning with Jewish independence and closing with the Roman administration, is written in the same charming style which characterized the former volumes and reveals much concerning the character of the man. Though unorthodox in the doctrines set forth, it has great historical and literary merit.

Miscellaneous.

The author of "Myths of Greece and Rome" has prepared a similar work on the mythology of the northern lands‖ which shows the effect of the bold, rugged country of the cold regions on the religious belief of our northern ancestors. The fine illustrations and pure diction place it among the classic works of art and literature, and it merits the same appreciative reception which greeted the volume relating to the myths of the South.

Of the many excellent books written exclusively for young men, "Successward,"* by Edward Bok, deserves to rank among the first. The opinions and advice expressed in a concise though attractive manner are in no way fanciful, but are plain, practical common sense. Every phase of life is dealt with—business, social, and religious—showing that the author, himself a young man, knows thoroughly the needs of his fellow-men. It is a helpful book which should be read by every young man in the country.

Washington in the 60's must have been a most interesting city, judging from the account given by Noah Brooks in a book† founded on newspaper articles written by himself during that eventful period of American history. The principal events described by him cluster about the life of President Lincoln, and serve to recall many incidents of the Civil War.

Two volumes of Macmillan's School Library are "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero"‡ and "Stories from Virgil."‖ Sketches from the letters and speeches of Cicero form the material for the former volume. Although Cicero is the central figure, Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Antony are brought into the narrative, which vividly pictures Roman life during the first years of the first century. In the latter volume the story of the Æneid is reproduced.

Part second of "Stories from English History"§ narrates interesting events which happened in that country from the time of Richard II. to Charles I. Several appropriate illustrations grace the pages of the book which with the easy, flowing style of the recitals make the scenes depicted living realities.

The custom of after-dinner speech making originated at the feudal feasts during the Middle Ages. So says the author of "Toasts and Forms of Public Addresses,"¶ a perfect boon to novices in the art of making happy responses to toasts, because of the suggestions it gives on what to say on such occasions and how to say it.

In spite of the rules for speaking and writing laid down by grammarians and rhetoricians, "slips of speech" will occur. These may be reduced to a minimum by a study of a little volume** which not only points out many common errors made by speakers and writers but shows how to correct them.

* The New Life in Christ. A Study in Personal Religion. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. 362 pp. $1.50.——† Studies in Theology: Creation; God in Time and Space. By Randolph S. Foster, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Vol. IV. 378 pp. $3.00. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts.

‡ History of the People of Israel. By Ernest Renan. With full index to the five volumes. 400 pp. $2.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‖ Myths of Northern Lands. By H. A. Guerber. 319 pp. $1.50. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

* Successward. A Young Man's Book for Young Men. By Edward W. Bok. 184 pp. $1.00. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

† Washington in Lincoln's Time. By Noah Brooks. 338 pp. New York: The Century Co.

‡ Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. 300 pp. 50 cents.——‖ Stories from Virgil. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. 291 pp. 50 cents.——§ Stories from English History. By the Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. 218 pp. New York: Macmillan & Co.

¶ Toasts and Forms of Public Address. By William Pittenger. 174 pp. 50 cents.——** Slips of Speech. By John H. Bechtel. 217 pp. 50 cents. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

General Maximo Gomez, Cuban Revolutionary Leader.

See page 202.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON.*

BY H. H. RAGAN.

WHEN the summer of 1780 opened the enemy made desperate attempts to penetrate the American camp or to draw Washington down from his strong position in the heights to an unequal contest in the plain. Twice they advanced as far as Springfield Church, and the second time succeeded in burning the village. But each time they were ignominiously driven back, and with the second repulse they shook the dust of the Jerseys from their feet and apparently gave up all hope of subjugating that stronghold of stubborn rebellion.

LORD CORNWALLIS' HEADQUARTERS AT YORKTOWN.

During much of this summer Washington's immediate command numbered less than three thousand men. But now at length came Rochambeau with the French force, and the patriots began to take heart, when like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky came Arnold's treason. "Whom can we trust now?" was Washington's solemn comment when the damning proofs were placed before him. Still there was no despair in his tone, for his faith never wavered.

Now with Rochambeau he planned an attack on New York, and marched down to King's Bridge to reconnoiter. At first it was undoubtedly his intention to make a serious attack on New York, notwithstanding the fact that the thirty-seven thousand paper troops which congressional resolutions gave him were less than five thousand in the flesh

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

capable of bearing arms. But when word came that the French fleet was heading for the Chesapeake he saw at once that his work lay in the South. Still the demonstrations at King's Bridge were kept up, and even Washington's own officers were deceived into the belief that New York was still the object of attack. It was not until he had crossed the Delaware with his army and was in full career southward that Sir Henry Clinton discovered his destination and saw how completely he had been outgeneraled.

And now the eyes of the world were turned at hand with a force of militia which for want of public funds he had raised by pledging his personal credit for their pay. Yorktown was his home, and the old family mansion standing there to-day commemorates his exalted patriotism. From his familiarity with the place, his advice was naturally asked as to the most favorable points of attack. He promptly pointed to his own house as probably the headquarters of the British commander, as indeed it was, and sighted the first cannon against it with his own hand, offering a reward of £5 for every cannon

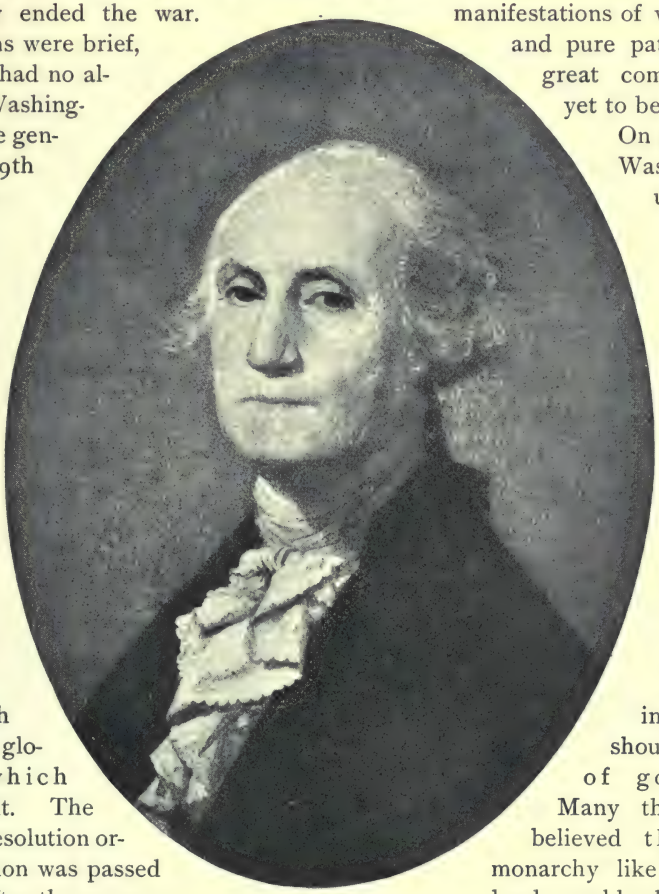
VIEW OF THE BANQUETING HALL, MOUNT VERNON.

on Yorktown, to-day an insignificant Virginia village of perhaps three hundred inhabitants, situated on high bluffs overlooking the York River near where it issues into Chesapeake Bay. Here Lord Cornwallis had determined to establish a permanent camp, and here the toils were now closing around him; for the French fleet was in the bay, Washington and Rochambeau were coming, and Lafayette at Williamsburg was watching his every movement and preventing his escape. Nelson, the patriotic governor of Virginia, was also ball fired into it. The house was soon so fearfully battered that Lord Cornwallis was glad to seek more humble lodgings.

On October 17, 1781, the British drums beat a parley and Lord Cornwallis proposed a cessation of hostilities and the appointment of two officers from each side to arrange terms of surrender. They met in a farmhouse a mile below the village, then occupied by a Mrs. Moore, now the home of a patriotic Pennsylvanian proud of being the owner and occupant of the house where the

Declaration of Independence was made a reality by the consummation of a victory which virtually ended the war. The negotiations were brief, for Cornwallis had no alternative and Washington's terms were generous. On the 19th of October the British troops marched out, threw down their arms, and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

On the river bank just below the village stands to-day a stately monument erected to commemorate the French alliance and the glorious victory which here crowned it. The congressional resolution ordering its erection was passed just ten days after the surrender, and the corner stone of the monument, with the usual congressional promptness, was laid just one hundred years after the battle. The fall of Yorktown proved to be the end of the hard fighting. Still peace was nearly two years distant, and some of the sublimest manifestations of wisdom, virtue, and pure patriotism of the great commander were yet to be made.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From a painting by Gilbert Stuart.

On April 4, 1782, Washington took up his headquarters in the old Hasbrouck house at Newburg. Here he watched the closing scenes in the great drama and here he refused the crown. The war was virtually ended. A new nation was coming into being. What should be its form of government? Many thoughtful men believed that a limited monarchy like that of England would alone give stability, and a prominent officer presented the plan to Washington, undoubtedly with the suggestion that he should be the king. The reply was not simply a refusal. It was a rebuke so stern, and so evidently was the commander shocked beyond measure, that no one ever again dared to make such a suggestion.

Upon the lawn of the Newburg headquarters, overlooking the river and the sacred scenes hallowed by the long struggle, stands to-day the great Tower of Victory, erected a century after the event

THE TOWER OF VICTORY, NEWBURG, N. Y.

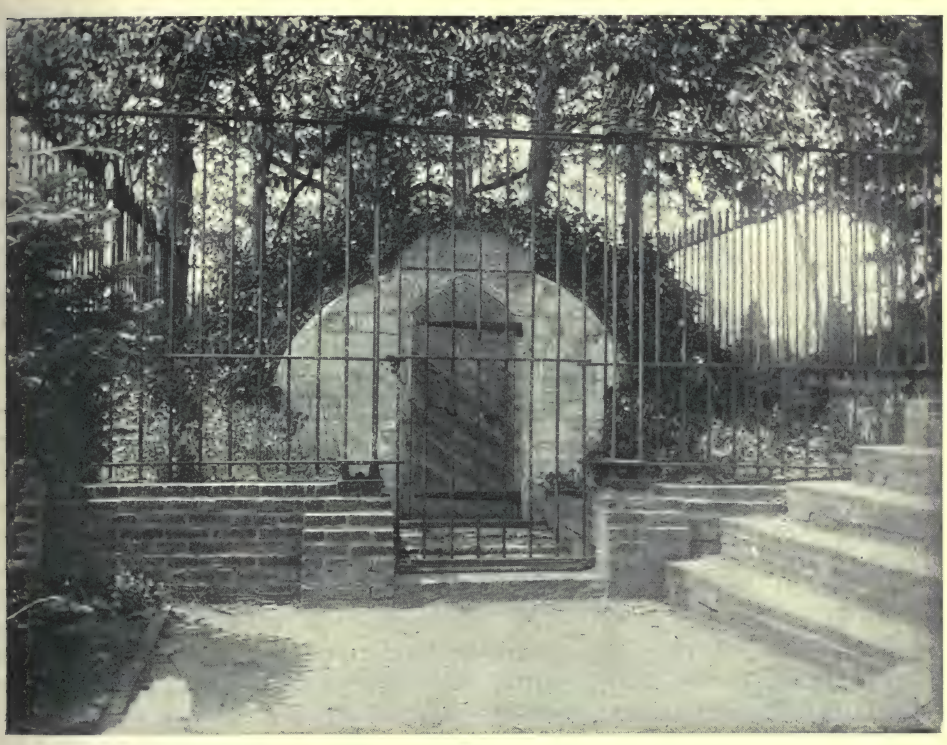
to commemorate the final disbandment of the patriot army. On April 19, 1783, the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, which opened the war, the complete cessation of hostilities was formally announced to the troops at Newburg, and Washington immediately began to disband the army by granting furloughs freely. And by his thoughtful intercession those humble heroes, the unsung but never-to-be-forgotten privates of the Revolution, were permitted to carry home with them, to be handed down as precious heirlooms to their children's children, the trusty muskets and accouterments which had been their companions on many a bloody field. On August 25, at the request of congress, then in session at Princeton, Washington took up his headquarters in a house four miles from that place, at Rocky Hill. It was the last headquarters of the Revolution, and here the sublime farewell address to the army was prepared.

On November 25 the British evacuated New York, and Washington with the remnant of the patriot army took possession. On December 4 the commander-in-chief set out for Annapolis to resign his commission.

At the old Fraunce's Tavern, still standing in good preservation at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, New York, occurred a painful scene, the parting with the brave and faithful officers who through all those years had stood beside him, holding up his hands and sharing with him the dangers, the toils, and the sufferings of the long struggle. They had gathered in the large room on the second floor. As Washington entered and saw sitting there in solemn silence those companions of his perils and realized that he saw many of them for the last time, he could not, for all the cold dignity which has been attributed to him, repress his emotions. In accents betraying his deep feeling he said to them, "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former

SENATE CHAMBER OF THE STATEHOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS, WHERE WASHINGTON RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION.

ones have been glorious and honorable." Pausing a moment after this touching benediction, he added, "I cannot go to each of you, but shall be obliged if each of you will come to me and take me by the hand." The warm-hearted Knox stood nearest. Washington grasped his proffered hand and with tearful eyes embraced him. In like manner, and without a spoken word, he bade goodby to each of them. Then in solemn silence they followed him to his barge and stood on the bank waving their hats until he had passed from view.



THE OLD VAULT AT MOUNT VERNON, IN WHICH WASHINGTON WAS BURIED.

On December 23 another and a sublimer parting took place in the senate chamber of the old statehouse at Annapolis, where at this time congress was in session. The secretary of congress conducted Washington to a seat provided for him. After a moment's pause the president informed him that the nation in congress assembled was prepared to receive his communications. Rising, in a few brief but immortal syllables he calmly stripped himself of the vast, almost unlimited powers and dignities which had been conferred upon him, and stepped down into the ranks as a simple citizen of the republic he had founded. "Having finished the work assigned to me," he said, "I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding farewell to this august body under whose orders I have long acted I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life." Well might the president respond, "You retire from the great theater of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens. But the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your command; they will continue to animate remotest ages."

The very next morning, with the eagerness of a boy released from school, he set out for Mount Vernon, where, as he said, he fondly hoped to spend the remainder of his days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic virtues. One needs to visit Mount Vernon, to stroll about its magnificent grounds, into its great drawing-room, and realize what Mount Vernon was, to appreciate Washington's patriotism. The cultivation of the soil

was with him a delightful occupation, and a peaceful home life his ideal of happiness. At Mount Vernon both were his. At the call of his country he turned his back on both, and for nearly nine years saw Mount Vernon but twice, and then for only the hastiest of glimpses on his way to and from Yorktown. All this time he had shared with his soldiers not only the perils of the field but the hardships and privations of winter camps, and in the face of appalling discouragements carried almost alone the burden of the war. And his services had been priceless in a double sense, for he gave them without the least pecuniary reward.

THE VAULT ERECTED IN 1831, IN WHICH WASHINGTON'S REMAINS NOW REST.

And now, seated in his library, deep in the examination of his accounts, he made the painful discovery that his estate had suffered so largely in his absence that he would now be compelled to practice a strict economy to which he had been a stranger. At this moment he received information that a movement was on foot looking to the bestowal upon him of a large sum of money as a national reward. He sadly needed the money which a grateful country begged the privilege of bestowing. Yet he unhesitatingly and unequivocally declined the proffered gift, nor did he ever, although it was offered many times in many ways, accept a penny for his incomparable services to America.

His fame now brought him visitors from all parts of the world. Almost daily, too, applications were made for the privilege of reproducing his form or features on canvas or in marble. As early as 1784 the General Assembly of Virginia voted him a statue, which stands today in the rotunda of the Virginia capitol, the pride and glory of that great state and the admiration of every visitor. It is the work of the distinguished French sculptor

ROOM IN FRAUNCE'S TAVERN, NEW YORK, IN WHICH WASHINGTON BADE FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS.

Houdon. Lafayette said of it, "It is the *fac simile* of Washington's appearance."

But aside from this noble figure, Virginia has abundantly proved her pride in her noblest son. A few rods from the capitol building, and within its beautiful grounds, stands to-day the superb equestrian statue by Thomas Crawford, set up there in 1858 and considered by many critics the finest bronze, if not indeed the finest monument of any kind, in all America.

But Washington's dream of a quiet life was soon interrupted. He had always feared the weakness of the old Confederation, and already the loosely bound states were apparently falling apart. Largely at his suggestion a constitutional convention was called at Philadelphia, he was made president of it, the present Constitution was adopted, and by the absolutely unanimous voice of the people he was elected, and on April 30, 1789, inaugurated as the first president of the United States.

Old Federal Hall, which occupied the site of the present subtreasury building at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, New York, was then used as a capitol. But the location of the capital at New York was merely temporary. Its permanent location was one of the most important questions of the First and Second Congresses under the new Constitution. It was finally settled by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and afterwards permanently to a tract ten miles square on the Potomac, to be named the District of Columbia. And here, on September 18, 1793, Washington laid the corner stone of the superb pile, the most imposing capitol building in the world, around which a beautiful city laid out upon plans of his choosing and honored by his name is growing, like his deathless glory, greater and more splendid with every passing year.

His presidential policy, notably that of strict neutrality in respect to the French Revolution and the war between England and France, although it has proved its wisdom beyond all question, was opposed to the general sentiment of the day and met with furious denunciation. He felt this keenly, yet never for a moment swerved from the path which his judgment pointed out as the right one. "There is but one straight course," he writes, "and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily." But in spite of his steadfastness in opposing the popular clamor he was compelled to accept a second unanimous election. But a third he positively refused to submit to, leaving to his country the priceless legacy of this precedent. Again he retired to Mount Vernon, the home of his soul. He was now sixty-five years of age, and his military glory, his civic renown, and his sublime private character made him easily the greatest man in the world.

Gilbert Stuart, the famous painter, who came to America at about this time for the sole purpose of painting Washington's portrait, declared that, familiar as he was with eminent men, no human being ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree as did Washington.

But the peaceful home life which had always been the inspiration of his dreams he was destined but very briefly to enjoy. Unquestionably the most sacred room in the old mansion to-day is the small upper chamber where, sleeping upon his bed, he awoke on the morning of December 14, 1799, in an agony of pain. But although his sufferings were intense he refused to permit his wife to risk a cold by rising to call assistance. When the servant entered in the morning to build a fire messengers were dispatched for physicians, but when they arrived there was little for them to do. During the day an arm-chair stood beside the bed, and upon it lay an open Bible, from which the devoted wife read to the dying man. And thus, with the companion of his life, his secretary, his loving friend Dr. Gray, and some of his servants about him, all of them in tears, he passed into immortality. The next morning, while the church bells of Alexandria were joyfully summoning the worshipers, a messenger arrived on horseback from Mount Vernon. His message flew from lip to lip. It reached the sextons with their hands upon the bell ropes. The bells stopped ringing, then began to toll, and that solemn tolling never ceased until three days later, to the

sound of minute guns from the sloop of war *Niagara* in the Potomac the sad procession moved across the lawn past the front of the mansion to the old family vault. To this day the tolling bell of every passing steamer repeats the story of the nation's grief. Seventy years ago Lafayette, the honored guest of the nation, stood with bared head, a white-haired old man, before this vault, paying his tribute to the memory of the friend and mentor of his ardent youth.

Washington had provided in his will for the erection of a new vault, which his executors completed in 1831, and where through the iron-barred gateway you may see to-day the marble sarcophagus which contains all that was mortal of our country's father. Visitors from the ends of the earth come here to manifest their reverence for his virtues, and during the late Civil War the soldiers of the North and of the South, leaving their enmities with their weapons at the entrance gate, met here as brothers.

Almost innumerable monuments have arisen to the memory of Washington. On the bank of the Potomac at the capital city is the grandest of them all—a mighty obelisk soaring five hundred and thirty-five feet into the air. Colossal, cloud-piercing, and white as snow, it is a symbol of the man. Pure like his character and shining like his fame, it rests like his faith upon the everlasting rock. History never gave to any people a grander man than George Washington. It is a glorious privilege to be a citizen of the nation which calls him father.

(*The end.*)

FLOWERS OF FIELD AND FOREST.

BY PROFESSOR BYRON D. HALSTED, SC.D.

OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

THE long, cold months of winter are enjoyed in part, at least, because of the confident expectation that soon the ice-fetters will yield to the lengthened days and instead of gray, leafless trees and shrubs there will follow the rich green foliage and exquisite flowers. No words of introduction are needed to increase the favor with which flowers as objects of beauty are held by all. They have been the ever-recurring theme of the poet and are able to inspire the deepest thoughts of the philosopher.

It is the purpose in the brief space allotted here to call the attention of the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to some of the attractive features of wild plants and thereby develop a deeper general interest in them and thus add a jot here and a tittle there to the sum total of human comfort. One must both see and think to get the good out of the journey he is taking through this life. In short, the keener the insight the greater the pleasure which any one receives from a thoughtful contemplation of the objects with which he is surrounded. With some appreciation of his own shortcomings the writer makes bold to state that a clearer perception is needed of the meaning lying back of the idea of an unfolding bud, and a richer soul-fragrance, so to say, developed as one glances into the bright faces of the first flowers upon the sun-kissed slope in early springtime.

The thought that the sunny spots are the places to find the spring flowers is worthy of a passing notice. Truly plants are in one sense children of the sun. There are certain conditions needed for the unfolding of a plant, and one of these is sunshine. The sun's rays give both light and heat, and along with these there is a favoring influence not easily defined, so that altogether the exposed spot in the landscape, all other things being equal, is the one to show the first signs of quickening into growth.

"All other things being equal" it was remarked, but such is not usually the case. We cannot dismiss plants as so many bits of clay or stone. They are endowed with life

and have their peculiarities, which are transmitted from parent to offspring, and thus the kinds, or species, are kept up. The individuals of any kind resemble each other; thus all the Mayflower plants are quite alike, and when one is once familiar with this choice pet it is always easily recognized. In the same way the bloodroots are all a reflection of the same type, while much the same thing is true of the pussy willows.

Let us look a little further into the characteristics of the three plants that have been mentioned above. They are all alike in that they have roots, stems, leaves, flowers, and fruit; but in all these parts they differ considerably. They are all among the early bloomers of spring and partly for that reason are attractive and here selected. One is an herb, one a prostrate vine, or creeping plant, with evergreen leaves, while the third is a tree of no great size. The bloodroot takes its name from the red juice of the plant, particularly in the large underground stem (rootstock); while the second has several common names, as Mayflower and trailing arbutus. The first indicates its time of blooming and the second the general habit the plant has of trailing upon the ground.

All three of the plants are perennial, that is, live on from year to year. One, the bloodroot, dies down to the ground at autumn and sends up in early spring a roundish leaf inclosing a flower bud. In short, the bloodroot is an herb, and sails over all botanical seas under the name of *sanguinaria Canadensis*,[1] and is thus recorded in the books upon descriptive botany wherever found. The botanical name of a plant consists of at least two words; the first is the genus, and the two taken together are the full name of the kind, or species. It is the Latin for the bloody plant of Canada. The trailing arbutus in addition to characteristics previously mentioned is a shrub of low stature bearing the Latin name of *epigæa repens*,[2] or, in other words, on the ground creeping—a very condensed statement in the name itself of a leading characteristic of this beautiful plant. The pussy willow is a general term and not confined to any one species of the genus *salix*.

Our three plants are widely separated from each other when it comes to a consideration of their relatives. The bloodroot is in the poppy family and has for a first cousin the celandine of the waste places, and is close of kin to the poppy from which the opium of commerce is obtained.

Our charming *epigæa* is a member of the heath family, which contains the wintergreen as one of its nearest relatives. Many readers know that this is also a creeping evergreen plant possessing a spicy flavor and bearing bright red berries. Several plants of the family are prostrate in their manner of growth. Other relatives are the huckleberries, blueberries, and the showy azaleas and rhododendrons.

In the heath family there are some peculiar plants which are without green and when found in the woods look like anything but plants. They are a foot or less in height and colorless, that is, white like wax or paraffin. Those who gather and press specimens are disappointed because the white changes to a black or brown upon drying. But why should such plants be placed in the same family with the Mayflower and the wintergreen is the question that naturally arises. They have the features common to the members of the heath family and the absence of the green is due to the habit these plants long ago acquired of getting their food from other plants.

These corpse plants and Indian pipes are parasites and have learned how to attach themselves to the roots of trees and therefore have no further need of foliage and chlorophyll[3]. A stem and one or several blossoms followed by capsules bearing seed are about all there is of these degenerate plants.

There are a good many parasitic plants, but none more interesting than these first cousins of the trailing arbutus. The mistletoe grows upon the apple and several kinds of plants, but a much larger number of parasites is found among a low order of plants, the fungi, not to be considered now. Of such are the smuts, rusts, mildews, molds, blights, and other troubles of higher plants.

We will not be able even figuratively to go, plant box in hand, and gather any long list of the plants as they come into bloom and here consider them. This is, however, the way to get interested in the subject. At the opening of spring secure some book upon plants and after mastering the lessons take to the field and forest and make a collection of the plants in bloom. The list may begin with the anemone or hepatica; but soon there will be a good half dozen of violets, followed by the spring lily, known to many as the dog-tooth violet. Literally before one can get the press empty it will be more than full. It is an easy matter with a little paper, a little press, and a little patience for one to reach the hot days of June with a good hundred kinds that will be pets in the household in all the year to come. The next spring it will be a comfort to recall when the plants were gathered the year previous; and it will not be long before the homes of the various kinds will be known and their haunts visited and the memory of past days dearly cherished. If any one has a little time for healthful pleasure there is nothing equal to a study in the field and forest of the plants there to be met with upon their own ground. If this paper will start a class of one hundred—one in one state and one in another—in the study of plants, the writer will feel the space here taken has been well occupied. The thought is not to make botanists; but just to incline one toward nature as a means of recreation, and the writer desires to help all such to open their eyes to the endless variety of interesting subjects that are close at hand, for all who wish to see. Children, like kittens, are seemingly born with their eyes shut, and there is nothing like a little interest in natural objects to pry up the lids and let in the light and life of the world.

It would scarcely be appropriate to write an article upon flowers without considering somewhat in detail the rôle which such structures play in the economy of vegetation and in fact in the whole world of organic life. The flower is the structure among the higher plants which is set apart for the purpose of reproduction. The ordinary organs, the roots, stems, and leaves, make up the everyday plant and take part in the growth of the same. They are the vegetative organs. But when colonization is considered, and new individuals are to be made and cast off, the flower arises. No new sorts of organs are in reality produced; but certain stems, instead of growing as the vegetative one, put forth a changed sort or sorts of leaves for the special purpose of reproduction. Some of the floral leaves in the center form flask-shaped bodies, the pistils, in which the seeds are afterwards to grow. Around these pistils—there may be, however, only one pistil in a flower—certain other leaves (stamens) are formed so as to produce a substance called pollen. This pollen is needed by the young seeds before they can grow to maturity.

It is found best for the young seeds (ovules) if one flower is fertilized by pollen from some other flower, and as insects are employed for conveying the pollen there needs to be some means for attracting these busy agents to the blossoms. This is the reason for the showy leaves that surround the stamens and the pistils. There are often two sets of these floral envelopes—an inner one, the corolla, and an outer, the calyx. A complete flower therefore has four sets of metamorphosed leaves—the calyx with its sepals, the corolla consisting of petals, the stamens, and the pistils. The two latter are the so-called essential organs and the two outer and more showy sets are to provide for fertilization between flowers.

Insects are not always needed for this wide fertilization and many plants ignore them. Such, however, while not having showy and nectar-bearing blossoms, produce a great abundance of pollen which, instead of being more or less adhesive, as in insect-dependent flowers, is dry and easily blown around by the winds. A large number of the forest trees produce inconspicuous blossoms and great quantities of pollen. Those of the readers who live near pine forests have yearly noticed the sulphur-like coating that comes upon the ponds in the spring. Some persons fail to associate this with the blossoming of the pines, and the

more credulous are reminded of the work of the evil one from the lower regions.

Perhaps the trees have their flowers fertilized by the aid of the winds because they are tall, or *vice versâ*. But there are many exceptions, and a striking one is the tulip tree, one of the most stately of all, which has large blossoms resembling in shape those of the tulip. Again the magnolias have blossoms that vie with the water lilies in size, color, and fragrance. On the other hand, the grasses are wind fertilized, and these are humble plants.

The corn is one of the largest of the grass family and it is so common and so dear to the American heart as to be a leading competitor for the place of national flower. Let us suppose it is voted to be the flower of the United States, and what would we have as our conventional corn blossom to be engraved upon our spoons or embroidered upon our scarf or counterpane?

In the first place the corn plant has two kinds of flowers; one, the staminate, situated at the top of the stalk and forming the tassel, while upon a side branch is borne the ear, composed of a large collection of pistillate blossoms. The pollen is produced in vast quantities and distributed by the wind. Therefore no showy flowers are needed to lure the insects or nectar to repay them for their visitations. If we should take a young ear that would be only one kind of corn blossom, the other being in the tassel. The national corn flower would need for completeness' sake to be an ear and a tassel combined.

But however well that may satisfy, the point here has been to draw attention to the method in which this leading American food plant has worked out the problem of wide fertilization. It is absolutely secured by a separation of the organs of reproduction so that one flower is all stamens and the other all pistil, the flowers being upon different parts of the plant.

There are still wider separations than that above mentioned, for all the willows and poplars require two plants for the production of seed. Some persons wonder why some trees never produce seed. The answer may be that they are staminate. One cottonwood along a stream in the prairie region is covered with cotton at seed time, and another is never so. The first is a female tree, the other a male. One date palm is loaded with the fruit, the next is always fruitless. The judicious date grower will see to it that his tropical orchard has only a small percentage of the staminate plants; but he does not dare to omit them all. The strawberry grower must be sure to have a variety with abundant stamens in the flowers set near to the sorts that do not, or the latter will fail to fruit.

Wide fertilization is secured even where the blossoms bear both organs of reproduction by a difference in the time of maturing of the stamens and pistils.

There is a large number of plants with remarkably irregular blossoms that from their shape are called butterfly flowers. Those of the peas and beans, honey locust, clovers, and a host of others are of this sort. These blossoms are perfect, that is, have both stamens and pistils, but the construction of the flower is such that insects are needed to get the pollen to the receptive organ (stigma) of the pistil. If the reader will watch a bee in its visits the reason for the construction of the parts will be evident. There is a place provided for it to alight, a way for its head to go, and all. It is a deeply laid plot for the crossing of the flowers—and when this plot is once comprehended every modification in floral structure, every color line or tuft of hairs has a meaning that adds greatly to the interest of the whole subject.

With this thought in mind glance at a daisy or dandelion or one of a thousand of the members of the great sunflower family. The flowers are usually very small, but placed together in a head and the cluster made showy by a ring of surrounding blossoms with large corollas. In short, in the daisy the flowers the maiden pulls off saying, "He loves me, he loves me not" are detailed to a special service, namely that of attractiveness, while within the "charmed circle" are the many perfect but small blossoms. In short, in the sunflowers whole

blossoms take the part of petals in simple flowers, the division of labor having gone a step farther.

Some plants bloom early and others late in the season. It is no matter of chance that the spring beauty comes before the clover, or the golden rod later than the dogwood. The autumn is brightened by the asters and the gentians, and the season closes with the witch-hazel, according to a plan that no doubt is best for each kind. We may not know the reason for all this, but so much is already understood that it is more natural to plead ignorance of special cases than a lack of faith in the Eternal.

We are certain that if all plants came into flower at once there would be a wealth of bloom that could not but be an embarrassment of riches. The daily charm of nature would be wiped out by a temporary redundancy. The air would be heavy with odors, the insects would be wild or weary, their day would be shortened, and all things out of joint.

In our attention to vegetation of summer it must not be forgotten that plants as seen in winter show many things of interest. The way the branches are disposed is a study in itself. Frequently in riding in the railway train it is a comfort to take a passing glance at the many wayside trees. No two of the same species are alike, and the difference between the tall spires of the hickory or whitewood and the broad top of the elm is still more noticeable. But to come down to the branches themselves, there is the size, shape, and arrangement of the buds that cannot fail to interest any who pause in the swift rush of life to consider them. Plants have their winter as well as their summer peculiarities.

As spring comes to us it finds the vitality of plants conserved in various ways. The annual plants are represented by the seeds, which have lain dormant through the winter and spring into activity under the quickening influences of the warmth of longer days and a higher sun. Plants which do not die with the approach of winter have two ways of hibernating; that is, their seeds may remain as such and in themselves until spring, their currents of vitality being at a minimum. The buds are the most vital points, and with these well protected by scales and varnish the blasts of winter are withstood.

The reappearance of the foliage after one has become accustomed to the naked limbs through the cold season is one of the most refreshing events of spring. The mystery of it is explained when it is shown that the material for all this sudden unfolding is stored in and near the buds. The roots have as yet done but little and of course there is no foliage to work until the leaves are put forth. This vernal display is essentially the result of a provident action upon the part of the plant by means of which substance has been accumulated through the activity of root and leaf and so packed away in the buds that in the shortest possible time, when conditions favor, it may produce the great change so fresh to our eyes each returning spring. And when the leaves are once upon the herb, shrub, and tree they are there for use. While the foliage is pleasing to the eye, it is the garb of work; green is the color of service, and when it is lacking in foliage either the leaf is sick or is detailed for some other labor.

One could study for a lifetime the foliage of plants. The forms of leaves are infinite; their uses to all creation are greater than we can weigh, and how they do their work that keeps the world of life in motion is still largely a mystery. Two plants feeding upon the same soil and air yield products as widely apart as strychnine and sugar or tobacco and tea. Let a person study the arrangement of leaves upon the twigs and before he knows it he is lead off into mathematics both curious and abstruse. Would you know of the sleep of plants go visit them at night with a lantern. By day watch their turning with the sun.

All the plants of the forest and field will not do well in the dooryard, simply because the dooryard is not a forest or a field. Plants growing under circumstances the most nearly corresponding to those in the yard will be the most likely to succeed.

The list is long of those that may be taken up with trowel and introduced into the home grounds. While making a collection of dried plants try a hand at the live ones. If we go back far enough in the history of plants it is clear that all our most highly prized ornamental plants were once feral and became tamed through generations of man's attention. That they have been changed no one can question; what these changes have been will be considered at some length in the next paper.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

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VII.

HOW IT IS AFFECTED BY MODERN INVENTIONS.

OUR large cities are the first to suffer from artificial contamination of the air, but they are the first to receive the benefits of modern inventions.

Natural gas, so largely used in our towns and city homes, while a great convenience, has directly or indirectly some unhealthful and insalubrious features. In neighborhoods where natural gas is burned for fuel, you can always find more garbage and various organic substances fermenting and putrefying because they could not easily be burned. On account of the dryness of its heat it has a deleterious effect upon the eyes and throat. It is absolutely necessary to moisten the atmosphere by evaporation in order to overcome the unpleasant effects of this kind of heat. A vessel of water should be placed upon the stove or kept hanging in the fireplace.

If people are to burn natural gas entirely there should be a neighborhood crematory, or an individual one, such as the furnace in the house, where the smaller collections of garbage could be burned at once, rather than be left to decompose. Many of these substances which are now left to putrefy and send their effluvia into the air would be burned promptly if coal or wood were used for fuel. Hotels and other public institutions that use this kind of fuel have a large amount of decomposing material about them.

Another modern convenience which should be considered from a hygienic standpoint is the asphalt street. On account of its heat, dust, and dryness in summer, it should be sprinkled more frequently than stone or wood pavement; but instead we find a custom contrary to this, because we have been told that it is bad for the pavement to be sprinkled so often. It should not be a question of whether the pavement is made worse by sprinkling, but whether or not the atmosphere is made safer and purer by the process. The method of continually sweeping the dust and the excrement of animals from the asphalt pavement without being sprinkled is a source of greater evil than has yet been realized. Our busy streets keep the air filled with impurities, other than germs, which render it unfit for respiration even for the short time necessary in passing through the streets, to say nothing about living and working along them. Tichborne has found the street dust of Dublin from the surface to a height of a hundred feet or more loaded with organic matter and fine fragments from the excrement of horses.

Our wheelmen thoughtlessly object to the sprinkling of asphalt streets. The great traffic of bicycles with pneumatic tires lifts more dust into the air than the wheels of carriages. The same sprinkler that is used for stone pavement should not be used for asphalt. A finer spray of water should be used, and if necessary used more frequently. In this way the pavement is cooled and benefited rather than injured, and those who ride the wheel have less objection to the wet street. Some busy asphalt streets render the air unfit to breathe unless they are sprinkled and he whose respirations are increased by bicycling needs a pure breathing air.

Nature's manner of purifying the atmosphere should be applied to the smoke nuisance. As you approach any large manufacturing city one of the first things to attract attention is the smoke, and you wonder that there is not more complaint made in regard to it. Possibly little is said because we at first think it an unavoidable product of human industry. So it is, but it can and should be kept out of the atmosphere by a simple and inexpensive apparatus that has proved to be a success. The cities that have a smoke ordinance, from necessity have invented various machines which do the work and give smoke a commercial value and at the same time keep the air from being polluted. New York and other cities have ordinances prohibiting the pollution of the air by smoke. At Glasgow the proprietors of certain iron furnaces receive a rental from the Furnace Gas Company for the right to collect the smoke and gases from the blast furnaces. This they utilize in the manufacture of oil and other products.

A very recent and practical invention for consuming smoke is rapidly being perfected by a gentleman of Buffalo, N. Y. By superheated steam and air a gas is produced which burns eighty-five per cent of the smoke and all the soot as soon as it is formed in the fireplace. The hottest flame is produced by the combustion which follows. It is automatic, self-adjusting, and not only is a coal saver but prevents the soot from filling the boiler tubes.

Other, more simple contrivances have proved very efficacious, such as passing smoke through large chambers profusely sprayed with water, which will carry the soot to the ground instead of into the air. By thus washing the smoke much carbonaceous material and other deleterious substances are separated. In dark-colored, heavy smoke we find much carbon unburnt and thereby a waste of fuel. These various contrivances have an economical value for the manufacturer as well as a sanitary one for the public.

Any manufactory that is large enough to generate smoke that is offensive and annoying to a whole town or city has power enough to run a fan which will drive the smoke in any direction desired and also carry water to a height whereby the spray will wash the smoke. Laws in regard to the smoke question are just as essential in many localities for promoting health and long life as those governing plumbing and sanitation.

Electricity is the best agent for producing artificial light on account of the less heat generated, less oxygen consumed, and more light yielded. When used for heating purposes there is freedom from smoke and noxious gases. Instead of burning up oxygen, electricity restores it to the air in the form of ozone.

We often find the air of rooms or certain corners of rooms stagnant on account of poorly planned ventilation, and the air in such places can be set in motion by electric or mechanical fans which can be run at little expense. The air of alleys, hallways, and cellars can be purified in the same way. There are many contrivances for imitating the purifying action of rain upon the air. Every one has noticed how much better and fresher the air seems after a rain, even though it has only been sufficient to lay the dust upon the street. Along the dusty streets of any city there could be arranged in each block an automatic sprinkler, which when needed for use could be raised into the air by a plan similar to that now used for manipulating the electric lights. The water of these sprinklers could be thrown many feet in each direction, from such a height as completely to cleanse the air as though there had been a slight shower. The fault of our modern sprinklers is that they are used to moisten the grass and ground alone, when the chief thing to be sprinkled is the air. A fine mist from a certain height will answer the purpose of sewering the air and moistening the street and lawn as well.

We can encourage better oxidation and diffusion of the atmosphere by giving more air-space within and without our buildings; also by lessening the amount of matter to be oxidized, at the same time diminishing the amount of solid substances which would hinder diffusion. The annoyance from modern inventions could be prevented and diseases

averted to a great extent by having every schoolboy and girl write an essay upon hygiene especially as it pertains to air.

VIII.

NATURE'S WAYS OF PURIFYING THE ATMOSPHERE.

NATURE always does her work well when unmolested, life being dependent upon her, and her ways are always worthy of man's observation and imitation. Her manner of purifying the air is similar to that by which water is purified, and we must imitate her method as closely as possible when we wish to doctor the air.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, the great law of the universe, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents; molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light, and electricity.

When not in motion, air stagnates as water does and becomes offensive and bad, because it is easily impregnated with fine animal and vegetable dust as well as noxious gases. Certain physical conditions are always necessary for the continual movement of the air. We know that the diurnal motion of land and sea air brings the warm days and cool nights as well as the rain and wind. In the tropical regions, as the sun rises the heat of the day increases and the breeze sets in from the sea to the land; as the sun goes down the heat diminishes, and at sunset the temperature of sea and land are equal. At night again the breeze is from land to sea, until morning, when the temperature may become equal and the sea breeze return.

"Refresh with rain and clean the wide world!"

Rain and humidity are the next important means of purifying the atmosphere, and are indispensable in rendering it fit for respiration. By these agents all the dust from the various trades, germs from the various diseases, and all foreign bodies are brought to the ground. It has been well said that the "rain is the sewerage of the air." How refreshing and delightful is the air after a rain, a shower, or even a mist! The morning dew does much in this direction, and no doubt this caused Shakespeare to feel the words when he said,

"Methinks I scent the morning air,"

and Southey to exclaim,

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air."

Oxygen having a greater adhesive power for water than nitrogen, the air near the earth's surface is richer in it after rain storms, the drops of water carrying it downward. The waves of the ocean beating upon the masses of air absorb large quantities of carbonic acid gas and in turn restore oxygen —a process similar to that which takes place in the vegetable world.

Oxidation, which takes place in the body and is needed to sustain life, is just as necessary in purifying the air. Oxygen unites with the organic matter of the air and stops the process of decomposition. Although the air of sewers contains very few microorganisms, yet there is much organic matter which needs to be oxidized. Wherever fermentation and putrefaction are taking place, oxidation is necessary in order that there may be purification of the air. That great antiseptic, peroxide of hydrogen, simply contains one more part of oxygen than water contains. Hence we see the importance of keeping up the proportion and amount of oxygen in the air in order that we may receive the full benefit of its purifying qualities.

Oxygen is the great vitalizing agent everywhere, but it is at home in the natural air and always remains at home unless driven out by some other gaseous enemy. It continually supports combustion in the bodies of animals and the cells of plants, and we notice its beneficial effects in all the phenomena of life. It is usually found in combination with other elements, and in this sense it is the most abundant and important of all gases and many substances part with it only when it is driven out by heat.

Ozonization is a powerful process by which the air is kept pure. Ozone is a concentrated form of oxygen and is a powerful element in deodorizing and disinfecting the air.

It is valuable as a germicide. The fact that this element is more plentiful in the atmosphere after a shower or rain is evidence that its action is increased and is, no doubt, dependent upon the moisture of the atmosphere.

It has been demonstrated by Ohlmüller that its action upon the typhoid and cholera bacteria is much more effectual when both the ozone and germs are moist. When dry, there is no result. Ohlmüller says the failure to ozonize sick rooms is due to the small quantity of ozone used.

Ozonized air passed through fluids containing bacteria has a detrimental effect upon these low forms of life, and after a little time no cultures can be obtained from what remains. Ozone is a good oxidizer, and the organic matter of air as well as that of water can be removed by its action when it is passed into either medium. When such a powerful element is produced naturally, good will follow when it is used artificially.

This sanitary agent is produced by chemicals and also manufactured for commercial purposes by the means of electrical apparatus. Foul air and impure water can be purified by its free use. Its action upon the blood and organs of the body is the same as that of oxygen.

Atmosphere is the type of aëriform bodies, the molecules of which, as in other gases, easily change their relative positions. During this process the particles of air are kept in constant motion by the heavier gases mixing with the lighter and *vice versâ*. Diffusion is the natural law of gases. It shows its power for good by diluting the poisonous gases of the air and allowing them to be changed into harmless ones. By this law every particle of gas is kept in motion until it has assumed some other form by uniting with other elements.

Vegetation purifies the air not only by restoring oxygen and taking up carbon, but it is nature's process of disinfecting and deodorizing the poisonous gases by volatile emanations. The air of pine forests is antiseptic because of the turpentine diffused in it.

Kingzett, in "Nature's Hygiene," after much investigation has concluded that the volatile oils from plants and trees produce peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid. The peroxide of hydrogen contains one part of oxygen more than is found in water and easily liberates that extra quantity of oxygen, thereby oxidizing much organic matter which is already in the air, at the same time preventing further decomposition.

All kinds of aromatic plants and flowers that have essential oils, this author believes, liberate large quantities of peroxide of hydrogen. It is probable that the peroxide of hydrogen discovered near by plant life is formed by the free oxygen restored to the air by the digestive process which takes place in the leaf uniting with the moisture of the air. Therefore we may see how an abundance and variety of vegetation maintain purity of the atmosphere. Not only oxygen but also ozone may be produced by the action of vegetation upon the gases of the air. Ozone is always found along the borders of large forests. It is a good deodorizer and will make sweet the most offensive fluids. It oxidizes silver when oxygen will not, showing its greater oxidizing powers. Whatever amount of oxygen is distilled into the air from the plant is more likely to be in the form of ozone, which soon becomes diluted with the neighboring gases.

The atmosphere about forests and large bodies of water gives the odor of ozone, and no doubt a similar change takes place in each as regards the air. Both take up carbonic acid gas and restore the oxygen and thus ozone and peroxide of hydrogen are formed.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."—John vii., 17.

[*May 3.*]

THE religion of Jesus Christ is altogether a practical thing. There is only one way of learning it: by practicing it. There is only one way of knowing it: by living according to it. This is what our Lord says in the text. "They who will do the will of God, they who will put their hand to the plough and set about doing their best to obey God, shall know of my doctrine, whether it comes from God or not. Its purpose is not merely to teach men what is good, but to make them good; and it is only by trying the experiment for himself, it is only by striving to do the will of God that any man can find out what great power there is in my religion to change him into a new creature and to make him wise unto salvation. Thus will he be convinced that the words which I speak, and which have such power, I speak not of myself, as man; but that, as the power in them is the power of God, so the words themselves and the doctrine must be from God."

This, our Lord tells us, is the right way to ascertain whether his doctrine comes from God. It is the right way, and the only way. Unless we try to do God's will nothing else can teach us this truth. No labor, no learning, no cleverness, no thought will enable us to find it out. We may read our eyes blind, and wear out our understandings, in poring over the Bible; it will only be the word of man to us, not the word of God.

I began by saying that the religion of Jesus Christ is altogether a practical thing. This is the first and simplest and main reason why we are to learn it practically. I call it the most practical of all things, because it is meant to be the rule and guide of our practice, not merely at certain moments, when we are engaged in any one particular employment, but at all times and in all places; because it ought to be the source and spring and mold and rule of all our thoughts and words and deeds. Can you suppose that the service of the God of heaven is so much easier a task than every other that while every other thing we want to do must be learned slowly and laboriously and practically the doing the will of God will come to us naturally and of itself? No; this too must be learned by practice—by patient, diligent, steadfast practice.

But how, you may ask, are we to do the will of God—how can we even strive to do it—unless we know beforehand what it is? The question seems a very hard one, and yet the answer is easy: by faith. When a child is learning to read it has to read at first without knowing how to read. It has to pronounce the letters and the words without knowing what they are. It has to pronounce them at first after its teacher; by faith in him it learns what they are, and thus in course of time it gets to know what they are of itself. In like manner God has sent you spiritual teachers—he has sent you the teaching of his Word—to tell you what his will is before you can know it for yourselves.

[*May 10.*]

This knowledge, like all practical knowledge, comes by degrees. Every slight improvement in practice—nay, every attempt at an improvement—will lead to an increase of our knowledge; while every increase of our knowledge ought in its turn to lead to an improvement in our practice. Every fresh step we take in Christianity we see further into it; and by seeing further into it we learn in what way we are to advance still further. The practice throws light on the wholesomeness of the doctrine; the doctrine on the other hand furnishes new motives and helps to the practice; thus they go on giving and receiving strength, each from

and each to the other. They are like the warp and woof in weaving; the doctrine is the warp, into which we weave the woof; every fresh cast of the shuttle brings out more of the warp, until at length the whole is like Christ's coat, without seam, woven from the top throughout. Thus do the knowledge and practice of a Christian meet and unite, and, as it were, grow into one. For what is the doctrine of Christ? That doctrine which St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, calls "the riches of the glory of the mystery." It is, as St. Paul there sets it forth, that God "hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins." It is that "it pleased the Father that in Christ Jesus should all fullness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things to himself; and us, too, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in our minds by wicked works, hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present us holy and unblamable and unreprovable in his sight, if we continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel." In other words, the doctrine of Christ is that all men are sinners—that all by their sins have offended the holiness of God and have fallen under his wrath; but that he, the eternal Son of God, came down from his throne in the heavens to be a sacrifice for our sins and to restore us to his Father's love. Now how can any one have any real and lively knowledge of this doctrine unless he has set himself in earnest to do the will of God? A minister once told me that a sick man whom he had attended, on being asked what he rested his hopes on, replied that he believed he had always led a regular, decent, good life. On this the minister said: "That may be very well as far as it goes; but in speaking of your hope of acceptance with God have you nothing to say of Jesus Christ?" "Yes," answered the sick man, "I think he must have something to do with it." Something to do with it! Was this knowing the doctrine? Is this like St. Paul's way of speaking, when he calls it "the riches of the glory of the mystery"? But how came it that this poor man had so scanty and faint a sense of what Christ had done for us? The reason plainly was that he trusted in his regular, decent life; he thought himself safe enough with that and did not trouble his head about anything beyond. Let me now go a step further and ask, How came he to trust in his regular life? Why, because he had never set himself seriously to do the will of God, therefore he had never gained a practical insight into his own sinfulness and weakness. He measured himself not by God's pure and holy law but by the low and deceitful standard of the world; so he was satisfied with himself and had no feeling of his want of a Savior. Here is a case of a man failing to arrive at a knowledge of Christ's saving doctrine because he had never made it his business to do God's holy will. I fear, too, the case is a very common one, even among those who call themselves by the name of Christ and who have read their Bibles and come to church all their lives.

[*May 17.*]

Not that I mean to speak slightingly of reading the Bible. Let every man know as much of the Bible as he can; no one can know too much of it. But then you must study it with a view to become better; you must take pains that your advance in doing the will of God may keep pace with your advance in knowing it. This in the right way of studying the Bible, and the right use to put it to. Any knowledge of God's will and of God's love but this will be useless to you; and not only will it be useless knowledge, it will also be imperfect knowledge. A true, a thorough, a saving knowledge of the Gospel can only be gained by practice. And a blessed thing it is for you, my people, that God has ordained it so to be. If head-knowledge, as it is called, had been the high-road to heaven, what would have become of the poor, who have so little time for study? But God in his grace has appointed another way for his people to learn how to serve him; and it is a way which

the poor and simple, who have been taught the first principles of their duty, may travel along as easily and safely as the rich and learned. He has made religion a practical matter, to be learnt and perfected in every deed we do, in every word we speak, in every wish and thought of our hearts. Let none say he has no time to learn to be a Christian, if he has time to live and breathe. Have any of you things to vex you? That is the way God has appointed to teach his people patience. Is any one enjoying an abundance of good things? They are given to train us in temperance and in bounteousness and in relieving the wants of others. Are some in poverty? It is a lesson of self-denial and contentedness. So whatever may betide you, be it sorrowful or be it joyful, I would have you think that it was sent you to teach and exercise you in such a grace, or to warn you from such a sin. Thus will you be learning Christianity practically. Thus by carefully striving to do the will of God will you be brought to the most perfect knowledge of the doctrine. Thus the tree of the Gospel will indeed be a tree of life to you, when you have planted a slip of it in your hearts.

Some however will perhaps ask me: Can we then do the will of God? No, my brethren; of ourselves assuredly we cannot. Therefore Christ does not say, He that doeth the will shall know, for that would be like saying, He that flies up into the clouds shall know. What Christ says is that he who willeth or desireth to do the will—for this is the true meaning of the passage—he who earnestly wishes and strives to do the will of God shall arrive at the knowledge of the doctrine. How? By doing it? No; but by finding that he cannot do it; by having his eyes opened to the true state of his soul, to its weakness, its helplessness, its sinfulness. This knowledge is the very thing that a man needs to bring him to embrace the Gospel with all his heart, so as to put his whole faith and trust in it. In other words, this is the same truth which St. Paul declares when he tells us that the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. That is to say, the knowledge of the obedience which God requires of us, as set forth in the law of Moses—the conviction that we ought to pay him that obedience—the feeling that we neither do nor can pay it,—these are the very things to wake a man out of the dream of his own merits and to tutor and prepare him for receiving the forgiveness of his sins and eternal life as a free gift from God through Jesus Christ. In the first dangerous illness I had after I was grown up I was forced to keep my bed for a week or more. While I did so I was not aware how feeble I had become. But when I tried to get up and could not so much as put on my clothes without help I found out my own weakness. Just so it is with the sinner. So long as he is sick unto death, so long as he lies dead and almost buried in his sins, so long does he continue in ignorance of his true state. He dreams in his heart, "There is not much the matter with me; I shall easily get well, and have little need of a physician." Thus he dreams, till God sends something to rouse him from his deadly slumber. Some great disappointment teaches him the vanity of all earthly plans, or some affliction pierces and startles him. The man opens his eyes, and sees the wrath of God hanging like a drawn sword over him. In his fright he perhaps tries to get up. Get up! He can no more get up, and quit his evil habits, than I could get up from my sick-bed after my illness. Back he falls, after finding out his own weakness, which before he had no suspicion of; and there he lies, in the wickedness which he is now conscious and afraid of, but which he feels he has not strength to forsake. Meanwhile the wrath of God is still hanging over his head, and seems to be drawing nearer every moment.

[*May 24.*]

To a sinner in this state of conscious guilt and feebleness the Gospel is indeed a blessing. For what does it show him? It shows him Jesus Christ stepping between to shield him from the wrath of God, and receiving the blow into his own heart, and when, in his astonishment at so unlooked for a deliverance, he cries to his unknown Savior, "Who art thou, thus to take on thyself the pun-

ishment which I have so richly deserved?" how must his heart beat on hearing this affectionate rebuke: "I am Jesus, whom thou hast persecuted all thy life long. Thou wast enrolled among my servants in thine infancy, and didst receive my mark, the sign of the cross, on thy forehead. But when thou grewest up, thou desertedst me. Thou hast broken my laws; thou hast neglected me; thou hast set thy heart on the things which I have forbidden. Thou hast robbed my heavenly Father and me of the honor and love which thou owedst us. Instead of serving God and me thou hast been serving sin and Satan. For all these offenses of thine my only revenge is dying to save thee. I have died that thou and every other sinner who will only hearken and turn to me may live. Take thy life, which I have bought so dearly. Arise; renounce thy sins; betake thyself to repentance and holiness, and live." Such is the language which Jesus Christ in his Gospel speaks to the awakened sinner. And would not words thus touching go straight to the heart of a man who finds himself in the state I have been describing? To your hearts, it may be, they do not go. Why? Because you are still asleep; because you have not yet begun to try to do the will of God; hence your sinfulness and weakness are still unknown to you. But put yourselves in the place of the man I have been speaking of; picture to yourselves the wrath of God ready to fall on you for your misdeeds. I need not tell you that there it is, hanging over every sinner, whether he sees it or no, and that "on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." (Mat. xxi., 44.) Suppose then that your eyes were opened and that you saw it there over your heads, would not the offer of pardon for Christ's sake at once become the very best news I could bring you? Would not the great truth that Christ died for us come home to your heart and soul with quite another force if you could behold him receiving the blow in your place and drawing off the lightning on his own head? Would not this make you feel the meaning of those blessed words, Christ has died for me? Surely these things must needs move you, were you to see them. But the conscience of the awakened sinner does not see them; therefore they move and shake him to the bottom of his stony heart. The Scripture says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." (Rom. xii., 20.) This is just the way in which our Savior tries to work upon the sinner. As soon as he has come to himself so as to be awake to his own danger Christ appears to him and shows him his hands and his side and says to him, "I have paid all." Does not this heap coals of fire on the sinner's head? Does not this bow him down to the very dust in shame and sorrow, that he should have been so ungrateful and rebellious against his best friend and only Savior! Does not this open his eyes also to see the hatefulness of sin? Before, he had thought but lightly of it. Now, however, the guilt of sin stares him in the face. Turn where he will he sees it ever before him, written in the blood of the Son of God. Such is the manner in which the first great doctrine of Christianity, the doctrine of the atonement by the sacrifice and death of Christ, works on the heart and soul of the sinner, when he begins to feel an earnest wish to do the will of God. And can he, after thus feeling the power of the doctrine —can he doubt whether it comes from God? He carries the proof that it does so within him, in his grateful sense of God's goodness and in his longing thus kindled in his heart to lead a more godly life.

[*May 31.*]

But how is this longing to be satisfied? In my illness, as soon as I found out my weakness, I began wishing that I was a little stronger. But my wishes did not make me stronger; and when I first tried to walk across the room, in spite of all my wishes I should have fallen if I had not had a friendly arm to hold me up. So is it with the sinner. Christ has saved him from punishment, and in so doing has supplied the first and most grievous of his wants. But he has still another very great and very pressing want. He wants the strength to lift him up from his evil habits to a life of

holiness and obedience. He cannot lift himself up; and Christ as yet has not done this for him. He has said to him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," but he has not yet completed the work of mercy; he has not yet said to him, "Arise and walk." It is here, in this hour of conscious feebleness, when the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, that the other great doctrine of our faith steps in; I mean the help of the Holy Ghost. The man begins to see that he has a new strength put into him, in addition to his own, and far beyond it. He finds that he can do to-day what he was unable to do yesterday. At first perhaps this may puff him up somewhat; and, as a sick man on gaining a little strength is apt to fancy he will be quite well in a few days, so the sinner when he has been enabled to withstand a temptation or two may perhaps fancy that he is already become a master in holiness. But he is soon cured of this mistake. The Spirit of God withdraws and leaves him to himself, and all his former weakness comes back upon him. Then in his distress does he call upon the Lord, and cry to his God; and the Spirit of God returns to him, and again takes him by the hand, and lifts him up, and enables him to walk safely. This goes on time after time, until his experience at length convinces him that so long as he trusts wholly to God he is borne up along the path of righteousness, but that the moment he tries to walk by his own strength his feet slip under him and he falls. Thus we have the other great doctrine of Christianity brought home to a man's heart, by his striving to do the will of God. He can now say of the promise of the Holy Spirit, as he before said of forgiveness by the blood of Christ, "I know that the doctrine comes from God."

Now can you think it possible, my brethren, when a person has been thus thoroughly convinced by his own experience of the truth of these two great doctrines, that any arguments of the most subtle man in the world should shake his faith in them? It cannot be. A mere nominal Christian indeed may easily have his belief in these doctrines shaken, if not overthrown; because to him they are only words, to which he attaches no living meaning. But once make a man feel the power of the doctrines—let him have been healed by the balm of Christ's blood, let him have leant his frail resolutions on the arm of the Holy Spirit,—what can shake his faith in them then? He has the witness of their truth in himself. Hence all the arguments in the world can no more make his faith in them waver than the arguments of a blind man, however hard to shake off, would persuade you that you do not see. This is what our Savior calls knowing the doctrine. It is the true way of knowing religious truth; and whereas St. Paul says of the vain-glorious knowledge and false philosophy of the Corinthians that it shall vanish away, the knowledge I am speaking of—the humble, practical heart-knowledge of the great things which the Son and Spirit of God have done and are still doing for our souls—this knowledge shall never fail, but shall go on increasing forever.—*Augustus W. Hare.*

THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

BY PROFESSOR E. HITCHCOCK, JR., M.D.

DIRECTOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL TRAINING, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

IT is undoubtedly the physical life and the physical health of a nation that give to it its strength and stability, and, as undoubtedly, when that physical health is weakened the nation must suffer.

Persia ruled the world for a time, but went down in physical decay, so that one scarcely expects to find Persia on the map. Greece and Rome flourished in wonderful strength and beauty, but finally through worship of the sensual and the moral damnation of the *tepidaria*[1] and the arena they lost their

power. Spain ruled the seas, but came to her present lessened position among the nations because of a failure of physical strength. The French, who prior to the Franco-Prussian War had neglected physical training, lived on their nerves and died in the trenches before Paris, while the more rugged Germans, under the inspiration of old "Father Jahn,"[2] marched into the French capital. Had the southern soldiers of our country been possessed of more physical stamina, had they been inured to the harder work of the troops from the North, the result of the war would certainly have been delayed.

Our United States occupies a peculiar position among the nations, because we are not of one kind of people. In the Scandinavian Peninsula the people are Scandinavians, and always have been. In Russia the people are always Russians, and the Chinese are always Chinamen. In Holland by far the preponderance of the people is Dutch. Each nationality has distinctive racial peculiarities. The corresponding classification may be made for most civilized nations, but when we speak of the United States we must admit that there is no distinctive or even largely predominant nationality. Several nations colonized America, and all nations are sending us emigrants, so that the make-up of the United States is from no one nation. Thus far the Chinese and Japanese have entered into our composite nationality but little. A few years ago no Chinaman, living or dead, remained long in this country. His object was to come here and lay away a few hundred dollars and then return to China. But things are slowly changing, and the Mongolian is now marrying and settling down among us. Great Britain has always sent us most of our emigrants, chiefly from Ireland, and as a rule this emigrant class are not those most desirable as citizens or individuals. They do not come from the most intelligent and favored class, nor do they make the best citizens. "Little Italy," in New York City, shows what emigration from Italy is bringing to us. The Huns on all our great construction works simply demonstrate the kind of aliens that are populating the country.

But the United States has a still greater evil to face among its people. The Civil War left us with an enormous negro population, ignorant and shiftless. There had been generations of time when the education of the negroes of the South was considered undesirable—when they themselves were not able to see the advantages of education. The real disaster of the war is not to be found on the battlefields nor in the graveyards north or south, nor in the homes destroyed, nor in the national debt incurred, but in the admixture of negro and white blood which has resulted. The pure-blooded negro is slowly disappearing and in his place is growing up a generation of mulattoes. This all may be for the advantage of the negro, but it certainly is not for the advantage of the white man. No, nor on second thought can it be for the real good of either people. As a purely physical being, the negro does not belong in our northern climate. He was reared under tropical skies and is constitutionally unadapted to meet the rigors of our colder climate. Life insurance companies, having placed a commercial value on every man's life, long ago realized this, and some of them will not take a risk on an individual having negro blood in his veins, while the balance of the companies only accept them as risks at a rate of insurance which is practically prohibitive. More is to be feared on the physical side of our question, from the intermingling of the negro and white races, than from any one social factor confronting our people.

Go into English schools and universities and you find chiefly sons of old English families. In our schools and colleges you find students from families of all nationalities. Whether this admixture of races and peoples will result in good, some generations hence, is a fair matter for speculation, but certain it is that from a purely physical standpoint it is very difficult to-day to arrive at an estimate of our people.

There are two most undesirable things that belong to the physical side of our nation, and one is very largely dependent upon the other if not the outgrowth of it. These are the disease called neurasthenia, better understood if we call it tired-out-nerves, and

the other the serious defects of vision which we all recognize—indeed the occulists (and they are not responsible for it) are fast transforming us into a spectacled nation.

The rush and bustle of this American life is too much for us. We live too fast, eat, sleep, and die too fast. Our civilization makes us live fast. We are a quick-fortune-making people. Wall Street has shown us how fortunes can be made in a day and lost in a day. To acquire the one and avoid the other has made many men of forty assume the appearance of men of eighty. It is safe to say that Wall Street and the peculiar kind of fever generated in similar localities afford one of the most serious menaces to the people of this country—and I do not except social vices and the evils of liquor.

It is difficult to arrive at the measure of such a people. A satisfactory measure cannot be made in this or in the next generation. In some parts of the country, as perhaps Maine, which has been long settled and where the changes are few, a fair idea of its people might be arrived at. Boston has afforded in its conservative life an excellent opportunity for Professor Bowditch to study the growth of its children, and New Orleans offers a fair field for the study of its Creoles.

In spite of "Brother Jonathan," who appears in the weekly papers, it is impossible to discover as yet the typical American, nor shall we find him until the tide of emigration ceases—in other words, until our western prairies are tilled, the northern forests changed to grain fields, and the country settled. Then from the amalgation of different kinds and races we may hope, in generations to come, to discover the American.

And yet every college gymnasium in the country, every Young Men's Christian Association, is at work measuring and testing its members, and the results of these measurements and tests will return to us much of value. From them we shall learn what we have of physical value in certain classes of our population. True they come from selected classes and do not by any means cover the whole ground, and yet they are most important to the student of anthropology. Our police records, too, are becoming of more value in that from them we learn more of the physical make-up of the criminal class. In many of our large cities, pursuant to a plan adopted in France and Belgium and other continental countries, exact measurements as well as photographs of all criminals are made. While this is done largely as a means of identifying later, still it is giving to us certain physical characteristics which can almost be called constants of the criminal class.

One class of American citizens—if they be citizens—has received far too little attention from anthropometry,[3] because they are a distinct people, and because through bad whisky, bad enforcement of bad laws, and a not unnatural objection to the adoption of the laws of their conquerors they are certainly passing away. Reference is made to the Indian tribes on our western and northwestern borders. Here we have a distinct race of people, who, through intermarriage with worthless whites, and other causes which always obtain when a savage race is suddenly confronted with civilization, are losing their racial peculiarities, and, as with the negroes of the South, are slowly bleaching from copper to yellow, giving us the half-breeds of our plains. Again a case where neither the people nor the country is the gainer.

We have a greater problem to solve than any country has ever had before. Countries have been invaded by foreigners who have brought about changes in customs and laws, but almost always these changes have come about through one race and one kind of people. In the United States since the time of its settlement the case has been different. Spain, England, France, and Holland settled the country, and following them have come people from every land under the sun, and they have come not as visitors but as citizens. The problem is to amalgamate these peoples into one nation. When this can be done, when the tide of immigration has ceased and our millions of acres of now waste land are occupied and tilled and the people have a common love for a common country, then, a few generations after, and not till then, will it be revealed what is the actual physical state of our countrymen.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN GENNINGS.

IT seems to me that not the least remarkable feature of Mr. Gladstone's remarkable life is this: that he has never once crossed the Atlantic. He has always been a warm friend and admirer of the United States, and in the long period of sixty years during which he has occupied a prominent position in public affairs in England he has paid frequent tribute to the great qualities of its people and its rulers. But, invariably, he has resisted alike the private solicitations of friends and the more formal requests of public and semi-public bodies to pay a visit to that country the splendid progress of which he has long watched with a kindly, if occasionally discriminating, eye. The terrors of the Atlantic passage could scarcely have had any influence in keeping Mr. Gladstone away from the country which has always been ready and anxious to do him honor, for he is a good sailor and has taken long voyages on other seas. I can only suppose that the great statesman has never found time for the undertaking. For more than half a century he has been undoubtedly the busiest man in Europe, and no public man of whom I have heard has worked with less rest in the shape of set holidays. I have not the slightest doubt that if he could have found time in his early manhood or in his middle age he would have delighted to visit the young giant among the nations, and to have investigated on the spot the causes which had enabled it to grow so quickly into lusty manhood without losing height, or size, or thew, or muscle by reason of its phenomenally hasty maturity. But those were Mr. Gladstone's busiest days, and lengthened absence from England at a distance too great for the daily queen's messengers, cabinet despatches, and party managers' reports to reach him was for all practical purposes out of the question. Later on, he was still busy, and though advancing years sat very lightly upon "the Grand Old Man" there were added to his public and private occupations and obligations considerations of the physical fatigue involved in a journey of thousands of miles and the excitement attendant upon what would have been, without doubt, a triumphal progress through the length and breadth of the United States.

Yet, despite all these manifest disadvantages, it was during this latter period of Mr. Gladstone's life that the two most determined attempts were made to induce him to cross the Atlantic. The first must be fresh in the minds of many CHAUTAUQUAN readers, for it was made only a year ago last autumn. A committee comprising many notable American citizens was formed, the aid of the press was invoked and given with an amount of enthusiasm which really lacked discretion, signatures were obtained to a document which was practically a humble petition to the great English statesman to visit America, and this was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, after a vast amount of preliminary "booming" of the endeavor. The very elaboration of the movement foredoomed it to failure, irrespective of the initial improbability of success, seeing that Mr. Gladstone was at the time rather more than half blind, having just undergone an operation for cataract and being at the moment in a condition as nearly approaching despondency as it would be possible for a man of such perennial cheerfulness to be. However, the attempt was made, and with the result that might have been anticipated under the circumstances. There was really no need for Mr. Gladstone to give much thought to the matter for it was obviously out of the question for him to embark in the suggested enterprise. But after a brief interval, dictated no doubt by his old-fashioned ideas of courtesy, he sent this reply to the committee of gentlemen having the affair in charge—the "American Invitation Committee," as he termed it:

"DOLLIS HILL,
"LONDON, N. W., July 30, 1894.

"GENTLEMEN:

"I am alike impressed with the gratifying nature of the invitation you have been good enough to address to me and with the form, alike flattering and considerate, in which it has been conveyed.

"While sensible of the strong reasons which make a visit to your great country an object of just and warm desire, I had for some time felt that my advancing years placed an obstacle in its way such as I could hardly hope to surmount. Undoubtedly your letter supplied the strongest motives for an attempt to brave the impossible. But I regret to say it reaches me at a time when, were I much younger, it could not be open to me to consider this question. The surgical treatment of my eye for cataract which began recently with the usual operation will not be concluded for nearly two months, and until that treatment shall have reached its conclusion (about that time as I hope) I am not able to look with confidence to a date for the restoration of practical and useful vision. Under these circumstances, however sanguine as to the eventful issue, I feel that I am incapacitated from the contraction of prospective engagements, and I am sure that you and the many distinguished gentlemen who have joined you will feel with me that this is the only reply which I can make to your proposal. I beg you to accept and to convey to them the assurances of my grateful thanks and of my unalterable interest in your country.

"Believe me,
"Most faithfully yours,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Nearly nine years previously, through the mediumship of the present writer, an attempt to bring Mr. Gladstone to America was made which nearly attained success. The moment appeared to be opportune. Mr. Gladstone, who had done more for Ireland than all the English statesmen who had preceded him, had after much anxious thought arrived at the conclusion that even his great and daring measures of reform were mere palliatives and that the only permanent settlement of the vexed and ever-present Irish question was to be found in home rule. He had satisfied himself that the enervated body politic in Ireland could be restored to health and vigor only by the tonic of self-government. His conversion had been announced to the world and the pervert had been overwhelmed with reproaches from his friends and assailed with the grossest abuse, as a traitor, by his political enemies. He was temporarily in opposition. The country was in the throes of an agitation which for bitterness had not been equaled since the stupendous reform struggle of 1832. But, though he was out of office, the Tory government was weak and tottering to its fall, and the return of the Liberals to power was only a question of months. Mr. Gladstone, however, saw with prophetic eye the vast difficulties before him, and he could not but have known how vital to the ultimate triumph of home rule would be the sympathy and support of the people of the United States, especially if, as seemed probable, the struggle was destined to be prolonged. It was at this moment, apparently so propitious, that the *United Press* of New York commissioned its European ally, *The Central News* of London, to approach Mr. Gladstone with a view to induce him to spare a few weeks of time to visit America, primarily in the interest of that cause of "justice to Ireland" which was then absorbing his thoughts to the exclusion of every other subject. The matter was quietly brought within the knowledge of Mr. Gladstone, and it was learned that its reception had been friendly. Thus privily encouraged the promoters of the scheme submitted it in the form of an invitation to pay to the United States a visit of limited scope in respect to the time to be occupied and the ground to be covered. I am in a position to state that Mr. Gladstone gave the proposal his most earnest consideration, with every disposition to accept it should it appear to be possible; but after ten days he sent the following reply:

"HAWARDEN CASTLE,
"CHESTER, Jan. 4, '86.

"DEAR SIR:

"I could not regard such an invitation as you transmitted to me on the 23d otherwise than as an incident requiring my best consideration, for the chance that reflection might open to me some way of compliance.

"I am sorry, however, to report that I have not been able to arrive at this result. My physical strength is not such as would permit me to undertake a voyage to America; and the imperative demands on my time and thought, in connection with the present state of public affairs, allow of no intermission of attention.

"The invitation itself, however, constitutes a new

tie of feeling with America, and I shall ever remember it with thankful acknowledgment; while the knowledge that so many friendly eyes are watching the course of events in this country with reference to Ireland will be a new incentive to the performance of patriotic and philanthropic duty. I remain, dear sir, "Your faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"*John Gennings, Esq.*"

The cordial tone which marks the foregoing epistles has characterized all Mr. Gladstone's spoken and written references to the United States. But this article has concern only with some of his public speeches which are not so readily accessible to the general reader because they are for the most part hidden away in the dry tomes of "Hansard."

The first speech of which there is record in the official parliamentary chronicle was delivered by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 30th of March, 1838, when he was twenty-nine years of age. It was a long speech, and it may shock some of his right honorable admirers to know that it was devoted to an eloquent protest against undue haste in emancipating the slaves in the British West Indies. During the fifty-seven years that have elapsed since then the world has learnt much, and among other lessons which have been taken well to heart is the one that slavery is wrong morally and unwise even from a merely economic and business point of view. But in 1838 these exalted principles had not taken thorough hold upon the people of this country, while in the United States more than a generation was to pass before they found acceptance in the minds and consciences of the majority. It would be absurd therefore to criticise Mr. Gladstone severely for holding opinions in common with the best and wisest men of his time. But he never advocated slavery itself, as has been falsely stated; his speech was not a defense of slavery but a plea against the gathering of unripe fruit. "Have you," he said, "who are so exasperated with the West Indian apprenticeship system that you will not wait two years for its natural expiration—have you inquired what responsibility lies upon every one of you at the moment that I speak with reference to the cultivation of cotton in America? In that country there are nearly three millions of slaves. You hear not from that country of the abolition—not even of the mitigation—of slavery. You consumed forty-five millions of pounds of cotton in 1837 which proceeded from free labor, and three hundred and eighteen millions of pounds which proceeded from slave labor. And this while the vast regions of India afford the means of obtaining at a cheaper rate, and by a slight original outlay to facilitate transport, all that you can require."

No! the English people had not realized their responsibility in this matter, nor did they do so for many a long day; for more than twenty years they went on complaisantly using the cotton produced by slave labor in America, and when the people of Lancashire had to choose between temporary suspension of trade, while the North fulfilled its ordained mission of removing the reproach of slavery from the United States, and the continuance of cheap, slave-produced cotton, they clamorously cried out for the latter; and England was within an ace of throwing the vast weight of her influence, followed by active assistance, upon the side of the South.

In 1856 we find Mr. Gladstone, with that moral courage which is one of his great qualities, deliberately taking the side of a foreign country against his own, and at a time when popular passions were so fiercely roused upon the question at issue that had he been a political trimmer, a sitter on the fence, he might well have followed the example of many other public men and have prudently remained silent. The subject was a burning one—the illegal enlistment of American citizens for service in the British Army with the direct connivance of the British minister in Washington and the British consuls in several cities.

On the 30th of June, 1856, a resolution was moved censuring the government of the day for its conduct in this matter, and in the debate which followed Mr. Gladstone made a telling speech. He declared that "the two cardinal points of importance that we ought to keep in view in the discussion of this question are, peace and a thoroughly cordial understanding with America for one, and the

honor and fame of England for the other," and he maintained that neither object had been attained. The British government had practiced concealment and had deluded and misled the American government, while the British minister had broken his solemn promises. History has justified Mr. Gladstone in this as in so many other questions in which he was in advance of his time.

But only six years later, at the end of 1862, Mr. Gladstone, again in connection with an American subject, made the greatest and most conspicuous political mistake of his life. He was then chancellor of the exchequer in the cabinet of Earl Russell, of which, in fact, he was the most influential and popular member. His chief, replying to a formal application by Mr. Mason, the special envoy to Europe of the South, for recognition of the Confederate States as a separate and independent nation, had written:

"In order to be entitled to a place among the independent nations of the earth a state ought not only to have strength and resources for a time but afford promise of stability and permanence. Should the Confederate States of America win that place among the nations it might be right for other nations justly to acknowledge an independence achieved by victory and maintained by a successful resistance to all attempts to overthrow it. That time however has not in the judgment of Her Majesty's government arrived. Her Majesty's government therefore can only hope that a peaceful termination of the present bloody and destructive contest may not be far distant."

This was the deliberate decision of the British government, not of a section of it, and it must have quite blasted the hopes of the South of that recognition which, had it been accorded, might very well have changed the whole course of the history of the United States. What then must have been the joy of every friend of the South when, only a few short weeks after Earl Russell's pronouncement, Mr. Gladstone in the course of a public speech at Newcastle delivered that famous and historical declaration that Jefferson Davis had "succeeded in making a nation" of the Southern States. The whole country was convulsed and party passions broke loose and raged round Mr. Gladstone, who found it necessary to explain his monstrous indiscretion. "My remarks," he explained in a published letter, "were no more than an expression, in rather more pointed terms, of an opinion which I had long ago stated in public that the effort of the Northern States to subjugate the Southern States is hopeless by reason of the effective resistance of the latter."

It was not long before Mr. Gladstone began to realize the true meaning of the gigantic struggle then in progress, and in August, 1867, he made this full and frank confession of error:

"I must confess that I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then—where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people.

"I, probably like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. I had imbibed, conscientiously if erroneously, the opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier and would be stronger (of course assuming that they would hold together) without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer emancipation under a southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date (August, 1862,) been abandoned, and it always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slave-holding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire."

From that time Mr. Gladstone accustomed himself to speak of America with rather more reserve, particularly during the troubled period which preceded the conclusion of the treaty of Washington by which the *Alabama* claims were referred to arbitration. That happy consummation was not attained without much labor and infinite patience and the display of a large amount of that moral courage which, as I have said, Mr. Gladstone possesses in abundant measure. His difficulties were greatly increased by the action of the Tory opposition led by Mr. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. This able but unscrupulous statesman did not hesitate to make party capital out of the inflamed passions of the populace and the more creditable but none the less unwise patriotism of Englishmen irritated by the firmness and cour-

age displayed by the United States before and during the negotiations. Disraeli in May, 1872, twitted Mr. Gladstone with the mildness with which the British case had been prepared, to which Gladstone replied truly enough that it was the duty of ministers to state their case in the mildest terms possible consistent with an appreciation of the momentous importance of the question. The Tories had ingeniously created the impression in the country that the United States government in suggesting that England should pay for the indirect damages arising out of the ravages on the *Alabama* had put forward seriously, and with set intent to maintain, claims so extreme and exaggerated that it would be preferable to put them to the rude test of war rather than to that of peaceful arbitration, and Disraeli did not hesitate to say the same thing in effect from his place in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone has never lacked patriotism, but his is patriotism which has stood and will stand the test of time, as in the case under review. "It amounts almost to an interpretation of insanity," he said in reply to the Tory taunts, "to suppose that any negotiators can intend to admit that, in a peaceful arbitration, claims of such an unmeasured character as the right honorable gentleman has partially described, such as I have for a moment glanced at, and such as it is really impossible to suppose the American government intends; these would be claims transcending every limit hitherto known or heard of—claims which not even the last extremity of war and the lowest depths of misfortune would force a people with a spark of spirit —with the hundredth part of the traditions or courage of the people of this country—to submit to at the point of death. We rely on the friendly disposition which prevails between the two peoples for an amicable settlement, but in no circumstances will the government allow themselves to swerve from their sacred and paramount duty to their country."

No American will in these days deny that Mr. Gladstone was right in taking this firm and dignified stand against the payment of "indirect damages," and as a matter of fact we know that such a claim was never seriously intended to be pressed by the United States government. All's well that ends well. The world has indorsed the wisdom and humanity of those British-American statesmen who by referring a bitter international dispute to arbitration saved two great nations from a long, sanguinary, and disastrous war. The initial credit for proposing that peaceful method is due to the Earl of Derby, but the full merit of defending it and carrying it into practical effect will forever belong to William Ewart Gladstone.

Of late years Mr. Gladstone has written more than he has spoken of the United States. Many shrewd and kindly observations of its people and institutions, many encouraging and eloquent predictions as to its future, lie buried in British and American newspapers and magazines, whence one of these days they will be disinterred by historians. This paper is not intended to be a contribution to history, but merely a small endeavor by a humble admirer of the United States to bring home to the minds and hearts of the American people that they have no more earnest well-wisher, no friend more sincere, no critic more kindly than the aged British statesman who up till the very evening of life has championed right against might and who, as the night itself is falling gently and benignantly upon him, is found lifting up his resonant and still powerful voice in behalf of misgoverned Ireland and oppressed Armenia.

(End of Required Reading for May.)

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.*

BY MARY PROCTOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU said just now that a new star appeared in the midst of the nebula of Andromeda," said Marion Cleveland. "I wish you would tell us more about these new stars, and what makes them blaze out suddenly and then disappear."

"There are cases where stars have suddenly made their appearance in the heavens," replied the professor, "or stars which have long been known to astronomers have altogether disappeared from view, so that their place knows them no more. It is possible that they may still give out some degree of light and heat, but the most powerful telescope fails to afford any sign of their existence, so that so far as our knowledge of them is concerned these stars must be regarded as extinguished suns. It is at least certain that they have lost so large a proportion of the light and heat they once possessed that the change must seriously have affected the condition of beings living in the planets which circle around these once brilliant orbs. Imagine what would happen if our sun lost its light and heat until it gave less than a third of its usual supply. In a very short time scarcely any form of life would remain upon the earth. In the constellation of Argo is a star which from the fourth magnitude increased in brightness until it resembled a star of the second magnitude, diminished again to the fourth magnitude, and at different periods has thus increased and diminished again in brightness. It can now only just be seen on the darkest and clearest nights.

"These stars are called temporary stars, and there are records of about twenty examples. In November, 1572, Tycho Brahe saw a very bright new star in Cassiopeia which grew in luster until it almost rivaled Venus, and after gradually fading during a period of seventeen months finally disappeared from view. 'As it decreased in size,' says one authority, 'it varied in color: at first its light was white and extremely bright; it then became yellowish; afterwards of a ruddy color like Mars, and finished with a pale, livid white resembling the color of Saturn.' This star is associated by some writers with the star of Bethlehem. With a large telescope it can still be seen smoldering, as it were, in the heavens, and according to a beautiful legend it may again make its appearance, to announce the second coming of Christ. From observations made with regard to it, it is a variable star with a period of about three hundred thirty-one days eight hours, and when brightest is a star of the second magnitude.

"In 1604 a new star made its appearance in the constellation Ophiuchus, or the Serpent Bearer. Kepler tells us that 'it was every moment changing into some of the colors of the rainbow, as yellow, orange, purple, and red, though it was generally white when it was at some distance from the vapors of the horizon.' In fact, these changes of color must not be regarded as indicating aught but the star's superior brightness. Every very bright star, when close to the horizon, shows these colors, and so much the more distinctly as the star is the brighter. Thus Homer speaks of Sirius, which changes color near the horizon, resembling a glistening diamond, as the 'star of autumn,' shining most beautifully 'when laved of ocean's wave'—that is, when close to the horizon. Tennyson sings of it, saying,

> "'The fiery Sirius alters hue,
> And bickers into red and emerald.'

"New stars have also appeared in the constellations Cygnus, Scorpio, the Northern Crown, and many others. Huggins inferred that these new stars were caused by large volumes of burning hydrogen. 'As the liberal hydrogen gas became exhausted,' he says, 'the flame gradually abated, and,

* Copyright, 1896, by Theodore L. Flood.

with the subsequent cooling, the star's surface became less vivid, and the star returned to its original condition.' Meyer and Klein, the German physicists, advanced a different theory. Let me read you what is said of it:

"'[They suggest] that the sudden blazing out of the star was occasioned by the violent precipitation of some mighty mass, perhaps a planet, upon the globe of that remote sun, by which the momentum of the falling mass would be changed into light and heat. It might even be supposed, they urged, that these stars by their swift motion may have come in contact with one of the star-clouds, or nebulæ, which exist in large numbers in the realms of space. Such a collision would necessarily set the star in a blaze and occasion the most vehement burning of its hydrogen.'"*

"Is the new star Nova Carinae, which was discovered in the southern hemisphere a short time ago, one of the stars you have just been describing?" asked Marion Cleveland.

"No, Miss Cleveland," replied the professor, "that was indeed a 'new' star, and is the fifteenth which has been discovered in two thousand years. It was discovered in the same way as the new star in Norma in 1893, and by the same observer, Mrs. M. Fleming, of the Harvard College Observatory. She made the discovery by means of photographic plates of the heavens, which had been taken at the Arequipa Station, in the southern hemisphere. About two thousand photographs are taken every year, and the plates are shipped to Cambridge, where they are examined by Professor Pickering and Mrs. Fleming. She has about ten women assistants to help her with the work, and they occupy a small brick building in the rear of the library, where already tons of plates are stored. The plates come to Cambridge from Arequipa in boxes containing one hundred. As soon as a box of plates arrives Mrs. Fleming carefully examines them, and on one of these small plates, eight by ten inches in size, sprinkled over with thousands of star points, she perceived the new star. The Cambridge method is a most effective one, and the photographic plates used are of two kinds—spectrum and chart. The spectrum plate shows fewer stars, and each spectrum is large enough to be easily made out and its peculiarities noted. One of the most remarkable things about this photographic method is that there appears to be no limit to the faintness of the stars that can be photographed with a good instrument. By increasing the time of exposure, smaller and smaller stars are constantly reached, and it is now possible to get distant photographs of stars that the eye cannot possibly see with the same telescope."

"I do not understand how they can photograph the stars," said Caroline Sturgis, "not only because the stars are so far away but because our earth is constantly moving. Do they use ordinary photographic plates?"

"I will try to explain this to you," said the professor, "for it is very necessary nowadays in studying astronomy to understand the rudiments of celestial photography. When we wish to photograph the heavens, Professor Holden tells us:

"'This is done by placing another lens in front of the large object glass, and thus turning the telescope into a gigantic photographic camera. The negative plate is placed in the focus and exposed as long as is necessary: for the moon and the brighter stars a few tenths of a second; for the very faint stars several hours. Any one who has a telescope and a camera can make interesting and valuable pictures. The camera must be firmly strapped to the telescope, some star selected and kept exactly in the middle of the field of the telescope, while the camera is engaged in registering all the stars which fall on the plate. It will be necessary to have a firm mounting, easy motions to the telescope, and some fixed point in its field of view to put the guiding star on.'*

"He also tells us that in the Lick Observatory telescope (and in fact in all large telescopes) there is a powerful clock in the uppermost section of the iron pier of the telescope-mounting. If we start this clock going and attach it by merely turning a handle to the telescope, we can make it drive the whole tube slowly from east to west, from rising to setting. If, for instance, the telescope is pointed to the sun about sunrise, and if the clock is kept wound up, the telescope will of itself follow the sun all day, and will point directly to it at sunset. And it will do this for any star, accurately. This

* "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 176. R. A. Proctor. —*M. P.*

* E. S. Holden, in *The Youth's Companion*, Oct. 11, 1894.—*M. P.*

is an enormous convenience in making visual observations, for it saves the observer the trouble of continually moving it from rising to setting.

"When we come to photographing the stars, the clock is a still greater convenience. We wish each star to make a neat, round dot on the photographic plate, even if the exposure is quite long, several hours for instance. Hence it is absolutely essential to have the telescope and the photographic plate follow the star precisely during the whole exposure."

"I wonder what first suggested the idea of photographing the stars," said Marion Cleveland.

"The history of celestial photography, that is, with regard to the stars," replied the professor, "began with the appearance of the great comet in 1882. Says a certain writer:

"'At the Cape of Good Hope observations were made under the direction of Dr Gill, who called in the services of a local artist, Mr. Allis of Mowbray. He was requested to take a photograph of the comet, and he consented to do so. With his camera strapped to the observatory equatorial, pictures of great merit were obtained, but their particular distinction lay in the multitude of stars begemming the background. The sight of them gave Dr. Gill the idea of making a general photographic survey of the heavens, and his proposal on June 4, 1886, of an international congress for the purpose of setting it on foot was received with acclamation and promptly acted upon. Fifty-six delegates of seventeen different nationalities met in Paris, April 16, 1887, under the leadership of Admiral Mouchez, to discuss measures and organize action. They resolved upon the construction of a photographic chart of the whole heavens, including stars of the fourteenth magnitude, to the surmised number of twenty millions, to be supplemented by a catalogue framed from plates of comparatively short exposure giving stars to the eleventh magnitude. These will probably amount to about one million and a quarter. The atlas embodying the collected data will consist of copies on glass of the original negatives. The task of getting the plates has been divided among eighteen observatories, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Paris, San Fernando, La Plata, the Vatican, Rio Janeiro, Algiers, Santiago, Helsingfors, Potsdam, Catania, Greenwich, Oxford, the Cape, Melbourne, Sydney, Tacubaya (Mexico). All these observatories are provided with perfectly similar instruments, consisting of a thirteen-inch photographic coupled with an eleven-inch visual refractor.

"'Admiral Mouchez died suddenly in 1892, and he has been replaced by M. Tisseraud, whose mathematical eminence fits him for the work. Although not an astronomer by profession, Admiral Mouchez had been singularly successful in pushing forward the cause of the science he loved, while his genial and open nature won for him high personal regard.'*

"Miss Dorothea Klumpke is the directress of the Bureau of Measurements at the Paris Observatory which is connected with this work. She is a young American girl who has won for herself recognition as one of the most learned astronomers and indefatigable observers in France. Eight years ago she was received as a pupil at the observatory. Since then a few other women have been allowed to join in the work carried on in that world-famed institution, but she was the first to whom the doors were opened and for a long time she was the only one."

"In naming the observatories which are engaged in the work of photographing the heavens you did not mention the United States," said Marion, who was naturally interested in her own country and was anxious to know if it had not taken part in this great work.

"Professor Pickering is planning an independent work of the same kind," replied the professor, somewhat amused at Marion's patriotic enthusiasm. "'He uses an instrument which has a four-lens object glass of twenty-four inches diameter and eleven feet focus. It takes much larger plates and requires much shorter exposures than the Paris instrument or those used at the other observatories.'† In this way it will do the work much more rapidly. The instrument is erected at Arequipa, Peru."

"I wish you would tell us something about Mrs. Fleming, whom you referred to just now," said Marion—"the lady who examines the photographic plates sent from Arequipa under the direction of Professor Pickering."

"Mrs. Fleming," replied the professor, "is Scotch, but has been in the United States since 1881. She acquired her knowledge of astronomy in the Harvard Observatory, and the greater portion of her time is given

* "The History of Astronomy," p. 494. Agnes M. Clerke. — *M. P.*

† "Lessons in Astronomy." Prof. C. A. Young. *M. P.*

to the furtherance of the Draper Memorial work.

"And now, young ladies," continued the professor, glancing at the clock, "I see that the hour is late, but before I dismiss the class I would like to say a few words of encouragement, and to tell you how pleased I am at the interest you have shown in my informal talks on astronomy. But you must not expect me to do all the work; we must work together if we wish for good results. You must take the trouble to read and consult the best authorities upon the subjects under discussion. The list of books with which you should become familiar are those by Professors Young, Newcomb, Langley, Ball, Lockyer, and Chambers, Grant's 'History of Physical Astronomy,' Flammarion's and Gore's publications. We can give only one morning a week to these talks, but at the intervening lessons I hope to encourage a renewed interest. There are many facts which we must understand thoroughly in astronomy, apart from the glowing romance which envelops the depths of space, and the very knowledge of these facts makes us appreciate the romance of astronomy all the more thoroughly.

"In the pursuit of knowledge many start on their way full of enthusiasm, and, struggling onward, do their very best, even if they do not eventually reach the desired haven. Science is the study of a lifetime; we can never know enough. The most learned feel that they are ignorant, and too often, alas! the ignorant imagine they are learned.

"'Perseverance gains the crown,' and still more necessary is it in the pursuit of knowledge. Do you remember the account of a traveler in the book 'Ships That Pass in the Night' who climbed up the mountain of High Ideals, upon the summit of which he expected to find the Temple of Knowledge? The journey was long and the road rough, but he had a strongly-hoping heart. He lost all feeling of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope. In studying the mechanism of God's universe, let us be like this traveler—let us also have hope and look up,

"'Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned,—
To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE next month passed rapidly away, and Professor Douglas had every reason to congratulate himself with regard to the success of his experiment. The abstracts of his talks on astronomy, made by his pupils, were not faultless, it is true; but they showed a marked improvement as far as a true knowledge of the subject was concerned. He noticed a growing interest in the work and communicated this fact to Miss Inart, at the same time making the suggestion that it might add still more to the interest if the telescope in the observatory could be placed at the disposal of the pupils at least one evening in the week. Miss Inart willingly consented to this proposal, and made arrangements so that the first trial should be made during the winter season, when the glorious constellations of Orion, Taurus, and the bright star Sirius would be well placed for observation. Meanwhile she requested the professor to keep the matter a profound secret until all was in readiness. Carpenters were engaged to repair the passage leading to the observatory, and other necessary alterations were made so that the pupils might reach the observatory by steps leading directly to the terrace instead of having to pass through the rickety old halls in the interior of the western wing. She planned to have everything ready by the first week in December, and intended soon to tell the news as a pleasant surprise to the pupils of the astronomy class.

Meanwhile the pupils of the senior class had other plans with regard to the observatory which were not quite so commendable. Nearly three weeks had passed away since the initiation of Marion Cleveland into the Spirit Club, and as yet she had not ventured to carry out her threat of invading the

haunted terrace. It was not that she did not wish to do so, but merely that the opportunity was lacking. After patient waiting, however, the time had come, and at a solemn conclave held by the club she decided to make the dread venture. She had chosen an evening especially appropriate for the deed. Miss Inart had accepted an invitation to a reception, and by some means the seniors had become aware of the fact and arranged their plans accordingly. It proved to be one of these stormy November evenings so usual in England, when the wind whistles and roars around a house and seems to make its way into every nook and cranny. Just before Marion started on her perilous journey her friends assembled in her room to wish her good luck.

"Are you sure you are not afraid?" asked Caroline in awed accents as she looked with admiration at Marion while she was making her final preparations for the adventure.

"Afraid!" echoed Marion. "Who ever heard of an American girl being afraid? 'Do and dare,' that is my motto, and Pamela Wentworth or no Pamela Wentworth, I am going to find out for myself."

"Do you not think we would better go with you?" suggested Lydia Ferris. "It does seem rather mean of us to let you go alone."

"You are very kind," said Marion, laughing, "but to tell you the truth I would far rather go by myself. What a stormy night it is!" she continued as she looked out of the window. "See the trees rocking backwards and forwards—and the waving branches seem to be beckoning to me to come. King Storm is in high glee to-night, and he is riding upon a mountain of black clouds, I should judge from the darkness outside. Caroline, lend me your shawl, there 's a dear girl, for I cannot find mine and it will be quite chilly going through those passages. I only wish I knew the way!"

"Do let me go with you," pleaded Nellie Cameron. "I assure you I would not be at all afraid, and I promise you I would not scream, even if I saw a mouse."

"Nonsense!" said Marion, laughing and playfully whirling Nellie around. "This wind would blow you away, you little fairy, and King Storm would have you in no time. As for mice—I expect to scare hundreds of mice before I get scared myself by the defunct Pamela."

"Oh, please don't talk about her in that way," cried Caroline Sturgis seriously, "because she really might harm you if she knew."

"Caroline Sturgis, you dear, delightfully serious little girl!" said Marion, laughing merrily. "I positively must interview the ghost after that, and tell her what an heroic defender she has in our senior class. Good-by, girls." And away she started, waving her hands to her friends, who watched her in awe-struck silence as she disappeared down the long hall leading to the western wing of the Grange.

"Suppose she never comes back again," woefully suggested one of the girls. "She may lose her way or get caught in a trap-door, or something like that, and die like Ginevra who was playing at hide-and-seek. Do you not remember? It was on her wedding day, and she hid in a trunk, and it closed upon her—"

"And only her bones were found to tell the story," finished Caroline in tragic tones. "You take a happy view of the case, I must say! Poor Marion! that would be a pleasant prospect for her. No! my dears, one and all, you may just as well make up your minds that Marion can take care of herself. She has her little lantern to show her the way, and a box of matches to light it in case it goes out, and a ball of twine to help her to find her way back again. When she gets to the part of the Grange she does not know she is going to unwind it and trail it along till she gets to the western wing overlooking *the* terrace."

"O dear!" said Lydia Ferris, "I do wish we had gone with her all the same, for it would be dreadful if something should happen to her. It was rather shabby of us to let her go alone. And now, girls, I think the best thing we can do is to go to our rooms. What do you think?"

"That is not much fun," said Caroline Sturgis, who was in for a good time. "I

propose we stay here and tell ghost stories until she comes back."

The suggestion meeting with the approval of all, an additional shovelful of coals was thrown on the fire, and by its flickering light ghost stories were told of the most awe-inspiring kind. The firelight made the shadows in the corners of the room all the darker by contrast, and the more timid girls huddled closely together around the fire, afraid even to take a glance at these gloomy recesses lest they might see *something*. The storm outside raged louder and louder, the windows rattled, and the door had an irritating way of suddenly flying wide open and banging against the wall. It required an immense amount of courage to get up and close it again, and Caroline almost shrieked with terror when she approached the door with the intention of closing it and saw a white apparition hurrying down the hall toward her.

"Girls," she cried aloud, as she covered her eyes in terror, "here *is* Pamela Wentworth."

"Nonsense!" said Marion breathlessly, as she ran into the room. "What would Pamela come here for? Besides that ghost story is all a fraud, for I did not see a sign of her, and I waited long enough."

"Did you not, really?" said Lydia Ferris, in tones of disappointment.

"Really and truly," said Marion, as she seated herself by the fire and warmed her chilled fingers. "The only ghost I saw was Professor Douglas, and how I ran when I saw him! *Presto! prestissimo!* and I was gone."

"How did you ever manage to meet him?" exclaimed one of the girls in surprise.

"Let me tell you all about it," said Marion as the girls drew more closely around her. "Just as I came to the end of a long corridor leading to the west wing, a whiff of wind blew open the window and out went my lamp."

"Out of the window?" questioned Caroline in surprise.

"No, you little goosie," said Marion with mock indignation, "the light went out, and I tried to light it again with a match. It was no use, for in two minutes it was out again, so I had to make my way as best I could by lighting a match every now and then. The halls looked so weird and gloomy and the light from the match made all kinds of queer shapes out of the shadows. I must confess I felt a little nervous. As for the doors and windows, they creaked and groaned until I could almost imagine some one was being slowly tortured, and when I stumbled over a roll of carpet I thought it was some one lying on the ground and I nearly shrieked aloud. I do not think I shall ever want to take that trip again."

"But the professor," inquired Caroline—"how did you come to meet him?"

"His study is on the very terrace where Pamela's ghost is said to wander," replied Marion, "and as I was going along I saw a faint gleam of light on the terrace. 'There is the ghost,' I concluded, and I hurried on, because I wanted to make sure. My ball of twine had given out and I was almost afraid to go any further, but the terrace seemed so near to me now. I carefully fastened the end of the twine to the handle of a door and made my way down a long hall. I found myself at the foot of a narrow staircase, and striking the last match I had, to see where I was, I noticed a door at the top of the staircase, leading, as I supposed, to the terrace. 'Eureka!' I said to myself, and hurried up the stairs—when I was frightened nearly to death by hearing the sound of footsteps! I was hesitating as to whether it was safe for me to go any further, when a gust of wind blew the door wide open, and inside the room I beheld—"

"The ghost!" exclaimed Caroline breathlessly.

"No, but Professor Douglas," replied Marion ruefully; "and I was so startled that I ran down the steps and along the halls as fast as I could go, and here I am."

"What did he say?" asked Lydia Ferris anxiously.

"Say!" echoed Marion. "Do you think I waited to hear what he had to say? No, indeed! I expect I shall hear enough tomorrow—that is, if he had time to see who I was. Dear me, how I ran through those

halls!—and by the way I forgot all about that ball of twine—and there must be dozens of matches to mark the trail! Girls, I am done for! Our secret will be discovered and I shall be expelled!" After a moment's doleful silence she added brightly: "But it's too late to worry about that now—and besides it is time for Miss Inart to be back, and if she should catch us all here together I'd have plenty of company in misery. Hurry away now, girls, and to-morrow you can come and weep your farewell over me."

"But we won't let Miss Inart expel you," said Caroline loyally. "We are as much to blame as you are, and more, because you never would have thought of this trip if we had not told you that story."

"Well, what can't be cured must be endured," said Marion, yawning sleepily. "And now, girls, you positively must go to your rooms, or else every one of us will get into trouble." And next moment they were all hurrying away, leaving Marion to the company of her own thoughts.

After they had gone she drew her chair closer to the fire and resting her face on her hands gazed moodily at the burning coals.

After all, she thought to herself, she had been very foolish, although at the time her exploit had seemed quite fascinating, and the approval of the girls had encouraged her to be daring. But now that it was all over she saw disgrace staring her in the face. She would surely be expelled, even if the girls did plead for her, and her father and mother—what would they think? She had given them so much satisfaction, and Miss Inart's reports had always been favorable.

Marion slept little that night, and when she joined her companions next morning she blundered sadly through the usual Bible reading and was still more disconcerted when she looked up suddenly and saw the professor observing her intently.

CHAPTER X.

As for the professor—if Marion had been startled he was more so at her sudden apparition at his door. He had been preparing some notes for the lesson which was to be given next day, and as he replaced on the bookcase one of the books he had been using he looked out of the window and noticed that it was too cloudy for him to make any observations with his telescope that evening. Feeling somewhat tired, he carefully arranged his manuscript on the table, then taking down his pipe from the mantelpiece he seated himself in an armchair before the fire and indulged in a pleasing reverie. He was flattered and encouraged by the success of his work, and he conjectured that in a few months he would have a class of pupils that would be a credit to him. Caroline Sturgis was already very bright and promising, while Lydia Ferris was so persevering that she was bound to succeed. Some of the other pupils were not quite so industrious as they might have been, but this was but natural. And Marion—how she helped him and inspired him to do his very best! She had the same influence among her classmates, for she was not only a good student but had unusually winning and attractive manners.

As the wreaths of smoke curled gracefully upward the professor built wondrous air castles, blending astronomy and romance in a charming manner. Here in the solitude of his study he felt at liberty to indulge these fancies at will, for his pipe would never betray him. Now his dreams were of the old home in which he had cared for his mother's every wish until death closed her eyes and he was left alone in the world with no one to support but himself. At other times he pictured to himself the days of his early youth when all was bright and smiling and not a care marred his happiness. He could not help comparing this time with the succeeding years, when financial difficulties beset him on every side and as a last resource he had endeavored to secure a position in a college. After repeated failures, owing to his youth and inexperience, he had succeeded in obtaining a few pupils for preparatory work at college, and finally secured a position at the Grange. He had been very much discouraged at first on account of the trouble he had had in interesting his astronomy class, but on hearing of the ill luck of his predecessor he felt reassured,

and was determined not to share his fate. On this eventful evening he was feeling especially sanguine at the successful results of his work.

Here his thoughts recurred to Marion Cleveland, who had made his work so much easier for him in every way. He had learned to watch her, as she showed a growing interest in his talks on astronomy and by the expression of her face he could tell whether he was succeeding or not in making his meaning clear. Since Marion was an American girl, and came from his own country, another link was formed in the chain that naturally made her appeal more strongly to him than the other pupils of the class. Besides that, she had a sweet, sympathetic voice, and that very afternoon he had heard her singing, as he passed through the hall leading from the schoolroom. The sound of her voice seemed to be echoing through his study, and the air she sang was a simple, old-fashioned melody which he had often heard his mother sing in the days gone by. "Oh, for the days of auld lang syne!" he thought—"those days now gone forever!" As the dear old familiar strains recalled his home, he was overcome with a feeling of homesickness and loneliness.

The professor's pipe alone knew these dreams, and it had unlimited patience with his castles in the air, his thoughts of Marion, and his regrets for what might have been. That she ever gave him even a passing thought never occurred to him, and in this he was right, for Marion little dreamed of the interest she had aroused in the professor. She was wealthy, and would naturally occupy an exalted position socially on her return to her home in New York, and Professor Douglas considered that in every way there were impassable barriers between them.

The professor's pipe, however, not only knew his dreams which mingled with the wreaths of smoke mounting in the air but it was soon to be the witness of a scene which could never be erased from the young man's memory. The night was still stormy without, and the professor imagined that he heard sounds of approaching footsteps, but supposed he must have been mistaken. Probably a branch of a tree was rattling against the window panes. He would look out and see. As he opened the window a gust of wind blew the door wide open, and there on the threshold stood Marion Cleveland! It was but for a moment. The next she had disappeared down the hall, and he could hear her hurrying through the corridors until her footsteps died away in the distance.

Professor Douglas was amazed. Marion Cleveland, who had always been the most exemplary girl in the school, engaged in schoolgirl mischief? What was she doing here in this part of the Grange when she should have been in her room preparing her lessons for the next day? It was inexplicable. Probably she had seen a gleam of light in his study window and had been prompted by mere girlish curiosity to discover the cause. But it seemed so unlike Marion to go on a prying investigation that he could scarcely believe her capable of such folly. He had always considered her above the usual schoolgirl escapades, and here she was risking expulsion from school and disgrace! "Time, however, unravels all things," argued the professor, but his dreams had been rudely dispelled for the evening, and his ideal for the time being had fallen in his estimation. Still, it was scarcely fair to form any judgment in the matter until he had ascertained the actual facts of the case.

Unfortunately for Marion, Miss Inart happened to pass through the halls leading to the western wing the next morning on her way to inspect the carpenter's work at the observatory. She was surprised to find numberless matches scattered here and there, and a piece of twine leading directly to the western wing and fastened to the handle of a door. Some one had broken one of the strictest rules she had ever enforced in the school. The question was, who?

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Inart resolved to question the members of the different classes at the period for recess; meantime the lessons proceeded as usual. The seniors were somewhat list-

less, it is true, as they had kept awake till a late hour discussing Marion's adventure in awe-struck whispers. What if she should be expelled? They debated as to whether it would not be best for some one to tell Miss Inart the whole story, and assure her that such a thing would never happen again. But their secret—had they not pledged themselves to keep it? Would it not be dishonorable to betray it, even for Marion's sake? Yet the girls were so fond of her that they decided that it was best to do so in this case. But who was to tell Miss Inart? This was decided by drawing lots. Each girl wrote her name on a piece of paper, the papers were mixed up together, and the girl who drew a paper without a name on it was the unfortunate one. In this case it happened to be Caroline Sturgis, who was only too glad to have the chance of saving Marion from being expelled. By the time all these arrangements were settled it was nearly midnight, and it was not surprising that the members of the senior class looked very sleepy at their lessons the next morning.

However, as Professor Douglas knew pretty well the cause of the trouble he was not surprised at the want of interest in the lesson and that very few questions were asked. Marion Cleveland endeavored to revive the interest, but the attempt was a forlorn one and ended in the professor's doing most of the talking himself.

The subject under discussion that morning was Mars, the planet of romance, and the professor prefaced his remarks by saying:

"This is the best known world of the planetary system, and seems to have been placed in our neighborhood as an example of our own earth in miniature, presenting the appearance, as one writer observes, 'as if one saw the whole earth, with its icy poles, as a solid globe floating around overhead.' It is the earth itself which we seem to see in space with interesting varieties and novelties.

"As Flammarion says," continued the professor, "'We would all with pleasure embark to-day on a voyage there if we had at our disposal a mode of locomotion certain to attain the end (going and coming included). How interesting it would be to pass half a century on another world, and then return to this! Even from a purely terrestial point of view how interesting and instructive it would be for us if we were enabled to return every century and see what is taking place on the earth and to view the slow progress of science, art, industry, and invention!'

"There are undoubtedly many points of resemblance between the Martian and terrestrial worlds. Their periods of light and darkness, night and day, are nearly equal. Both have a succession of seasons, arising from the obliquity of their respective ecliptics, though of different duration. Both have an atmosphere, clouds, rain, snow, continents, and seas, and each planet has vast fields of ice and snow at its poles. One can distinguish clearly in the pictures of Mars that its surface is divided into tracts of a ruddy hue, which may be continents, and others of a decidedly greenish hue, which are presumably seas. The white spots which cap the Martian poles must be masses of ice resembling those which surround the polar regions of our own earth, and in answer to the question 'From whence could such enormous masses of ice and snow be formed?' the answer must be, 'From the large seas.' These white spots vary in extent in a way corresponding precisely with the progress of the Martian seasons—and this not for one or two Martian years, but ever since Sir William Herschel first called attention to the fact. Professor Lowell of Boston writes in his account of Mars in *Popular Astronomy* for the month of September, 1894:

"'Round the pole of that hemisphere which is enjoying the Martian summer there is a small, sharply defined ellipse of white light, and round the winter pole there are irregular and wide-spreading tracts of snowy light. When we see features so closely resembling those of our earth we are led to the conclusion that these white patches are in reality snowy masses, and therefore that there must exist large seas and oceans whence the vapors are raised, from which these snows must have been condensed.'

"Another writer says:

"'Processes are at work out yonder which are apparently utterly useless, a real waste of nature's energies, unless, like their correlatives on the earth, they subserve the wants of organized beings. In a

thousand ways nature's busy forces may be at work, as on our earth, where we in our short-sightedness can see no useful purpose which they subserve. The very existence of continents and oceans on Mars proves the action of forces of upheaval and of depression. There must be volcanic eruptions and earthquakes remodeling and modeling the crust of Mars. Then there must be mountains and hills, valleys and ravines, watersheds and water courses. All the various kinds of scenery which make our earth so beautiful have their representations in the ruddy planet. The river courses to the ocean, by cataract and lake, here urging its way over rocks and boulders, there gliding with stately flow along its more level reaches. The rivulet speeds to the river, the brook to the rivulet, and refreshing springs burst forth from the mountain recesses, which are to replenish the Martian brooklets. Shall we then recognize in Mars all that makes our own world so well-fitted to our wants—land and water, mountain and valley, rain and snow, rivers and lakes, ocean currents and wind currents—without believing in the existence, either now or in the past or in the future, of many forms of life? Surely if it is rashly speculative to form such an opinion respecting this charming planet, it is to speculate still more rashly to assert that Mars is not, has never been, and never will be tenanted by living creatures, or by any beings belonging to other than the lowest orders of animated existence.'"*

Opening his book to another passage, he read on:

"'We might see in imagination, while gazing upon the planet, the waves of Martian seas beating upon the long shore lines and hear "the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave." We can imagine the slow progress of the Martian day—the mists of morning gradually clearing away as the sun rises; the winds raised by the midday heat, zephyrs murmuring among the distant hills, or blasts roaring loudly over desolate, rock-bound seas; the gathering of clouds toward eventide, though probably to pass from the skies at night (because condensed by cold), leaving the same constellations we see, to shine with greater splendor through a rarer atmosphere. We can imagine all this, because we know from what the telescope has revealed that such must be the changes of the Martian day. We see in the telescope the long white shore lines, the clearing mists of morning, the gathering mists of night, and we know that there must be air-currents in an atmosphere undergoing such changes. There must be rain and hail, electrical disturbances, thunder and lightning at times, besides tornadoes and hurricanes, blowing probably more fiercely than our own, though their destructive effects must be less because of the greater tenuity of the Martian air.'"†

"Is the atmosphere on Mars so unlike the atmosphere on our own earth?" asked Caroline Sturgis.

"It is twice as rare, we are told," replied the professor, "as it is on the top of the Himalayas. Beings constituted as we are, therefore, could not exist on Mars. However, this is no reason why it should be incapable of supporting intelligent life. As Professor Lowell says:

"'That beings physically constituted as we are could not exist there with any comfort to themselves is more than likely. But lungs are not inseparably linked to logical powers, as we are sometimes shown in other ways, and there is nothing in the world or beyond it, that we know of, to hint that a being with gills might not be a superior person notwithstanding. Doubtless a fish might reason that life out of water would be impossible. In the same way to argue that intelligent life is beyond the realms of possibility because of less air to breathe than that which we are locally accustomed to is, as Flammarion happily puts it, to argue not as a philosopher, but as a fish.'*

"Speaking of Flammarion, he tells us that if the Martian atmosphere were the same as ours, and the water in the same condition as ours, the temperature of the planet would be below zero, and we would have before our eyes a globe of ice, which is not the case. But the atmosphere of Mars is less dense than ours, it forms less cloud, its currents have less intensity, its winds are never high, and it is not visited with tempests. The melting of the polar snows must always give rise to great inundations over immense tracts of land. Everything proves to us that the surface is an immense plain and mountains are rare."

"I wonder if the canals were made on Mars on account of these inundations," said Marion Cleveland, who had forgotten her anxiety about the previous evening in her interest in the professor's words.

"That question I cannot answer," replied the professor, "but this is what one authority says:

"'If the planet Mars was ever inhabited, or is at present inhabited, undoubtedly the inhabitants of Mars would be compelled to construct a canal system not only for self-preservation from the yearly deluge, but likewise for the purpose of irrigating the vast equatorial regions on Mars, which doubtless resemble the extensive desert regions of Africa and Arabia. When we consider the force of gravity of

*"Other Worlds Than Ours," p. 113. R. A. Proctor. —*M. P.*

†"The Poetry of Astronomy," p. 292. R. A. Proctor. —*M. P.*

**Popular Astronomy*. December, 1894.—*M. P.*

Mars, which is less than on our earth, we see that engineering operations must be much more readily effected there. The force of gravity is so small at the surface of Mars that a mass which on the earth weighs a pound would weigh on Mars about six and a quarter ounces, so that in every way the work of the engineer and of his ally the spadesman would be considerably lightened. A being shaped as men are, but fourteen feet high, would be as active as a man six feet high, and many times more powerful. But that is not all. The soil in which they work would weigh very much less, mass for mass, than that in which our spadesmen on earth labor. So that between the far greater power of Martian beings and the far greater lightness of the materials they would have to deal with in constructing roads, canals, bridges, and the like, we may very reasonably conclude that the progress of such labors would be very much more rapid and their scale very much more important than in the case of our own earth.'*

"Mars would appear to be a Venice on a world-wide scale. The canals were first observed by Schiaparelli in 1877, and for nine years no one believed in him. Discredit was heaped on discredit, such being the world's way of appreciating a man who is ahead of his times. Meanwhile Schiaparelli went from surprise to surprise. In 1881 he annouced that some of the canals were duplicated, and that in the place of a single canal there were now two parallel ones running side by side for more than a thousand miles. Such a Martian parody on railroad tracks, as it were, capped the climax to the general distrust. How long this would have continued it is hard to tell, had not Perrotin, at Nice, in April, 1886, succeeded in seeing the canals. Mr. Thollon saw them immediately afterwards. We can imagine the feelings of those observers at the sight. For here was something which only one man had ever seen before.

"Since 1886 new names have been added to the lists of those who have seen the canals with their own eyes. So that though skeptics still exist they form now the antiquated minority. The better the canals are seen, the stranger they appear—these Martian peculiarities that have had so much trouble in getting themselves recognized. Each canal starts from some well-marked spot on the coast, and pursues a strangely definite course, swerving neither to the right nor to the left but going direct to another equally well-marked spot on the opposite coast, or else to a meeting-place of several canals in the middle of the continent. The canals all radiate from certain centers, which must be either points of departure or junctions. Indeed it is possible to go practically in one straight course completely round the planet, in a spiral, for a distance of about nine thousand miles.

"At certain times the canals are invisible—during the late winter and early spring. As spring advances they begin to show as very fine lines, and they gradually broaden and darken until they are about fifty miles wide, after which the process is reversed and they disappear again. They do not all begin to develop at the same time. Those nearest to the south pole start first. The Lake of the Sun leads off the list. Then the others follow in their order due north. Development does not immediately follow the melting of the polar snows. Some weeks elapse before the canals appear, a delay of just about the length of time it would take vegetation to sprout. The canals are of equal length throughout and meet at junctions, and at each junction is a round spot. There are any number of these dark, round spots on the center of the planet, but every one is connected with a canal, and all lie at the the junction of several canals. The spots are therefore part and parcel of the same system. They always look round. The largest are about one hundred and fifty miles in diameter, the smallest seventy. Most of the spots are about one hundred and twenty miles across, and bear a strong resemblance to each other. The Lake of the Sun seems to be surrounded by a cordon of canals beaded by spots. Like the canals the spots seem to grow, and like them they are not equally visible at all seasons. Just as the canals become visible, the spots show themselves. One marks the canals first, and the spots afterwards. The spots do not grow larger in size, but in depth of tint, simply darkening as time goes on.

"Now when we put all these facts together, the presence of the spots at the junctions of the canals, their apparent invariability of size, their seasonal darkening, and last but

*"The Universe of Suns," p. 166. R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

not least the resemblance of the great equatorial regions of Mars to the deserts of our earth, one solution suggests itself of their character; viz., that they are oases in the midst of that desert. The canals must have been constructed for the express purpose of fertilizing the oases. When we consider the amazing system of the canal lines we are carried to the conclusion that what we see is not the canal itself but the vegetation along its banks, a theory propounded some years ago by Prof. W. H. Pickering. Just as the canals take the shortest distance from one point of the sphere to another, so the oases enclose the greatest space at the least trouble. The whole system is trigonometric to a degree. If Dame Nature is the cause of it all, then she shows on Mars a genius for civil engineering quite foreign to the disregard for prosaic economy with which she is content to work on our own little world. Her love for elementary mathematics is evidently greater than is commonly supposed, but on tenantless Mars she is able to indulge her exalted fancies unhampered by fears of unseemly ridicule."

As the professor closed the notebook from which he had been reading he remarked:

"Young ladies, this is a brief abstract I have made from several numbers of *Popular Astronomy*, containing the very latest views regarding the planet Mars, as described by Professor Lowell of Boston."

(To be continued.)

THE BANDITS OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

BY PAULO FAMBRI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THAT the historical evolution of the republic of Venice appears the most worthy of investigation among the origins of all the states of Italy is a thing so generally affirmed without meeting any contradiction that one may say it is to-day and henceforth indisputable. But among the reasons which have been advanced for this distinction is one that has not been presented, which seems to be a primary reason. And perhaps this is so because the reason depends on a modern argument, the practical truth of which no one may doubt but in regard to the laws and extent of which opinions and researches greatly vary. I mean the principle of heredity. I do not know how many hundreds of times I have overheard a dialogue running in this wise: "Is such an one a Venetian?" "Most Venetian! even a Goldonian." Which proves that for this local qualification there exists a degree superlative even to that common grammatical degree ending in *issimo*. In fact to call one "Goldonian" signifies that he has a fundamentally mild and simple character; that is to say, he is good and tends toward goodness. And yet ten centuries ago or less an opinion of Venetian character would have been of a so entirely different nature that if we wished to describe it by theatrical types we should certainly have taken them from among the most cruel of Melpomene's children rather than from the most serene among Thalia's, as we do to-day, and we would have instanced persons like Orestes rather than such characters as Goldoni put on the stage.

The true descent, in spite of all the changes and vicissitudes of a thousand years, is nevertheless here. The morbid Venetians come straight down from those hirsute and quarrelsome men of former times, and in no place or locality, perhaps, have races been so little intermingled and has ethnology proceeded in a more definite circle than here on the lagoons of Venice.

Yet it is not wholly to its great comic dramatist, Goldoni, that Venice owes this rather unenviable reputation of mildness of disposition. He has, to be more exact, popularized it. For already before his day certain peculiar characteristics of the Vene-

tians were well known throughout Europe, and we need only to cite as an example of these traits that one of prompt obedience shown by the Venetian people to the commands of the *Messier Grando*, which struck with astonishment even their Muscovite guests, who were accustomed to find in their own land the most ready and passive obedience. It was at the festivals for those dukes of the North which were still remembered by the octogenarians, who compared them with the Napoleonic celebrations. All Saint Mark's was crowded with people. You could hardly have added to their numbers another individual. Well, Cristoforo Cristofori, leaning on the balustrade of the balcony, intimated to that crowd of at least forty thousand people that by order of the authorities it should disperse. Ten minutes later you could not have found in the square nor the courtyard a single person who should not have been there by reason of his rank or office. Such was the power of the idea of obedience among the populace in those days. And it was no less powerful among the upper classes, as quite frequent instances of legal decrees abundantly prove. But at the present day I fear that in order to clear a square of a crowd as many trumpets would be necessary as Michael Angelo has used in his painting of the "Last Judgment," and as for the upper classes, we know that the whole body of sergeants-at-arms is necessary to remove a censured member of Parliament from the assembly hall.

Now let us discuss for a while the principle of heredity and the question of bandits. According to Gozzadini, a conscientious historian, in one single province of Italy, Romagna, the number of bandits previous to Sixtus V.'s elevation to the papacy varied from twelve thousand to twenty-seven thousand. These were bandits in the literal sense; that is, men who were exiled from their respective communities owing to factional disputes. And yet Machiavelli, speaking of Venice, observed that no city, no commune of Italy, had experienced so terribly the fury of factional strife. In fact, among these lagoons, from the seventh to the twelfth century, out of fifty doges five prudently abdicated, nine were deposed or banished, five had their eyes put out, and five were assassinated. And these misdeeds were not the actions of single groups of agitators who made ill use of a passive people, but they were the passions of the people themselves, violating their repeated oaths and inciting tumults of which the doges were only too often the victims.

So we must admit that that people which is described by the pen of Carlo Goldoni as so good and good-natured is the undeniable offspring of these mobs which killed doges and tribunes. The peaceful masses which vacated the square and court of Saint Mark's in less than a quarter of an hour, in obedience to their *Messier Grando*, were composed of the late descendants of that crowd which assassinated, after the manner of cannibals, the Candiani, which burned the ducal palace, and which appeared to Machiavelli such as we have already mentioned. Is this to be reconciled with the principle of heredity? For we know that in Venice there has been very little crossing of races, and the present Venetians should retain all the physical components and coefficients of the original inhabitants. Evidently the change is to be attributed to laws and customs, to the transformation of economic conditions, and to that legislative wisdom which by assuring peace, justice, and work for all, and creating the comforts of life, can make possible, natural, and kindly a progressive phenomenon of adaptation. It is this reason which appears to us among the foremost in studying the judicial, civil, and private life of the Venetians during the centuries that have passed.

In that time a transformation, political, social, and psychological, has taken place—a gradual transformation of character and customs. Indeed the Goldonian phase is rather partial than total, rather affecting the populace and the trades classes, and not at all the patricians. As time passed and civilization advanced from its primitive forms under the feudal system the prosperity of the commoners and people had increased. The power of the nobles and patricians had decreased. Hence there was less enmity

between the classes, fewer strifes, fewer uprisings of the populace against its rulers, fewer banishments, and a smaller number of brigands in the state of Venice. Business had much to do with this condition of affairs, business which made the traders and merchants and artisans of Venice fairly opulent. Good customers, honest and provident laws and their faithful enforcement, with economical comforts, took from the Venetian democracy every reason for hatred and every impulse to class rivalries. To him who, remembering the fierce origins of the democracy, should marvel at its mildness and discipline we can answer that such is truly the great majority of the city.

As to the nobles, on the other hand, the records are full of their high-handed undertakings and the punishments attending them. In the early days when tribunes and doges died so frequently in office, Venice still possessed castles and towers. And we read that in a night of the year 1513 the Council of Ten held a long session to judge some young patricians who were guilty of common crimes. This fierce assembly decreed that the nobleman Lorenzo Polani should be hung between two gallows posts the next Thursday after dinner. This "after dinner" was to ensure a large audience for the young patricians. In the same way we read that various nobles were condemned to the gallows for robberies and assassinations. Some of them were even murdered and quartered, and a diary of the time remarks: "Thus this judgment was carried out and all were pleased." But the "all" who were pleased did not mean the people. On the contrary we know they pitied the young men thus made way with. But it meant evidently that the law was satisfied and thus the law-abiding conscience of the town was set at rest.

Bandits, brigands boasting of escutcheons, were the natural fruits of the tree of feudalism. And this is true notwithstanding the objection, valid indeed, that out of a hundred or even a thousand brigands there were no more than five nobles, because to these five can be traced the origin, the persistency, the impunity, and the audacity of the others. When Venice in the fourteenth century acquired Treviso, and in the fifteenth, Vicenza, Feltre, Bergamo, Belluno, and many other towns of the mainland, leaving to each country its laws, customs, and peculiar privileges, she found herself face to face with feudal regulations and claims which were not wholly new at home. In fact when the Byzantine Empire fell before the united forces of France and Venice, under the leadership of Dandolo, and its territories were divided, to Venice were given the Cyclades and Sporades of the Archipelago, the islands and eastern coast of the Adriatic, and many other shores suited to commerce. The republic then granted in fee simple certain lands of the East to those of its citizens who had assisted in this conquest, placing on them the usual obligations of vassals, such as tribute, aid in time of war, and exclusive trade with the Venetians. Still the remoteness of these possessions did not make feudalism a prominent influence in the mother country. But the acquisition of so much mainland in north Italy did. This was the wooden horse which the conquered states introduced into the walls of the city. And for many generations the inhabitants of the town felt the fateful power of the institution.

The great families, with their retainers, relying on their castles as places of refuge and recuperation, invaded even the squares of Venice herself, defied the authorities, and terrified them so that they dealt with the rebels most leniently and cowardly. Even when the state had troops enough to suppress disorders the courts would paralyze all efforts against these brigands by deciding in their favor. One of the most noted bandits of the last century, Gambara, died comfortably in his bed in spite of the fact that he had been more than once in the hands of the republic. Thus the laws remained dead letters, both when the brigands escaped and nine times out of ten when they were captured. Among the adventures of Count Galliano Lechi, another bandit of high birth, is the scandal of his romantic escape from the prison of the "Leads." We are told that he made out of a pair of sheets some thirty meters of cloth rope, that he

fell into the canal from the end of his rope, but retained enough breath to swim quite a distance, though it was on a cold winter's night, and that when he finally pulled himself up on the bank he was only a few steps distant from the square of Saint Mark's. Yet he got away at last, though he was dripping with water and dirty with frozen mud. However, in spite of so fine a story, we are inclined to think that Count Lechi found a few doors open and a few bolts drawn, for which he was debtor to the extent of several thousand crowns.

But when punishments were inflicted on the guilty they were terrible. Sometimes the condemned were hung up between the two columns in the court of Saint Mark's with their faces turned toward the clock tower. The executioner, being obliged to raise their chins in order to put the noose around their necks, obliged them to lift their eyes to that great dial as if to read there the exact moment of their final leap into space. And when the young nobles of whom we have spoken above were executed there occurred a most tragic aud thrilling scene. Four of them were to be beheaded and quartered, while the fifth, Polani, was simply to be hung. Two had already been executed, Vincenzo Contarini and his brother Agostino. It was the turn next of Molin. The executioner struck at him hastily, and throwing over him, as he had over the others, the covering which was usual on such occasions, he rushed down one of the steps of the scaffold to drag up Polani. But when he had passed the noose around the latter's neck and had, as was then customary, jumped upon his shoulders so as to hasten his death by means of the additional weight, he saw one of the coverings of the headless men rising before him. It was the one that covered Molin, who having found the strength to turn and raise himself was looking at the hanging of his companion. Then the hangman, leaving his work of hanging half finished, came in a moment of cruel irritation and gave Molin another blow, which killed him. After which he returned to complete the interrupted task with Polani.

Sometimes the brigands were allowed to try their oratorical gifts on the scaffold. Whether they were courageous or not they all became moralists. When the crimes for which they were condemned were ordinary they were permitted to harangue the populace freely and at length. Count Altan, for instance, perorated from the platform of the gallows for nearly half an hour, speaking emphatically and gesticulating violently. Every time he drew near the edge of the scaffold the hangman would give a tug at the rope which surrounded his waist, for fear he should try a leap into the crowd in an attempt at flight. Inducements to finish his discourse made no impression on him. The first to lose his patience was the head of the Company of Death who, accosting the condemned man, suggested that it was time now to "leap into the holy glory of paradise"—to which invitation (the pious form of which took from it nothing of its terrible seriousness) he obeyed by kneeling and putting his head on the block. Let us hope that if the other bandits, Lechi, Capra, Gambara, and Torriani, had been invited in the same way to enjoy the same glory of paradise the population of the mainland would have appreciated and loved the Venetian Republic much more than it did and would have remained much more faithful to it, and showed later on, perhaps, a resistance which would have saved the honor of Venice and possibly have transformed its political existence, but would not have cut it off entirely from the list of states.

But this is certain, that the people of Venice would not have sympathized materially or morally with the bandits in every case, and the criminal and the vile police spy who dishonors our population in so many places would not have been known in Venice. The reader will call to mind a very characteristic phrase of Marin Sanudo in which he says that his stern justice meted out to criminals pleased the people. And the proof that it pleased them is that, however much pity they felt for the patrician youths who had been condemned to death, the latter were marched to the scaffold preceded and followed by two companies of

bailiffs in ceremonial dress, acting more as an escort than as a guard, and that there were no guards at their sides. They even embraced and kissed their acquaintances as they passed along and mingled at times with the crowd, so that one effort might have given them liberty if the crowd had been only persuaded to rescue them rather than to pity them. In my opinion there is no possible doubt but that if in its last fifty years the republic of Venice had valiantly defended its political safety within it would have succeeded in defending its own existence against outside forces, because if it was no longer feared it remained at least still venerated and loved.

And now to turn our attention to the first of the questions laid down concerning this matter. Is the historical and moral evolution of the people of Venice in as great opposition to the laws of heredity as it seems to be? If we divide the question and begin with the consideration of the ruling class, we must truly answer no. One of the facts we have cited is sufficient to prove it. Through one judgment in the sixteenth century five patricians were sent to the gallows on account of robberies and assassinations, and there might have been twice as many had not others been freed from the penalty. Now what modern city can present to such a degree any such instance of extreme criminality in the upper classes? Where and in what year for ordinary crimes—that is to say, without a suspicion of a political or passionate impulse—do five young men of illustrious families merit such a terrible punishment? Baronial estates authorize decadent descendants. With feudalism, bandits and brigands in high life disappeared.

It is another thing as to the people, and we have already given the reason why. Their improvement is due to the wisdom of the laws and the prudence of men who occupied high places in decisive moments. After the republic had ceased to exist, under the French and Austrian governments the reasons and occasions for popular revolt were lacking, and the motives were also in great part lacking. As to the revolution of '48 and the resistance of '49, without Manin there would have been terrible days. It was Manin who closed the clubs, who imprisoned or expelled the most rabid demagogues, who crowned the strongest and most brilliant of military resistances with municipal moderation, and saved from all stain the first glory of that so justly famed period of Italian military history.

Yet not on this account can we certainly deny the existence of that first ferocious heredity in Venice. Though latent, it still remains in our veins, but with this important difference from the heredity of several other regions, that it is not deaf to truth. And it is not deaf to truth because civil officers who are incontestably honest and courageous can now easily overcome the most deleterious elements of the people which they are supposed to govern.

THE NUTRITIVE VALUE AND DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS GRANT ALLEN, M. A.

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A LESS useful but more common classification of food material than the one we have adopted is that in which all food is included under the two names animal and vegetable. For our purpose at this time this division is a convenient one, and I shall ask you to follow me in a brief comparison of the composition, nutritive value, and digestibility of animal and vegetable foods. We shall then discuss a few of the commoner members of each of these classes.

Animal foods contain a considerable proportion of nitrogenous matter—*i. e.*, protein, or flesh-forming substance—while vegetable foods are characterized by their large amounts of non-nitrogenous matter. A few examples will illustrate: beef contains about 20 per cent of protein, mutton 17 per cent,

and chicken 24 per cent, while oatmeal contains 15, wheat flour 11, and potatoes 2 per cent. The average amount in meat is about 15 per cent, in vegetable foods the average amount is from 5 to 8 per cent.

Animal foods contain more fat and less water than vegetable foods. The bone, fibrous tissue, cartilage, and like structures which on boiling yield gelatin are lacking in vegetable foods, while the starch and cellulose of vegetables are entirely wanting in animal foods. Sugar, which is so abundant in the vegetable kingdom, exists in mere traces or is entirely absent in animal food, with the exception of milk, in which there is about five per cent.

The animal foods, therefore, act principally as flesh formers, while vegetable foods are the chief sources of heat and energy.

While the nutritive value of food is mainly determined by the amount of nutrients it contains, yet the composition of a food is only one, albeit the most important one, of several factors which give to it its nutritive value. Of the other factors perhaps the next in importance is the digestibility of the food; and this, as we have seen, depends on various conditions, such as the agreeableness, preparation, and variety of the food.

The presence of indigestible substances interferes with the digestion of the nutrient portion and thus lowers the nutritive value of that particular food material. The starch and albumin of vegetable foods are enclosed in cellulose capsules, which unless broken by milling or ruptured by cooking prevent to a considerable extent the digestion of these nutrients. As the protein of animal foods is not enclosed in sacs it is not wasted in this way. Yeo estimates that as much as seventeen per cent of the protein of vegetables may be undigested, while not more than three per cent of the protein of animal food fails of digestion.

Since the protein of animal food is more nearly like that found in the human body than is the protein of vegetables, it is easy to understand why animal protein is more easily digested than vegetable.

It is commonly supposed that meat requires more energy for its digestion than do starchy foods, but in health this is probably not true. An exclusive meat diet or an exclusive vegetable diet would prove more difficult of digestion than a mixture of the two.

The flesh of animals is easily cooked and in the process agreeable flavors are developed. The phosphates and other salts of potash and the iron present in animal food are of considerable importance as they aid in keeping the blood in a healthy condition.

Animal food is for all these reasons well calculated to minister to the growth and development of the body. Contrary to the popular belief, however, lean meat is not a heat-producing food. If any one doubts this let him try a lean-meat diet for a while and be convinced by the difficulty he has in keeping himself comfortably warm. Where a lean-meat diet is prescribed with a view to the reduction of obesity the patients always complain of their chilly sensations.

In general, animal food has a more stimulating effect upon the system than vegetable food. It is believed to be more strengthening and it gives rise to sensations of energy and activity, but it must not be supposed that a man can do more actual work on an exclusive meat diet than he can on an exclusive vegetable diet. He requires an abundance of protein to replace the muscular tissue which is being constantly worn out and used up. The animal food which supplies a large part of the protein in an ordinary diet serves mainly to keep the muscles in a state of efficiency by maintaining them in a normal, healthy condition. The energy for muscular contraction is derived principally not from the protein but from the carbohydrates; *i. e.*, from vegetable food. Animal food alone will not make a weak man strong. He will do his work better if a fair proportion of vegetable food is added, and then when hunger, hardship, or sudden severe labor comes he is able to endure it better than an exclusive vegetarian.

A mixed diet therefore seems to be the only sensible one for man. The three classes of nutrients, protein, fats, and carbohydrates, must each furnish a part of our

food, and while it is true that the vegetables can supply these, it is difficult to obtain from wholesome, easily digested vegetables these nutrients in the proper proportions required for the bodily health.

A fair proportion of meats, or flesh-forming food, in a mixed diet is one fourth, the fats and carbohydrates being three fourths. The food stuffs which most nearly supply these nutrients in the proper proportions are those which pall on us less readily. When any food does not supply these in the proper amounts, instinct, appetite, and experience guide us in the selection of the food which ought to be added to it. Thus meats deficient in fat are combined with some substance in which the fat is relatively larger. For example, liver, veal, or chicken is cooked with bacon. Pork supplies the needed fat to make beans more nearly a perfect food. Fish is cooked in butter or oil. Butter, eggs, and cream are mixed with starchy foods—rice, sago, tapioca, potatoes, etc. Cheese, containing fat, is added to macaroni, crackers and cheese are a favorite combination, and bread and milk make a very complete food for children. "Whenever one kind of food is wanting in any particular constituent we invariably associate it with another that contains an excess of that constituent."

Let us now consider some of the common animal foods. The most complete of these is milk, for it furnishes all the nutrients required for the young and growing body and in the proper proportions. It is not, however, in itself a complete food for adults in health, for in order to obtain the necessary amount of albumin less than six pints of milk are needed; but this amount would not furnish sufficient sugar and fat; rather more than nine pints are required to supply the necessary amounts of these.

The excess of albumin furnished the body by this amount would be not only so much waste but would be injurious because some parts of the bodily organism would be called upon to exercise such increased functional activity that, like the members of a modern labor union, they would be apt to go on a strike, and other organs would strike in sympathy.

For adults whose digestion is good and whose dietary includes meat, milk is wholly unnecessary and is often mischievous, as it is frequently the cause of biliousness and constipation. "An exclusive milk diet for a man in health is slow starvation." He wearies of the taste and if the diet is continued nausea and loathing ensue and even dyspepsia may result.

In typhoid fever and similar diseases it is important to know that the loathing may be obviated by occasionally varying the diet. In this way milk may still be retained as the chief food and its use thus continued for a much longer time. In these cases as well as in health milk is more thoroughly digested when taken in small quantities at frequent intervals. Cheese or any other solid food which is broken into fine particles before it enters the stomach aids in the digestion of milk by preventing the formation of large clots, or curd.

One hundred parts of good cows' milk contain from 87 to 88 parts of water and 12 to 13 parts of solid matter. These solids consist of protein 3.6, fats 4, carbohydrates 4.7, and mineral matter .7.

The protein consists mostly of casein, the chief constituent of cheese. There are, however, other albumins present, one of which, lactalbumin, forms the scum on milk when boiled. It is this albumin which surrounds the minute oil globules of the milk and keeps them from uniting into one mass.

The cream is not all fat. It is a collection of oil globules in the upper portion of the milk. While milk contains four to five per cent of fat it should have from eight to ten per cent of cream. On good milk standing in a cylindrical jar the layer of cream which forms should equal one tenth of the depth of the milk.

Sugar is an important part of the milk. Its chief function in the baby's food is to supply energy for heat production in the infant's body, the muscles of which are not sufficiently developed to generate enough heat to keep it warm. If the baby is required to live upon cows' milk, one third more sugar should be added and the milk

diluted by a quantity of water equal to rather more than half the bulk of the milk.

Condensed milk contains a large quantity of cane sugar. Infants fed on it become fat, but the flesh is not firm. They develop poorly, are less able to resist disease, and frequently have rickets.

Skimmed milk contains all the nutrients with the exception of the fat and about one sixth of the casein. It therefore possesses considerable value as a food and is easily digested.

Buttermilk contains all the nutrients except the fat. The casein is finely coagulated and hence is more easily digested than cheese. Cream is richer and less digestible than milk.

Butter consists of butter fat 87 to 88 per cent, water 10 per cent, curd .5, and salt and sugar 1.5 per cent. Besides rendering other foods palatable it is a valuable heat and force-producing food, one pound of butter being equivalent in heat or energy-producing power to eleven pounds of milk, three pounds of sirloin, or nearly ten pounds of potatoes. It is not difficult of digestion and the digestion is nearly complete.

Cheese contains 1.5 times as much protein as beefsteak, 3.5 times as much fat, and yields 2.5 times as much force. It is not easily digested but little or none is left undigested.

Eggs contain all the constituents of the blood. The white consists of albumin and a small amount of fat and salts. The yolk contains more protein and more fat than the white and is therefore of greater value. Eggs are easily digested if not overcooked.

Pure muscle contains about 75 per cent water and 25 per cent solids, and of the solids the protein amounts to 20 of the 25 per cent. In fat meat the fat occupies the place of the water in lean meat. The protein, or albumin, is less in fat than in lean meat.

The flesh of young animals (not sucklings) is more digestible than that of more mature ones. The flesh of old animals is usually tough. The care bestowed on animals in feeding, shelter, and transportation influences the digestibility of the meat. Underfed, ill-treated, or worried animals yield inferior meat. The flesh of young animals has less flavor, is less stimulating, and possesses a lower nutritive value than the tissues of older animals.

The average cut of beef contains from 15 to 20 per cent of protein and 10 to 35 per cent of fat.

One pound of lean beef is equivalent in nutritive value to rather more than two pounds or two pints of milk, or more than two pounds of potatoes, but is not equal in nutritive value to one pound of bread.

Beef is the most nutritious of all animal foods and can be eaten continuously for a longer time than any other kind of meat. It resembles rice and bread in this respect.

Fresh beef is almost completely digested, more completely than milk is by an adult. The time required is less than that required for any other variety of flesh except boiled or broiled fish or chicken, soft boiled eggs, or oysters.

Veal has more waste, more water, less protein, and less fat than beef. It possesses less nutritive value than either beef or mutton and is lacking in flavor. When veal is slaughtered too young it is apt to be tough, pale, dry, and indigestible. In Germany veal is considered as easily digested as beef and is frequently prescribed for invalids. In America and England the opinion is general that veal and lamb are foods that ought to be avoided by people with weak digestive ability. Veal broth is nutritious and affords a pleasing variety but if given in excess may cause diarrhea. The time required for digestion (about four hours) is longer than for beef, mutton, lamb, or bacon, but is less than for ham or duck.

The composition of mutton is similar to that of beef but the average amount of fat is higher. Its nutritive value is, when properly assimilated, about equal to that of beef. The muscle fiber is shorter. It ought therefore to be more digestible than beef and it probably is when three to six years old. Mutton is fatter than beef, and as the fat is harder and less digestible than beef fat it is probable that, on the average, in this country, where more attention is paid to getting

prime beef, mutton is the less digestible of the two. As it is not so completely digested as beef it is less suitable for invalids. The time required is longer than for roast beef but is less than for bacon, partridge, or roast fowl.

The composition of lamb is very like to that of mutton and their nutritive values are about equal. When very tender and of the right age lamb is as digestible as beef or mutton and the time of digestion will not exceed three hours, but good lamb is expensive and this with its uncertain character prevents its larger use.

Pork contains less water, less protein, and more fat than most other animal foods. The fat often runs as high as 40 per cent, being considerably in excess of the protein, which averages 16. The average ham contains in 100 parts 30 of protein, 32 of fat, 7 to 10 of salt, and 28 to 31 of water. Owing to the relatively small amount of protein in pork it is poor meat for use as a continuous diet, unless combined with some such food as beans, in which there is considerable protein. Bauer in his "Dietary of the Sick" says that smoked ham is one of the wholesomest forms of meat. This is not the prevalent opinion here. The fiber is very tender and were it not for the large amount of fat it would be much more digestible. Bacon is more digestible than pork, and ham occupies an intermediate position. Ham is more digestible when thoroughly boiled, cut thin, and eaten cold. Bacon if cut thin and cooked until crisp is comparatively easy of digestion, can be eaten by dyspeptics, and forms an agreeable fatty food for consumptives.

In poultry the waste and water are large in amount, the fat is small, while there is more protein than in any other animal. The large amount of protein makes the flesh of poultry a good flesh-forming food. Its disadvantage is the small amount of fat for force production. Chicken, whether roasted, boiled, or broiled, is one of the most digestible foods for invalids. "The white meat is more easily digested than the dark and a little of the breast of chicken may be given to a typhoid convalescent or a patient recovering from any severe illness before beef and mutton are allowed." Chicken broth is a favorite and desirable invalid food. Turkey is less digestible than chicken. Duck and goose are still less easy of digestion on account of the fats they contain.

Fish is very much like poultry in the large amount of water and the small amount of fat. Different varieties of fish vary in composition, digestibility, and nutritive value, but in general it can be stated that the flesh of fish is less satisfying and less stimulating than either the flesh of birds or mammals. Those varieties which, like the salmon, mackerel, or herring, are rich in flavor and in fat, while possessing a nutritive value greater than that of beefsteak, are much less easy of digestion. The less highly flavored varieties, such as white fish, cod, and smelts, have a lower nutritive value but are very easily digested. Since these contain less nutriment and are quickly digested they must be taken oftener and in larger quantities than other meats. Fish is especially well suited for an invalid diet, but there is really nothing to show that it is a brain food, unless it be that on account of the low amount of fat it is better suited for persons of sedentary habits than are the richer meats.

Let us now consider some of the vegetable foods. Starch is the nutrient most widely distributed and largest in amount in plants. It is a valuable food and if by proper and sufficient cooking it is freed from the cellulose capsules in which it is contained is not difficult of digestion.

The sugar of plants is a very valuable force and heat-producing food. It is more easily digested than starch, but if large quantities are taken at a time it is liable to ferment and produce disturbances of digestion. Good candy is good food, and ought not to be denied children. We should, however, avoid giving them candy rich in fat, giving too much of any kind, or giving candy before meals, as this spoils their appetite for other food.

The cereals contain a great deal of nourishment in concentrated form. Wheat bread, though not a perfect food, comes nearer the requirements than perhaps any other vegetable food. Macaroni has a high nutritive

value, is about as easily digested as meat, and as valuable for flesh forming. Crackers, weight for weight, contain more nutriment than bread, three pounds of crackers being equivalent to four or five pounds of bread. Most persons can digest them more easily than bread.

Oatmeal contains more protein, more fat, and more mineral matter, but less starch than wheat flour. It is therefore possessed of good flesh and bone-building qualities. It is a hearty food and hence is more suitable for those who live an active, outdoor life than for persons of sedentary habits.

Rice, being rich in starch and poor in protein, should be eaten with some form of animal food—eggs, milk, butter, or cream. Rice is very easily and completely digested.

Rye bread is nearly as nutritious as wheat bread but is not so easily digested.

Corn contains considerable fat as well as protein and starch. Eaten as a vegetable, green corn is difficult of digestion, but cornmeal is a nutritious and easily digested food. Peas and beans contain twice as much flesh-forming material as wheat. The amount of starch, though large, is not equal in amount to that in the cereals. Peas and beans are therefore highly nutritious food, equal in value to wheat, but they are more difficult of digestion and a person tires of them sooner. Green beans and peas contain more sugar and the protein in them is more easily digested than in the dry, ripe seeds.

Potatoes and such roots as beets, turnips, and carrots contain from 70 to 90 per cent of water, and are deficient as flesh-formers, having only from two to three per cent of albuminoids. Potatoes contain about one third as much starch as bread. Two pounds of potatoes will produce less force than one pound of beefsteak, while three and one third pounds would produce an amount of energy equal to that given by a pound of bread. But to obtain as much flesh-forming material as would be supplied by a pound of beef or veal ten pounds of potatoes would be required. These vegetables are not very difficult of digestion if the cellulose capsules are softened and ruptured by proper cooking.

Fruits contain starch, sugar, and a small amount of protein (1-1.5 per cent). Organic acids supply the sourness, while the rich flavor is due to volatile oils. Their nutritive value depends largely on the amount of sugar and starch they contain. Some are valued for their agreeable flavor and for the fact that they furnish variety in the diet; others, like the apple, are wholesome, but contain little nourishment; while others again, as grapes, dates, and bananas, contain a considerable amount of nutriment and hence are valuable foods. Grapes, oranges, strawberries, raspberries, figs, peaches, and cooked apples are all easy of digestion. Melons, prunes, pears, apricots, bananas, fresh currants, and raw apples are somewhat less digestible. Ripeness and freshness of fruits, however, have considerable to do with their digestibility.

ONE GOOD INDIAN.

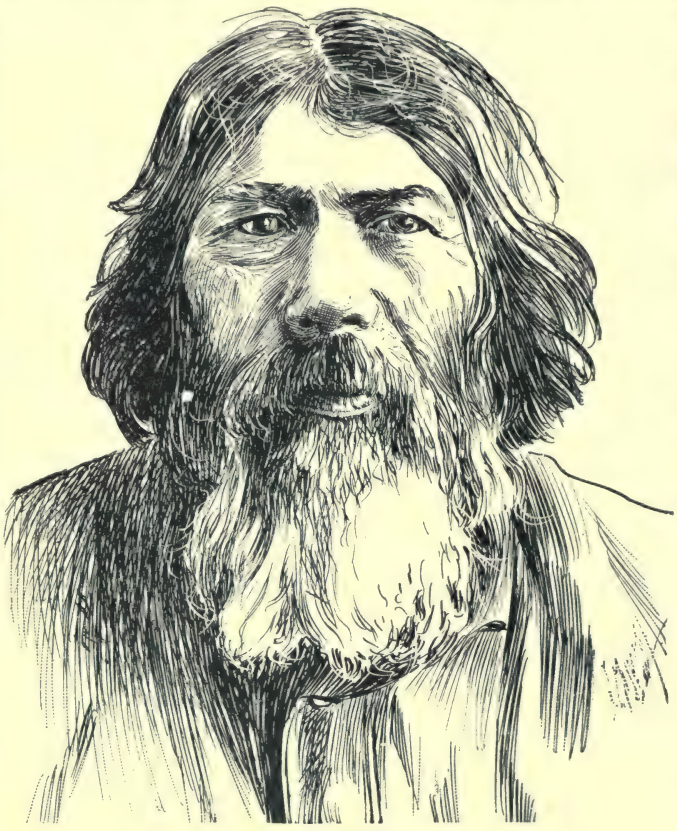
BY BISHOP D. A. GOODSELL, LL.D.

FOR some years I was proud to call the man whose likeness appears with this article my friend. I met him first in the year 1889. He was then living on the Riven Rock Ranch in Montecito, near Santa Barbara, California. I owe my acquaintance with him to Mr. Owen A. Stafford of Montecito, as also many of the facts given in this sketch. Not all the personal conversations to which I allude occurred in one visit, but after first meeting him I was so fascinated that I went again and again. I now unfeignedly mourn the death of Chico Pescadero, the Sonora Indian whose ways I shall try to describe. He joined the majority about a year ago, at the age of ninety-six.

His baptismal certificate shows that his real name was Francisco Gutierrez, and that

he was born in Sonora, Mexico, in the year 1797, and on the fifth day of October, so that when I first met him he was ninety-two years old. Few knew him by his right name. His best known name was, as given above, Chico, the Fisherman. Up to his death, the result of accident, he was in full vigor of mind and body.

I saw him first sitting during the siesta hours, which all Mexicans observe, even when their whole life is a siesta, in the shade of his cabin, which he had built of rough boards. His son Francisco was with him. More than the usual Indian allowance of dogs sniffed at my heels and a litter of lively puppies frolicked at the old man's feet. From the branch of a tree there hung by the heels a half dozen gophers caught to rid his field of a pest and as food for his dogs. The skins of various animals were drying, tacked to the sheathing of his house. The whole scene was as picturesque as possible.



CHICO PESCADERO.

I was writing this notice of a unique character when on passing down Market Street, San Francisco, I saw on a magazine cover a woodcut which was nothing less than a good portrait of Chico. It was part of an advertisement of a book called "Early Days in California." I found a copy at last, but while Chico's portrait was there the book had not a word about Chico except the title under the portrait, which was "An Indian Who Stayed Converted." I sent this to Mr. Stafford, to whom the existence of this engraving was a great surprise. It was taken from the photograph for which Chico had sat at Mr. Stafford's request. Some traveler must have begged it of the photographer and so became possessed of this remarkable face. With it must have been given a hint of his character, or how shall we account for the legend? Yet Chico was not converted in the Protestant sense, nor do I know that his parents were Catholics except from the fact that he had been baptized.

Of education he had little. Yet he was well trained in the doctrines of the Catholic Church as well as the old sun worship of his ancestors. He spoke Spanish of course well, but in speaking with Americans used an amusing patois, a mixture of Spanish and English, that was delightful to hear. His voice was very musical, his enuciation distinct, and he had not a trace of the hesitation of a very old man. While of books he knew almost nothing, he was a constant and adoring student of nature. He always reminded me of the prophets of olden time, for to him God was everywhere, in sky and star and sea. He was devout too in his

mental habit and his talk was like one of those psalms which dwell on the beauty and grandeur of nature. When one became master of his dialect one felt that he was in the presence of a true poet. He had the dramatic faculty to the point of genius. Eyes, hands, feet, attitude, all talked and reinforced his words. He was both humorous and witty and I fancy that any one who looks at the corners of his eyes can see the twinkle which was seldom absent from those true soul-windows. They were large, soft, and beautifully brown, but they had a dangerous snap in them sometimes.

If asked what his religion was he would promptly answer, "*Católico Apostólico Románo.*" But he showed many evidences of being free from the superstitions of that church, as he held attendance on her rites as of little importance for himself. One Sunday morning Mr. Stafford found him bathing in Hot Spring's Creek and chided him for not going to church while compelling his son to go. He looked with wide-open eyes and said, "Well, Staffy, when I want to talk with Goddee I talk with him so"—putting his hands together—"and I no pay priestee two bits (twenty-five cents) either." I believe his nearest and dearest religion was that of his ancestors; namely, sun worship. Mr. Stafford talked with him about this worship as described in Prescott's histories, and especially the worship of the silver moon in a temple on which the rays of the full moon fell. "How you know that?" said Chico, and then went on to show great familiarity with the whole matter. "Well, Chico, don't you sometimes worship the sun yourself?" "Why not? Sun Goddee. See! Winter, much cloud, little sun, only short time. Birds not sing. Plants not grow. No save food in summer, man starve. Bimeby spring come. More sun. Plant grow. Bird sing. Bees hum. Everybody feel good. Ha! who say sun not Goddee?" Yet it was rather as a pantheist than as an idolater that he worshiped the sun. Like the ancient prophets he found God everywhere and in everything. He proved to me again that it is in the country that men see God most clearly and that devotion thrives best in the open air. It is worth while to have this old thought recalled in these days when so many crowd the cities to the detriment of much that is best in man.

Chico was not more than five feet six in height, but was amazingly broad of shoulder and long of arm. In his young manhood he had traveled as the strong man of a Mexican circus, and many tales are current in Sonora and Santa Barbara concerning his strength. I am told that living witnesses can establish this, that on being challenged by a small bet he crouched down, seized the ankles of a donkey in his great hands, and lifted donkey and rider clear of the ground. When past eighty he would forbid his son to risk injury in lifting heavy stones and himself raise to the top of the wall, invariably with ease, stones weighing three and four hundred pounds.

In his youth he served as a Mexican soldier in a fight with Indians, and was badly wounded by an arrow which passed through from one side to the other just beneath the abdominal wall. He showed me one day the scars of this wound. The arrow, he told me, had remained in the wound, the barb and feather protruding. "What did you do then, Chico?" "I break off head, I break off tail, and then I pull him out." I have no doubt he did, for no man ever knew him to lie.

He had the courtesy of a gentleman, and withal a humble but not cringing manner. I remember how when I called on him he waited equally without forwardnesss or shyness for introduction. Then shaking hands with much grace, he conducted me to the shady side of his shed and brought stools, insisting on our being seated, and like any any other gentleman refusing to be seated himself until we were. He was never so poor as to be without a melon, orange, or flower to give to a guest. His fine dignity was very marked when ladies called to see him. Often they would decorate him with a flower. This would straighten him up and make him walk as proudly as a boy, saying "*Grácias, señora, me múcho caballéro* (Thanks, madame, you make me a great gentleman)."

He had also, what is now a very rare accomplishment among Sonora Indians, great skill in playing on the one-string Indian violin. I have the one he played on, which he gave me, insisting that he could make another without trouble. It consists of a piece of bamboo bridged near one end and strung with a single string. He held this instrument between his teeth, making a soundboard of his mouth after the manner of a player on the jew's-harp, and thus leaving his hands free to manipulate the string both in sounding and in shortening it to produce the different notes. This violin was a great surprize to me in both the variety and power of tone it could produce. I was forced to remember what I had read of Paganini and his G string. In some unaccountable way Chico produced both melody and harmony. He gave the impression of several strings. He played some dance music: one with the movement of a tarantula and another, as he told me, a coyote, or prairie wolf, galop, imitating the "lope" of that swift beast.

He loved all animals and all seemed to love him. He knew every track, call, and haunt of bird and beast. They trusted him as they trust only those whom they know to be their friends. I have heard him imitate their sounds and calls and did not wonder that he could deceive them. Rather than injure birds he devised means to drive them off. The California quail is a beautiful bird, rather larger than the eastern Bob White, and has a pretty plume projecting forward from the top of his head. Americans say that his call, very different from that of the quail of the Atlantic coast, is "Get your hair cut—hair cut." To save his strawberries from these pretty thieves Chico strung cord over his beds and attached little bells and jingling bits of tin. When asked why he did this Chico laughingly said, "If I no do this quailee say, 'Come—eatee—come—eatee'" (imitating their call). "Then I do this and quailee say, 'Chico come back—come back—come back!'" His strawberry beds were at that time his chief source of support. He would not permit the slightest theft but freely gave to all who came.

Chico had a very religious and sunny temper. He was abstemious as to food, using some wine but never having been known to be intoxicated. He was wonderfully truthful, patient, charitable, and the soul of honor and honesty. He was capable of tornadoes of wrath under injustice, but would recover and atone by acts of kindness. Few dared provoke him. His amazing strength reinforced by his wrath was such that no five men could block his way. But he was far more likely to break out over a wrong to another than to himself. He was unforgiving to meanness.

Let this speak of his charitable judgment of the dead. A reputed Kansas murderer, a fugitive from justice, lived near Montecito in the foothills of the Santa Ynez Mountains. He did little work and was not a good neighbor. In the absence of his wife he one day dressed himself in his best, lay down on the lounge, and blew his brains out. This man had borrowed a considerable sum of money of Chico and had never repaid it. Chico was called as a witness before the coroner's jury, having been among the first at the cabin after the shot was fired. He ended his testimony by adding voluntarily, "Poor fellow! Pretty good man, too."

His generosity was remarkable. At one time he lived a little below Riven Rock Ranch in a house of his own. A Mexican, believing Chico had money in the house, sent a boy to get a gold piece changed and thus became sure of the fact. Then the boy, as instructed, watched to see where the old man hid his keys, and robbed him in his absence. Chico soon thought out the rogue and started for the *pulqueria* (saloon) rifle in hand. Mr. Stafford's son followed him to prevent the killing he saw in Chico's eye. Just as Chico raised his rifle to shoot the thief the young man seized the gun. It was instantly surrendered. Chico then went in alone, accused the man to his face, and had him arrested. But while some of the money was recovered much had been spent by the boy's mother for food; so this old man refused to prosecute, and dismissed the matter with, "Poor fellow, he not know any better."

He felt that every kindness he received must be shared with others. If his sense of politeness prevented his giving to others what had been presented to himself, he would buy the necessities for a feast and invite his neighbors in. Mrs. Stafford had sent him a cake on his birthday and another friend had sent him a bottle of wine. These Chico put away, as he thought he was not at liberty to give them to others, and straightway bought other cake and wine and invited his neighbors in to share his good fortune. On another occasion a dinner was sent him in the field. His son had gone home at some distance to cook the dinner in the hut. The old man could not be persuaded to touch a morsel until his son was sent for to enjoy the meal with him.

He was industrious to the last degree but was never a slave to his work. He never sought gifts or help. For all dishonesty he had a contemptuous wrath or an almost tearful pity. He was accustomed to put his hatred of dishonesty in this way: "Before I steal I cook grass."

He was an expert in building adobe houses, and his services were in great demand so long as this style of house was built. A gentleman in Santa Barbara for whom he had built such a house purposely overpaid him on account of the very satisfactory way he had performed his work. Chico did not discover this until he counted his money at home, and then straightway returned to Santa Barbara to restore the amount overpaid.

Chico ruined himself financially by building too large a house and store for himself —in short made the mistake many others have made before him. He lost his goods by trusting them too freely to the Mexicans in his neighborhood. He had bought his lumber on credit. Seeing nothing but poverty before him he determined to sell out and go back to Sonora. So after paying all, as he supposed, he and his son started for his old home. They had eighty dollars between them. But it came to him on the way that he had forgotten to pay one bill. Back he came, paid that bill, and had but four dollars left. So to the ranch he went and lived in a wagon for seven months before he could earn money enough to resume his journey.

Chico had a high sense of paternal authority and responsibility. His daughter had imbibed notions above her father's station by living with white families, and on visiting her father when the old man was ill showed plainly her contempt for his surroundings and thought she could not stay in such a place. On this Chico raised himself up and said, "You go? Then I will not give you my paternal benediction." His son did not dare to smoke in his presence, though a mature man. It was not because Chico hated tobacco but because it was an insult to his paternal dignity.

When ninety-six years old he felt, as is the wont of age, that he might soon die and that he would like to go to God from his own country. Well and strong but very old he started for Sonora, reaching that state in safety. Shortly after, while walking in the dark, he fell into a shallow mining pit and fractured several ribs. From the account of his son I judge that his lungs must have been wounded by the fractured ribs, for a high fever set in and he died, without medical attention, late in his ninety-sixth year, and lies buried near the spot where he was born.

His son returned to Montecito, where I often see him, and is now employed on a ranch adjoining that on which his father toiled so long. He is highly esteemed, and I count among my household treasures some orange and manzanita paper knives which he gave me as a friend of his father.

I will now try to give some idea of the stories Chico told in his mixture of Spanish and English. They burned themselves into my memory; but alas! I cannot reproduce on paper his dramatic force nor the twinkle of his beautiful eyes.

One day I asked him, at Mr. Stafford's suggestion, "Do you remember the earthquake in Sonora?"

"*Si, si, señor*, I remember. One day very fine. Sky blue, air warm. Grand *fiesta* (church festival). Plenty people. All go churchee in morning; afternoon, bull

fightee—cock fightee—gamblee—roulette. People all there; *múcho fandángo* (much dancing). Bimeby hear 'boom—*boom*—BOOM.' Ah-h-h-h? What's that? 'Boom—boom' under ground. People all frightee. Cry, '*Temblór! temblór* (earthquake)!' People all run. Most run churchee. Gambler forget his money. Soon churchee all full. Priest pray saintee. Ground open, people fall in. Churchee crack, many killed."

"But where did you go, Chico?"

With a twinkle, "I run *chaparrál* (take to the woods).

"Next day, 'boom—boom' again—not so hard. Next day not so hard; people dancee—cock fightee, allee same."

Another:

"*Si.* My name Francisco. I tell you one story about San Francisco. He very good man. You know San Francisco, maybe? No, because you *pádre protestánte* (Protestant minister). Good many years ago Francisco die. Bury him. Build churchee over him. Good many year, old church tumble down. Priestee tell people build him new churchee. Move San Francisco to new churchee. Bimeby churchee done. Dig up San Francisco—put him nice *túmba*—all grand. Priestee chantee—prayee—grand *fiesta*. Bimeby people all go home. Next morning sacristan come open churchee. Francisco gone. Everybody say think Francisco go way because people bad. Bimeby priestee go old tomb—find Francisco there all safe. Think some bad man move San Francisco. Priestee take him back new tomb. Priestee chantee—prayee—make smokee. Go home. Next day San Francisco gone again to old tomb. Then priestee he say, 'Francisco no like new tomb; too much money cost for poor people. So build up old church, let new churchee go.'"

All this was told with wonderful gesture and expression. More vivid description I never saw nor heard. And he went on,

"San Francisco very good man. One day very hot. Sacristan fall asleep—noon. Bad Indiano come, stealee sacristan's wifee—two child. Sacristan wake up—all gone—he no find. Feel bad—cry hard. Bimeby so sad—tired—he fall asleep by church door. He dream, maybe—I don't know. San Francisco come to him—say, 'I findee wifee—childee. No cryee.' So San Francisco he go one, two, three day over *sierra*. Snow—tunder—*elampago* (lightning). He find wifee—say her, 'You come—I take back home.' Wifee no eat cause lost husband. Bimeby bring back to churchee. Find sacristan asleep. When he wake up he find wifee—childee—all there."

I write these just after returning to San Francisco after a visit to the ranch where this good old man lived so long. I found all the friends who were there when I first met him alive and well. But he was gone and it did not seem quite the same. The landscape was as beautiful to the eye as ever, and these states have no spot more beautiful than the fair slope of the Montecito Valley toward the sea. But a presence was lacking which had seemed to me to interpret the scene as no American can. And when I asked myself if I might hope to see him again I bethought me of Peter's words after the vision of the sheet, "I perceive that he who feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

IT is not dew that gleams so bright
On these frail flowers 'neath which she sleeps,
But tears shed by the mourner Night,
Who ever lingers here and weeps.

A LOYAL LOVER.

BY JOHN EDGEWORTH.

III.

I REMAINED for this crisis and he awoke calm. He saw the picture and smiled. Then, looking around, he said, "Marie." She came to him. He took her hand, murmuring, "My child," and gently drew her near. The girl shrank. I warned her by a glance, and she submitted, with a painful flush, as he kissed her.

From this time Beguin improved rapidly. Soon he was sitting by the vine-clad window, and then he crept out into the little garden, clinging to my arm, amid Michel's enthusiastic expressions of delight.

All this time he continued in the delusion that the picture portrayed his wife and that Marie was his child. In this we agreed to humor him by the doctor's vehement command that no shock of excitement should imperil the cure of his interesting "case." It was a sore trial to poor Marie—this tragic masquerading—which she endured bravely from a sentiment of pity for poor Beguin, whom she greatly admired and respected.

I dreaded the time when he must be roused from fancy to sober fact. I feared for his reason when "killing truth should glare on him." I worried the more that it seemed to be my duty to shatter the happy error in which he had found anew the joy of living.

At last he was able to walk with me through the town and one day we went to the *café*. It was a delight to see him greet Madame Duschene. She met us at the door, her buxom face dimpled with smiles as she uttered her pretty compliments over his recovery. He took both her hands and kissed them, first one then the other. The brightness of her eyes softened in a dew of tears, while she led him to the little table in the corner. The *garçon* Jean bowed and smiled. Beguin seized him by the shoulder with a playful roughness and said, "*Bon jour*, Jean! It *is* a good day to me. And can a word of thanks repay all your kindness?" The insignificant little waiter was transfigured. He laid aside his obsequious air as the inevitable napkin dropped from his hand, and, that member pressed to his heart, he said with the manner of a duke, "M'sieur, the pleasure of serving you was my most abundant recompense."

Our visit was a *fête*. As we sat at the table after supper the patrons of the *café* crowded about Beguin to present their greetings with the fervid friendliness of the Provençal people. As we strolled home he was happier, calmer, saner than I had ever seen him. I use the clumsy word *sane* for lack of another to express not merely that he was rational but that he exhibited the equipoise of a perfectly balanced intellect.

At this time he loved to sit in the public gardens, and the lad who had assumed his avocation found in him a constant customer. He who of old never read the journals that he sold, now studied them sedulously, with frequent queries as to allusions unintelligible to him from the long oblivion of his malady. I was astonished at the alertness and acuteness of his mind, for the slightest explanation of some historic event, some national crisis, some scientific discovery which belonged to the time of his obscuration was instantly apprehended. That period was an era of momentous happenings, including the Crimean War, the completion of the oceanic cables, the American civil contest, the forming of the Italian Kingdom, and the Franco-Prussian War. Many such like events had moved the world mightily while his soul was shadowed by the one thought of his stupendous calamity—a thought which filled all his sky, clouding it to the utmost horizon, so that he could see nothing else. Now that the gloom had dispersed, it was as if he, from a clear, lofty eminence, saw at a glance all the landscape through which others had slowly and deviously traveled. The

avidity of his mind alarmed me. It appeared abnormal. I feared his brain would be consumed in the fierceness of its energy. He was like a famished man appeasing an imperative craving. And only as this abated did he begin to talk of himself. Thus one afternoon as we were seated in the garden he said, after a fit of musing,

"Ah! this pleasant lingering in lotus land must soon end. I must seek out some avocation; what, I know not, for I am a sort of —your Irving calls him a Rip Van Winkle, is it not?—a stranger in a new world, where I have awakened a generation behind the times. But the God who has restored me to it has for me some place in it, I doubt not."

"Yes, M'sieur," I said, and continued, "Ere long I return to America. Perhaps you will go with me? There are many opportunities."

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed. "Was it Emerson who said, 'America, thy name is opportunity'? I had not thought of that. But Marie; I cannot say if it would please her."

"Well," I answered, "the Sœur Marie too must strike her tent. She says her superiors have summoned her away to her mission."

"Marie go? But no, she shall not leave me. We have found each other. My child—to care for, as she has cherished me! What else have I to live for?"

"But her life work to which she has devoted herself?"

"You do not understand, M'sieur. She is a deaconess, it is true, but free to take up home duties when they call her. And they could not—she would not—rob me again of my child."

"But her—" *mother*, I was about to say, but dreaded to use the word. He waited, expectant, and observing my confused delay said,

"Speak, sir. Your thought cannot be unwelcome to me. What would you say?"

Should I speak the fateful word? Yes, that must be sooner or later.

"But what of her mother?" I asked, watching him closely.

"Her mother!" he replied with a start, but instantly added, with a smile, "Ah, yes! How strange I could forget that good woman who adopted the desolate orphan!"

"Ma'm'selle Marie spoke of living always in Montbron with her mother."

"It is true, and I cannot chide her for giving that dear name to a stranger, for she knew no mother beside, save as a dim dream of childhood. Of course she forgot, though it is marvelous to me, who can hardly realize that it is a lifetime for her since the mother departed—and for me an eternity of sorrow, while still the event seems as of yesterday."

"Was it a relative who took the child?"

"No," he replied, "that could not be, for my wife was an orphan—reared by her grandmother, her sole surviving relative—when I married her. And for myself, I am Swiss, and without near kindred. And in fact I know nothing of this person. That is strange, although I had not realized it before. Marie has spoken little of her. And my mind has been so full I have rarely thought of her at all. Why! I do not even know her name. Well, she must be neglected no longer. She must be consulted. We must go to her. Her wishes will be sacred to us. So I cannot plan until we visit her."

"My dear M. Beguin," I said, "are you positively sure that this young lady is your daughter? Pardon me, but it is well that you should verify your belief. What does she say? And how can you satisfy her and then the scruples of her foster mother?"

"As for myself, I am confident," he answered with emphasis. "Her likeness to her mother—nay she is to the little Marie of my happy days as yonder rose is to itself in the bud. And could I misjudge the parental instinct that speaks so loudly in my heart? No, no! She is my child."

"Has she ever told you that the portrait of your wife resembles her mother?"

"Like her adoptive mother?"—and he laughed gently. "Ah, no; but that is delusion. Did she say so? It may quicken sleeping memories of the long-lost mother-face, and she associates sentiments of affection with the other, who also belongs to the morning of her life. There can be no real resemblance. There was no one ever like my Désiré. There may be perchance

some imperfect similarity of feature by which her vague memory is deceived."

It was plainly impossible to shake his conviction, unless by some rude shock, so I led him to talk of his early life, and the substance of a long conversation I now curtly record, as I wrote it down that evening.

A student of theology at Zurich, he met with a Mademoiselle Leclerc during a vacation ramble through the western maritime provinces. After settlement in his parish they were married. He was so strongly attached to his flock of Burgundian peasants, so passionately devoted to nature, so absorbed in the scholarly pursuits which were possible in his country *cure*, and so happy in his home, that he refused calls to churches in the great cities, and even to a chair in his university—for he early attained fame for both erudition and eloquence. So they remained in Gex.

A child was born whom they called Marie, and when she was six years old a little baby boy came to the presbytery one happy spring day. Alas! he tarried but a night, as though a child-angel whom God sent to lead the mother to the skies. For grief appeared to exhaust her vitality. She fell into an alarming fever. For nine long days and nights Beguin watched by her side, tireless, well-nigh sleepless and foodless; so that when she came to her senses and whispered faintly, "I am dying," his enervated mind and body were unable to endure, while he struggled against the shock. All through the last night he strove to steady himself. He would not believe in her doom. He reasoned about the case as a scientific observer, over, and over, and over again, endlessly. He prayed as a believer; nay, forgetful of faith, he demanded of God in frantic protestations the life of his wife, and staked all his credence on the answer.

"But," he said to me, "she died. It was just at dawn. I had opened the shutter to let in the light, the fragrance, and melody of the morning. It had been a dreary watch that night, for she was very weak—too feeble to talk. She dozed, and I sat and held her hand, and watched, and thought—oh, Monsieur, unutterable thoughts — memories, fears, longings, hopes. They were all prayers, and I never once doubted—I would not, I dared not permit myself even to question, and felt all my faith hang on that long, long prayer, until a vision came which appeared to me an earnest of mercy. It may be I dozed, but it seemed as if I saw with wide-open eyes my Désiré coming slowly along the yellow sands of a palm-fringed, tropic sea, as I stood in the shadow of a stupendous cliff, from whose cavernous depths I had escaped with the immeasurable anguish of an eternity's labor, waiting, longing for her presence. As she approached, the light which seemed to come with her, like a vast halo that illumined sea and sky, dispersed the gloomy mists which before had enfolded me, until she saw me and with a glad cry sprang forward as I fell upon my knees. I clasped her about the waist as she bent over me and kissed my forehead and smoothed my hair.

"Then the vision faded. It was perhaps a merciful revelation of the heaven that is to be; but then I believed it an answer to my petitions—a proof that I had ransomed her life by my vows and prayers. It is strange, but now I imagine that my love for Antibes in those dark days sprang out of a confused identification of its sea and shore with the scenery of that vision. Alas! I have been waiting here in vain for her to come.

"And so as I looked out of the window on the new day that morning my hope turned to joy, and I came back hastily to the couch and cheerily said, 'Better, but yes, my soul, better! Soon shall we have thee out in the garden yonder, where thy Provence roses miss thee. Yes, soon, thanks to the good God.' She lifted her eyes wearily to me and slowly laid her hand on mine, with such tenderness, and whispered, 'Yes, my husband, I shall—be well—very soon. Kiss me —while—my heart—yet—beats—for—thee —thee—always. Ah, dear heart, the good —God—strengthen—thee. I go—the—citizens thereof—never—say—"I am sick." Oh—my—love—my—l—'

"And when, frantic, as the meaning of her words stole to my mind as through a mist from far away, I looked, there was no

light it her eyes. Monsieur, how can I tell you this? It is only that I am nearing the Eternal Truth, where nothing is hidden, and I am no longer hardened and maddened by my sorrows. It is my assurance of sanity that I can recall all this and speak of it with composure, and weep, warm, sweet, natural tears. Yes, thank God! my heart is no longer an arid volcano, seamed and scorched by convulsive sorrows, but a mountain whose fires are quenched and whose shocks have ceased, while God is clothing all its ruggedness with vines and trees, and birds are returning to it and the flowers bloom once more. But—there are no Provence roses there.

"Well, when I called and she did not answer—for the first time in all those years—and her heart was dead to my love, why, I did not believe it. I was dazed. Then there arose before me a thought; it was this: 'To-day—yes, 'tis the 6th of June. Ah! our betrothal day, and our wedding day, one year later; and every year for seven we have had our *fête*.'

"Strange to say that simple idea expanded, as it were, into a series of apparitions—quick—vivid—one by one, in orderly sequence, and I saw all those so happy days—every minute accessory; nay I felt again all those joyous emotions in their infinite variations—all back to the first day of all. That was when I had won the consent of the *grand'mère*, but had said naught to Ernestine. So they called her, and my lips followed the custom, but already my heart had chosen her other name, Désiré. I had not voiced my love, but she knew—yes, my heart confided in that certainty; and now on that mellow eve in June I had gone to meet her returning across the fields to the cottage in the village. I saw her afar off, coming slowly, a vision of maiden loveliness, with the glory of the sunset sky like a jewel flashing radiance around her. .She came to me out of that awful, beauteous light, as from heaven, and I said to my soul, 'From the great God to thee.' Then I stood back in the shade of a rose hedge until she drew near. I stepped before her. She looked up from her meditations and the thought in her eyes changed from surprise to welcome, and softened, deepened into—was it—could it be love? As I held out both hands I said—said only, 'Désiré—my desire!'; and I know not how, but her head was on my breast.

"Ah! yes—my God!—I saw it all; I felt it all again, on that other 6th of June, that *fête* day of death; and then I knew nothing, or I can now recall nothing until after an interval I cannot measure there was a vague consciousness of being, as of a soul struggling to awake from death, tearing away the clods of the grave and then floating in space with nothing to cling to—nothing real, nothing solid and sensible, nothing attached to time. It seemed to me that I was striving for centuries just to think out one clear idea, to remember one solid fact. And again after ages were gone I knew that I was alive. I had come to myself. I had a dim persuasion that gentle hands touched me and soothed me.

"Then in a flash all—all returned, hurling my mind into furious tempests of thought. Once more I strove in desperation to regain the solid ground of fact and finally fought my way back like a drowning man. Now I was cautious. I trembled, but cheated myself with hope. I said, 'It is a hideous dream. I must awake—I will'; and then I dared not. So when I heard a footstep I would close my eyes and say, 'It is Désiré. Yes, surely! Who else?' and I would not look or listen until whoever came so gently and stood beside me had gone again. But alas! why tell all this?

"At last I came back to this world. But not in the presbytery at Gex. I was in the *chalet* of Swiss herdsmen, far up in the mountains of the Vaud. I had been ill for weeks. They said it was a fever of the brain. It was a malady of the heart, and nothing cures that but death. They had found me lying helpless by the wayside, and had nursed me back to life, finally to health of the body, but with a numbed, lethargic brain. It was months before clear speech came to me, before I could move my feet and hands aright, before I could realize what poor, kind Ulrich had done for me, and then I only felt it stupidly without being able to reason about it.

"One morning at daybreak, after hours of wakefulness, I stole away, possessed by a resistless impulse. I cannot tell you how I made the journey, but at last, in the night, I crept to her grave. I knew it by the cross at its head that bore her name, which I traced with my fingers. By that time the sod on it was green, but the autumn leaves were fading over it. I lay down there and wept. Yes, my first tears baptized her grave, but I could not pray. Alas! when I came to myself my faith was gone. It never came back until of late. Often I longed for it vaguely and dumbly. Can I tell you the story of a lost God, through all those dreary years? Marie is His messenger to bring my faith and peace back to me.

"I now suppose that my visit to the grave so disturbed my faculties that again I fled away wildly, like a dumb brute trying to escape from his pain. There was a period, which I know must have measured three years, when my mind recorded no lasting memories. As I strive to recall it all is confusion. My idea of it has no comparison except what I once saw when standing on the promontory of La Garrouppe during a storm. A sea gull, utterly exhausted, was vainly striving to combat the winds which hurled him up and down, back and forth, amid the clouds and waves. He could not rise against the wind. He could not reach the shore. He could not sink in the waters. So was I, in mid-air, as it were, away from the world, in the swirl of elemental forces, beholding only the dense black clouds torn by contending winds and the foaming waves of a thunderous sea.

"It is true that I have betimes illusive recollections of shelter in some cottage or of sordid labor in the fields or of tramping alone over the highways, but these things must belong to the later portions of the time, and the effort to reconstruct even that period is hopeless—like piecing together the fragments of some pictured window shattered and shivered to atoms.

"At last I remember a vintage near Avignon, where I worked and earned a little money. Starting again on my wanderings, I chanced on Antibes, and here remained. I had no plans, but stayed from time to time, growing better, as I now believe, though very, very slowly. And the rest you know."

When Beguin finished this narrative, it was with such exhaustion from the emotions he endured in living over again that tragedy that I could not ask him the last crucial question as to the picture. Had he any knowledge of how and when he secured it? Did he still believe it had come with him on his flight from the presbytery? He had said nothing which could resolve these questions. I had watched narrrowly throughout the story for some hint as to the portrait, since this was the clue to the mystery. It was almost beyond belief that rational as he now was—evidenced by his clear and convincing narrative, but above all by his appreciation of his previous mental alienation—he should still cling to this one delusion—this alone—the last of all.

But he was so overwrought as to look almost like the Beguin I first knew; and I hurried him home without another word.

I acquainted Marie with this conversation. It greatly disquieted her. "Oh," she said, "I want my mother! I must see her."

Finally one day, a week later, thinking the time had come, I said without warning,

"M. Beguin, you will not think me intrusive if I ask you a question about yourself? You have honored me with your confidence, and—"

But he put his hand on mine, and said,

"Surely not. Why should you hesitate? Have I not opened all my life—all my heart to you? There is nothing you may not say."

"Well," said I, "it is this: the name on your cherished miniature is Ernestine Marot, and your name is Beguin."

I expected some show of excitement, and waited breathlessly.

"Yes," he answered with a quiet smile, "I forgot to explain that. It must seem strange to you. But it is simple. My name is Claude Marot. After I returned to the life of men and began to have use for a name again I took that of my mother, Beguin, from some vague desire to lose myself—some hardly defined effort to enter on another life—some instinct to hide my past and evade recognition. Fi-

nally it become both difficult and useless to resume my old title. Ah, yes! now I understand—this too has puzzled Marie. I see it now. Well, I will explain to her also."

"Then," said I, "you feel confident that you have kept safe this miniature through all the vicissitudes of those years?"

"Yes," he replied, "incredible as it appears it must be so. I suppose I clung to it by a sort of instinct. I recall placing it in my bosom, with a blue ribbon around my neck, one day during Désiré's illness when I had been looking at it. I next discover it on the page of memory when I was working at the vintage. It was then fastened with a frayed piece of tarred rope, hidden in a bit of rough cotton cloth, and worn in the bosom of my garments."

IV.

WHAT could I believe? I resolved to unravel the mystery once for all, and the next day, on a pretext of business in Paris, I bade my friends adieu for a week and went straight to the village of Gex. Shortly I was at the presbytery as an American visitor to the *pasteur*, who by my request conducted me through the little church, which has some historic interest as dating from Huguenot days. In the churchyard I called attention to a grave marked by a cross bearing only the name "Ernestine." Of it the *pasteur* told me a pathetic story to the effect that years since, before his time, as he had learned from the peasants of the village, a gentleman and lady had stopped at the inn. They were alone. She fell ill, and with her babe died at the hour of its birth. The gentleman, a foreigner, had them buried there together. He left money with the landlord for the care of the grave, and this had been yearly renewed by an *avocat* of Lyons, under whose directions workmen had erected the simple stone inscribed with the name.

"Ah!" thought I, "this then is not the grave of poor Beguin's wife. This shrine of his affections—this scene of his despairing tears—this place of his desolate pilgrimages is the tomb of a stranger! Where then is his wife's grave? And how could he have been so mistaken? Yes, he has been misled by the name."

The *pasteur* further said that he thought there was some guilt and remorse in the man—this foreigner of the calamity at the inn—for there was reason to believe that at intervals he visited the grave. At least on a June morning some years before he had found a man lying unconscious on the grave. He had taken him into the presbytery and at last restored him. He was grateful, but moody, muttering to himself, averse to conversation, brusquely declining any information except that he came to visit the grave. At dusk he departed afoot, and almost stealthily, as if fearful of being seen. Each year since, he had come, ever by night. Sometimes he paused at the presbytery to greet the *pasteur*, although he shrank, shuddering, from entering the house; but usually he went without any message. Always he left a cluster of Provence roses on the grave. Without doubt he was the friend of that poor soul who slept among strangers.

I asked for a description of the man. It was unquestionably Beguin! Thus again was I baffled. The tangled skein was only more tightly twisted. Yet I would not desist, and cautiously led on the vivacious and discursive *pasteur*, who enjoyed the rare pleasure of intercourse with an educated visitor having the good taste to be interested in the legends of his parish. He told of his own residence, of his predecessors, and finally the sad history of a former incumbent who, crazed by the supposed death of his wife, had fled in the night and was never heard from. It was believed that he had destroyed himself, or had perished wandering in the mountains. But no trace of him was ever discovered.

"And his wife?" I said.

"She was supposed to be dying—nay even, for a moment, dead; but slowly recovered, and when hope of her husband was abandoned left the village with her child. She returned to her people in some distant part of the country and has never since been heard of in Gex."

Ah! perhaps here was the end of the

skein, I thought, and started that day for Angoulême, and thence the following morning drove out to Montbron and found the cottage of Madame Marot. In answer to my knock the door was opened by one whom I instantly and certainly identified as the original of the miniature. I had to correct my previously determined allowance for the changes of time. She was still a conspicuously beautiful woman. The eyes and hair were the same. The features, more firmly chiseled, had lost something of their early softness of contour and color, but the expression was modified and ennobled. Through the mobile and luminous face shone a soul that had sorrowed, but endured and conquered. Grief had not crushed her. She had subdued it. Her distress had not gloomed into a sullen "winter of discontent," but rather brightened into a splendid autumn whose frosts had mellowed and matured the fruits of character. Her whole appearance suggested the serenity, the dignity, the placid strength which is derived only from self-conquest in great troubles.

Even thus storms sweep by, working havoc in their course; yet afterwards the day dawns fairer, the sky glows purer, and the earth emerges from the night chastened and purified by its baptism.

She stood an instant, as these impressions flashed through my mind, and said,

"Does Monsieur wish to see me?"

"This is Mme. Marot?" I replied. "I am from Antibes—"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "then it is M. Lowell." And I fancied the cordial welcome of her look was tempered by critical scrutiny. "Enter, if you please, and be seated. And my child! She is well? You have seen her?"

"Yes," I said, "a few days since, and I bear you a letter from her."

She did not open it, but with shining eyes said,

"Tell me of her. It is better—the living voice—than any writing; and then she would not tell me if she ailed. Is she happy? How does she look? Oh, my little Marie, when shall I see you?"

"She is very well," I said, "and as amiable as even your mother-heart can believe. She seems contented in her work. Yet she has been a trifle tried by her patient. It was a serious and in fact mysterious case. But to the credit of Ma'm'selle Marot and the good doctor he is well. It is a triumph for them."

"Yes," she answered, "I was most unwilling for her to adopt the life of a deaconess. Having lived so long in this quiet retreat I fear the great world. But she believed herself called, and that conviction was supreme. She has"—and Madame's voice lowered and softened—"she has her father's spirit. Ah, well, she goes forth as a soldier of the cross and the Captain will surely guard her. And is she soon to be released?"

"Her superiors have directed her to return from this duty to Marseilles, but her patient will not consent to her departure."

"Poor man! Marie has written of him. And still there is the illusion?"

"You know then that he claims your daughter as his child?"

"Yes; doubtless there is some imagined resemblance. Marie writes that she is troubled, for it indicates yet some latent and lurking energy of the disease in his brain. But she cannot remain, and besides I must have her a little while before her next task. Surely the mother's claim should count—and when it asks so little—against a stranger's and a—a—madman's."

"Madame," I said, "you utterly mistake. This gentleman is no longer mad, or even ill; and he is one of the noblest spirits it has been my fortune to know. I believe him sane and free from all delusions. I shared your opinion until of late, but now I have conviction—nay evidence—that he is altogether rational—"

"But," she interrupted, "this phantasy—"

"Yes, yes," I replied, "but it is explicable. However, has Ma'm'selle told you of a miniature?"

"She mentioned it as a portrait of his dead wife—he said of her mother, poor soul!—which he has cherished through all the years of his madness."

"Yes," I said. "It represents a lovely

woman; and do you know, Madame, it strangely resembles you?"

"Me? Ah, no. Monsieur is pleased to compliment. But you say yes? 'Tis marvelous. Yet it might be, for I am not uncommon, and truly that would help his fancy about Marie, for it is said she is like me, though not in feature."

"It is more than a vague resemblance," I said slowly. "It is as like—I speak as an artist—as one sister to another. I could easily believe it was painted from your face ten years ago, and you have changed but little, Madame. It was well executed—the work of Delaroche—"

"What!" she said, the steadfast glance of attention shadowed by a painful memory. "And I also was painted by that artist. Surprising is the fate that has brought the life of this stranger in contact with ours, and, it seems, at so many points!"

"It is enclosed," I added, carefully noting the effect of my words, "in a curious case of silver filigree. It consists of a vine springing on either side from a sod of daisies, with above a cluster of Provence roses." I paused a moment, as her lips paled, but proceeded: "Dear Madame, can you bear a shock? I grieve to inflict it, but the surprise of joy and love does not kill. It makes alive."

She gasped, "What is it?—quick! quick!"

"On the back of the case, Madame, is engraved a date, August 13, 1856, and an inscription, 'To my husband, on my 18th birthday,' and the name is — Ernestine Marot."

Her eyes stared at me. Her face faded and then flushed. She quivered, as she rose to her feet and then sank back in the chair. Her hands fluttered, but motioned me away as I sprang to her side. I turned to the window and stood gazing down the village street for a long time, until she said, "M'sieur, now — pardon — tell me more."

I drew my chair to her side. Her look startled me. It was calm, though her lips quivered and her eyes shone through a mist of tears. Then, taking her hand, I told her all as briefly as might be. She did not interrupt me, save by exclamations, though she wept plentifully; whereby I knew her a rare woman, of exquisite sensibility but perfect equipoise of nature. I thought, with a glow at the heart, "Marie is the true daughter of this admirable woman—perhaps hard to win, but won—ah, forever!"

At the close of my recital she asked me several questions, and was about to offer some explanations when I said, "No, dear Madame, not now. It is better you should be alone. I will leave for a time, and with your permission will return this evening. For I wish to hear, and there is something also for me to say."

I passed the day visiting the twelfth century cathedral and the superb modern town-hall in Angoulême, with its rare and curious library and museum. Yet my thoughts dwelt with Madame in the cottage at Montbron.

Toward the close of the day I sought her home. She had prepared a dainty little supper, spread on a round table under the apple tree in her garden. She would not hear one word about the subject of my visit until I had eaten, and, by her command, lighted my cigar, when she gave me her version of the tragedy. It supplied the missing portions. I will relate only these. Thus, after telling much that I already knew, she recounted as follows:*

"M'sieur, I *was* dying that night. Nay, believe me or not, I was dead. Hear me without a word, for this I have told to no living soul. Few would credit it, perhaps none, for it is a thing incredible. I bade Claude good-by, and kissed him and tried to comfort him with my last remnant of strength; and then, as it appeared, I slept. It was but for an instant, and on becoming conscious I saw him still kneeling by my bed with his face pressed to mine in a frantic and despairing caress. Then he looked up wildly, cried, 'Oh, my God!' and sank down to the floor in a swoon.

* A similar occurrence to that here given was recently recorded in a French scientific journal, and about the same time an English traveler in the Alps suffered an analogous experience. What it was each reader is at liberty to decide, whether a simple swoon, a dream, a trance, or a state such as St. Paul described as "caught up to the third heaven," but "whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth."—*J. E.*

"I now discovered that I was regarding my body, lying there so pale and worn, as something quite apart from myself, and I pitied it and despised it. 'I seemed to be hovering above it, a body also, but oh, so light, so fair, so instinct with vigor and delight! I felt that I had never lived before. I marveled ever to have suffered. I glanced out of the window, and the day was dawning, but in beauty such as I never saw before, for I was gifted with a sensibility of faculties such as I had not ever imagined and cannot describe. I felt that it would be easy to rise, at a wish, to the height of the heavens; and I could see far—oh! it was illimitable—while the odor of the flowers and the song of the birds—the incense and matin-song of nature—were exquisite to me beyond my dreams of paradise. And there were in the face of nature hues so fine, so delicate, and in the air myriads of tuneful sounds, all strange and lovely, which blended in ravishing harmonies of color and music. Yet it was the same world I had always known. I thought, 'God has disclosed to me the glories of nature as he created it, as he beholds it, and as, in the flesh, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard."'

"I moved at will, and passed through the closed door without sense of contact, into the garden. All this time, absorbed in my new emotions, I had forgotten Claude; but now I felt as if something were gently pulling at me, and reëntering the room I found to my surprise that I was attached as by a tenuous cord to the lips of my poor body. I stood close by and above, the cord contracting, yet never coercing me. As I gazed in amazement Claude stirred, sighed, and opened his eyes, like one bewildered. Then, groaning, he staggered to his feet and approached the body. He took the poor wasted hand, kissed it gently, and drew off a ring, which he placed upon his finger. He gazed long on the face, wailing bitterly but softly, with muttered words, smoothed the hair tenderly, kissed the pallid, haggard features over and over again, then drew up the sheet and turned toward the door. I was by his side, quick as thought, and spoke, as I flung my arms about his neck; but to my dismay he did not pause. He did not see or hear me. He passed on to the entrance. At the door he turned. I was straight before him. I could see the agony working fearfully in his face; nay it seemed as though by some strange prescience I could peer down through his eyes into his soul and see his thoughts—literally see them as if visibly embodied. They shocked me; so wild and disordered and turbulent were they. I saw his mind like the ocean lashed to fury, while now and again through the storm-wrack I caught glimpses of myself, smiling as in girlhood or floating with closed eyes in death, or of Claude standing in his pulpit or rushing wildly along a lonely road or lying dead, drowned, beside a river's brink. Multitudes of such half-formed pictures appeared on the waves, in the clouds—everywhere—and vanished in ceaseless confusion.

"As I looked, for the first time since leaving the body I felt a pang. It was fear for him and unutterable pity and love. Oh, how I yearned to comfort him! As I stood, he sprang back to the bed and falling beside the body threw his arms about it and sobbed and groaned forth a torrent of violent words. Then he rushed from the house and I followed, as though borne through the air without effort, close by his side through the sleeping village, along the highway, across the fields—on, swiftly on toward the distant river, beyond which lay the mountains. We passed an old peasant who took off his cap, and then stood amazed as Claude rushed on oblivious of his salutation. He did not discern me, and it was now quite evident that Claude could not see me, so I concluded that it would avail nothing for me to follow him. It was manifest that I could not communicate with him through his senses or with any one else to seek assistance. If only he could see me, or hear me! Ah! it was impossible while I was out of the body. But could I be clothed again in the flesh? I would see; for while the very idea was indescribably distasteful yet I knew this was the only way to save him. So I turned back, following the slender filament which still drew me—though I could easily resist it and perhaps sever it, while I was afraid to test its

strength—back, back to the death-chamber, to that loathsome corpse. How I shrank from it. We dread death, yet never had I recoiled from that portal by which we pass out of this life as now, when I was about to return through it from the freedom of that new form of existence to which I had advanced. When dying it seemed to me natural, and in a way desirable—a normal process to which my nature responded as by a sort of instinctive adjustment and acquiescence. It was like the bursting of the husk, that the inner life might emerge to blossom in the light. But now this re-birth to earthly life, as it were, through the gates of death was unnatural and altogether abhorrent. My soul protested with a repugnance which nothing could have conquered but my love for Claude. This, only this had I carried with me out of my former life, and now it drew me back at a sacrifice sharper and sorer than death can ever be.

"I was at war within myself, but my unrelenting will dragged my soul back, nearer and nearer to that body of death. I was conscious of a supreme effort to reanimate it—and oblivion swallowed me up. After a time, long or short I know not, I felt a drop of moisture on my face and opening my eyes by a painful effort I saw the coarse, wrinkled countenance of my old nurse, *Tante* Lisette, who was weeping silently as she strove to force open my mouth. Next my throat thrilled at the touch of some fiery liquid, and presently a tingling sensation quivered throughout my frame, and my heart throbbed in a feeble and indecisive manner. Then the doctor came in hastily. I recognized him, although he appeared to be far, far away, and his voice sounded as from limitless distances. He thrust a needle charged with brandy into my arm. My eyes closed as though weighed down by insupportable languor. Then, after ages, I looked again. He was still there, with his finger pressed on the artery in my neck. Again he administered the stimulant, and this time I flinched at the prick of the needle. He smiled, laid his finger on the pulse at my wrist, and nodded to *Tante* Lisette as if pleased. I could not move a muscle, but my faculties of perception were quite alert. I did not reason or remember, and I was utterly void of emotion. But after a while—a long lapse of hours as I learned afterward—suddenly the thought of Claude arose in my mind, and instantly, like the unveiling of a picture, the scenes of that morning flashed forth in my memory. I struggled over and over to speak, and finally murmured, 'Claude.' The doctor heard and said, 'He is well. You can see him when you are stronger.' Blessings on him for that falsehood! It quickened me like a draught of the water of life. I took a mouthful of broth, and slept like a wearied child.

"But, M'sieur, I weary you. Forgive me for being so tedious."

"Not so," I hastened to reply. "Your strange story, Madame, is intensely interesting to me, and the more since it solves a mystery that has long allured but evaded me. I pray you to proceed. Tell me all, if you will."

"Then you believe my story? But see I will confirm it." And she drew from her pocket *the* miniature, as I supposed, for there was the same chased silver case. But the portrait disclosed Beguin's face—younger, fairer, happier than I knew him. It bore a twin inscription, "To my dear wife, on our wedding day, June 6th, 1856. Claude Marot."

I returned it as she said, "The portraits were made by the same artist; his for me at our wedding and mine a few months later at my birthday."

"Yes, Madame," I said, "that is conclusive; but I did not need proof."

"Ah," she said, "you are kind! I have hid all these things in my heart for many years. Until now I have found no one to share them. But you come to me from my lost husband, my poor Claude, and my heart has been shaken sadly by your tidings—my heart which I thought so calm and strong. Well, I will be brief now. There is little to tell, and I will not weary you with an account of my long, slow recovery. At last I was strong enough to learn the truth. Claude had disappeared. The villagers had

searched far and wide. No one had seen him but an old peasant, who reported that the *pasteur* rushed by him in the early morning of the 6th of June like a man distraught and disappeared in the distance toward the river. He remembered the date well for he was then going up to the *château* to pay his quarter's rent. They all believed he had drowned himself in the stream, but no body had been found. I could not believe he had destroyed himself. I surmised that he was mad with grief, and determined by the help of God to get well that I might find him and restore him to reason and to life and love. When able I drove through all the surrounding country. I discovered only one trace of his course. A lad fishing in the river one morning some months before had seen a man cross the bridge in frantic haste, tossing his arms and muttering wildly. He watched him curiously until he disappeared along the road leading to the mountains. I searched every hamlet and *chalet* for many miles without success.

"Finally I was compelled to desist. Yet for long I advertised in the papers of all adjacent cities. I wrote to all our *pasteurs* throughout the province. I notified the authorities everywhere. But all in vain. And so I sent for Marie and returned to this shelter, which I possessed, where the years have come and gone stealthily as I sought comfort in submission to God's will and in the care of my darling child. For long I hoped still, and watched for a messenger. I had bright days when I approached the *poste restante* in the confidence that a letter awaited me. I persisted in writing to those who still showed interest in my case. I often woke at night as a chaise came down the street and rushed to the window saying, 'It is he! Yes, he comes,' only to see the vehicle pass by as I sank in a chair and wept and wept and wept. But at last, when I abandoned hope, I attained a sort of peace, which has sustained me, thank God! for this day."

"Yes," I replied, "the stormy night has gone and the day dawns for you. And now I will leave you, but will return to-morrow to learn how I can aid your plans."

"But," she said, "there are no plans, except that I must go at once to Antibes. Will you allow me to accompany you to-morrow? Yes, early—by the first train. I cannot bear delay."

"Certainly, Madame, if you can be ready, I will come for you early in the morning."

V.

DURING the long, continuous ride we had much speech. I revealed my love for Marie and received the mother's approval of my addresses. I told her of Marot's wish to go with me to America, if Marie consented after consultation with her "foster mother—that good, dear woman who had nourished her orphaned childhood." I represented to her the danger of any shock to his brain, and we devised many plans for restoring him to his wife, but all were flung aside as inadequate, and at last we concluded only that Madame Marot should wait at a hotel until I might send for her after I had broken the seal and disclosed to Marot the startling contents of my budget of news.

I found Marie at Michel's, Marot having gone to the *jardin-des-plantes*. Was I presumptuous in fancying that I detected a light of gladness in her eyes as she greeted me? Perhaps it was only a tribute of her love for the mother, when I announced my visit to Montbron. Her delighted surprise on learning that Madame Marot was in Antibes prevailed with me to release her without a word of explanation either of the parental romance or of that newer, sweeter idyl which filled my soul.

So I departed in search of M. Marot, telling Marie we would walk along the beach toward La Garrouppe in case she might wish to find us.

Marot was seated under a group of palms by the sea wall of the garden and rose to salute me with both hands outstretched. I praised his astonishing improvement in health and proposed a stroll, adding that there was a communication I wished to make. He assented, saying with a smile, "About Marie, is it not? May I not be permitted to surmise? Good! Proceed, M'sieur, I am all attention."

He took my arm and we descended the long flight of mossy steps cut out of the cliff and turned westward along the broad golden sands.

I began cautiously, administering the truth as it were in attenuated doses, diluted with digressions. At first he listened with the languid attention of mere courtesy, but presently he hearkened with all his soul, and finally he stopped suddenly, seized me by the arm, regarded me with set and serious face, and said,

"But M'sieur, speak quickly. My God! do not suffer me to believe a delusion. I suspect your meaning, but it cannot be. If you are sure, tell me—tell me at once!"

"M'sieur—my dear M. Marot"—I paused an instant at the name as he started,—"your wife did not die—" I hesitated. He raised his hand with a gesture of stupefaction. "She is alive; Marie's mother—your wife—has passed these long years at—"

He turned his back on me, placed his hands over his eyes, and sank slowly on his knees. I dared not look, and faced the sea. Ere long he touched my arm, saying, "Pardon me. Will you allow me to leave you? I would be alone with my God."

"I will await you," I said, "near the stairs to the garden."

He was soon lost to sight as he passed around the precipitous promontory of La Garrouppe.

On my return along the sands I met Marie, an angelic smile on her lips, while the tears sparkled in her eyes like dew in the heart of the violet.

"You have told him?" she said.

"Yes, and he bore it bravely. He has gone on alone. When he returns we will take him to the hotel. I did not inform him that she is in Antibes."

"But," said Marie, "they will meet, for she is coming from the hotel toward La Garrouppe. I was to notify you both."

"It is better so. We will wait here."

Marot afterwards told me that as he rounded the cliff at La Garrouppe, dazed with maddening joy, he saw a woman approaching. An instant's irritation at this intrusion faded before an amazed recognition of his dream-scene—the vision which had so often visited his distempered fancy in the days of his darkness. There was "the yellow shore of the palm-fringed sea"; he stood "in the shadow of a stupendous cliff, waiting, longing for her presence"; and clear in the glowing western sky, transfigured by the heavenly light which seemed to come with her, was—yes! yes!—was Ernestine.

About their meeting no man knows—only God.

One hour passed, and another—I know not how many, for with us also time was winged with joy—until they came, walking slowly, hand-in-hand, after the peasant fashion.

That evening as we all sat under the vines in Michel's garden I pressed for an early marriage, as urgent letters called me to America.

These sincere and simple souls made no obstacles of convention, and a day was appointed in the following week, with the good *Père* Jaillot to bless our bonds.

Then M. Marot bestowed on me a great surprise, the last eccentricity of a vanishing, haunted past. He said,

"And we also—Ernestine and I—will stand with you at the altar and wed again. We died, yes both, to each other and to the world. We have returned to a new life. Let us have anew the blessing of heaven and the consecration of the church. None here knew of that old life so far away. It is seemly. It is grateful to my fancy that we two lovers should wed. Is it not so, Ernestine? And Thursday of the next week—it is the 6th of June, our *fête* day. Its brightness was enshrouded once by that *fête* of death, and after weary years the gloom has gone, thank the good God! Let us bury it in oblivion, and begin our new life at the altar."

When I communicated the next day with *Père* Jaillot he shrugged his shoulders, playfully pinched my ear, and said,

"Ah, you heretics and lunatics! It is a complication very droll. It is a case with-

out precedents. But precedent is the apology of fools. Yes, I will solemnize the double marriage, and if any of my brother Pharisees should cavil, I will silence them. I will explain that the first alliance of our good friends was void of the churchly sanction—a mere heretical civil contract—and that now the parties, convinced by my orthodox advices, submit themselves to the divine authority of Holy Mother Church. Oh, yes! I will know how to answer them. But, M'sieur, it is a very wonderful narrative you have rehearsed to me—an epic of the heart. I salute the worthy M. Marot, and hope to make acquaintance with Madame; a rare soul indeed who could inspire such devotion and vanquish such sorrows! And the charming deaconess—fortunate—was it not, M'sieur?—that these heretic pseudo-nuns have no perpetual vows! The daughter of such parents must be a veritable pearl of perfection. I agree with your opinion and offer my congratulations. A very pretty confusion this, on my word, for me, a priest of Rome to marry this already wedded *pasteur* of the Reformed communion, and at the same time yourself, an American heretic, and this little Kaiserswerth nun! Well, well! Seriously, M'sieur, it will be for me a great happiness to share in the pretty romance as the priest whose prayers for your welfare will have at least the merit of a profound sincerity."

The *fête* day dawned in the sweetness of a Provençal summer morn. The church was filled with villagers, the curious visitors from the hotels, and our humble friends. Madame Duschene was there, diffusing blessings from her dimpled cheeks. The *garçon* Jean was there, embarrassed at the absence of the napkin from his arm but consoling himself in a ravishing bouquet, suspended on the lapel of his coat, which well-nigh effaced him from sight. Michel was there, all tears and shrugs and grimaces and gestures and voluble whispers. Even the doctor was there to testify his approval of the "good little Huguenot nun" and her marriage.

The *cure* rendered the ritual with solemn impressiveness, and from the altar addressed us a most tender, poetic, and wisely pious "advice." It was a marvelous combination of the sermon and the epithalamium, which closed on a note not always found in either and better far than both alone, a very natural, genuine "God bless you," which came straight from his generous heart, baptized with the holy water of a tear and consecrated with the unction of sincerity.

And now I write these last words in the saloon of the good ship *La Bretagne*, which bears us to that Arcadia whose other name is America.

Through the open door I discern on the deck Marot and his wife—"loyal lovers"—seated together in serene and tranquil joy. I divine the subject of their discourse; not the past, ah, no!—they may sometimes dream of it, alas! but in the sanity of waking hours they ignore it. It is of the future they speak so earnestly. Marot is devising schemes; for to them all I am yet only the poor artist, but "with talent, yes! and sure of his fame," whom they will not burden. They have the dowry of Ernestine—the cottage of Montbron—transmuted into those wonderful francs which count up so fast but change into so few dollars; and they are rich in their gifts. He will teach the language and she will exercise her skill in the embroidery. Truly they will do well, and perchance may aid Marie to fit up her little home. I smile to myself over the surprisal with which I shall repay all the astonishment they have caused me to endure, when I introduce them to the dear old Lowell homestead, near Salem, by the sea. Oh, if but my mother were there to welcome us!—though it is not quite so good as heaven.

"No, dear, you must not read these last words. Wait, Marie, just a little until we are at home."

(*The end.*)

AËRIAL PIGEONS.

BY G. REYNAUD.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE recent contests at the Trocadero and the experiments in liberating pigeons at sea have drawn the attention of the public to pigeon breeding. They have especially revealed the existence of numerous and prosperous societies which display their activity in training hundreds of thousands of pigeons. What is aimed at by those who have given themselves up to this sort of sport, and what practical result have they reached?

In military campaigns the messenger pigeons certainly may render a great service by taking the place of telegraphs that have been cut or in connecting the defenders of a besieged city with the rest of their country. But the temporary importance of the rôle which carrier pigeons will then be able to play is not sufficient to explain the extent of dove breeding for some years past. Belgium, for example, possesses alone as many pigeons as all the other European nations combined. In maintaining in their dovecotes the most valued breeds, the Belgians have in view not alone their national defense, but they seek in the practice of their favorite sport all the excitement of gambling. The contests which take place every Sunday in summer are the occasions of numerous wagers. The owner of the pigeon that arrives first, beating hundreds of competitors, certainly feels in an equal degree all the pleasure that may be felt by the proprietor of a racing stable whose favorite horse has just won the first prize. This dove breeding, the utility of which in military campaigns cannot be gainsaid, is in time of peace nothing but an agreeable pastime or a form of gambling. Few people in fact think of utilizing pigeons for the transactions of daily life. "We have at our disposal the telegraph, the telephone, and the post. What is the use of resorting to so primitive a mode of correspondence?" Such is the reason too often given for relegating the carrier pigeon to the rank of a luxury. Such is the prejudice which we wish to try to combat. We believe that communications of every nature would gain much in rapidity if the carrier pigeon were employed along with the most perfect methods of correspondence. This useful messenger can in many cases supplement, or advantageously take the place of, the post and the telegraph. For a network of telegraphs can only serve important localities. It cannot connect, for example, a country house with its neighbors, its tradespeople, or its dependents, because the daily communication is most frequently limited here to the exchange of an insufficient number of dispatches to warrant the creation of an office or a line.

Let us recall briefly the services rendered in the past by the carrier pigeon. It is the best way to give an impression of what the aërial post may become in the future.

The Greeks borrowed from the Asiatics the taste for dove breeding. History has preserved the recollection of that athlete of the Isle of Ægina, who, when a conqueror at the Olympian games announced on the same day his triumph to his fellow-citizens by sending them a dispatch borne by a pigeon.

The Romans also employed the aërial post. Pliny informs us that they paid very dearly for birds which had stood the test. There were at Rome and in most of the cities of the empire dovecotes able to hold from five thousand to ten thousand pigeons. These were the chief means of communication between the government and its remotest provinces. It was in this way that Rome was able to meet revolts in the provinces before they were fairly under way. Later the degenerate offspring of the masters of the world used the birds to announce

the results of chariot races and regattas, or the success of this or that gladiator.

Is it necessary to recall the pigeons of Saint Mark's that Venice has maintained since the thirteenth century out of remembrance of the services they rendered at that time to the republic? The doge Dandolo, besieging Candia, was able to keep up daily communication with the republic and in that way he succeeded in obtaining reinforcements.

An episode of the War of 1870 was a reminder that even in our time useful advantage may be taken of the aërial post. Paris while besieged was able to communicate with the provinces by means of pigeons which were carried out in balloons and allowed to return loaded with dispatches.

We will mention two more interesting things which have the value of actuality. The fishing boats returning to Boulogne, Dieppe, and Saint-Malo are always preceded by messenger pigeons released at sea to announce their return and tell in detail what is the result of the fishing trip. And the bookmakers at Paris receive news of the races in this way ahead of the telegraph.

Thus from the inhabitants of the ark, to whom the dove announced approaching deliverance, down to the Parisian bookmaker, men have taken more or less advantage of the marvelous instinct of the pigeon.

The animals which live in our dovecotes belong to the Belgian race. The Belgian carrier pigeon is nothing but a descendant of the rock pigeon, modified by successive breedings for centuries. It consequently differs much from its wild ancestors both in its habits and instincts. The carrier pigeon is not quite so large as the ringdove but it has a more expressive head, more elegant features, and a more brilliant and varied plumage.

A dovecote may be set up in any place that is airy and spacious. A separate little home is generally given to each pair, where they may make their nest and bring up their young. The pigeon house is provided with a single entrance formed with a cage presenting two holes—one opening on the inside, the other on the outside. The two openings are closed by little vertical triangles moving around the point of suspension and acting as trapdoors. The cage, which is in a way the antechamber of the dovecote, allows the pigeons arriving from the outside to be kept separate, as they are the bearers of dispatches. The cage is shut up to those wishing to go out, and left open to those wishing to come in, by placing two strips of wood across the trapdoors. The pigeon arriving from the outside pushes with its head the trapdoor at the first entrance, goes into the cage, and tries to push in the same way the trapdoor of the second opening; but this is closed, so it is caught in a sort of mouse trap until its master comes to set it free.

The training of young pigeons begins when they are three or four months old. They are released at greater and greater distances—two, six, twenty, forty, sixty, and eighty miles—these successive trips being chosen always in the same direction. At six months old a young pigeon ought to be able to return to the dovecote by traversing a space of two hundred miles at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At the end of the second year of training it will be expected that the pigeons will return from a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and the third year, six hundred miles. These successive tests are intended for the selection of the occupants of a single dovecote. The birds of small value are lost on the way.

The pigeon comes back most rapidly from localities in the direction in which it has been trained; but when it is of good breed it comes back from any direction. It would be logical to train all the occupants of a dovecote in different directions. This manner of proceeding would certainly cause more numerous losses, but the pigeons remaining after these different tests would evidently be of a greater value. The training in one direction is practiced for the most part by dove trainers. In specializing their pigeons in this way they have a double purpose—to limit the losses and to secure for one direction always the same rapid orientation and the quickest return to the dovecote. The dove trainer does not actually

aim at practical results. He tries only to be successful in the races, and these generally take place in any given town, in one direction, invariably known beforehand. What good then in training pigeons for other directions? The great velocity being of less importance for practical purposes, it would be necessary above everything else to secure for correspondents the pigeons whose return is certain under all circumstances.

We actually possess in the dovecotes spread over the whole of our territory one hundred thousand trained pigeons capable of crossing France between sunrise and sunset. The dove trainers are all grouped in societies. Has not the time come to take advantage of this organization and to assign to the sport of dove training an immediate practical aim? If we will, an aërial post may be created in a day.

For how long a time does the pigeon preserve the recollection of its native place and the desire to return to it? Certain birds have been known to return to their homes after five years of separation. It is generally admitted that a pigeon will be able to return after a separation of six months.

It has been asked beyond what limit, at what distance from the pigeon house, does the bird lose its feeling of orientation. Some pigeons have made the journey from Vienna to Brussels. Others sold in America have managed to find again in Belgium the home of their former owner.

There is one condition which renders at least difficult in many cases the use of the carrier pigeon. In order that two correspondents may communicate in this way, each of them must own a pigeon house. A previous exchange of pigeons is necessary to make sure of sending all letters in both directions. Hence the loss of time is often considerable. It has been asked if it would not be possible to train pigeons to leave their homes as bearers of messages and to bring back an answer—in a word to make a round trip. However improbable the thing may appear, this wonderful result has been obtained with ease. The method is this: Some pigeons belonging, for example, to a pigeon house in Paris, are shut up for a certain number of days in a pigeon house in Saint-Denis, where care is taken to serve them at a fixed hour a meal that is especially to their liking, and better than they usually find at home. The captive pigeons are after a short time perfectly acquainted with the customs of their new home. When they are given their liberty again they set out joyfully on outspread wing to reach the pigeon house in Paris. But they have not lost their recollections of the good times passed during their imprisonment. If, therefore, at Paris they are made to fast they will not fail to present themselves at the pigeon house in Saint-Denis at the exact hour when they know a distribution of grain must be going on. They will very easily contract the habit of coming in this way once or twice a day at a fixed time to sponge a meal.

An example which we often witness shows very well that in regard to exactness the pigeon is in no way inferior to man. One of these birds performs a round trip between his own pigeon house and a corresponding one a few miles away and presents himself at the latter every day at ten minutes before one to eat five or six grains of hemp seed. He returns home immediately after unless he is detained for the carrying of a message. The round trip journey may very easily be arranged between two pigeon houses about forty miles apart.

The instinct of the carrier pigeon seems then to increase in proportion to the demands of man. One cannot say which ought to be admired more, the powerful wing which allows a bird to accomplish in one day a journey of more than six hundred miles or the mysterious instinct which enables it to find almost without hesitation the direction of its home.

Let us follow in thought the carrier pigeon that the railroad removes to an unknown region. Amid the jolts of the trip and the darkness of the car, where it is treated as a box, the poor bird no doubt thinks of its native dovecote where it found every evening a good supper, good lodging, and peace. When at the end of the journey it is re-

stored to liberty it rises, describes a spiral, and appears to explore the horizon. Still it rises. Nothing recalls to it the landscape that witnessed its daily gambols. However, it seems to make up its mind and flies on outstretched wing in a direction perpendicular to that of the dovecote and disappears in space. A quarter of an hour passes and the pigeon shows itself again above the point where it was released. This time it takes the right direction without hesitation. It has taken its bearings. We dare not compare this rapidity of decision with the hesitation of the traveler, equipped, however, with a stock of knowledge painfully acquired and with all the resources of science. The instance would be badly chosen for placing reason over against instinct.

The question comes, What sense must guide the bird in its return to the pigeon house? It is not sight, for a pigeon hardly rises more than three hundred yards above the earth. The horizon that it discovers is consequently rather limited. Besides, he is most frequently set at liberty in a country totally unknown. He is, therefore, not guided by local memory. Men have imagined some theory or other of magnetic currents, the direction of which would assure the pigeon of its infallible point of departure. All our efforts to analyze and explain instinct, that inborn science of the brute, will no doubt remain fruitless. We are in the presence of a secret of creation, but if the cause escapes us we can at least observe the effects, and in a certain measure direct and take advantage of them.

"The aërial post is an expedient we ought to resort to only when other methods of correspondence are lacking." We accept with all its consequences this opinion formulated by a progressive writer who moreover considers the utilization of pigeons as a proceeding rather behind the times. Let us see if in our network of post offices, telephones, and telegraphs there is not some gap which the employment of the carrier pigeon may fill. Let us take two correspondents, one living in Paris and the other in Bordeaux. They are interested in using for their communication the post or telegraph. A dispatch sent by one will arrive in about three hours after being left at the office of the sender. The situation is not the same if we examine the case of two correspondents living in the country, about fifteen miles apart. A message and often a letter will take the same time to go fifteen miles as it would to go from Paris to Bordeaux, while the carrier pigeon will make the fifteen miles in twenty minutes.

Whenever it is a question of connecting correspondents living less than sixty miles from each other, the aërial post will be the most rapid and convenient of all means of communication, especially if one makes use of the round trip. A method of organizing this service, which, once created, would act almost automatically, might be this: Let us suppose that a country house owning some carrier pigeons keeps up neighborly relations with four correspondents. It will be very easy, for example, to train three birds for the round-trip postal service with each point. The training is very simple. Your correspondent is not compelled to own a pigeon house. He needs only to set up at his place a large cage whose entrance is provided with trapdoors and into which the pigeon shall find every day at times agreed on a few grains to eat.

If one wishes to establish communication between a country house and a neighboring town, the service is still more simple. There are in all cities dovecotes of carrier pigeons from which the country house may, for a slight consideration, borrow a certain number of messengers. The pigeons shut up at the country house may be set at liberty according as they are needed, and will return to their homes as bearers of messages. These will be delivered at the proper places by the owner of the pigeons.

There is one other case where the pigeon may render valuable service. Suppose that a man living in the country goes away from home to visit his employees at a distance and that he carries in his carriage two or three pigeons. At any moment and at any place where he may be he can give an order which will be almost instantly carried out.

We are familiar with regions in the Jura Mountains where communications are frequently interrupted by snow. And certain localities only three or four miles apart as the bird flies are separated by ravines and mountains. As long, therefore, as each house shall not be connected by a wire with the network covering the country, the aërial post will have a right to exist.

It will seem proper finally to take up several considerations of a more material nature, to answer objections that might be made. A pigeon easily carries thirty grams. Aluminium tubes flattened in form are sewed under the tail feathers. A letter is simply slipped into the tube and the tube closed by bending it over at the end.

What is the cost of keeping a pigeon house? Thirty pigeons consume twenty dollars' worth of grain per year. From this sum we must deduct the value of from eighty to one hundred young pigeons which will be used for food. The expense of keeping a pigeon house will be nearly covered by this income.

No technical knowledge is necessary to bring up and train a carrier pigeon. One needs only to apply the very simple, practical rules that are found in the works on pigeon training and to devote a few moments every day to the inspection of the pigeon house. On the whole the putting in practice of the idea that we have here presented offers no really formidable difficulty.

CUBA, OUR NEIGHBOR IN THE SEA.

BY FRANCIS H. OSBORNE.

NOT more than ninety miles from the coast of the United States, lying majestic between the ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, is an island which is today the cynosure of the whole world.

One year ago, while China was trying to match her forces against the brilliant military genius of Japan, in Cuba, the "Queen of the Antilles," mutterings of discontent were arising which have grown to be the thundering of a mighty revolution, unequaled in the annals of history. Nor did the storm gather in a single night. The foundation of it was laid almost four centuries ago, when, nineteen years after its discovery by Columbus, a Spaniard with a company of three hundred men took possession of the island, quickly overpowered the docile natives, and burned at the stake their chief, Hatuey.

For many years the island remained a mere military station for vessels passing to and fro between the mother country and Mexico, whose wealth had fallen into the hands of Spanish conquerors. But the favorable situation of the island, with two-thirds of its coast naturally protected by reefs and shallows projecting several miles seaward, with its agreeable climate and luxuriant vegetation, proved so attractive that Spaniards began to remain, and the population steadily increased until now it numbers a little more than sixteen hundred thousand.

The natives were rapidly exterminated by cruelty and harsh treatment, and negro slaves were imported to take their place on the tobacco and sugar plantations, which early came to be the chief source of revenue on the island. And small revenue it was, for not until near the beginning of the present century was unrestricted commerce permitted with other than Spaniards. Such a system of commercial restrictions caused a large amount of smuggling, which ceased only when the European wars, early in this century, drove the Spanish flag from the seas and the ports of Cuba were opened to commerce with the whole world.

During these wars Spain was deeply engrossed with home affairs and could give little heed to Cuba. But in spite of the allurements of independence extended to her from the neighboring colonies which had thrown off the yoke of bondage, and in spite of the depredations and invasions of foreign nations who would have Cuba for their own,

she still remained loyal and has well earned the title of the "Ever Faithful."

But the changes which these turmoils wrought, however beneficial they may have been to European countries, had a most pernicious effect on Cuba and Cubans. What little autonomy had ever been theirs ceased, and the governor general was law maker, judge, and executive in one. In addition to this, by a royal decree of Ferdinand VII., issued almost three quarters of a century ago, the island was placed under martial law and the governor general armed with all the power "granted to the governors of besieged towns." From that day to this the executive of the island has held in his own power the lives and property of the inhabitants.

Then began a system of high-handed tyranny. The increased wealth of the island was sufficient excuse for increased taxation. Each new governor general, more tyrannical than the last, used his position to enhance his own interests and those of his friends. Revolts and insurrections were begun and suppressed. The island was the object of several filibustering expeditions, of which the most noted was, perhaps, that led by General Lopez in 1850, which resulted in the execution of the leader and the destruction for a time of the bright dreams of freedom which had invigorated the Cubans.

Following this was a long period of passive endurance, during which time, as also at previous dates, propositions were made by the United States for the purchase of Cuba, each of which was peremptorily rejected by Spain. In 1868 the banner of independence was again unfurled; this time, by Cespedes and his companions. After ten long years of bitter war the Cubans were not so much subjugated as pacified by the governmental reforms promised by the treaty of Zanjon negotiated in 1878. These promises Spain has not only failed to keep, but an armed monarchy, absolute and tyrannical in the highest degree, has been maintained in a country whose natives are disarmed and disfranchised, thus carrying out the creed of the Spaniards which has always been one of cruelty and injustice toward the natives.

This system of slavery and oppression opposes every known law of progress and development and accounts for the present condition of the island. Hence we see in the Cuba of to-day a reflection of the Cuba of long ago. To traverse the short distance which separates the largest of the Antilles from Florida and enter the metropolis is to take a step backward into the preceding century.

Havana, the oldest city, is on a beautiful land-locked harbor, the best on the entire coast, overlooking which, from a point projecting beyond the mainland, stands Moro Castle, a fortress gray and grim and an ancient monument to the cruelty enacted within its dungeons. It is a place now dreaded by offenders of the law, some of whom may be seen daily walking back and forth on the castle wall waiting the dreaded sentence which will place them in the subterranean dungeons or which will banish them with other suspects to one of the Spanish penal colonies. For the Cuban knows that to be a suspect is to be guilty, and that once deported he will spend the remainder of his life in hard labor, cultivating the soil in the Canary or Balearic Islands, or it may be on the Isla de Pinos if he is an ordinary criminal or a mild conspirator at whom the government can afford to smile as at the antics of a spoiled, misguided child; or, if he be an important political prisoner, Ceuta will be his destination.

Ceuta is a small city in Africa opposite Gibraltar, a town of seven hills, the most interesting and historic of which is Abyla, one of the "Pillars of Hercules." The prison is a long, low building with walls six feet thick, and stands on a high bluff overlooking a small harbor which can accommodate only small vessels which bring provisions and military supplies from Spain. Up the stone steps cut into the solid rock of the promontory the prisoners from Cuba are marched in closely chained gangs into dark, filthy cells, so low that a man of ordinary stature must always stoop a little. Here the prisoners' misery begins. Daily at four in the morning they are summoned to a break-

fast of hard-tack and black coffee, which is followed by a day of hard labor in a workshop or in cleaning the streets of the city, from which they return at five o'clock almost overcome by the intense heat of the African sun and blinded and choked by the dusty air. The discipline here is severe in the extreme, the merest infraction of which calls forth punishments which echo loudly the inhumanities of the Inquisition and the tortures of the Bastile. Far preferable is the fate of the traitor who suffers instantaneous death by the garrote.

Moro Castle as a prison is a dread and horror to offenders; as a means of defense to the city from land attacks it is useless, but bombardments from the sea can be repulsed by a formidable battery of modern rifles placed along the coast at the foot of the elevation on which the castle stands; as an aid to the mariner it is a most welcome sight, for it contains the beacon which guides him through the narrow channel leading into the harbor.

Across the channel opposite the castle are shoals of shelving coral which daily present a scene wholly characteristic of Cuba. Each morning of the year all the cab and street-car horses are brought here for their morning bath. Usually there are from four to twelve horses in a line, and the leader, ridden by a colored boy, is meekly followed by the other eleven, the nose of each being tied to the tail of the horse in front of him.

Entering the city one will be at first startled by the gay colors of the buildings, the intense blues against the violent greens; but this is soon forgotten in the brilliant variety as he looks down the narrow and often curved street. In this region of earthquakes and hurricanes the houses are necessarily made of stone or adobe with exceedingly thick walls, and the rooms have ceilings from twenty-five to thirty feet high. They present a most grewsome appearance with their barred windows, reminding one of the closely guarded dwellings of the Orient. But this feeling is at once dispelled as one catches a glimpse of the charming *señorita* ensconced behind the bars, to whom the youth standing outside whispers his tender messages. Strange as it may seem this is the favorite courting place of the young people, for here no parent or guardian appears to interrupt the sweet converse.

In the commercial part of the city the universal presence of tobacco is strong evidence that it is one of the chief articles of export. It is seen everywhere and in all stages of preparation for the market, from the fresh, untwisted leaf to the boxes and bales of the manufactured product piled high on the narrow sidewalk, waiting the action of the Spaniard who carts them to the wharf.

The merchants are always courteous. Indeed so polite are they that the purchaser feels that to enter their stores is an intrusion for which an apology ought to be given. In fact the Cuban lady rarely does enter the stores, the goods being brought to her carriage for inspection, which fact explains the absence of bargain counters.

It is at night that the city assumes its most brilliant aspect. The entire population sallies out to get the fresh, cool air and listen to the music of the military bands. But for a holiday, no day is like Sunday. Every form of amusement is in progress; every store is open; every newspaper is published; every *café* is thronged from morning to night; the one theater is filled with an eager crowd, and even the Cuban lottery-ticket vender, who takes the place of the American newsboy, reporter, and cabman, does not cease to ply his trade.

So through the streets, particularly of the old part of the city, are scenes quaint and peculiar, and none more so than the appearance of the marketmen as they bring their produce in from the country. Carts are never used. The roads, mere rough, rocky paths, would prove destructive to such vehicles. But on the back of a horse, oftener on several tied in a line, after Cuban style, the produce is piled—hay, corn, straw, vegetables—covering all but the hoofs of the animals, so that the whole looks like a perambulating market, which it really is. Often they come in from ten or fifteen miles away; the milkman on horseback with his cans behind him, the butcher and baker with their meat and bread, and most ludicrous of all

the poultry dealer with his coop of cackling fowls balanced on the back of his docile steed.

In the interior towns habits and customs are more markedly ancient and oriental than in Havana. Here the effect of Spanish misrule is more apparent than in the cities of the coasts. The same labor problem which confronted the South at the close of the Civil War has faced Cuban planters since the emancipation of their slaves at the beginning of the ten years' struggle. The Cubans are overburdened with taxes, which sometimes amount to more than forty per cent of their net income. Instead of the increase in revenue from the sugar industry as a result of the McKinley Bill, there has been a serious decrease through a forced competition with German sugar, and mortgages on modern machinery purchased to meet the anticipated greater demand for sugar remain unpaid. Duties on foreign goods imported into Cuba have been collected in Spanish ports, thus lessening the amount of revenue needed to pay Spain's enormous war debt forced upon Cuba, the interest of which alone amounts to something like thirteen million dollars annually. And so the Cuban has been growing poorer and the Spaniard no richer—if we except the dishonest, grasping government official.

This is the condition of the people whom General Gomez is leading in the present crisis. A little more than a year ago, with less than fifty men collected in the mountains of the easternmost province of the island, without supplies, and half armed, he started toward the West. As this handful of men, mounted on the noble Cuban horse, passed through the country, they were reinforced by men from every town, eager to fight under the revolutionary banner, with "Cuba Libre" as their slogan, until the forces assumed proportions formidable enough to warrant Spain in sending her most accomplished military leader, General Campos, with the flower of the army to quell the disturbance.

Just at this time Cuba needed the leadership of such a man as General Gomez. He is by nature a leader of men, schooled in the revolution of '68. Unlike most Cubans he is an educated man, and acquainted with the history of the great military leaders of the world, of which Sherman and his "march to the sea" are to him most wonderful examples of military genius and strategy. He is a man of broad intelligence, alert, full of expedients, and quick to act. One day upon receiving news that his cook had been captured and was to be shot as a rebel, he made a sudden raid and captured two Spanish lieutenants. A note immediately dispatched to the Spanish colonel notified him that they would be executed at sunrise of the next day unless his cook appeared in camp at dawn. The colonel understood the justifiable menace and was wise enough to see that the cook returned to camp in time to prepare a tempting breakfast for the general. The daring spirit which led him to undertake the raid across the island, destroying the tobacco and sugar crops, seemed little short of madness, especially with such an incongruous mass of men, undisciplined and armed only with the *machete.*

This is a simple agricultural implement, various modifications of which are used by planters in all Spanish-American districts. It consists of a metal blade from twenty to thirty inches long, set in a bone handle. The insurgents carry it in a scabbard at the left side, hung on a belt or on the wrist. Used at short range, as is necessarily the case, it is a formidable weapon which Spaniards are loath to encounter.

For a year General Gomez has been able to hold in abeyance an army which outnumbered his more than twofold; a wonderful achievement considering the contrast in the armies and the fact that there are numerous places where the island is so narrow that the Spanish army have formed unbroken *tróchas* from coast to coast to oppose the advance of the raiders, but which the modern Napoleon, superior in strategic ability, has been able to pass each time until the foreign army has been forced back into Havana. Thus has Campos been outgeneraled. Add to this fact the advantage which the Cubans gain from a thorough acquaintance with the mountains and forests of the coun-

try and the fact that only the insurgent armies receive sympathy and aid from the inhabitants throughout the entire island and we have a partial explanation of this grand military achievement.

But General Gomez could not have accomplished all this without the aid of a number of faithful leaders—Antonio Maceo, Rodrigues, Roloff, José Maceo, and others whose military skill has been developed in this remarkable campaign and who have shown themselves worthy the cause for which they are struggling.

While Cubans have been loyal to their cause and to each other the Spaniards both at home and in the island have been conspiring against their leader and his mild policy. And when he finally was informed that his withdrawn resignation had been accepted and he was forced to resign in favor of General Weyler he knew and the whole world knew from Weyler's record in the revolt of '68 that there was to be a departure from the principles of civilized warfare and that the influence of reactionaries had been effectual in causing the change.

Nor have expectations in this regard been unfulfilled. His recent proclamations show clearly the policy he is pursuing, a policy in strong contrast to that followed by General Gomez and one which has resulted in swelling the ranks of the revolutionists, in sending many foreign residents out of the country, and one which may result in cruel retaliation by the thoroughly aroused Cubans.

During the year much has been accomplished and much yet remains to be done. The Cubans have proved that they are a brave people, possessed by an over-mastering desire for freedom and independence; that this is a revolution of the people and every community on the island is loyal to the Cuban cause. For several months a *de facto* political organization has been maintained, a condition necessary to secure the recognition of belligerent rights.

The recent action of Congress for which they have long waited and which expresses the general opinion of the American public has filled Cubans with hope and aroused inimical feelings and demonstrations in Spain. The time has fully come when the United States should go farther and grant to Cuba an official and formal recognition of her belligerent rights, an act which would doubtless prove determinative. Such a measure, instead of being hostile to Spain, would really prove a benefit by ending a struggle which she is too proud and too stubborn to relinquish and which, prolonged, will not only precipitate her into a bankruptcy so complete that she will be placed in the category of disintegrating nations, but will also cause such commercial and industrial depression in Cuba as many years will not suffice to overcome. But for a higher reason, for simple humanity's sake, our government, the pioneer of free institutions, the advocate of the equal rights of man, can in simple justice no longer hesitate to aid in the overthrow of a tyranny which menaces our western civilization, and to hasten the day when peace, freedom, and independence shall reign in the "Gem of the Antilles."

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE STUDY OF CHILD NATURE IN THE CHURCH.

BY MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

THE student of philology is absorbed with interest while he learns of the formation, changes, and nature of language and of the way in which words are prepared and are spoken. But he knows that vocal expression, in speech and in song, be it ever so wonderful is not more so than is the language of action; indeed some philosophers have given to action the place of substance and likened speech unto shadow. Democritus said, "Words are but the shadows of actions," and Solon spoke of speech as "an image of action," while Broca defined language as "the faculty of establishing a constant relation between an idea and a sign." How the signs of Raphael's and Beethoven's ideas speak to us now!

The little child talks constantly of what he "can do" and of what he is "going to do," and in a later period he says "I will *be*" so and so. This is an illustration of a fact of psychology which says, "The child learns to use action words (verbs) more readily than object words (nouns) and words descriptive of actions (adverbs) more readily than words descriptive of objects (adjectives)."

The language of action—the faculty for representation—is stronger than speech in the child, and his thinking and doing should be directed in his very earliest years. Play and work represent pure and spontaneous activity. Plato thought play to be the foundation of government, and surely its ethical value in solving the sociological problems which confront us to-day is stupendous. Honesty and obedience to the golden rule may be taught in hearty, happy play. In their plays of store and trades, teach the children to practise the "pay-as you-go" principle, for it is plain that the children growing up to-day are often taught, directly, to undervalue the cost of materials and labor by being sent to do errands which are "charged." If a cash system could be established in retail trade at least, and children taught to buy only what they can pay for, and pay for now, the lamentable extravagances shown in this generation would not be repeated in the next. But children have no idea of the value of food or of the cost of their clothes, and but seldom they are taught thrift.

Plays are expressions of the inner life; the imitations of what is seen in life—observation preceding imitation—and are spontaneous products of the mind. Joy is the soul of activity, energy, and buoyancy of spirit, and the plays of childhood should have special guidance. This is a privilege of the church, and the time has come when it is her duty also, for deep is the educational value of play, and to "save a soul" means to develop and recognize as holy the instincts and aspirations which God has put within each child.

The trinity of life, with all harmonies, is found in nature, man, and God, and this with the principles of self-activity and inner connection is preëminent in the kindergarten. To some, however, it would seem that nature furnishes sufficient material for the development of the soul. This is a mistake, and true kindergartners will not dwell too long upon one part of the story. Naturalism has its place but revelation follows, and a tendency to make nature-worshipers of the children should be guarded against. Nature is a wonderful revelation of God, but another revelation came in his Son and he recognized the lily, the sparrow, the mountains, and the sea, as illustrations of truth.

The revelation of God's love to man in his Son and in the Bible is later and clearer than that which nature gives. Frœbel said:

"To feel the presence of the threefold kingdom of God—this alone can give the peace we seek from within and without."

The original idea of the kindergarten can and must be rooted in the family and realized in the individual, while the home and the church—these two great institutions—do their first work for the children in coöperation with the schools of America which will take up the work already begun. The church has an imperative duty in the education of the people, in the broadest sense, and therefore child-study should be undertaken by the church and prosecuted with a purpose. The home and the church should be in advance of the state in the early development of the child, in the culture of heart-power and a faith in the supernatural. It is because the church has not done this that the state is reaching out for the child before the legal school age, for the church has not yet begun to realize her responsibility for young children. The state does not teach religion, it is not her work; but it is the work of the church, and the ethical and religious foundation work for the child should have been well begun before the school age is reached, and already should the love for nature be awakened and the seeds of ethics, patriotism, and reverence be rooted and their sprouts be visible. The heart is to be touched and cultivated, for the very germ and life of education is religion.

Some one may point to the long list of enrolled Sunday-school scholars in this country and say that much is being done. No! the very next to nothing is being done, and civil authorities are far in advance of the church in the scientific and practical care and culture of young children. This fact is becoming apparent to some earnest primary teachers in the church, and they are inquiring for methods. It is not more method that is needed but more intelligent consecration to this serious work, together with a knowledge of how to use the best appliances for a development of the threefold nature of the child. Teachers must study the child more closely, and come into more intimate, soul-genial contact with him. Many teachers in their desire to do something deny the child the first and all opportunity of expression by manipulating a sand board and other materials themselves, resorting to rag dolls and pictures of abnormal human anatomy as well as printed acrostics, which are displayed to infants who never have learned a letter of either print or script. Moreover the church crowds all the direct work for little children into one hour, one day in seven, while they sit with their outer garments upon them, too often in an overheated, ill-ventilated room.

Something better than this can be done for the children, and it will be done by thousands whose ears are open and whose spirits are alert to hear and to do, as the voice of the Good Shepherd repeats the charge, "Feed my lambs."

A GROUP OF CLEVER ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

THERE is something irresistibly attractive in a clever woman: it is the charm of sex added to the fascination of wit. Several women have been preeminently distinguished through the centuries for their extraordinary cleverness. Aspasia, who taught wisdom to philosophers and statesmanship to statesmen, ruled the home and the heart of Pericles, the most accomplished of the Greeks. Cleopatra fascinated the all-accomplished Cæsar, and enthralled Mark Antony so completely that for her he forgot duty, ambition, Rome, and "madly threw a world away." History does not record that either of these women was beautiful, but both were remarkably clever.

The women who are the subject of this article owe their celebrity to their cleverness, though several of them possessed a beauty which would have entitled them to a place in

"A Dream of Fair Women." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu enjoyed the threefold distinction of being a beauty, a belle, and a wit. She was not only the cleverest woman of her age, but she was as clever as the cleverest man of her age, and in an encounter of wits with the greatest of wits she carried off the honors. When we remember that her antagonist was Pope, who silenced Addison by his tremendous sarcasm and won the admiration of Swift by his wit, we may easily claim for Lady Mary the first place among the clever women of the eighteenth century. She was a toast at the famous Kit-Cat Club before she had entered her teens, and celebrated as a wit while still a very young woman. Soon after her marriage to Edward Wortley Montagu (it was a runaway match which ended unhappily) Lady Mary became a bright, particular star in the fashionable world of London, and dazzled the gross court of George I. by her many shining qualities of mind and body. After two years her husband was appointed ambassador to Turkey, and she accompanied him to the East. Her letters from Turkey, describing the magnificence and mystery of the Orient, glowed with genuine enthusiasm. She went everywhere and saw everything—the bazaars, the baths, the mosques, the harems, the cemeteries, the palaces—every place of interest was visited by this most clever observer. So delighted was she with everything oriental that she adopted the Turkish dress, in which her portrait was afterwards painted. At the time of her visit to the East, few Europeans had penetrated that land of romance and luxury. Her graphic descriptions of its wonders, which have charmed the world for one hundred and seventy years, have never been surpassed in interest and brilliancy. She was a keen observer of society at home and abroad, and wittily exposed its follies. Here is a specimen:

MARY SOMERVILLE.
From a painting by Chappel.

"As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness. According to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow at six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding clothes with black. Ned Thompson is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that."

Lady Mary mentions the first appearance of "Gulliver's Travels" in the following way:

"Here is a book come out that all our people of taste are run mad about. 'Tis no less than the united work of a dignified clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age (Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope); and very wonderful it is. Great diligence have they employed to prove themselves beasts."

In 1739 Lady Mary left England for a permanent residence on the Continent. After spending five years in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, she bought an old palace at Lovere, on Lake Iseo, where she settled

down to a life without friends, without society, without gossip, and without admiration. With characteristic courage she defied *ennui*, and preserved her individuality. She sought solace in her books, her flowers, her pictures. In 1761, after a self-exile of twenty-two years, Lady Mary returned to England. Her reappearance in London is thus described by Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who married her husband's cousin:

"A very extraordinary personage has lately returned to us from Italy —Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She does not look older than when she went abroad, and has more than the vivacity of fifteen. I was very graciously received by her, and you may imagine entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, the Swiss to a Polander—so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of Parliament."

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.
From an old print.

Although past three score and ten, Lady Mary retained all her vivacity and courage, her wit and sarcasm, her gay spirits, and much of her youthful beauty. But beneath her loose, flowing robe was concealed a fatal cancer, from which she died less than a year after her return to England.

Elizabeth Montagu, mentioned above, was the daughter of Matthew Robinson, a man of education and fashion, belonging to a family distinguished for personal beauty and cultured minds. Elizabeth's education began early, and before she was eight years old she had copied the whole of the *Spectator*. She said of herself that she danced as constantly as though she had been bitten by a tarantula. She dearly loved fun, but was a close student. From the age of twelve she corresponded regularly with her friend Lady Mary Cavendish Harley, Duchess of Portland. As a picture of the freedom of life and manners which prevailed among young English ladies in the last century I quote the following, written when Miss Robinson was not quite eighteen. After speaking about going eight miles from home to a play she says,

"After the play the gentlemen invited all the women to supper at the inn, where we stayed until two o'clock in the morning, and then all set out for our respective homes. Before I had gone two miles I had the pleasure of being overturned, at which I squalled for joy."

This lively young lady was married in her twentieth year to Edward Montagu, a wealthy and intelligent gentleman who was a son of the first Earl of Sandwich. Removing to London, Mrs. Montagu's clever talents and literary tastes drew to her elegant home on Hill Street a coterie of learned ladies, and she became the center of a circle that afterwards was so well known as the Society of Blue Stockings. They discussed tea and literature, dress and genius. Mrs. Montagu's first venture in literature was a contribution of three dialogues to Lord Lyttleton's work "Dialogues of the Dead." She showed her extensive reading, but made some of the ancient characters talk modern French. In 1769 her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare" was published, and attracted wide attention. It was an answer to Voltaire's grossly abusive attack upon the prince of poets. Dr. Johnson expressed great admiration for Mrs. Montagu's essay, declaring that it was a conclusive argument against Voltaire's harsh criticism;

this resulted in a warm friendship between the learned doctor and the learned lady.

"You have given to the world, Mrs. Montagu," wrote Maurice Morgan, "a very elegant composition, and I am told your manners and your mind are yet more elegant than your book." Morgan was himself the author of an "Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff," in which, as it was said, the character of the divine bard is delineated, though in prose, with a power of poetry equal to the description of him by Dryden himself; it is the portrait of Homer painted by Apelles—the delineation of the poet of nature by the pencil of the painter of the Graces. Cowper, in a letter to his friend Lady Hesketh, May 27, 1788, said:

"I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is called learned. I am now reading her "Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare." The learning, the good sense, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed in it fully justify not only my compliment but all compliments that either have been already paid to her or shall be paid to her hereafter. Voltaire, I doubt not, rejoiced that his antagonist wrote in English, and that his countrymen could not possibly be judges of the dispute. Could they have known how much she was in the right, and how many thousand miles the Bard of Avon is superior to all their dramatists, the French critic would have lost half his fame among them."

Mrs. Montagu loved the society of literary men, and on two successive years invited Dr. Johnson and his friends of the Literary Club to dinner at her house, upon which occasions she mingled with their conversation the charm of her own. At one of her assemblies when Dr. Johnson was present several young ladies crowded around him and stared at him with more wonder than politeness, as though he had been some monster from the desert of Africa. The doctor was very much annoyed at their conduct, and said, "Ladies, I am tame, you may stroke me." Mrs. Montagu once showed Dr. Johnson some china plates which had formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and he told her they had no reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was "so little inferior to the first." In some respects Mrs. Montagu may have been superior to Queen Elizabeth, but Johnson certainly intended to flatter her by his remark. In a letter written by him to her on December 17, 1775, he said, "All that the esteem and reverence of mankind can give you has been long in your possession, and the little that I can add to the voice of nations would not exalt." In his old age Dr. Johnson complained that Mrs. Montagu had "dropped him," adding, "Now, sir, there are people whom you would like very much to drop but would not wish to be dropped by." Boswell says Dr. Johnson was fond of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose. Mrs. Montagu was one of the few ladies whose friendship he valued, and he was rather pleased that she could "turn a wolf-dog into a lap-dog."

HANNAH MORE.
From a painting by John Opie, in 1786.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

An interesting fact connecting two clever literary women of the last century—Mrs. Montagu and Hannah More—is that in the garden of the latter, in Somersetshire, an urn was erected to the memory of John Locke, by Mrs. Montagu. During Hannah More's long life, which extended from 1745 to 1833, she enjoyed the extraordinary distinction of making three reputations: first, as a clever poet and talker in the literary circle of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick; next as a writer on moral and religious subjects; and finally as a practical philanthropist. Her father was a village schoolmaster, and after she had received a careful education she joined her sisters in establishing a boarding school for young ladies. Hannah More never married, but she had an admirer who, although unsuccessful in his suit, settled a handsome annuity upon her. Thus released from school teaching, she devoted her time and talents to literature. Her lines on Garrick's "Leah" brought about an acquaintance with that great actor, who encouraged her to write a play; accordingly she produced the tragedy of "Percy," which was brought out by Garrick and proved a great literary and pecuniary success, realizing for her the handsome sum of $3,500. Her wit, simplicity, and enthusiasm made her a great favorite of the whole Johnson set. She was not spoiled by the adulation which she received in both literary and social world. Unlike too many women of that age she never touched cards, avoided scandal, and was a strict observer of Sunday. Among her books may be mentioned "Thoughts on the Cultivation of the Heart and Temper in the Education of Daughters," "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," "Sacred Dramas," "On the Danger of Sentimental and Romantic Connections," and "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." The last was the most popular of her works, and one of the most popular books ever published up to that time (1808.) No less than ten editions of it were published in one year. She realized $150,000 by her literary work, one third of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes. In her old age she retired to Clifton, where the last years of her life were serenely passed in the enjoyment of the society of her friends and visitors who came from all parts of the world to see the bright and clever old lady. She died on the 7th of September, 1833, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan Norton Maxwell, known in literature and in society as the Honorable Mrs. Norton, came naturally by her cleverness, for she was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the most brilliant wit that England has ever produced. Mrs. Norton has been called the "female Byron." She was like that noble poet in the fire, energy, and passion of her poetry, as well as in the fact that she was unhappily married. This gifted woman was born in 1807, and began to write verses before she was well in her teens. At seventeen she wrote a lively satire, "The Dandies' Rout," which she also illustrated. It was brimful of gay spirits and youthful wit. In 1829 appeared her "Sorrows of Rosalie," and in 1830 her remarkable poem "The Undying One," based upon the interesting mystery of the Wandering Jew. The rhetorical pomp of illustration and the rich, fertile imagery of this poem showed that she had inherited her grandfather's brilliant genius. This poem placed Mrs. Norton first among the female writers of her age. Both her pen and pencil were kept busy during the next thirty years. Her last poem was the exquisitely beautiful "Lady of La Garaye," which was published in 1861. She wrote three novels, "Stuart of Dunleith," "Lost and Saved," and "Old Sir Douglas." All of these displayed a charming freshness of style, but her heroines are too severely tried by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." She was an enthusiastic champion of her sex against injustice and wrong, for she had herself suffered from both. Before she was twenty she married the Honorable George Norton, brother of Lord Grantley, whose harsh treatment soon led to a separation, followed by a cruel persecution by her husband's family. Her reprobate husband had not the grace to die until two years before her own death, but within eighteen months she married Sir Wm. Sterling Maxwell, the distinguished historian, and died the same year.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, one of the most accomplished of the clever English women of the nineteenth century, was born in Liverpool, September 25, 1794. Although born in a commercial atmosphere, she was reared amid the picturesque scenery of

Wales, where her poetical tastes, inherited from her mother, who was of Italian descent, were encouraged and fostered. Under these favorable circumstances Felicia began to write verses before she was ten years old, and when she was sixteen a collection of her youthful poems was published under the title of "Early Blossoms." Like the juvenile poems of Byron, her first volume was harshly criticised, but she did not turn upon her critics with lofty scorn and bitter satire. On the contrary she was made severely ill by the merciless criticism. In 1812 she ventured upon a second volume of poems, "The Domestic Affections," which was so successful that she was encouraged to enter upon a literary career. She was at this time a lovely girl of nineteen, with a profusion of golden curls encircling her face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm. Such was the beautiful creature when she became the wife of Captain Hemans, from whom, after a matrimonial experience of six years, she separated, he taking up his permanent residence in Italy while she returned to her former home in Wales. Here she devoted herself to literature more earnestly than ever, and studied German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. She became a frequent and acceptable contributor, both in prose and verse, to the annuals and magazines. Her genius won her the friendship of Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth, both of whom she visited, and upon whom she left the impression of a most lovely and clever woman. In 1831 Mrs. Hemans went to reside in Dublin with one of her brothers. Here she continued her literary labors until her early death, in 1834, in her fortieth year. Mrs. Hemans became generally known in the United States in 1826, when an edition of her poems was published by Prof. Andrews Norton, introduced by a very appreciative notice of the poetess. From that time she took a great interest in this country, and several of her later poems were suggested by characters in American history.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.
From a painting by John Lucas.

In a branch of science seldom pursued by women Mrs. Mary Somerville won a high place. She was the most extraordinary mathematician of her age, and equal to any in this difficult science. George Ticknor met her frequently during his many visits to England, and he describes her as a quiet, kindly person, with a low, sweet voice. She educated her children with great success, and they grew up and called her blessed. As a wife, she managed her household very judiciously. Although very domestic in her tastes she was necessarily thrown into the best literary and scientific society of her time. An accomplished American traveler who knew her very well said she was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, both in the simplicity of her character and the singular purity, power, and brilliancy of her talents. Mrs. Somerville's "Mechanism of the Heavens" was pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review* "one of the most remarkable works that the female

intellect ever produced"—doubtless well-merited praise.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry was one of the most interesting and admirable English women of this century. She came of a Quaker family of long descent, but they did not follow the usages of that peculiar sect either in dress, language, or social life. Her father, John Gurney, was a wealthy banker of Norwich, near which place she was born, May 21, 1780. She had six sisters, all of whom wore fashionable attire and entered into social gaiety with great spirit. Visiting London at the height of the season, when seventeen years old, she frequently attended the theater and opera, and became acquainted with Mrs. Inchbald, Amelia Opie, Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), and enjoyed, as she herself says, "scandal and grand company." In 1798 William Savary, an American Quaker, preached in the Friends' meeting-house in Norwich. Among the two hundred persons present were Elizabeth Gurney and her six sisters, all dressed in the latest style of fashion. The preacher in the course of his sermon said he was surprised to find himself in the presence of so gayly dressed an assembly of his brethren, and expressed great regret that they had departed so far from the gravity and simplicity of their fathers. Elizabeth was deeply moved by the discourse, and after holding several conversations with Mr. Savary she determined to adopt the dress and live the life of a plain Friend. In 1800 she married Joseph Fry, who belonged to the strictest sect of Quakers. After her marriage she became more and more devoted to the tenets of the Quakers, and in 1810 began to preach. In 1813 she made her first visit to an English prison. Her kind and sympathetic nature was touched by the condition in which she found the female prisoners of Newgate, which was the first prison she visited. She found "three hundred women crowded together in rags and filth, without bedding, and suffering all the privations and neglect of the old prison system." She supplied the poor wretches with clothes and other necessaries. Continuing her philanthropic work, she established a school and reformatory in Newgate. In a few years she introduced similar improvements and reforms in all the prisons of Great Britain. Her sweet, gentle, soothing voice was a great help in carrying out her noble work. The self-sacrificing life of this admirable woman inspired the poet Crabbe to address her in some beautiful verses, from which we quote:

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

"Once I beheld a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wretchedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place,
Fighting her way, the way that angels fight,
With powers of darkness to let in the light."

We close this group of clever women with Mary Russell Mitford. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in Alresford, Hampshire, December 16, 1786. About

the time that Byron published his "Hours of Idleness" Miss Mitford published three volumes of verse, some of them in the narrative form which Scott had made popular. The *Quarterly Review* criticised her poems with that brutal ferocity which in those days passed for clever and strong criticism. In 1812 Miss Mitford adopted literature as a profession, owing to the embarrassed condition of her father's affairs. Her first notable success was "Our Village," the idea of which was suggested by Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." The work was written in an easy style and an attractive tone of cheerfulness pervaded it. The book proved very popular and she was induced to extend it to five volumes. "Bedford Regis" was written in the same style, Reading, near her home, supplying the scenes. She wrote four plays, "Julian," "Foscari," "Charles I.," and "Rienzi," the last of which was the most successful. Toward the close of her life she published in three volumes "Recollections of a Literary Life," which has been pronounced "a book full of delightful reading, and furnishing the best illustrations of the writer's tastes and character." Her last work was "Atherton and Other Tales," published in three volumes, in 1854. The next year she died, in her cottage near Reading, where the last forty years of her life had been passed.

LINGUISTIC PARVENUS.

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

OF WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MACON, GA.

A NEW word struggling for admittance into the vocabulary of good English is like a parvenu seeking recognition in good society. It is looked upon askance; its pedigree, its associations are carefully inquired into, and, if found wanting, the poor word is snubbed and cold-shouldered and frowned upon, like its human prototype, until it is either elbowed out of the ranks of the elect four thousand, more or less, that constitute our accepted vocabulary of everyday speech, or by dint of aggressiveness and perseverance wins its way to recognition, like the successful parvenu of one generation whose descendants become the social autocrats of the next.

And it is fortunate that the barriers of exclusiveness with which authority likes to hedge itself about can sometimes be beaten down; for new blood is as necessary to the life of language as to that of society, and the vocabulary which admitted no new members to its ranks would soon become as effete and narrow as the old noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain or the hide-bound donship of Castile. Language is like a coral reef, always dying at the bottom and growing at the top, till it reaches the intellectual highwater mark of the race that developed it, and then comes inevitable stagnation and death. In other words, when a language ceases to grow it is a sure sign that the people who use it have ceased to progress.

The extent of the changes that are taking place in our speech from day to day is not realized by the generation that effects them, for language-making is an unconscious and incidental process. It is not carried on by rule and precept, but by the pure caprice of the unthinking masses whose daily needs it subserves. Language cannot be made *ex cathedra;* it is the most democratic of human institutions and resents any direct attempt at interference from above. Grammarians and lexicographers and authors are not representatives in congress assembled, empowered to make laws for language, but judges sitting in court, whose business is to define and interpret the laws of speech as they already exist. They have at most a limited veto power in the case of objectionable words and phrases, but unless their veto is sustained by the people even this negative authority counts for little. The masses will probably continue to inquire about a man's "antecedents" and to use the double

passive despite the shrieks of rhetoricians, because these locutions are convenient and, to employ one of them, express the meaning "intended to be conveyed." In saying this, however, I do not mean to imply that the public taste will ever sanction permanently such a barbarism as this, which I found in a morning paper the other day: "These were the men who were attempted to be lynched."

By this statement it is not meant to imply that education and culture have no direct influence in making new contributions to our speech. The whole vocabulary of scientific and technical terms is the express and deliberate manufacture of a learned class, but aside from these terms, which are practically no part of the English of most of us, the greatest writer has just as much authority to invent a new word and impose it upon our common speech as anybody else, and no more. If his word or phrase is a good one, or supplies some crying need, like Editor Russell's "gerrymander" or Herbert Spencer's famous "survival of the fittest," the advantage which the prestige of a great name gives its bearer in advertising his wares, so to speak, will doubtless tend to its more speedy adoption; but in the long run his invention must stand upon its own merits just as if it were Tom's, Dick's, or Harry's. Even Mr. Lowell's great name, backed by the ardent championship of Mr. Richard Grant White, was not able to foist upon the common sense of the American public such an uncalled-for monstrosity of a word as "undisprivacied." As a further proof of the fact that education and literary celebrity do not necessarily qualify a man for word-making, we need only to cite such abortions as "calvinisticate," "anywhereness," "humorology," "celestialize," from the pen of Southey; "disclamatory," "facticide," and "maniform," from Charles Reade; and "superweening," "viparious," and the like, from Bulwer.

The chief function, then, of culture in the evolution of language is a conservative and judicial one. It tends to prevent or retard change and to guide usage into fixed channels. Cultivated speech does not readily throw aside the molds into which the great masters of thought have cast their utterances, and hence the possession of splendid literary monuments like those that enrich the English tongue is one of the strongest conservative forces in preventing linguistic change. The production of the first great literary work in English fixed our language in the course it has been pursuing ever since. The changes it has undergone in the five hundred years since Chaucer are far less than those it suffered in the two centuries preceding him, and linguists tell us that in the next thousand years it will probably not suffer a tithe of the changes that it has in the last five hundred, so great is the conservative influence of our magnificent literature.

But notwithstanding these powerful conservative forces, which will doubtless continue to put an effectual check upon all sudden and violent changes, our language is constantly undergoing those slow and imperceptible modifications that are the necessary concomitant of all life and growth. We need only to look back to the English of our grandfathers to see that we have discarded many of their fashions of speech as completely as we have their periwigs and knee breeches. One whom we call "a man of talent" was to them "a man of parts" or "a man of wit"; our "fine young fellow" was to Fielding "a pretty lad"; where we are "fagged out" he was "hagged out"; where we are "anticipated" Burke was "prevented," and our man of a "cheerful disposition" or "sunny temper" was to him and his contemporaries a man of "sanguine complexion." What we "tell" or "reveal" our grandfathers "discovered"; where we "wonder" they "admired"; where we are "swindled" or "chiseled" out of our money they were "bubbled" or "choused"; what we "nose out" or "scent out" they "smoked out"; our "calaboose," or "lock-up," was to them a "round house;" and our modern "saloon" (how are the mighty fallen!) was their "drawing-room." Where our gentleman of pugilistic tendencies "smashes" his adversary's "mug," his congener of the last century gave him "a chink in the mazzard"; our "grand American bounce" was

then unknown except as a verb meaning "to tell a lie." Our "upstart" was to Horace Walpole a "start-up"; where we have "a lot of things" to tell, Sterne and Sheridan had "a mort to communicate"; and I will give my best bonnet to any reader, not a professional student of English, that doesn't have to run to the dictionary to find out what Richardson meant by a "pize" or a "mockado."

Sometimes, on the other hand, these old-fashioned colloquialisms seem to have put on a new dress and gone masquerading among the canaille of modern slang and provincialisms, as already pointed out in the paper on "Cracker English." We can hardly doubt, for instance, that the "beaux" and "smarts" of Fielding's time were the direct progenitors of our own "smart set," and when we read of the contemporaries of Sheridan and Goldsmith getting "dry" and refreshing themselves with a pint of "mountain," our thoughts turn instinctively to the Tennessee "moonshiner" and his "mountain dew." We are quite at home when Fielding tells us that a girl had "flopped" her hat over her eyes, and our choice bit of modern rhetoric "He 's done for" sounds like a parody of the classic Anglo-Saxon "fordone." But in the main this colloquial small coin of our grandfathers has passed out of circulation as completely as their continental bills. Indeed Fitz Edward Hall estimates that full three thousand of the words and phrases now regarded as vulgar or obsolete were in more or less current usage during the latter half of the eighteenth century. When we add to these the eight hundred or more given by the same author as introduced since Burke and Johnson and Goldsmith wrote, including such familiar acquaintances as *accredit*, *militate*, *compete*, *isolate*, *originate*, *edit*, *fidget*, *identify*, *sanction*, *analogue*, *executive*, *specie*, *veto*, *zero*, *fixture*, *slum*, and the like, to say nothing of the thousand or more recorded in the various dictionaries of "Americanisms," we can readily see that while the texture of our language remains the same we are constantly changing its trimmings.

Of all our shifting colloquial forms, intensives are the most ephemeral. They are what we may regard as the spices and condiments of speech, and, like all strong flavors, their effect is weakened by constant use. Ordinary epithets used in their ordinary sense grow tame and flat from constant repetition, and we must stimulate our jaded intellectual palate by constantly tickling it with new and startling combinations. Instead of "diverting ourselves mightily" with old Samuel Pepys, we must now have a "splendid," a "lovely," a "glorious," or a "gorgeous" time. In place of the "*warm* fortune" whose advantages were so patent to poor Goldsmith, we are satisfied with nothing short of a "*cool* million." We love "hard"; we hate "dreadfully" to do some things, we are "awfully" glad of others; our early Florida strawberries are "perfectly lovely"; our Christmas pie is "splendid"; our fashionable friends are "howling swells"; our rich neighbor has met with "phenomenal" success, his fortune is "colossal," and his munificence "monumental"; and then, having exhausted the vocabulary of extravagance, we fly to the opposite extreme and express our approval of a work of art that has set two continents to raving by serenely declaring that it isn't "half bad." When all other resources fail, we fall back upon "nice," and talk about nice people, nice dinners, nice sermons, nice houses, nice clothes, nice weather, nice churches, nice jails, nice lunatic asylums, and I even saw it stated in one of the newspapers not long ago that somebody had been robbed of "a nice hog." In another generation all this crop of new-made expletives will have given way before a fresh progeny of linguistic bantlings and sunk down like their predecessors into the ignoble herd of provincialisms and vulgarisms. There, after dragging out a dishonored existence through another generation or two, they will finally die of old age and be heard of no more.

This liability of the colloquialisms of one period to pass into the vulgarisms of the next illustrates in a striking way the tendency of the life history of words to run in cycles. The great bulk of new contributions to our language originates, as already stated, with the masses. They start upon

their career in life as waifs and strays that do not know their own fathers. Indeed, most of them, like Topsy, never had a father; they "just growed." Who can point to the first one that ever applied the word "crank" to his fellow-man? Who first spelled "boycott" and "buncombe" with a little *b*? Who first began to talk about "swell" people, "boom" towns, "deadheads," and "loafers"? Yet they are all now just as good colloquial English as if born in the purple of the literary hierarchy. Born of the struggles of the unlearned and ignorant to express their wants and their aspirations, these "contraband" words often respond to some general need, and are caught upon the rising tide of popularity and floated into the full swim of linguistic high life. There, after a more or less prolonged existence in the ranks of standard English, they either pass through those gradual modifications of sound or meaning by which they adapt themselves to the changing fashions of succeeding generations or else get stranded one by one upon the "banks and shoals of time" and left behind in the stagnant pools of vulgarism and provincialism, there to end their lives where they began, among the ignorant and vulgar.

Some words win their way only after a hard struggle, and the more permanent and essential the position they aim at the more obstinate, as a rule, the resistance they meet with. While the possessive pronoun "its," involving a mere change of inflection, was not accepted until after a struggle of more than a hundred years, and the present tendency to make the plural forms of the same pronoun do duty for the singular when the idea of gender is to be eliminated, will probably require a hundred more, whole tribes of the ephemeral race of intensitives and expletives often run their course in a single generation—nay, sometimes in a single season. Pronouns, numerals, and verbal roots expressive of innate and essential ideas have held their own ever since the ancient Sanskrit was committed to writing some three thousand years ago, and we know not how much longer, but the words that meet the changing requirements of our restless civilization are born and die with the habits, the needs, the aspirations they represent.

The two most potent factors in the production of new words and forms are, first, the need for expressing new thoughts and experiences and, second, that principle of economy which leads a busy and progressive people to seek the shortest and easiest way of saying what they mean. It is one of the truisms of linguistic science that civilization tends to simplify speech; and when we compare the almost grammarless simplicity of our own tongue with the fifteen cases of Finnish nouns, the twenty or more of Hungarian, the fifteen conjugations of Arabic, and the two hundred and fifty of Basque verbs, or even with the cumbersome inflectional machinery of Latin and Greek, we cannot be too thankful that our forefathers were so prompt in ridding themselves of the fragmentary inflectional forms that cumbered our ancient Saxon speech. To this simplifying tendency is to be ascribed the habit so prevalent among us of substituting nouns for adjective modifiers in such expressions as "two-story house," "ice water," "life-size," etc., for "two-storied house," "iced water," "life-sized;" and it is devoutly to be wished that the same labor-saving instinct, aided by the prevalent Anglomania, whose snobbery is almost redeemed by the good service it is doing in maintaining the uniformity of English speech on the opposite sides of the Atlantic, will soon exchange our awkward "electric cars" and "elevated railroads" for the concise English "tram" and "tramway." "Bicycle" and "bicyclist" are also, let us hope, predestined to subside into "wheel" and "wheelman," which seem to be their only chance of escape from the threatened "bike" and "biklist." Our language, by the way, is no less capricious about the abbreviations it admits into its vocabulary than about the words themselves. Just why "cab" and "hack" and "tram" should be recognized and "gents" and "pants" and "vests" tabooed we can no more tell than we can give a reason why the name of our planet should be spelled with a little *e* while all other proper names begin with capitals; we can only say it is so because it is so.

The growth of new words to represent new ideas is a very interesting process. The Americanism "gubernatorial," which Mr. Richard Grant White attacks so savagely, is a familiar example of this class. It is not a beautiful word, I admit, and personally I prefer to use some other whenever I can, but it does convey a shade of meaning for which its nearest of kin, "governmental," is by no means a satisfactory equivalent. The relation between our state and national governments is such that Americans will sometimes have occasion to distinguish between gubernatorial and other governmental matters, as, for example, gubernatorial and presidential elections, both of which are governmental affairs; and so I am afraid we shall have to retain the unwieldy term, unless somebody will invent a better. A like necessity seems about to force upon us those misbegotten monsters "electrocute" and "cablegram." The first were well sent into limbo along with the barbarous practice it represents, but the thing that "cablegram" stands for is one of the great facts of modern life; we must have a word for it, but alas! is there no escape from "cablegram"? "To wire," on the other hand, is a popular improvement upon the verb "to telegraph," and ought to be encouraged as being both shorter and more English. Among other innovations more or less desirable, the Spiritualists have given us the verb "to materialize"; the French "exposition" has enabled us to discriminate between industrial and other exhibitions; and the terms "obsess" and "obsession," from the same tongue, seem in a fair way to supplant our biblical "possess" and "possession."

But the limits of this paper forbid further examples. Enough has been said to show that it will not do to despise a word merely because it is new, for it is only when men cease to have new thoughts and ideas, when they shall have reached a state of moral and mental decrepitude, that they can do without new words and new forms of speech.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF BEAUTY.

BY LUDWIG JACOBOWOSKI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

WHEN a mother in ancient Greece prayed to the gods for her children, she did not ask first of all for health and happiness, for continued welfare and divine grace, but for beauty. In her country æsthetic enthusiasm was so active that even to-day, after all the centuries that have intervened, it illumines that whole country and awakens undying aspirations. Beauty passed for virtue under the deep blue of the Grecian skies. People did not shake their wise heads when the coquette Phryne's charms fascinated Athen's most earnest judge. Pindar and Simonides immortalized beautiful sinners with their praise, and learned, gray-haired philosophers made pilgrimages to them. If these Greek scholars had been asked, "What is beauty?" they would have pointed with a proud smile of admiration to Praxiteles' golden statue of Phryne which stood in the temple of Apollo.

A few centuries later the question "What is beauty?" would have received a different answer. The preferred type was gray, sullen, and melancholy. The human body was no longer the frame of perfect beauty, but was despised and deformed. The Neo-Platonic philosopher Plotinus was so much ashamed of having a body that he would not have his picture painted to perpetuate the disgrace. Other saints boasted that they had not looked upon their material bodies for years, and still others found their ideal in frightful uncleanliness and horrible mutilations. "Beauty was sin." Woman was designated as the gate of hell and in the public synod it was declared that woman was not a human being until authority from the Bible had been found to prove the contrary.

These pictures from two different epochs show briefly and clearly what great changes have taken place in a nation's ideal of beauty. Facts show that in all times, in every nation, the standard of beauty has been subject to total changes. This knowledge has brought the old formalistic æsthetics somewhat into disrepute. In many so-called works on æsthetics are found long and learned definitions of the word *beautiful*, and decades ago it was generally known that conflicting ideas as to what constitutes beauty may be gleaned from these various definitions. In our age physical science has strongly supplanted this art of æsthetics. Therefore to find out what constitutes beauty we must begin at the foundation of æsthetics with the modest question, "What objects have been considered beautiful?" To answer this every one must pass judgment, the villager and city-man, the boy and man, the girl and matron, the beggar and the prince, the Australian negro and the Parisian; and these people, too, must give their æsthetic opinions on hair-dressing and cosmetics, on apparel and house arrangements, on earrings and walking-sticks.

But "the proper study of mankind is man," says Pope, and so the regard one people has for the beauty of another is quite to the point. In the space of a decade æsthetic taste throughout the breadth of a civilized European nation might agree in considering a certain portrait of a woman, for instance, as beautiful, but we will find the æsthetic ideals for the different continents as different as the clouds above them.

A cultured Hindoo, for instance, might with very good reason criticise European women. Garcin de Taffy tells us that the French woman's ideal of beauty is a man with open countenance and smiling face; the Italian woman prefers a husband with a dreamy air, the German, one who is "pleasant in manner and true to his word." The American woman's ideal is the worst of all, according to the Hindoo's opinion of her. She "marries any suitor, regardless of his rank and social position, of his natural deformity or accidental mutilation, whether he is deaf or blind—if only he has money."

Then how would our European types of beauty be received in other zones? White travelers have declared that in the heart of the tropical forest the negro's shining ebon skin is considered æsthetically lovely, while the white skin of the European suggests only sickliness and disease. It is clear that the question of what constitutes beauty would be answered differently by every race. To quote the apt saying of an old Greek philosopher, "Man is the measure of all things." Every race has its own Apollo and Aphrodite.

The traveler Hearne, who is thoroughly acquainted with the North American Indians, says that in the eyes of these Indians the ideal of beauty must possess "a broad, flat face, small eyes, high cheek bones, low forehead, a large, broad chin, a knobby, hooked nose, a golden-brown skin." In northern China only the native Mantchoo types are admired: a broad face, high cheek bones, very broad nose, and enormous ears. One of these cued Asiatics who had traveled to Ceylon, upon seeing the prominent nose of the foreign ambassador wrote that he had the beak of a bird and the body of a man. Among the nations of Cochin China a woman to be charming must have a perfectly round head and face.

Among these colored races a white skin is regarded as ugly. White women receive little favor and attention from them. Chinese in the interior of the kingdom consider all Europeans ugly because of their white skin and prominent noses. The Siamese, with their small noses, widely separated nostrils, large mouths, rather thick lips, big faces, and high, broad cheek bones, simply cannot conceive of European beauty. Their own women, they think, are so much better looking than Europeans. Among the Kaffirs, black is the preferred color, because the majority of Kaffirs are perfectly black. A Kaffir takes it as a very bad compliment to be told that his skin is light or that he looks like a white man. J. Shooter heard of "an unfortunate man, a Kaffir, who was so fair that no girl would marry him"! Galton, also, knew of two handsome, slender, light-colored girls who

attracted no admiration. In Java yellow girls are the beauties, not white ones. A man of Cochin China expressed his disgust on seeing the wife of the British minister of that place by saying, "She has white teeth like a dog and a red color like a Spanish potato flower." Even the pale Jurakaras in South America consider Europeans as extraordinary creatures.

According to Reade, the negroes cannot endure a white skin; that writer says, "They dislike blue eyes and condemn our noses as too long and our lips as too thin." He thinks it improbable that negroes ever would pass by a good-looking negress to see the most beautiful European woman with any other motive than curiosity to behold the pale physical oddity.

The negroes' opinion of what constitutes beauty is especially hard on Europeans. They hooted at Mungo Park on account of his color and prominent nose, both of which they considered ugly and deformed features. Mungo Park, being very hungry, politely praised the glistening black of their skin and the "lovely depression of their noses." In return for this flattery the colored gentlemen gave him something to eat. When the negro boys saw Burton on the eastern coast they called, "See the white man! Doesn't he look like a white ape?" The natives of the southern coast of Guinea uttered shrieks and groans when first they saw a white person. On seeing the English explorer Cameron for the first time, a native covered his eyes with his hands and ran howling away.

That according to his own appearance man formulates his ideal of beauty, is the result of our little ethnological exploration, a result that points to the prodigious vanity of humankind.

HAREBELLS.

BY LISA A. FLETCHER.

SWING, swing, over the rocks,
Delicate, azure bells!
Ring, ring for the fairy folks
Who hide in yonder dells.
Human ears can hear no sound,
But the fairy people round,
When the breezes softly play,
Hear thy pealing far away.

Swing, swing, over gray stones,
Violet-tinted flower!
Ring, ring—the pine tree moans
Beneath the summer shower.
When they hear thy tender bell
Fairies know that all is well.
Haste the passing breeze to woo,
Ring thy bells across the dew!

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THERE is a provoking silence about the real causes of the separation of Ballington Booth and his wife from the rest of the Booth family and from the Salvation Army. There are explanations which do not explain. For example General Booth alleges that he could not favor his son by retaining him at the head of the American Army. Now it does not appear that the law or rule in the case is anything more than the will of General Booth; and it *does* appear that all his children were given high positions in the Army—presumably because they were his children. There are signs enough of family favoritism. Doubtless the children were selected as likely to be facile instruments of their father, and their failure to obey reduces them to the level of other men's children.

General Booth is having an experience similar to that of John Wesley with American Christians. Wesley lost his American branch in the last century, though the loss was disguised by his retaining a nominal relation to American Methodists.

The Salvation Army has a military organization—one will governs all. This intensely undemocratic spirit could not fail to provoke criticism and division. It was only a question of time. Besides, General Booth is, as John Wesley was, an intense Englishman, and his son had become an American citizen in the intense fashion of the Booth family.

The "Volunteers" of Ballington Booth may strike out a new line of work and thus avoid friction with the Salvationists; but that is not so easy a thing to do, and many of the members of the older Army will enlist in the new. Some temporary check to the good work of General Booth's soldiers of Christ may be expected; but in the end the secession of Ballington will lead to a more American organization of the forces. As a despotic church with no traditions, General Booth's Army comes into the field too late to flourish in peace on American soil.

SENTIMENTAL SOCIALISM.

OURS is an age of self-confidence and self-consciousness, and while we are justly proud of our practical motives and material victories we are curiously subject to sentimental vagaries. All over the enlightened world the lines of thought point toward a common center of doubt and unrest. In politics, religion, and art we make a great show of unflinching sincerity and philanthropy; but this show is too largely a display of sentimental pyrotechnics of little practical value. This vague and unstable condition of the public mind is strikingly manifest in contemporary literature and especially in the novels which seem to be now most read.

What in a narrow sense is called sociology is the common burden of our fiction and the minor wail of our poetry. The effect of it all is that the unsophisticated reader is led to feel that our civilization is the very worst that has ever existed, and that unless something is speedily done to change the trend of social life there must soon come to that life a terrible cataclysm ending in its destruction. The cry of those who lead in this sensational socialism usually takes some form demanding most radical changes in what conservative moralists have always regarded as the foundation of human happiness. The supremacy of law, the rights of property, the inviolability of home, and the sanctity of the marriage relation are the things most girded at by sentimental sociologists who make freedom coincident if not identical with license.

There is a class of agitators, the noisiest and perhaps the most numerous in existence, whose theory is that to better the condition of a dissatisfied man it is but necessary to change his dissatisfaction into despair and thus enlist him among those who are reckless of consequences. But this class, being frankly anarchistic in one degree or another, is not as dangerous as that select

and cautiously diplomatic group found in almost every circle of society, whose method of attacking the foundations of moral life is compounded of those insidious elements, scarcely distinguishable from the most refined human sympathies, which are the permanent ingredients of absolute moral irresponsibility.

Upon close observation it will be found that underneath the surface of this strenuous appeal for reformation there runs a dangerous current of destructive pessimism, or what is almost as bad, a formless and visionary optimism. In attempting to break away from the few and simple conditions by which Christian ethics were originally distinguished by their founder, it is much easier to clothe sophistry in a sentimental gauze than to adapt old and unchangeable truth to new and constantly shifting circumstances. Unfortunately the exigencies of literary life, which have forced writers toiling for bread to seek novelty rather than truth and the sensational rather than the beautiful, have flooded our books and journals with the spirit of discontent and revolt. This literature of irresponsibility, written under the whip of need and with a view to the main commercial chance, is at present the chief intellectual stimulus of the common people, who are now reading as they never read before.

A strong smattering of literary education is the gift of our common schools, and along with it is engendered the discontent which always accompanies intellectual hunger. And this hunger, moreover, causes ravenous and indiscriminate reading; so that the sentimental socialism pouring from our printing presses, chiefly in the form of novels, is greedily devoured and vigorously if imperfectly assimilated by a very large number of young minds in every class of society, but especially in that class which is newly come to the fascinations of literature. And here is where the danger is taking root in manifold forms of revolt against a social order based upon sacred customs and legal limitations regarded by reformers of the sentimental sort as a hindrance to the happiness of the masses.

It is doubtless true, as some philosopher has said, that the light reading of a people has a deeper effect upon the common imagination than is made by all the more serious studies, and it is through the imagination, not the reason, that all great revolts and destructive revolutions are made possible. The largest class of fiction readers is at present composed of those whom we may call working people, and whose lives are more or less beset with hardships, restrictions, and limitations galling to a crude sense of justice. To this class almost any form of sentimental socialism which makes their burdens appear heavier and their joys fewer appeals with irresistible force simply because it feeds their discontent and aggravates their sense of social injustice.

This is why so many novels of a socialistic cast and having for their motive an insidious attack upon the established social order find so large an audience. They are aimed at the sentimental side of human nature and, like certain patent medicines, are meant to reach those ailments which exist chiefly in the imagination. Too often our young people, having implicit faith in the authority of those who have made a reputation in letters, are led to accept as true and desirable the most unwholesome views of social life. Much of the fiction which goes under the name of realism, and purports to be a truthful presentation of life, is but cunning special pleading in behalf of the most insidious and dangerous social doctrines.

It would be much better for the future of letters and for the welfare of society if our schools, churches, and colleges would show a finer discrimination in their teachings and criticisms touching the didactic fiction written by famous authors and read by too many people with implicit faith in its authority.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE DONGOLA EXPEDITION AND SOUDAN WAR.

MENELIK II.
King of Abyssinia.

THE defeat of the Italians in Abyssinia following close on the British disaster in the Transvaal set the whole African desert on fire. The natives, inflated with confidence by their victories, rallied to the aid of King Menelik of Abyssinia and threatened to drive the Europeans from their strongholds in the Soudan. England, on the claim that when the Mahdists had captured Kassala they would invade Egypt, sent an Anglo-Egyptian army up the Nile to conquer the Mahdists, thus creating a diversion in favor of the Italians. On March 21 General Kitchener, leader of the Egyptian army, and Slatin Pasha of the army intelligence department set out for Wady Halfa, the Egyptian post on the Soudan frontier. They were followed the next day by the North Straffordshire regiment of 900 officers and men. The expedition will be joined by 7,000 Bedouins, three British battalions, and a Sikh regiment from India, numbering in all 19,000 men. The troops expected to depart from Wady Halfa on April 1. At Dongola the dervishes were 10,000 strong including cavalry, camel men, and spearmen, with some Soudanese riflemen, and at Suarda, one hundred miles south of the Egyptian frontier, they had a post of about 3,000 warriors, when, on March 20, the Caliph proclaimed a holy war against Egypt. The Egyptian advance guard of the expedition, says a message dated at Cairo, March 28, was defeated by the dervishes near Akasheh with a loss of forty-three killed and wounded. This however was only a small detachment of the guard. At last reports the renowned dervishes Emir Osman and Azrek had gone with cavalry and camelry to strengthen the fort at Suarda preparatory to interrupting the Egyptian line of communication.

GENERAL KITCHENER.
Commander of the Anglo-Egyptian Expedition against the Dervishes.

A feature of the expedition that all Europe is watching with interest and concern is the coöperation of Great Britain and the Triple Alliance. Turkey, evidently upheld by Russia and France, sent in a protest against the appropriation of the Egyptian reserve fund without consulting the powers. However the disputed point may be settled, England will go on with the campaign—at her own expense if necessary. The khedive and Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent, are harmoniously speeding the expedition. The khedive delivers inspiring patriotic speeches to all the departing troops.

The Weekly Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

As a matter of equity England owes this campaign to Egypt. It was on English advice that the Soudan was abandoned. Every one admits that under the rule of the Mahdi the country which had made some progress toward civilization has lapsed into barbarism. As long as the present conditions exist there will be no improvement. Commerce on the Nile and on the caravan routes has been reduced to a mere nothing. England owes it to herself as well as to Egypt to restore the Soudan to the plane of civilization in which she found it a dozen years ago.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It now seems that the British advance into the Soudan, more than any other one event in recent history, may have effect in shaping the international relations of Europe. In the first maneuvers England appears to have come off victorious, but it is a victory that brings serious entanglements. Almost before such an outcome could be foreseen, she had secured the consent of the Triple Alliance to advance up the Nile. She has thus made a showing

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This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

J-May.

ABBAS PASHA.
Khedive of Egypt.

that has checked to a certain extent the angry protests from France, and she has laid lines which may permit her to gain an unassailable position not only in the Nile basin but in the strongholds where Italy has assumed to have a protectorate. Unpleasant though it may be for Italy, the recent throne-shaking experience in that country prevents her from objecting, if her new ally sees fit to take her place in Kassala. But if England has won the support of the Triple Alliance she has also formed with it certain ties which threaten to involve her directly as its tacit ally in future controversies.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

Although Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy stand together with regard to the Nile expedition, it is premature to refer to this combination of the powers for a specific object as a quadruple alliance. While the political skies are full of signs of an impending rearrangement of the balance of power in Europe, this desirable result has not yet been reached. The kaiser has not abandoned his coquetry for an *entente* with Russia, and the trouble in the Transvaal may again become a source of discord between England and Germany. Nevertheless, the meeting of the commissioners of the Egyptian public debt at Cairo on March 26 may have marked the parting of the ways, and may be noted in history as the initiatory step in the formation of the most stupendous combination of military and naval power the world has ever seen.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It is unnecessary to take into serious consideration the protest of the sultan against the dispatch of the Anglo-Egyptian army against the dervishes, a protest which he makes in his capacity of suzerain and which is reported to have received the endorsement of the czar. The protest is so manifestly contrary to the best interests of civilization, and so obviously dictated by annoyance at his not having been consulted by the English government about the matter, that it will probably be treated with the indifference that it deserves excepting by powers which aim at opposing England's policy everywhere and in all things, no matter whether it be good, bad, or indifferent.

GREATER NEW YORK.

THE Lexow Bill which provides for the consolidation of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and several neighboring towns passed both branches of the New York State Legislature during the month of March, but on being referred to the mayors of the several cities was disapproved by Mayor Strong of New York and Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn. This made it necessary that both Houses should again pass it before sending it to the governor and rendered its ultimate adoption exceedingly problematical. According to the terms of the bill, consolidation would take place January 1, 1898, an election for mayor and other officers for the united territory would occur in the fall of 1897, and a commission would be called upon to present to the legislature, before February 1, 1897, the draft of a charter for the government of the consolidated territory. Six members named for the commission are the following: Andrew H. Green, Mayor Strong of New York, Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn, Mayor Gleason of Long Island City, State Engineer and Surveyor Adams, and Attorney-General Hancock. Nine others would, in case the bill became a law, be appointed by the governor with the consent of the state Senate. The absence of any provision in the bill for a referendum of the charter of the consolidated city to the people is the feature which has been especially antagonized.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

When the Greater New York Bill becomes a law and its provisions have been carried out the metropolis of the United States will, in point of population, be second only to London. At the present time it has about 2,000,000 inhabitants, allowing for a growth of 200,000 since the taking of the last state census. With Brooklyn added, over 1,100,000 more people will be put on the roll of population, while the districts of Flatbush, Flatlands, Gravesend, New Utrecht, Jamaica Bay, Pelham, Long Island City, Castleton, Middletown, Northfield, Southfield, Westfield, East and West Chester, Flushing, Newton, and Hempstead will bring the grand total of the inhabitants of Greater New York up to 3,250,000 souls, or a larger number than the thirteen colonies

had when they won their independence from Great Britain.

New York Mercury. (N. Y.)

Now that New York is to wed Brooklyn, there is no sense in the young couple continuing to live under the parent roof. Let them set up housekeeping for themselves.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Advocates of consolidation believe that the new city will be better governed than either Brooklyn or New York by itself has been. They contend that the great responsibility of legislating for such vast municipal interests will make men conservative and regardful of their duties. This remains to be seen. At best it is doubtful. The opportunity for plunder will also be greater and may prove a temptation strong enough to overcome the added sense of responsibility. The combination of two sets of thieves into one is not of itself very much of a guaranty that stealing will cease. It may be, however, that appreciation of the great interests to be affected will induce a better class of men to take an active part in municipal politics.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The men who frankly avow themselves in favor of consolidation roundly denounced the present bill, which goes at the matter wrong end first by decreeing consolidation at a day certain and then providing for working out the plan of consolidation afterward, without giving the people vitally concerned an opportunity to pass judgment on the scheme of government. That is what President Low well calls a leap in the dark; and such a leap is always fraught with danger.

THE ITALIO–ABYSSINIAN SITUATION.

MARQUIS DI RUDINI.
Prime Minister of Italy.

AFFAIRS in Abyssinia have recently taken a wholly unexpected turn in favor of Italy. King Humbert, in the face of the popular opposition of his subjects, insisted on keeping up the war, and the new prime minister, Marquis di Rudini, yielding to the persuasions of General Ricotti, minister of war, prepared to carry on the campaign. Nevertheless General Baldissera, commander-in-chief of the Italian army in Abyssinia, compelled by the dangerous plight of his army after its defeat at Adowa on March 2, had begun negotiations with King Menelik to secure honorable terms of peace. King Menelik's demands were deemed exorbitant and Italian statesmen were clashing over the advisability of Italy's succumbing to her humiliation or of fighting to the death unsupported by a single ally, when on March 13 England announced that she would advance a force of British-Egyptian troops up the Nile to Dongola. This friendly action on the part of England prevents the massing of African natives against Italy. On the strength of this support, the Senate Finance Committee approved the credits of 140,000,000 *lire* voted by the Chamber of Deputies to prosecute the war, and General Baldissera has started from Asmara with a strong force to rescue the Italian garrison at Adigrat.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The African king who so unmercifully walloped the Italian troops now wants indemnity to the amount of 40,000,000 *lire*—about $8,000,000. The canny king has an eye to business. Not content with administering a wholesale drubbing to his enemy, he wants his enemy in the hour of defeat to pay him damages for trespass. It looks very much as if the wily Russian, who has been behind the king, had a hand in this latest demand and has put the king up to his new tricks.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The interesting feature of the Italian dilemma is as to what will become of Abyssinia in case Italy abandons it. Russia would like it, and so would both France and Germany, but it is probable that the prowess exhibited by Menelik's soldiers will make a war with him unattractive, even to those powers. Territory under British control bounds the country on the north as well as on the south, and with British ownership of the Suez Canal, which means the dominion of the Red Sea as well, Abyssinia is quite likely to be a British possession ultimately. Menelik cannot live always, and his successor may be more easily dealt with than the present king.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

When the king, after defeating her troops a few months ago, found the survivors penned up, under Colonel Galliano, at Makalle, he suffered them to escape with all their arms and equipments, and, according to one account forwarded at that time by General Baratieri, this was intended to be at once a tribute to gallantry and a practical testimony to the

king's desire to obtain peace. Be this as it may, when later he inflicted a tremendous defeat on Baratieri, who had attacked him, again came from the victor the expression of a desire for peace. We sometimes hear of going to war in order to gain peace, and King Menelik's seems to be a case of this kind. Are his terms exorbitant? As far as can be seen, what he principally wants is his own country, and to that he seems to be entitled.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

England is likely to find that her latest African expedition will recoil with a force that will prove stunning. Even her own citizens condemn the recent movement into the Soudan.

THE RAINES LIQUOR LAW.

WHETHER the troubles of New York State will be abated by the recent Raines Law, framed for the regulation of her liquor traffic, will depend on how that law is enforced. The bill has passed the state Assembly and Senate, and on March 23 received Governor Morton's signature. On April 1 the Senate approved Governor Morton's nomination of Col. Henry H. Lyman for state commissioner of excise. The law, intended to restrict the number of saloons by high license and to abolish liquor selling on Sundays, falls heaviest on the small saloons and clubs, and proceedings were begun immediately to test its constitutionality. The law does away with all excise boards, and to regulate the liquor traffic provides a state excise commissioner and a staff of deputies and special confidential agents. It imposes high license fees and requires the issuance of licenses to all applicants who will pay the fees and have not been convicted of crime. Local option is permitted in small towns and denied to cities. Clubs must pay the license fee and are put under the same restrictions as saloons regarding prohibitive hours. The law forbids "free lunches" in licensed saloons and the serving of drinks with meals by restaurants on Sunday, and requires that saloon interiors shall be clearly exposed to view during closed hours. Saloons must be over two hundred feet from schools and churches and objecting real estate owners. Licenses may be revoked upon application to the courts of individual complainants, and violators of the law shall be deprived of license for five years. Any one guilty of selling liquor without a license shall be imprisoned from six months to a year and fined twice the regular license fee. The state receives one third and the county two thirds of the license fees. The "confidential" status of the sixty agents is provoking much debate, because it apparently conflicts with the civil service laws of the state. Indications are that the law will be an important feature in the coming political contest in New York.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

If we were certain that every one of its provisions, singly and in combination with the rest, were intrinsically sound, we should consider it a foul blot on the statute book. We believe, as everybody believes, and as nobody, not even Governor Morton, has pretended to deny or even doubt, that the law was expressly contrived as a means of strengthening a political machine and enlarging and solidifying the power of bosses. Such supremacy, whoever wields it, in whatever party name it is ostensibly exercised, invariably operates to plunder, oppress, and demoralize the people so long as they submit to it; and, when, sooner or later, they resume control of their own affairs the party that they repudiate is the party which has been made the instrument of their betrayal. But even putting this consideration aside for the moment, still the Raines Law is execrable, because it was passed by methods of lawless tyranny, with full knowledge that it could not be passed in any other way. There is not a single citizen of the state of New York, saint or sinner, who does not know that such performances as those which disgraced the Assembly when this bill was driven through have no logical outcome except anarchy. Is there any reason why it should be condoned or ignored because the measure which depended upon it for enactment is a measure which purports to be an ally of temperance and morality?

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Undoubtedly the beer and liquor traffic in New York has suffered grievously of recent years because it is overdone and because so many of the dealers have been at the mercy of the brewers. It has been stimulated artificially, and has not grown normally with the demand. This Raines Law will serve to bring about an equilibrium that may gain for it the favor of the liquor dealers to an unexpected extent. Its necessary concessions to the hotel keepers will surely make it agreeable to them especially. If the large increase in the public revenue expected from it shall be obtained, that result will gratify the people. The subjection of the clubs to its requirements will be popular, as being fair and equal.

Wine and Spirit Gazette. (New York, N. Y.)

There can be no doubt that the sentiment of the state strongly sustains an excise measure framed on the principles of the Raines Bill. . . . These and similar arguments were made in the legislature of Ohio when the Dow Bill was under discussion. They failed to make an impression then, and have become much weaker since it has been shown that the Dow Liquor Tax Law has not operated to the injury of law, decency, and good order in the cities of

Ohio, in which the economic conditions are very similar to those prevailing in the cities of this state.

Albany Evening Journal. (N. Y.)

If the saloon keepers in Boston can pay $2,000 a year for licenses, and saloon keepers in Pennsylvania can pay $1,000, New York can certainly pay the taxes provided by the Raines Bill. That bill places New York in line with the advanced thought of the time. The proposed law was not an experiment; nor was it an innovation. It is simply proposed that New York shall do what other states are doing.

THE KOREAN SITUATION.

AFFAIRS in Korea are in rather a chaotic condition. Politicians assert that the king, by taking refuge in the Russian legation at Seoul, which he did recently after the crisis that resulted in the assassination of several ministers, and remaining there, has virtually quit his own domain. The pro-Russian party, on the other hand, argue that the king's residence in the palace is out of the question as long as the Japanese troops have their barracks in the immediate vicinity. Dissensions in the new cabinet have become more pronounced, and the resignation of four leading cabinet ministers is feared. The assassination of the *tai wen kun*, the king's father, has been lately reported. He was the leader of the reactionary party in Korea.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Japan has only displayed her customary shrewdness in expressing an amiable desire to act in accord with Russia in Korea. She is unwilling to abandon her interests in that country and sees no way of defending them against the power which has, within a few months, become suddenly dominant in both Asia and Europe. Therefore, as she cannot antagonize Russia she proposes to be her ally, at least so far as a joint protectorate over Korea goes, and as Japan is a power not to be wholly despised, even by so formidable a nation as Russia, it is quite probable that an agreement will be reached that will give the Island Empire much more than it could hope to gain by war. Japanese sagacity promises to be a good match for the diplomacy of western nations.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Any day may bring the Japanese and Russians into collision, with formidable results. It is, indeed, difficult to see how such a collision is much longer to be avoided. Yet both parties are doubtless doing their best to prevent it. Should it occur it would mean war, and that is just what neither Japan nor Russia wants at present. Both deem it inevitable in the near future. Both look upon Korea as the cause of it, and reckon that kingdom well worth fighting for. But neither is ready. Japan is building at an amazing pace one of the finest navies in the world. Already this year she has launched two ships comparable with our *Indiana*, and in three or four years she will have a dozen of them in commission. Then she will be ready to fight. Russia is building her Siberian railroad posthaste. She still has a gap of 2,000 miles or more to fill up. Then she too will be ready to fight. Whichever thus gets ready first will have a great advantage over the other. At present it looks as though both will be ready at about the end of the century.

THE CONFEDERATE DISABILITY LAW REPEALED.

THE desired welding of the North and the South that gradually has been taking place since Lee's surrender at Appomattox, thirty-one years ago, has finally culminated in the repeal of the Confederate Disability Law. The bill passed the House March 24 with only one dissenting vote, having passed the Senate unanimously just before Christmas. By it are removed all restrictions against the holding of army and navy commissions by ex-Confederate officers.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

That this measure of friendship and brotherhood expresses the sentiment of the whole nation was plain from the outset. But that, with all the chances of a contrary view, here and there, due to any one of many conceivable motives, temperaments, or ways of looking at things, there should be in both houses of Congress combined just one contrary vote, is most remarkable and significant. It has turned out for the best, too, that the vote in the House was not taken until three months after the measure had passed the Senate. We know that it expresses not the haste of a moment, but deliberate conviction and desire. We may recall, too, that this bill had its origin or its initial impetus in that feeling which brought Americans together when a foreign attack was made upon one of the most cherished features of our public policy. It was a way of showing that we are one people, from the lakes to the gulf.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

A generation has grown up since the surrender at Appomattox. The veterans are fast passing away, but

the lessons of that contest will never be lost. This nation is forever and indissolubly a Union. The South is forgetting its prejudices and passions and is awakening to prosperity impossible under slave labor.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Congress has done a neat thing in removing the restrictions upon the appointment as officers of the army and navy of men who, having held commissions in the regular army or navy before the war, subsequently served in the Confederate Army. Few persons will be affected by it, for most of those who were subject to these restrictions are now either dead or too old to serve in the army or navy. But the spirit which prompted the removal of the disability was good. It shows that the war is really over and that it is almost forgotten.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THOMAS HUGHES.

In the death of Thomas Hughes, on March 23, American and English boys lost one of their favorite authors. In his lifetime of seventy-two years Mr. Hughes accomplished many things in politics and literature, but the fittest monument to his beneficent influence in the world is his "Tom Brown's School Days." Born October 20, 1823, near Newbury, he went to Rugby in 1833, and in 1845 took his degree at Oxford. In 1847 he married and the following year was admitted to the bar. A born democrat and a Liberal in politics, he served in Parliament from 1865 to 1874, and in 1869 was appointed queen's counsel. In 1880 he established the English colony called Rugby, in Tennessee. In 1882 he became judge of the county court for Cheshire, which office he held until his death. He died on March 23 at Brighton, where he was interred March 25. He is survived by three sons in Texas and a brother in Milton, Massachusetts. In our Civil War Mr. Hughes exerted his influence on the English in behalf of the North.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

Thomas Hughes, who died last week, was the last of a heroic group which did good service in many lines of manly Christianity, and whose influence for the upbuilding of sterling character will long survive them. F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes had much in common in their enthusiasms and their work. Though Judge Hughes' colonization schemes may have failed, his grip on the schoolboy's heart through "Tom Brown at Rugby" is yet strong, and on all good men who have known and loved some manly teacher in their youth. Of his published works, which are a dozen or more, "Tom Brown's School Days, by an Old Boy" is the first and best. That was published in 1857, and it probably did more to establish Dr. Arnold's fame as an educator and to call out an enthusiastic admiration for him than did all the published works of Dr. Arnold's more distinguished son, or even Stanley's Life. "The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk" was issued two years later. This is a most charming collection of folklore with a slight thread of story, and holds its own as a classic. These two works touch the high-water mark of Judge Hughes' literary attainments. He was one of those men around whom personal anecdotes accumulate and, in his case, all of a kind which tend to leave the same impression of a noble, strong, and generous man, who kept his boy heart down to old age.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

In a long and active life Mr. Hughes did many things—most if not all of them well. He was a lawyer, member of Parliament, queen's counsellor, judge, writer, social reformer; but he will live as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." These two books have long been classics, and they will continue to be the delight of many generations of boys, who will gain from them not only accurate and vivid pictures of life in one of England's famous schools and one of her renowned universities, but ideals of manly conduct and nobility of character that will long stimulate and inspire. They have been, and will remain, a source of good that is an all-sufficient monument for their creator. As "Tom Hughes" he was familiarly and lovingly known, and as "Tom Hughes" he will be longest remembered.

Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)

It seems fairly questionable whether there is any Englishman living who is quite so much to blame for the inveterate propensity of large numbers of Americans to think kindly of the British as Thomas Hughes, who died last week.

VENEZUELA AND ARBITRATION.

It has been admitted officially during the month that negotiations are pending between the United States and Great Britain relative to the settlement of the Venezuela difficulty, but their exact form has not been made known. It is thought that Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador to the United States, has been given power to enter into an agreement with Secretary Olney. The Venezuelan Commission has given careful consideration to the British blue book, as well as to other important evidence. Venezuela, through her minister, Señor Andrade, will present to the commission three large folio volumes containing a thousand closely written pages as soon as translations can be made and printed. These volumes are composed mainly of certified copies of original manuscripts. The question of sending one or more representatives to Europe to verify the documents submitted by Venezuela and Great Britain is seriously considered by the commission. Parliament has recently issued a paper correcting certain errors in the blue book. The so-called Yuruan incident has been practically terminated, it is understood, through the good offices of the United States. The demand has become one simply for personal damages done to British property and persons by Venezuelan officials, leaving out of the controversy whether or not the occurrence was on British territory. The claim now made is for only about $5,000. The demand, intensified by the Venezuela incident, for some form of a permanent board of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain grows more urgent. April 22 and 23 is the date fixed for the conference to be held in Washington in the interests of peace between these two nations. An invitation to attend this gathering has been sent to representative men in every state and territory in the Union. Lord Salisbury not long since, in reply to a memorial adopted at a demonstration in Queen's Hall favoring permanent arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, stated that he was glad to say the subject was receiving the consideration of her majesty's government and that propositions in that direction are now before the government of the United States. The pope has declared his satisfaction with the efforts being made to promote peace, and Cardinals Gibbons of America, Logue of Ireland, and Vaughn of England have joined in an appeal for a permanent tribunal for arbitration.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

The United States has been made the mark for censure by European nations for its action in the Venezuelan matter, and even ridicule has been freely used in the connection; but the fact remains that no decisive steps have been taken by Great Britain, whether we possessed the right to interfere or not.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The Venezuelans are still collecting and forwarding evidence to sustain their side of the boundary controversy with Great Britain. In this matter they are showing themselves reasonable and intelligent, for there is not the least sign of any disposition to take the favor of Americans for granted and ask for a judgment against England without plenty of evidence to support the claims made.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The inference drawn from Lord Salisbury's letter to Sir James Stansfeld, that England has proposed a general scheme of arbitration to the Washington government, is fully confirmed by Mr. Ritchie. With this final proof of the pacific tendencies of the British government in dealing with the United States, all interest in the Venezuela question lapses. The settlement of that question is now only a matter of detail.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The zeal which various persons on both sides of the ocean are manifesting in the project of arbitration for disputes between England and the United States is misdirected. No controversy between these countries now calls for arbitration, but there is a serious one between England and Venezuela, for which that form of settlement is admirably adapted. There is, accordingly, a manifest lack of frankness and sincerity in any movement which busies itself, at this time, with providing for arbitration in possible future controversies between our country and Great Britain, and yet ignores the immediate need of arbitration in the Guiana boundary dispute.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

With perhaps a single exception European governments might be brought to submit to arbitration all their present and future differences with the United States and other of the republics of the western world, but no such peaceful adjustment of dissensions among themselves is possible. . . . . It is well to discuss the subject, however, well to favor it, well to dream of it, yet it must be at the same time admitted that the scheme for the establishment of a permanent arbitrating tribunal was never more hopeless of accomplishment than to-day, with fifteen millions of civilized men under arms, with vessels of war building in every shipyard, and with the best ingenuity of man given to the construction of new and fiendish appliances for destroying human life. Let us not deceive ourselves. The great battles of the world are yet to be fought.

BOOTH'S VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR RIVAL.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

ALL of General Booth's conciliatory overtures to the contrary, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth remain in the United States. Colonel Eadie, staff representative of Commander Booth, who all along has protested against the Americanizing tendencies shown in the administration of the American branch of the Salvation Army, was recalled by the general as being the person most objectionable to the Ballington Booths, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were sent over with the avowed intention of inducing Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth to return to the army, but they failed in their mission. At their first public appearance here in Carnegie Hall, New York, on April 7, they announced that like Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth they were going to become naturalized Americans. Though they are putting forth every effort to hold the army intact, many influential members are leaving and the financial support is decreasing. Meanwhile the volunteers and their organizers are applying their energies to the saving of souls, and their ranks are constantly being recruited. On March 24 the W. C. T. U. sent Ballington Booth a protest against his appropriation of the W. C. T. U. white ribbon emblem for the Volunteers. The badge now adopted by the latter is of nickel silver in the form of a star surmounted by an eagle. The reasons for splitting from the army finally given by Commander and Mrs. Booth, on April 12, show that their insuperable difficulties with General Booth arose from the general's persistent efforts to stamp out the Americanism shown in the army here. Commander Booth will not imitate his father's autocratic rule but will have the Volunteers governed by a board of five directors to be chosen once a year by the whole organization at a convention of delegates. The official organ of the new army is the *Volunteers' Gazette*. Corresponding to the auxiliary corps of the Salvation Army, a Defenders' League was formed, which at once met with success, especially in New York and Chicago where several hundred persons enrolled the first night. A movement on much the same plan as the Volunteers was started March 25, at Greenwich, by the experienced evangelist, Wm. P. Hall. The League of the Grand Army of the Cross, as the body is called, is a semi-military organization and no uniforms are worn by its soldiers or officers. It declares itself friendly to the Volunteers.

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The report that Commander Booth is not to be the autocrat of his new organization, but has decided upon a government by a board of directors, to be elected annually by a convention of delegates, brings to the front a new and interesting experiment, the result of which cannot well be predicted. An army depends primarily upon individual and arbitrary authority. Whether the cohesion which is essential in this evangelical work can be secured by the new method is problematical, but Ballington Booth's experience, no less than his good judgment, commands a large measure of public confidence.

The Salt Lake Semi-Weekly Tribune. (Utah.)

It was to be a religion that could reach the wretches in the slums, that could take any hand, no matter how beslimed, and lift up the person behind the hand, and point to him the way to a happier life in this world and to infinite repose in the next. As long as the army was run on that basis, its adherents multiplied exceedingly; the lowly and the depraved alike saw in the organization a gleam of hope for themselves, the first ray held out to them in all their depraved careers. That army seems to be going to pieces, and, we take it, the reason is that those in charge on this side forgot some of the original principles of the organization, and a little worldly pride stole into the ranks; that the high-sounding titles by which leaders were known began to kindle a little of the old earthly ambition.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

There is no room here for anti-American organ-

izations, no matter how excellent their aims may be in their own field of work, so long as their place can be filled by men and women who love and honor the nation which is more worthy than any other to be loved and honored.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

A New York minister, in an article in a religious journal, calls the Salvation Army "a dangerous rival of the church." That is a very wild statement to come from a man who claims to possess common sense. Instead of being a dangerous rival of the church, the Salvation Army is an ally of the church, and a faithful ally. There never was a time in this country, from the time the Salvation Army held its first meeting in Harry Hill's concert saloon in New York up to the present, that the Salvation Army did not stand ready to aid the church, and in recent years, since Ballington Booth took charge of the work in this country, the church has at all times been ready to aid the army.

THE FRENCH CABINET CRISIS.

M. BERTHELOT.
French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

THE resignation of M. Berthelot, French minister of foreign affairs, has again placed the Bourgeois ministry in the quandary which vexed it on its accession, namely, that of procuring a suitable minister of foreign affairs. The crisis was precipitated by the action of President Faure and Premier Bourgeois in regard to the Nile expedition. The French cabinet at first protested on the ground that England was only making the Mahdist war a pretext to escape evacuating Egypt as agreed upon, and on March 19 in a semi-official statement the foreign office described the situation as grave. After consulting with the English ambassador, Berthelot annulled the foreign office manifesto and announced in the Chamber that the adjective "grave" applied only to finances. This conciliatory movement toward England antagonized Russia, and M. Faure and M. Bourgeois insisted on M. Berthelot's withdrawing his assent to the expedition. Rather than do this M. Berthelot resigned. A change in the cabinet ensued. M. Bourgeois, premier and minister of the interior, was appointed minister of foreign affairs, and M. Doumer, minister of finances, was placed in charge of the ministry of the interior till March 30, when M. Sarrien, deputy from Laone-et-Loire and minister of the interior in 1887 in the cabinet of M. Tirard, became minister of the interior. On March 31 M. Bourgeois announced concerning Egypt that the views of the present French government on the British proposition are those set forth by M. Berthelot in his declaration of March 19.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

France will bluster about the Nile campaign, but that is all. It will hardly dare to resort to force to compel England to desist from that expedition, and yet it looks very much as though the conquest of the Soudan would imperil certain French claims in the region of the Upper Nile. England would like to obtain possession and control of the whole country from the mouth of the Nile to the lakes in Central Africa, but France recently has asserted a claim to some of the intervening country which may conflict with England's ambition in the event that the Soudan campaign is successful.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The Easter parliamentary recess in France leaves the Bourgeois cabinet still in office in spite of the many prognostications which are perpetually being made of its speedy downfall. As pointed out in our cable dispatches, it owes the continuation of its precarious existence partly to the fact that, unlike any of the preceding administrations which have been Opportunist in character as well as in name, it is committed to a definite program, so that the people know what to expect.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

There may be two opinions about Berthelot's fitness for his post, but this fact remains, that he did not prevent England's preparation for an Abyssinian campaign, and it is now, probably, too late to stop the expedition. It may not be too late for France to recover whatever advantage she had in Egypt, provided the British are defeated in Abyssinia, but that is not a probable contingency, and in the event of British success the anger of the impetuous French people may force the government into an attitude too hostile to be ignored.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Nothing that the enemies of M. Bourgeois in the French Senate can do will avail to avert a conference of the European powers interested in Egypt, provided Germany shall approve of the project. But political ruin awaits all Frenchmen who at the present grave conjuncture try to stop France from gaining a great diplomatic victory.

ARMY AND NAVY APPROPRIATIONS.

THREATENING war has at last actuated the United States to remedy her weak position on sea and land. On March 26 Congress passed a bill appropriating $31,779,133 for the improvement and increase of the navy, a sum exceeding by nearly $2,000,000 the highest previous naval appropriation. On April 9 the bill was reported to the Senate Committee on Appropriations, having undergone several weighty amendments. As it now stands, provision is made for four sea-going, coast-line battle ships fitted out with the heaviest armor and most powerful ordnance, to have the highest practicable speed, and exclusive of armament not to exceed $3,750,000 each; three large, swift torpedo boats with a speed of thirty knots, not to exceed $800,000; and ten small torpedo boats to cost $500,000. On April 10 a bill was reported to the House appropriating $11,384,613 to erect and equip fortifications for coast defenses. The chief provisions of this bill are: gun and mortar batteries, $5,260,000; sites for fortifications, $250,000; preservation and repair of fortifications, $50,000; sea walls and embankments, $17,975; torpedoes for harbor defense, $100,000; armament of fortifications, $5,502,673; proving ground, Sandy Hook, N. J., $38,000; Watertown Arsenal, Mass., $43,500; ordnance and fortification board, $100,000. Meanwhile the state troops have not been forgotten. On March 22 the Senate military committee reported favorably on the bill authorizing the secretary of war to issue Springfield rifles of the best pattern to the militia of each state and territory in exchange for the poorer rifles with which they are now supplied.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

While Congress is doing about as much as it can in the face of monthly revenue deficits to strengthen our navy and coast defenses, it surely ought to turn its attention to providing a safe dry dock where our new navy can be cleaned and repaired. . . . . It is said that there is hardly a harbor on the Atlantic coast, unless it be Portland, Me., where one of our big modern battle ships can approach the dry dock to be docked.

(Dem.) The New York Weekly Post. (N. Y.)

As the main object of all our wars is to get contracts for ships, we may be allowed now to enjoy a disgraceful peace till next session. It may be necessary to hurl a few more challenges and have our coast harried again in imagination by wicked foreigners in order to keep the Senate up to its duty; but a war does not need to be greatly prolonged or deadly to persuade the Senate to vote money out of the treasury which is not there.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

As the House has ignored in the naval bill the false cry of economy raised by the administration to screen fatal mismanagement of the public revenue, so the same plea should be ignored in settling the question of coast defense.

(Rep.) The New York Recorder. (N. Y.)

So far, so good; but we are satisfied that the national sentiment is eager for a much larger treatment of this whole subject of naval and coast defenses. . . . It is neither sensible nor dignified for this nation to remain in relative inferiority, as to its naval equipment, to the other great naval powers, against which, from time to time, it may, and probably will, have to firmly assert its own rights and interests.

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY.

THE general ebullition in Turkey continues, varied by the threatened expulsion of all Christian missionaries. The attention of Christian nations was attracted to the latter movement by the Turks' mistreatment of the American missionary Rev. George P. Knapp, stationed at Bitlis. In February, Rev. Knapp, who had been very active in relieving Armenian victims, was charged by Turkish officials with murder and sedition. He applied to Minister Terrell, who insisted to the Porte that the accused should be tried before him at Constantinople. In the most severe weather the missionary was packed off by the local governor, who had orders to get him out of the country. A dispatch dated April 6 reported that Rev. Knapp was detained in jail at Diarbekir, where he was treated like a common malefactor, and that an irade ordering the expulsion of all Christian missionaries from Turkey was about to be signed by the sultan. Claims in behalf of the missionaries were immediately pushed by England and the United States, with the result that on April 12 the Turkish legation was informed by the Sublime Porte that missionaries would not be molested so long as they did not meddle with Turkish politics, but that any found inciting revolts would be sent from the empire. Dispatches of April 9 sent by Miss Clara Barton state that the authorities are not interfering with the Red Cross work of relief, but that the suffering in Armenia has been aggravated by the outbreak of dreadful scourges resulting from starvation and destitution.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

The United States government has now a rare chance to do a right and vigorous act in the Turkish affair. All these fifty thousand Armenians may be beyond the pale of diplomatic charity, but George P. Knapp is not. Our government, of course, has no consul within reach of Bitlis, and when the Turkish government charged him with exciting the Armenians to insurrection and murder, the British consul examined the matter and reported that the charges were frivolous, as they doubtless were. But the local governor had orders to send Mr. Knapp out of the country, and, without waiting for weather fit for traveling, he was hustled off by violence to Diarbekir, where he was, at last accounts, held in custody by the Vali. This is an intolerable outrage; and we hope that Secretary Olney has sent a peremptory demand to the Porte, not that he be brought on with courtesy to Constantinople for trial, but that he be first returned honorably to Bitlis, and then allowed to come in comfort to Constantinople. Nothing less is to be thought of.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

The frantic appeals of a section of the Parisian press to Europe to bring the Armenian troubles to an end indicate that some counter influence is at work to destroy the effective harmony of opinion which has contributed so much hitherto to the easy agreement of the French and Russians upon all questions of external policy. The explanation may be found in the fact that the Catholics view with distrust the attempts of Russia to secure control in Armenia. They recognize that in such an event missionary work would be effectually ended in that country, for Russia tolerates no outside interference in such matters.

The Weekly Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

As regards American citizens resident in Turkey, what will the government of the United States do? The European "concert" has stood and looked on! The sultan has fooled them all and gone straight on his own way. We do not believe that the United States will consent to pipe its own cowardice and infamy in that kind of "concert." Nor do we believe that Minister Terrell, just now in this country, has heedlessly run away from duty. It is more likely that he has come home to confer with the authorities at Washington and to find out exactly what the American government is prepared to demand.

The Indiana State Journal. (Indianapolis.)

Prominent Armenians in this country do not credit the statement that Russia has instigated the expulsion of American missionaries from Turkey with the idea of substituting missionaries of the Greek church. "As the Armenian church and the Greek church," says an educated Armenian-American, "are very closely allied and have the same form of worship almost, the same order of clergy and church government, with very few exceptions, I don't see why the emperor of Russia should desire to drive out the Christian workers of America and unite his force with that of a government whose entire spirit and doctrine are fanatically hostile to all Christian nations." This seems a reasonable view. Russia is an inveterate schemer and meddler, but the attempt to make her responsible for the expulsion of American missionaries from Armenia is probably an invention of Turkish diplomacy, which consists principally of lies.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Reports of the mistreatment of American missionaries in Turkey should be accepted with several grains of allowance. It is possible that Mr. Knapp, an American missionary, has been imprisoned, but it is not probable that any serious injury will be inflicted upon him. He is charged by Turkish officials with stirring up sedition against the government. This charge may be untrue, but it is a legitimate one upon which to hold him if circumstances raise a strong suspicion of its truth. The Turkish government has some rights in this connection, and if it thinks that Mr. Knapp is a source of danger to the country it may try him for the offense.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The reports now being received from Miss Clara Barton of progress in her work of Armenian relief should cause a glow of pride and thanksgiving in the heart of every American woman and bring a blush of shame to the cheek of European statesmanship professing Christianity. What the civilized nations of the earth, acting in concert and supported by armies and navies, failed utterly to accomplish is to-day being wrought by one small woman, armed with a sublime faith in herself and in the cause to which her head and heart have been dedicated. Single-handed she has scaled the walls of prejudice and broken through the ranks of fanaticism. With dauntless spirit she has compelled respect from a government which holds woman as a chattel, sells virtue in the market place, and is as barren of mercy as it is of morality. In the name of the American Red Cross Society she is to-day wringing hope from despair, and turning back the tide of distress and disease which followed the course of the river of blood in stricken Armenia. With caravans of food and clothing, of medicine and medical skill, she passes from province to province, strewing blessings on every hand and flooding with light places shrouded in darkness.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The expulsion of the American missionaries has, it appears, been fully considered by the state department, and will not be carried into effect without the earnest resistance of our government, inasmuch as the rights of missionaries in Turkey are conceded by treaty stipulations.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS L. CASEY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS LINCOLN CASEY.

On March 25, at Washington, death suddenly removed Brigadier-General Casey, late chief of engineers of the United States Army. The deceased came from a family of soldiers; his father, Gen. Silas Casey, was a soldier's son, and his brother, who survives him, is a captain in the navy. General Casey was born in 1831. At twenty-one years of age he graduated with highest honors from West Point, and immediately thereafter entered upon his life work of engineering. During the Civil War he was superintending engineer of Maine's coast defenses. He was sent to Europe in 1873, and on his return supervised the completion of the state, war, and navy departments' building. Many other public works, such as the Potomac aqueduct and the Washington monument, were built under his direction. He acted as president of the board of engineers in New York from 1886 till 1888, when President Cleveland appointed him chief of engineers. On May 10, 1895, General Casey retired from active service, but continued in charge of the erection of the Congressional Library building, which work he had assumed in 1889. On his way to his office in this building he was seized with sickness and less than two hours afterward died at his home. His remains were buried, March 28, at his country place in North Kingstown, R. I. The following extract is from the general orders in regard to his death issued March 26 by the secretary of war: "His absolute honesty, thorough devotion to public duty, and rugged force of character won for General Casey the supreme confidence of the country, and contributed, in a marked degree, to the high reputation of the corps of which he was long a distinguished member. As a mark of respect to his memory the Corps of Engineers will wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of thirty days."

DR. JAMESON AND WAR IN MATABELELAND.

Dr. Jameson and fourteen other English heroes of the Transvaal raid who enjoyed so much publicity when brought to trial March 10 in London have, together with their trial, been eclipsed from public attention by the dilemma in which they have involved their home country. Their unsuccessful raid leading a series of European defeats obliges England either to conquer the Transvaal Republic or lose with it the Orange Free State and Cape Colony. Pending the settlement of the trouble with England, President Kruger of the South African Republic has reorganized the forces of the Transvaal, especially the artillery, has entered into alliance with the Orange Free State, and instigated an Africander uprising in Cape Colony. On March 26 the Matabeles of Inseza and Filabusti districts, led by the native police, revolted against the British and later attacked Buluwayo, where many whites, among them a thousand women and children, had flocked for protection. The insurrection is likely to spread to neighboring tribes, including the Zulus in the Transvaal. The outlook is dark for England, as her troops are scattered in the Soudan enterprise and in Asia, where they are needed to keep Russia in check.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

In South Africa everybody in authority seems to believe that there will soon be war between the Transvaal Boers and the British government. Meanwhile, the revolt of the Matabele savages is apparently going from bad to worse. The attempt of the magnates of the Chartered South Africa Company and the capitalists interested in British mining corporations to seize the country of the brave and determined Dutch burghers is turning out to be one of the worst blunders ever made by greedy and unscrupulous men. It may yet cause a great international war, and it is certain to set back the development of South Africa, both British and Dutch, for many years.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

An alliance between the Transvaal and Orange Free State would make a strong coalition against England, but it does not follow that England is bound to engage in war on that account. The Transvaal might throw off its allegiance to Great Britain, denying the suzerainty of the latter, but under existing circumstances England need do nothing more than protest. It would not be bound to engage

in war to establish its suzerainty unless some other power interfered, and it is not at all probable that any such power will appear. The only one having any interest in the matter is Germany, and, peaceful relations having so far been maintained between Germany and England, it may be presumed that the former will not interfere in the affairs of the latter in South Africa. When England has disposed of matters in the Soudan it may turn its attention to the Transvaal, but as far as the rights of the Transvaal are concerned there is no question that that country should be absolutely free.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

There is startling activity in the Transvaal, which makes the Uitlanders feel very uncomfortable. The Boers have suddenly awakened to the fact that the English are intriguing against them, and they are arming for a great struggle against any encroachments on the Transvaal. In the event of war with England the Boers will naturally look to Emperor William, of Germany, to help them out. He made the offer when Jameson made his famous raid, and he cannot go back on it now.

The Record. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Whatever settlement of the Transvaal affair may be finally arrived at between Mr. Chamberlain and "Oom" Paul Kruger, it will require a very long time to restore the amity which existed between the English and Dutch inhabitants of the Orange Free State and Cape Colony before Dr. Jameson's raid. The significance of the disaffection of the Dutch Africanders will be appreciated by a consideration of the fact that they constitute a large majority of the inhabitants of the Free State and the Cape. Hitherto they have been rather opposed to their bigoted brethren the Transvaal Boers, in their interests as well as their sympathies. The division in the politics and aspirations of the people of South Africa on strictly racial lines is the glorious fruit of the dastardly and greedy policy inspired by Cecil Rhodes. As a statesman the South African "Napoleon" has proved a dismal failure.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The insurrection in Matabeleland is the least of the troubles with which England is threatened in South Africa. The purchase of Delagoa Bay from Portugal, or even a move in that direction, would be prompted by a wish to cut off the Transvaal Republic from the sea, and would be likely to provoke its Hollander inhabitants to an immediate declaration of complete independence. It is no secret that, in their desire of independence, and in their wish to gain access to the sea by the acquisition of Delagoa Bay, the Boers of the Transvaal have the sympathy of the German emperor. He may be of the utmost assistance to them at this juncture, for England needs his good will in order to carry out her plans in the Nile Valley. It may prove needful for Lord Salisbury to sacrifice the Transvaal in order to keep Egypt. He can scarcely hope to retain them both.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

All danger of trouble with the Boers is not yet over, and their preparations for war suggest that they think England is contemplating a hostile move. This may also explain their offer of assistance to suppress the Matabele uprising. They may have wished by that invitation to deprive England of an excuse for sending more troops to South Africa.

DENNIS F. MURPHY.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The United States Senate has lost an old, a faithful, and a most valuable servant by the death of Dennis F. Murphy, its famous verbatim reporter. Mr. Murphy died of apoplexy in Washington last Friday evening. For forty-eight years he was associated in the work of reporting the debates in the Senate, and from first to last he remained at the head of his profession. He was an extraordinary shorthand writer, and he reported more speeches and arguments than any other man we ever heard of. He was a hard student, and the wide range of his information fitted him for every branch of his business. In 1857 he was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, and shortly afterward to that of the Supreme Court of the United States. He never practiced law, but studied it closely, simply because the knowledge of it was useful to him as one among his immense kit of reporter's tools. With all the little knots and delicacies of parliamentary law he was thoroughly familiar, and his opinion was often sought by famous senators. A good linguist and well versed in English literature, he was never puzzled by any quotation. To him everything in law and literature seemed to be an old acquaintance. The ease and accuracy with which he captured the words of the swiftest speakers were remarkable, but still more wonderful were the speed and elegance with which he used to edit the heaps of copy which he had to handle. He believed that the copy that is edited least is edited best. So he confined himself to correcting mistakes in grammar, and to the insertion or elimination of a word or a phrase to enable him to form a complete sentence. In a word, he always ran his jack plane over a speech before turning it in to the printers; he never painted it or varnished it. But if his pen was "ravenous" in the extreme, his disposition was quite the reverse. He was a kind-hearted and genial gentleman, a good employer, and a charming companion.

THE LATE PRESIDENT HYPPOLITE OF HAYTI.

GENERAL HYPPOLITE.
Late President of Hayti.

GENERAL HYPPOLITE, who has held his place at the head of the black republic longer than most of its presidents, at last, on March 26, succumbed to apoplexy. Louis Mondestin Florvil Hyppolite was born, 1827, at Cape Haitien, in a good Haytian family of mixed French and African origin. He was well educated and entered politics in the exciting Soulouque presidential campaign. During the revolution of 1865 he distinguished himself as a soldier. After this war he went back to his local politics and did not figure in public life until the overthrow of President Saloman by General Légitime in 1888. He then was a leader under General Thelemaque in the northern part of the republic. In 1889 he headed a revolt against President Légitime and in 1890 was elected president of Hayti. The many uprisings against him instigated by Légitime, who had fled to Jamaica, President Hyppolite successfully suppressed. To prevent their repetition he executed their leaders. It was his policy to exclude foreigners from the island, as he claimed they stirred up insurrections. President Hyppolite's strong personality rather than his party support kept his government in power, and it was feared that his death would precipitate a revolution. However, the new president was installed without this calamity, T. Simon Sam, formerly minister of war for Hayti, having been elected to the vacancy, April 1, by the Senate and House of Representatives.

The Evening Lamp. (Chicago, Ill.)

Hyppolite, president of Hayti, had been in power for over six years, and during that time had preserved the peace of his country. His methods to accomplish that end were in the style of the Russian commander who notified his government that "order reigned in Warsaw."

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

It has been seldom since the independence of Hayti that the affairs of the republic have not been in a state of unrest. The election of Légitime in 1888 involved the country in a fierce civil war. It was a war of the North, which stood by Hyppolite, against the South and West, which was loyal to Légitime. The North won, and since the election of Hyppolite in October, 1889, the republic has been peaceful and prosperous. That he had the qualities to make a firm ruler of an ignorant and turbulent people is undoubted. There were, it is true, attempts made to overthrow his government, but he was always well informed of them and suppressed them promptly and vigorously. He was careful also to do nothing that would weaken his prestige with the people, and it is more than probable that his failure to cede the Mole St. Nicolas to the United States was based upon the belief that such a concession would be displeasing to the people.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

It is said that the president of Hayti has died of apoplexy. That is wonderful if true. There is no reason why a president of Hayti should not have apoplexy, but it is remarkable that he should live long enough in office to die of anything but murder or wounds in battle.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

With one exception all of the predecessors of Hyppolite, whether "emperors" or presidents, have either been assassinated, deposed, or shot. According to Haytian standards Hyppolite was an exemplary ruler. During his incumbency there had been none of those wholesale political massacres which constituted so great a part of the previous history of the black republic. True, the reason for the comparative bloodlessness of Hyppolite's rule was not due to any real change made by him in the usual political methods of Hayti, but to his success in the discovery of the plots of his enemies before they had gained much headway. He was thus able to quell opposition by shooting a few leaders instead of hosts of rebels. Nevertheless, even this may be regarded as having been a great improvement in the conduct of the Haytian government.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

President Sam is of unmixed negro blood and has pronounced African features. As to age, he is probably now in the fifties. His instincts all lean toward generosity, forbearance, and good will. He has fulfilled creditably and well every public trust to which he has been called. Indeed his public record and his personal qualities speak well for him, and it is undoubtedly due to them that his fellow-citizens, who desire peace, good order, and progress, have elevated him to the first magistracy of his country.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

March 6. Geo. L. Burr, professor of mediæval history in Cornell, appointed historical specialist by the Venezuelan Commission.

March 7. The stars on the United States flag rearranged to make place for Utah.——Seventy-two pilgrims sail from Philadelphia for the Holy Land.

March 8. Petitions bearing 100,000 signatures favoring the joint resolution to put the name of the Deity in the Federal Constitution are received by the House judiciary committee.

March 11. In the joint session of the Kentucky Legislature a riot arises from the unseating of members.——Yale College is bequeathed $50,000 in the will of George Bliss.

March 14. The international chess game is won by the American team, the score being 4½ to 3½ games.

March 16. The joint resolution of Congress providing for the purchase and distribution of seeds by the secretary of agriculture becomes a law without the president's signature.——The U. S. Supreme Court decides that Greer County including 1,500,000 acres of land belongs to the United States and not to Texas.

March 19. The Venezuelan Commission through Secretary Olney is offered access to the archives of Spain, Holland, and Belgium.

March 20. A bill is reported to the Massachusetts House granting municipal suffrage to women.

March 22. Many valuable records in the census office at Washington destroyed by fire.

March 25. The Fosdic Bill to prevent the wearing of big hats in the theater is passed by the Ohio Legislature.

March 27. The battleship *Indiana* successfully docked at Port Royal, S. C.

March 29. The treasury deficit for current year up to date is placed at $18,000,000.

April 1. A conference of diplomatic representatives for the management of the Bureau of American Republics is held in Washington.

April 2. The resolution authorizing ex-President Harrison to accept medals from Brazil and Spain is signed by President Cleveland.

April 3. Speaker Reed reverses his famous ruling in the Fifty-first Congress by declaring that a majority of actual membership of the House constitutes a quorum.

FOREIGN.

March 5. According to advices from Havana Cienfuegos merchants cancel their American orders in retaliation against the action of Congress.——Cuban insurgents desolate the province of Pinar del Rio.

March 7. The Spanish government receives an offer from Seville shipowners for the use of fifty steamers.

March 9. American consulate in Bilbao, Spain, again attacked by a mob and nine guards injured.——Queen Victoria and her suite start for Nice.

March 11. The defenses of Esquimalt, British Columbia, receive additional strength.

March 12. Martial law is declared in Honduras.——An Anglo-German loan for 100,000,000 taels for China is issued at 94 with 5 per cent interest.

March 13. The *Ailsa* wins the Prix d'Honneur off Cannes, France, over the *Britannia* and the *Satanita*.

March 14. The strike of 12,500 Berlin joiners ends by gaining for the workmen higher wages and shorter hours.

March 15. The Leon rebels are defeated with great loss by the Nicaraguan troops.

March 16. The czar of Russia confers on King Menelik the Grand Cordon of St. George, the highest military decoration of the empire.

March 20. The Manitoba School Remedial Bill passes the second reading by a majority of 184 in the Dominion House of Commons.

March 24. Koreans defeated by Japanese troops near Fusan.

March 25. An alliance between Great Britain and Italy is declared by Baron Blanc in the Senate at Rome.——The army of Bolivia mutinies and several persons are killed.

March 27. General Garcia's expedition on the *Bermuda* lands safely in Cuba.

March 28. The Oxford crew wins the university boat race on the Thames.

March 29. The black plague is reported to be carrying death through many cities in China.

March 31. The British Parliament adjourns for the Easter recess till April 9.——Captain-General Weyler asks for 40,000 more troops.

April 1. Prince Bismarck's eighty-first birthday is celebrated at Friederickruh.

April 6. The 776th Olympiad opens at Athens with athletic games.

NECROLOGY.

March 8. Rear-Admiral Henry Walke, U. S. A. (retired). Born 1808.

March 14. Col. Thomas H. Nelson, ex-United States minister to Chile and to Mexico. Born 1824.

March 20. George Richmond, noted portrait artist. Born about 1809.

March 27. Baron Francis R. Fava, Jr., professor of mathematics and engineering at Columbia University.——Count Mortera, leader of the Cuban reform party in Spain.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR MAY.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

First Week (ending May 5).

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapters XXIII and XXIV.

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters VII and VIII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Footprints of Washington."

Sunday Reading for May 3.

Second Week (ending May 12).

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapter XXV.

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters IX., X., and XI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Flowers of Field and Forest."

Sunday Reading for May 10.

Third Week (ending May 19).

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Chapter XXVI.

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters XII. and XIII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Air We Breathe."

"Physical Condition of the American People."

Sunday Reading for May 17.

Fourth Week (ending May 26).

"Some First Steps in Human Progress." Appendices A and B.

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters XIV. and XV.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Gladstone and the United States."

Sunday Reading for May 24.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Talk—Conspiracies against Washington.
2. A Description—York Peninsula and the scenes enacted there during the Revolution and the Civil War.
3. A Paper—The condition of woman in China and India.
4. Essay—The Thirty Years' War, its causes and results.
5. Experiments in Psychology—As many as possible of the experiments mentioned in "Thinking, Feeling, Doing" should be performed. Those suggested on page 92 of the text-book for ascertaining the number of objects that can be attended to at one time and the experiments in touch and pressure mentioned on pages 104 and 106 can be easily performed and will be very entertaining to the members of the circle.
6. Table Talk—The Revolution in Central America.*

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Responses to consist of selections relating to flowers.
2. A Study in Botany—1. The lowest forms of vegetable life; the kinds of plants, and their organs. 2. The root—its forms, mode of growth and functions as absorbent and storehouse, and its mechanical purpose. 3. The stem—its forms and use, and the relation of the texture of the stem to the duration of the plant. 4. Leaf-buds, and a general description of the leaf, its forms and functions. 5. A flower—its organs and the purpose of each. 6. The fruit.

   Each of the topics suggested should be assigned to a member of the circle on which to prepare a short paper or talk, and the use of a microscope will add much enjoyment to the lesson. An interesting experiment can be performed with leaves by some member of the circle previously assigned to prepare it. Fill a glass jar two-thirds full of fresh leaves. Cover the jar so that it will be air-tight and let it stand several hours in the sunlight, then open it and test the air in the jar by lowering a lighted match into it; prepare another jar in the same way but let it stand in the dark, then test as before. Account for the effect of the air on the lighted match.
3. A Paper—Idols and idol worship.
4. Essay—The Druids.
5. Experiments—Prove that what the author of "Thinking, Feeling, Doing," says about hot and cold spots, the rate of change for heat and cold, and about the two senses of smell is correct. Some member of the circle should be previously assigned to prepare the apparatus necessary to perform the experiments mentioned on pages 117, 120, and 127 of the text-book.
6. Discussion—Recent legislation in New York.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Table Talk—"The Air we Breathe," and "The Nutritive Value of Food," in the current number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
2. General Discussion—The duty of the government to the North American Indian.

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

3. A Study in Physics—The rainbow and the conditions necessary to its formation.
4. Experiments with Colors—Place a small red disk on a sheet of white paper and look at it steadily for a moment. Quickly move the disk aside and notice the color of the image seen. Try the same experiment with orange, yellow, and green disks; discover the relation that the color of the image bears to the color of the disk. Place a small object of any color on a black ground and view it intently a moment, then close the eyes and notice the color of the image. Matching colors will also be a profitable and entertaining study.
5. *Questions and Answers* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on "Some First Steps in Human Progress."
6. Discussion—The Soudan and the relation of the Triple Alliance, England, France, and Russia to it and to each other.* See "How Will the Czar Wear his Crown?" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

FOURTH WEEK.

EMERSON DAY—MAY 25.

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe.—*Emerson:* "Representative Men."

1. Roll Call—Each response to be a selection from Emerson.
2. Contrasted Character Studies—Emerson and Carlyle.
3. Essay—Emerson's poetry as measured by his own notion of a poet. See Emerson's essay on "The Poet."
4. Readings from Emerson—"The Rhodora," "Each and All," and "To The Humble-Bee."
5. Readings—The character and manners of the English as depicted by Emerson in "English Traits."

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR MAY.

"SOME FIRST STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS."

P. 221. "Chippeway." Ojibwa is another name for this tribe of American Indians once very numerous on the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. "They number now above 30,000, about equally divided between the United States and Canada. Their name seems to refer to 'puckering' or 'drawing up,' whether, as variously contended, of the lips in speaking or drinking, of a peculiar seam in the moccasin, or of the skin of a roasted prisoner is uncertain."

P. 222. "Henna." A shrub from eight to ten feet high cultivated in India, Egypt, and other oriental countries. The flowers are small, white, and very fragrant. The leaves and young twigs are ground to a fine powder which is exported to neighboring countries, where it is used for dyeing a reddish-brown color. The powder mixed with hot water forms a paste which is used as a cosmetic. To produce the required color it is usually spread upon the part to be colored and left over night.

P. 223. "Caillé" [kä-yā′].

P. 224. "Todas." A tribe numbering about 500 which lives in southern India among the Neilghery hills. The Todas are tall and have light complexion with features strongly resembling the Jews. They are supposed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of this section.

"Khonds." Remnants of the aboriginal tribes living in the hills of central India. They have features strongly characteristic of the Ethiopian race and live on wild fruits and roots.

"Uaupes" [wä-ō-pas′]. Indians living in western Brazil and eastern Ecuador. This is the only tribe of South America living in barracks. Their houses, which are about 120 feet long, are called *malloca* and accommodate 100 people or twelve families, each family having its own room.

P. 227. "Kaffirs." A name sometimes used by the English to signify all the negro tribes of Africa south of the equator. It was formerly applied by the Arabs of Eastern Africa to all pagan natives of Africa and afterwards adopted by foreign nations which acquired territory on that continent.

P. 228. "Chinooks." The leading tribe of a once large division of North American Indians. The remaining three or four families live near the mouth of the Columbia River.

"Comanches" [kō-man′chēz]. Indians, distinguished for their martial character, living in the southwestern part of the United States.

"Parsees" [pār′sēz]. Descendants of Persians who emigrated to India about the first of the eighth century to escape persecution by the Mohammedans. They are still followers of Zoroaster, the founder of the ancient Persian religion.

P. 229. "Kirghis" [kir-gēz′]. A nomadic people occupying the southwestern part of Asiatic Russia, called the Kirghis Steppe. It extends from the Caspian Sea east to the Chinese frontier at the Altai Mountains.

P. 230. "Kal'mucks." A branch of the Mongolian race living in parts of China and the Russian

Empire. They are nomads and live in cone-shaped tents the floors of which they cover with felt in summer and with skins of animals in winter. They have been described as "one of the ugliest in appearance of all the tribes of men."

"*Feu de joie.*" A French phrase meaning literally a fire of joy; a bonfire.

"Circassia" [ser-kash'i-a]. A region in the Caucasus Mountains on the northeast coast of the Black Sea.

"Be'tel." A species of pepper indigenous to the East Indies, the leaves of which are wrapped around the areca, or betel nut, and lime, making a pellet which is extensively chewed by the natives of the East Indies.

"Chibchas" [chēb'chäs]. Indians of South America who once occupied the highlands east of the headwaters of the Magdalena River. A large proportion of the population of the United States of Colombia are descendants of the Chibchas.

"Herrera" [ār-rā'rä]. A Spanish historian of the 16th century. His principal work gives the history of America from 1492 to 1554.

"Fulahs" [fo͞o'läs]. A nation of Africa scattered throughout the Soudan. Their complexion is reddish-brown, whence their name, which signifies light brown, red.

P. 233. "Nairs." A class of Hindoos of eleven castes of numerous ranks and professions who live in southwestern India.

P. 243. "Chatelain" [shät-laN']. A Swiss-American who went as missionary linguist to Angola, Africa, in 1884.

P. 245. "Lorelei" [lō're-lī]. In the legendary lore of Germany, a siren who sits at night upon a rock of the same name on the bank of the Rhine River and sings sweet music which so enchants the mariners that they, forgetful of time and place, drift upon the rocks at the foot of the precipice, where they perish.

P. 246. "Kwakiutl" [kwä-kē-o͞otl']. Indians of Vancouver's Island.

P. 247. "Me-nom'i-nee." Indians living in Wisconsin and upper Michigan, on the west shore of Green Bay and along the Menominee River.

P. 248. "Gitche Manido." Also Manito. The great spirit and ruler of life.

P. 250. "Bechuanas" [bech-o͞o-ä'nä]. The people of Bechuanaland, a colony west of Transvaal.

P. 251. "Abipone" [ab-i-pō'ne]. They lived on both banks of the Paraguay River for a distance of 600 miles.

"Pima" [pē'mä]. Indians living on reservations in southern Arizona.

"O'toes." A tribe of Indians in Oklahoma.

P. 252. "Kaaba" [kä'bä or kā'a-bā]. "A cube-shaped, flat-roofed building in the center of the Great Mosque at Mecca; the most sacred shrine of the Mohammedans. In its southeast corner it contains the sacred black stone called *hajar al aswud*, said to have been originally a ruby which came down from heaven, but now blackened by the tears shed for sin by the pilgrims. This stone is an irregular oval about seven inches in diameter, and is composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different shapes and sizes. It is the point toward which all Mohammedans face during their devotions. The Kaaba is opened to worshipers twice or three times a year, but only the faithful are permitted to approach it."—*The Century Cyclopedia of Names.*

P. 254. "Tlaloc" [tlä-lōk']. According to Aztec mythology, the god of rain.

"Mictlan" [mēk-tlän'].

"Coroadoes" [kō-ro͞o-ä'do͞os]. Indian tribes of Brazil.

P. 264. "Santals." A tribe living in India.

P. 265. "Karens" [kä-renz']. Native tribes of Siam and Burmah.

P. 267. "Dahomeyans" [dä-ho'me-yans]. Native negroes of Africa living in Dahomey, in Western Africa. They are noted for their hecatombs of human victims.

P. 275. "Aculhuas" [ä-co͞o-lo͞o'äz]. Also spelled Acolhuas.

"Tezcoco" [tĕs-ko͞o'kō]. A division of Mexico.

"Tecpanecas" [tāk-pä-nāk'äz].

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

P. 93. "Como" [kō'mo]. A lake in the northern part of Italy near the border of Switzerland.

P. 94. "Her-bar'ti-an." Relating to Johann Friedrich Herbart. See page 284 of the textbook.

P. 96. "Giotto" [jŏt'tō]. (1276–1337). An Italian artist who designed the belfry tower of the Duomo at Florence. Its form is square, it is 276 feet high, and built in Gothic style.

"Eiffel" [ī'fĕl]. An engineer of France. The tower constructed by him for the Paris Exposition in 1889 and which bears his name, is 984 feet high and has an iron framework. Of the three platforms extending from it, the highest is 900 feet from the ground and covered with a glass pavilion fifty-four feet square.

"Choragic monument" [ko-raj'ik]. "A small monument erected to hold the tripod which was awarded to the *choragus* [a chorus leader] who furnished the successful chorus in the theatrical representations at Athens. It was sometimes merely a pillar, at others a small temple. The best specimen of a choragic monument is that of Lysicrates, which stood in the Street of the Tripods at Athens. It consists of a small rotunda upon a square base, and has six fluted Corinthian columns bearing a frieze representing the transformation of the Tyrrhenian pirates into dolphins."—*Adeline's Art Dictionary.*

P. 97. "*Soi-disant*" [swä-dē-saN′]. French meaning self-styled; would be.

"*Esprit de corps*" [ĕs-prē′ de kōr′]. A French phrase meaning the spirit or feeling which animates the members of an association or army.

"De Quincey" (1785–1859). A British essayist so addicted to the use of opium that it undermined his health and incapacitated him for literary work. His "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" is a narrative founded on his experience with the drug.

P. 110. "Aesthesiometer" [ĕs-thē-sĭ-ŏm′ē-ter]. From a Greek word meaning sensation and *meter*, a measure; therefore, an instrument for measuring the degree of sensibility to touch.

P. 115. "Brob′ding-nag." An imaginary country described by Swift in "Gulliver's Travels," famous for the size of its people, who are represented as being as tall as an ordinary steeple.

P. 121. "*Ad nauseam.*" Latin. Even to disgust.

P. 124. "Ylang-ylang." A tall tree indigenous to Java and the Philippine Islands and cultivated in India. The oil obtained from the yellow flowers, which are three inches long, is used by perfumers.

"Balsam of Peru" is obtained from trees in Central America and has a reddish-brown color.

"Benzoin." A substance resembling resin, obtained from a tree in the East Indies and used in medicine and in perfumery.

"Storax." A semi-fluid substance having a brown or gray color, an aromatic odor, and a taste resembling balsam.

"Tonka bean." A black, almond-shaped seed obtained from a tall tree of Guiana and Venezuela. It is very fragrant and is much used to flavor snuff and *sachet* powders.

"Amber seed." A seed yielding an odor resembling musk, obtained from Egypt and the West Indies. It is used by the Arabs in their coffee.

"Olfactometer" [ol-fak-tŏm′e-ter].

P. 128. "Schloss Johannisberger." A fine wine produced in the vineyard of the estate belonging to Prince Metternich and so called from the name of the castle.

P. 133. "Xylophone" [zī′lō-fōn]. A musical instrument used by the Russians, consisting of a series of wooden bars graduated in length to produce the different tones of the musical scale. The bars rest on bands of straw and the tones are produced by striking the bars with small wooden hammers made for the purpose.

P. 148. "Neurasthenia" [nū-răs-thē-nī′ä]. From two Greek words meaning nerve and weakness; exhaustion of the nerves.

"Guido Aretino" [gwē′dō ä-rā-tē′nō]. A Benedictine monk. He died about 1050.

"Jan de Meurs" [mŭrce]: A Dutch historian and philologist.

P. 162. "Centaurea" [sen-ta-rē′ä]. A plant closely related to the thistle, a single species of which is found in the United States.

P. 183. "Mariotte" [mä-ryot]. A noted French scientist. He died at Paris in 1684.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"FLOWERS OF FIELD AND FOREST."

1. *Sanguinaria Canadensis* [săn-gwĭ-nā′rĭ-a kăn-a-dĕn′sĭs].

2. *Epigaea repens* [ep-i-jē′a rē′penz].

3. Chlorophyll [klō′rō-fil]. The substance which gives to plants their green color.

"THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."

1. "*Tep-i-da′ri-a.* The plural of the Latin word *tepidarium* meaning a tepid bath, or the room used for that purpose. In ancient Rome, an apartment in which the temperature of the atmosphere was sufficiently high to prepare the body for the more intense heat of the vapor baths.

2. "Father Jahn" [yän]. A teacher and patriot living in Germany from 1778 to 1852. In his schools young men were trained to endure the hardships of war. For aiming to establish a united Germany through his *Turner* schools, which were found to be political clubs, he was imprisoned for five years.

3. "An-thro-pom′e-try." The branch of anthropology which relates to the measurements of the human body.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"SOME FIRST STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS."

1. Q. What two striking characteristics of woman are emphasized by the author? A. Strife after beauty, and natural love and tenderness.

2. Q. Why is attention called to these two traits in woman's character? A. To show that woman is everywhere the same.

3. Q. What is the condition of woman almost everywhere? A. She is more or less oppressed.

4. Q. Where is the worst condition found? A. In Australia.

5. Q. To what prohibitions are women among lower peoples subjected? A. To prohibitions in regard to food, language, or decorum.

6. Q. Among the lower peoples what rule is observed regarding the division of labor between the sexes? A. Man's work and woman's work are sharply defined.

7. Q. What are the three types of marriage ceremony most frequently found among rude peoples? A. The capture symbol, the meal symbol, and the protector and hunter symbol.

8. Q. What is the signification of the meal and submission symbol? A. It signifies that the wife undertakes to be obedient and to perform wifely duties.

9. Q. By what symbol are the obligations and duties of the husband presented? A. By the protector and hunter symbols.

10. Q. What well-defined types of family structure are found among different peoples? A. Group marriages, polyandry, the Levirate, polygamy, and monogyny.

11. Q. Among some peoples what two notions compose their religious thoughts? A. First, that there is a future life; second, that there are spirits.

12. Q. How did the idea of a soul probably arise? A. From the dream, the reflection of the form in water, and from the shadow.

13. Q. What idea arose from the full comprehension of the soul of persons and things? A. The idea of spirits separate from things.

14. Q. What is commonly regarded as the lowest form of religious worship? A. Fetish worship.

15. Q. Among the Tlingits and Haidas what form of worship is in vogne? A. Nature worship.

16. Q. How do rude peoples attempt to protect themselves from evil spirits? A. By a charm, an amulet, or words of repetition to disarm the mysterious power.

17. Q. Who are the Shamans? A. Men who make a study of spirits and the mode of dealing with them.

18. Q. Where are the Shamans in vogue? A. Among most northwestern Indian tribes.

19. Q. Farther south what takes their place? A. Secret societies for spirit influence.

20. Q. What numbers have been found to be sacred among the North American Indians? A. Four and seven.

21. Q. How may a thorough knowledge of the psychology of a race be obtained? A. By knowing the thoughts and feelings relative to the child, woman, priest, and the dead man.

22. Q. What is the prevailing idea among the savage and barbarous regarding death? A. That death is not the result of natural causes but is caused by sorcery or witchcraft.

23. Q. By what methods do primitive people dispose of the bodies of their dead? A. By burial, cremation, exposure, and embalmment.

24. Q. What people are noted for their careful preparation for death and for their care of the dead? A. The Egyptians.

25. Q. What gifts are presented to the dead? A. Money, garments, food, and horses or dogs.

26. Q. How is grief expressed among barbarous peoples? A. By violent lamentation, cutting the hair, neglecting the clothes, or mutilating the body.

27. Q. What peculiar custom is practiced among the Mandans? A. Communion with the dead.

28. Q. From what does ancestral worship such as is found in Asia arise? A. From the custom of worshiping the spirits of the deceased and communing with them.

29. Q. What false conception of savage and barbarous people is common? A. That theft, robbery, felonies, and murder are matters of constant occurrence.

30. Q. Among barbarous people who have no leader, what powerful influence serves as a check on lawlessness? A. Public opinion.

31. Q. By what is every detail of savage life controlled and governed? A. By custom.

32. Q. In a community where mother-right prevails by what idea is everything controlled? A. By the idea of kinship.

33. Q. What is the social unit in such communities? A. The gens.

34. Q. When America was discovered what was the only form of government existing among the natives? A. Democracy.

35. Q. Among lower people what were the ideas concerning the possession of property? A. Clothing, weapons, and tools, were looked upon as personal possessions, other property was held in common.

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

1. Q. What do experiments show in regard to the number of disconnected objects that can be attended to at one time? A. That four and sometimes even five can be grasped at one time.

2. Q. How does age affect the ability to grasp and remember complicated objects? A. This ability increases with age.

3. Q. Upon what law do advertisers rely to force an object into attention? A. Upon the law that bigness regulates the force of attention.

4. Q. What law is illustrated by the method used by the shopkeeper to force attention? A. The law of intensity or brightness, according to which the intensity of a sensation influences the amount of attention paid to it.

5. Q. What is the third law given for forcing an object into attention? A. The law of feeling according to which the degree of attention paid to an object depends on the intensity of the feeling aroused.

6. Q. What is the culminating point in educa-

tion? A. The power to attend to things that are in themselves indifferent by arousing an artificial feeling of interest.

7. Q. What is curiosity? A. Expectation where the mental picture is very indefinite.

8. Q. What is the fifth law of attention given? A. The law of change according to which the degree of attention depends upon the amount and on the rapidity of the change.

9. Q. What is the effect of attention on mental quickness and regularity? A. It shortens reaction-time and thought-time and makes them more regular.

10. Q. How have methods of rapidly fatiguing attention been lately brought into notice? A. By hypnotic exhibitions.

11. Q. In experiments in touch, which has been found to give a more delicate judgment, touching with movement or mere contact? A. The former.

12. Q. In making experiments to find the threshold of change in pressure what facts have been noticed? A. The least noticeable change depends on the rate at which the change is made and on the weight from which the pressure is started.

13. Q. From these facts what general law has been deduced? A. The threshold of change increases inversely as the rate of change but proportionately as the starting pressure.

14. Q. According to Weber's law in what ratio does the least noticeable difference increase? A. In the same ratio as the standard.

15. Q. What class of people have a very small threshold of space in touch? A. The blind.

16. Q. To what is the superiority of the blind in this respect probably due? A. To increased attention to the skin.

17. Q. By what names are the distances between the different points of contact in the act of touch known? A. Smoothness and roughness.

18. Q. According to physical science in what does a glass of warm water differ from a glass of cold water? A. In the fact that the molecules of the warm water are moving rapidly, while in the cold water they are comparatively quiet.

19. Q. From a psychological point of view why is a glass of water warm or cold? A. Because it gives us a feeling, or sensation, of warmth or coldness.

20. Q. From what do our sensations of hot and cold come? A. From little spots called hot spots and cold spots.

21. Q. Upon what does sensitiveness to heat depend? A. Upon the rate with which the degree of heat changes.

22. Q. What relative connection have temperature and pressure? A. Hot or cold bodies feel heavier than bodies of equal weight at the temperature of the skin.

23. Q. By experiment what has been found to be true in regard to the sense of smell? A. That we have two senses of smell.

24. Q. To what is the great diversity of flavors of objects mainly due? A. To smell.

25. Q. If the sensations of touch, temperature, and all smells were gotten rid of into what classes can the things we taste be sorted? A. Sour, sweet, salt, bitter, metallic, alkaline, and their combinations.

26. Q. In a simple tone what three properties are to be noticed? A. Pitch, intensity, and duration.

27. Q. What is called the threshold of pitch? A. The lower limit of pitch, or the point at which the tone disappears.

28. Q. Is this lower limit the same for all people? A. No.

29. Q. What mental fact is closely related to the tone-threshold? B. The accuracy of tone-judgment.

30. Q. What system is suggested by the author for representing the intensity of tone? A. A system of shaded notes to indicate grades of intensity.

31. Q. What is color? A. A fact of the mind.

32. Q. How are tints produced? A. By mixing colors with white.

33. Q. What is the standard, or "absolute," white? A. The light of the sun at midday in a perfectly clear sky.

34. Q. How may the brightest hues in nature be produced? A. By allowing a ray of sunlight to fall on a spectrum-grating.

35. Q. How can the infinity of colors of which we are capable be produced? A. By the combination of the three fundamental colors, red, green, and violet.

36. Q. Upon what does the color of an object depend? A. On the color of the neighboring objects.

37. Q. In respect to color vision, into what four classes may humanity be divided? A. (1) The three-color; (2) the two-color red-blind; (3) the two-color green-blind; (4) the one-color person.

38. Q. What is the extent of the field of vision of an average eye? A. Outward from the nose 85°, inward 75°, upward 73°, downward 78°.

39. Q. What is the blind-spot? A. That place in the field of vision at which nothing is seen.

40. Q. What errors are usually made in estimating space? A. Space above the point of regard in the usual position is overestimated as compared with space below; space in a vertical direction is overestimated as compared with horizontal space; horizontal space inward or outward is about the same.

41. Q. How have we learned to estimate distances? A. By movements of the point of regard.

42. Q. In estimating the distance of unknown

objects by what are we guided? A. By the view of the ground in front of them.

43. Q. Why does the moon appear to be much farther away when it rises than it does when it is overhead? A. Owing to the objects seen on the earth.

44. Q. What other conditions influence our estimate of the distance and therefore of the size of objects? A. Shades and shadows, the condition of the atmosphere, association, and emotion.

45. Q. What is the fundamental fact of binocular vision? A. The union of two different flat views into a single solid view.

46. Q. In what does the principle of the stereoscope consist? A. In bringing together the middle pictures for each eye and in avoiding the outer ones.

47. Q. What is the fundamental law of binocular relief? A. Two different flat pictures of the same object will be combined into a relief, if each picture is such as would be seen by the corresponding eye singly.

48. Q. In addition to the effect of relief what are some of the other important results of binocular vision? A. (1) Binocular strife, (2) binocular luster, and (3) binocular contrast.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—VIII.

1. What novel by Maria Susanna Cummins rapidly gained a popularity almost equal to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ben-Hur?"

2. In what realm was Richard Grant White the ablest editor and critic of his day?

3. What is the character of Rose Terry Cooke's writings?

4. What charming poetess was for some time an operative in a cotton mill?

5. In what career had "Artemus Ward" distinguished himself before entering on the field of literature?

6. How old did "Josh Billings" claim to be before he ever wrote a line for the public eye?

7. Why were the first literary efforts of "Josh Billings" a failure?

8. What New Hampshire humorist gained popularity under a woman's signature?

9. When Texas became a republic what noted southern author was inaugurated as its first president?

10. To what passion does Harriet Beecher Stowe's genius address itself?

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—IV.

1. What name was first proposed by Penn for the tract of land afterwards called Pennsylvania?

2. When and where did the Pennamite and Yankee War occur?

3. What was the cause of this war?

4. Where is the tract of land known as the Triangle?

5. Of what territory and state was it formerly a part?

6. What notable events of national importance occurred at Philadelphia between 1775 and 1788?

7. What peculiarity is noticeable in the boundary lines of nearly all the states east of the Mississippi River?

8. What is a peculiar feature of the large streams flowing into the Atlantic north of the Roanoke River.

9. How is Mason and Dixon's line marked?

10. How did this line probably come to be known as the dividing line between slave and free states?

PSYCHOLOGY—VIII.

1. Are mental acts simple or complex?

2. What is a sense-percept?

3. To what class of faculties has intuition been assigned?

4. What term is applied to the concepts of time, space, and cause, which we gain by intuition?

5. Of what use are such concepts?

6. What may be called the chief function of the eyes and ears?

7. Through the skin, what sensation do we get?

8. If the hand is immersed in a liquid which fits into all the inequalities and which presses with the same force on every immersed portion of the hand, where is the sense of pressure felt?

9. In which case is the localizing power of the skin more acute, when it is subject to a powerful pressure or when the pressure is just strong enough to cause a distinct tactile sensation?

10. In regard to temperature sensation what has been found to be the condition of the skin between the hot and cold spots?

CURRENT EVENTS.—VIII.

1. When were New Mexico and Arizona organized as territories?

2. What effort was made several years ago to admit these two territories into the Union?

3. By what name is the greater part of the island of Hayti called? What is its form of government?

4. Who is now the prime minister of Italy?

5. How is Marquis di Rudini best known to Americans?

6. What is the *lira?*

7. Under whose suzerainty is Egypt?

8. What powers compose the Triple Alliance?

9. What title does the ruler of Abyssinia bear and what does it signify?

10. Who are the Mahdists?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR APRIL.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—VII.

1. Paul Hamilton Hayne. 2. Sidney Lanier. 3. George Bancroft. 4. George Bancroft. 5. Its characters are drawn from life and it is a faithful picture of New England life at that time. 6. Louisa May Alcott. 7. Josiah Gilbert Holland of both. 8. A remarkable and delicate faculty for original criticism. 9. Because he felt that he was better able to reach human hearts through fiction than through the pulpit. 10. George W. Childs.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.—III.

1. Peter Minuit purchased the island of the Indians in 1626. 2. Hudson River, New York Bay, East River, Harlem River, and Spuyten Duyvil Creek. 3. New Amsterdam, New York, and New Orange. 4. Where Wall Street now is there was once a wooden palisaded wall to protect the inhabitants of New Amsterdam from the Indians. 5. By Henry Hudson who called it Stadten Eylandt, which means island of the state; in honor of the States-General under whose flag he was sailing. 6. North of the eastern extremity of Long Island; as the place where "Captain Kidd's treasure" was hidden. 7. By the Dutch in 1614; Fort Nassau. 8. The English were commanded by General Howe and the Americans by General Washington, assisted by Sullivan and Putnam. 9. West Point; Kosciusko. 10. French and Indian.

PSYCHOLOGY.—VII.

1. Touch. 2. The sense by which we gain knowledge, or percepts, of heat and cold. 3. Objective presentative faculties. 4. Observation. 5. Their objects seem vivid, lively, and present. 6. That power of the mind by which it is cognizant of its own conditions and acts as belonging to itself, and by which it recognizes that it is always the same mind. 7. It gives us an idea of the sameness of material things. 8. Of distinctive character, or inviduality, and independence of existence, or being. 9. The power by which we know certain things without the presence of proof. 10. Of time, space, cause, and existence.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VII.

1. A French court-martial convicted him of conspiracy with the Hovas against French authority in Madagascar and condemned him to twenty years' imprisonment. 2. In 1642. 3. In 1883 to protect French colonists from ill-treatment. 4. A treaty made in 1885, granting commercial privileges to France and a limited protectorate. 5. About five months. 6. M. Bourgeois. 7. In 1865, in London, by William Booth, a Methodist evangelist. 8. The Christian commission, 1878. 9. In 1880. 10. In June, 1895, a treaty was signed at Amapala, by representatives from all the republics except Guatemala and Costa Rica, the object of which were: "(1) the establishment of a solid confederation of all the Central American republics so as to unite fully their interests in foreign relations; (2) a guarantee of domestic peace throughout their several dominions, whereby capital and immigration may be attracted."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1899.

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS."

"*Truth is eternal.*"

OFFICERS.

President—R. C. Browning, Orange, N. J.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, Arcade, N. Y.; Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cynthia I. Boyd, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Anna Hodgson, Athens, Ga.; F. G. Lewis, Manitoba; Oliver Ellsworth, Niles, Cal.; Mrs. Wheaton Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna J. Young, 237 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Recording Secretary—Miss Dora D. McKean, 46 Fiftieth St., Franklin, Pa.

Treasurer and Class Trustee—John A. Seaton, Glen Park Place, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.

CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

A MEMBER writes, "I shall be seventy-six years old on the 24th of March. I have enjoyed my Chautauqua course of reading more than I can tell, and if I should be permitted to graduate it will be one of the most pleasant events of my life."

A MEMBER from Ohio returns the memoranda for the third year and writes, "This completes my three years' work, although I am somewhat behind on account of duties and cares which have been more heavy than usual this year. The course has been a source of great pleasure and profit to me and I hope to be able to graduate with the Class of '96."

AN Iowa letter from two isolated readers, husband and wife, brings the following report, "We are physicians for a coal company and must live at the

mining camp. We find the C. L. S. C. a source of real pleasure, particularly so as we are isolated from society."

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

"*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. F. J. Miller, University of Chicago.

Vice Presidents—Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. A. A. Stagg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. E. Barber, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Miss.; Mrs. M. T. Gawthorp, Swarthmore, Pa.; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, O.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw-Rice, Tacoma, Wash.; the Rev. James E. Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, New South Wales; Charles E. Boyd, Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Dayton, O.

Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Meadville, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.

CLASS COLOR—OLD GOLD.

A MEMBER of '97 who is a county superintendent in Illinois has been doing good work for the cause. She writes, "I gave a sketch of Chautauqua at one of our woman's club meetings, and have just finished a Chautauqua article for a woman's edition of a magazine. I think our city will be represented in the next Assembly by several delegates and that means, of course, a livelier interest in the home work after their return. I am very anxious that our '97 class should be of generous proportions regarding members."

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"*The humblest life that lives may be divine.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Walter L. Hervey, New York City.

Vice Presidents—Clifford Lanier, Montgomery, Ala.; Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.; Dr Richard T. Ely, Madison, Wis.; Dr. J. M Buckley, New York City; the Rev. Mr. Parker, New Orleans, La.; Miss J. Solomon, South Africa; Miss Eliot Henderson, Montreal, Can.; the Rev. Mr. Chalfont China; Dr. J. E. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Josepnine R. Webber, Waltham, Mass.; Dr. J. W. Hartigan, Morgantown, W. Va.

Treasurer and Trustee—The Rev. Mr. Whistler, Kenton, O.

Secretary—Miss Elizabeth Brown, Janesville, Wis.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

CLASS COLOR—OLIVE.

A MEMBER of the class writes from Ohio of the help which she has received from the little text-book on American history in the preparation of her memoranda. She adds, "I am anxious to make out the memoranda, as I can see I gain more knowledge by doing so."

IT is pleasant to feel that the Class of '98 is doing its share in the important work of filling out memoranda. This cannot be too strongly emphasized. Every prospective graduate of '98 is urged to carry out this feature of the C. L. S. C. work, and it is hoped that the Order of the White Seal will receive substantial membership from this class two years hence.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York City.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, McKeesport, Pa.; Charles Barnard, New York City; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, Eng.; Miss Alice P. Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O.Wilson, Tiensin, China; Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

MEMBERS of '99 are reminded that among the privileges of membership in the C. L. S. C. is attendance upon some one of the Assemblies. Almost every state has one or more of these summer gatherings where Chautauquans may meet for a brief season to become acquainted, exchange experiences, and gain new inspirations. Every Chautauquan naturally looks forward to Recognition Day at the end of the four years, but it is hoped that '99's will begin their Assembly experience as early in the four years as possible.

GRADUATES.

STUDENTS from all parts of the country continue to enroll in the Current History course even at this late date. They write that much interest is manifested and that this course is considered to be one of the most valuable of the special courses. New York State is especially well represented, but the membership extends even to the Hawaiian Islands.

TO THE CLASS OF '86.—*Dear Classmates:*—I write to urge each one of you to be present, if possible, at the decennial celebration of the Class of '86, at Chautauqua, N. Y., in August next. We expect to have a good program, and hope to have a delightful reunion. The date is not yet announced, but it will be not far from Recognition Day. Please extend this invitation to members of the class who do not read THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

With kindest greetings,

Mrs. R. E. BURROWS, Sec.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
LINCOLN DAY—February 12.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
WASHINGTON DAY } —February 22.
LOWELL DAY }
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
MICHAEL ANGELO DAY—May 10.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
EMERSON DAY—May 25.
HUGH MILLER DAY—June 17.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

ALREADY there are indications that the next Assembly season will be one of the best since this plan of recreation and popular education was inaugurated. That the Chautauqua movement increases in popularity is manifested by the fact that while over sixty Assemblies were held last year many will enjoy their first session the coming season.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is recognized as an especial source of strength to the Assemblies in securing for them a constituency that contributes largely to their growth and permanence. The C. L. S. C. Round Tables and Recognition Day should be occasions of unusual interest, and there is a growing demand for efficient persons to conduct these exercises. Rev. George M. Brown, the field secretary of the Chautauqua system of education, gives his entire time to this work during the Assembly season. His experience in Assembly management and in the C. L. S. C. office at Buffalo affords him exceptional advantages in qualifying for such service. Last year his work, both upon the platform and at the Round Table, gave eminent satisfaction in the larger Assemblies of the East and his name appears for next season upon the programs of several important western Assemblies.

THE C. L. S. C. plans for work at the Assemblies are taking definite shape. A new feature at Chautauqua will be Rallying Day, on July 29. This day will be given up especially to the work of the local circles. Efforts are being made to have a delegate present from every circle in the country, and if this is not possible it is probable that every state at least will be represented by one or more delegates. All circles which have not received a communication from the Chautauqua office at Buffalo concerning this matter should at once notify John H. Vincent, who will send them a special blank. Rallying Day will open the C. L. S. C. work at the Assembly and will be followed by daily councils and frequent Round Tables until the culmination of the season in Recognition Day. Many Assemblies are adopting a similar plan and it is hoped that every circle will be represented either at Chautauqua or at some local Assembly and if possible at both.

WHAT OUR SECRETARIES ARE DOING.

THE newly effected state organization in Oregon reports a very successful rally in Portland, further particulars of which are given in the *Local Circles*. The state secretary, Mr. Greenfield, is in correspondence with all circles in the state and a strong representation of Chautauquans is promised at the coming season of the Oregon Assembly.

The State Teachers' Association of Nebraska is considering the adoption of the Chautauqua Teachers' Reading Circle course as the official reading circle for the state, and the new Half Hour course will make it possible for circles who have found it difficult to enroll all local members to bring these Chautauquans into active participation in the work of the C. L. S. C.

Mrs. J. D. Clarkson, the county secretary for Jasper County, Missouri, writes, "The work here is in a very flourishing condition and a great deal of attention is paid to the Chautauqua work. There are at least fifty readers in the county."

NEW CIRCLES.

HAYTI.—Chautauqua work is creating an interest among the Haytians. A letter of inquiry from a student on that far island has been received.

BULGARIA.—The names of two more members for the Class of '99 are reported from Samakov.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Pilgrim Chautauqua Circle is an organization recently formed at Cambridgeport, in connection with the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Its meetings, held twice a month, are exceedingly interesting. Its members number about fifteen.———The circle at Hull has a meeting every week. Of its seven members, three decided to take the four years' course. The leader is an enthusiastic and successful Chautauquan, and all are inter-

ested and doing good work. Franklin Day was observed by them with an appropriate program. The circle's motto, selected from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," is:

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> Let more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music, as before,
> But vaster."

———An ambitious quartet at Stonewall reports organization.

NEW YORK.—The circle at Onondaga is busily at work.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The C. L. S. C. at Franklin recently enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of soul at the home of one of its members. It was one of the most successful literary and social events in the four years' life of the circle. At the accompanying dinner spirited responses were made to the following toasts:

THE INDIAN.

"And having looked to the government for bread, in the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them."

WITCHCRAFT.

> "She sat apart like one forbid,
> Who knew that none would condescend
> To own the witch-wife's child a friend."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred to a just war."

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preparing for peace."

COMMERCE.

> "She helps to wind a silken chain
> Of commerce round the world."

IMMIGRATION.

> "Hang out our banners on the outward wall;
> The cry is still, 'They come!'"

THE PRESS.

> "Here shall the press the people's right maintain,
> Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

WOMAN'S PLACE IN AMERICA.

"What she shall do or say seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

SOCIETY.

"Among unequals what society can sort—what harmony or true delight?"

LITERATURE.

> "A book 's a precious relic of the mind,
> A student's legacy to all mankind."

RELIGION.

"Man will wrangle for religion; write for it, die for it—anything but live for it."

MARYLAND.—The Star Spangled Banner still waves over the circle at Kent Island, and the secretary reports a vigorous and enthusiastic organization. During the holidays a yule-tide gathering was given to friends of the circle, which, she says, "was one of the most delightful entertainments ever held on this island."

VIRGINIA.—A new circle has been organized in Cappahosic with eleven members. Although beginning late in the term, the members bravely propose to make up the lost time by doing double work.

FLORIDA.—From Green Cove Springs come most encouraging reports of the circle organized there last October with three members. It now has five enrolled members taking the full course, and nine others are pursuing the readings. The secretary writes: "These meetings form an oasis in the intellectual desert of the South, and we believe that such work is a help, not only to those who engage in it, but also in creating a literary atmosphere which helps the entire community."

OHIO.—The graduates of the C. L. S. C. in Toledo, numbering eighty, recently organized an alumni association. Officers were elected and a committee was ordered to prepare a constitution and by-laws, and report for the following meeting. This occasion was to be of a social nature to enable the members to become acquainted, and an invitation was extended to the undergraduates to be present. Several members of the association belong to the White Seal course, and others are reading the Bible Seal course.

INDIANA.—Two circles doing good work are reported from Ft. Wayne, and hopes for a third are entertained.

ILLINOIS.—Eighteen names for enrollment are received from Sumner. The class will take the Wayside course at present.

IOWA.—An enthusiastic circle of fourteen is reported from Rock Valley. Meetings are held weekly at the homes of the members.

MISSOURI.—News of an organization is received from St. Louis. Eleven are pursuing the studies of the course and five have concluded to take the examinations.

KANSAS.—The Frank W. Gunsaulus Circle at Kansas City is so named "in commemoration of the inspiration received by its members from Dr. Gunsaulus through his lecture at the Ottawa Assembly last June, which led to its organization." Fifteen members are enrolled and the prospects for the year are promising.

OREGON.—The Taylor Street Circle and the Multnomah Circle at Portland are faithfully at work.——A brief notice is sent of a recently organized circle at Hood River.—Chautauquans are busy in circles at Cottage Grove, Dallas, Enterprise, Hubbard, Hillsboro, Monroe, McMinnville, Monmouth, Oregon City, Mt. Tabor, Salem, The Dalles, and University Park.

MONTANA.—An enterprising class of ten members at Big Timber has adopted the name Cactus Circle. The violet is their chosen flower, and their colors are yellow and blue. It is the first circle ever organized in Big Timber and the members are earnest and hopeful.

OLD CIRCLES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The circle at Arlington entered upon its eleventh year last October. The members,

with one exception, are graduates, and some have taken extra courses. The secretary says: "We enjoy our meetings this year more than ever before." ——A number of Chautauquans in Wilbraham are reading the regular course, following as closely as possible the programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Plans are made for regular meetings in the spring and it is hoped that the work will be resumed with increased interest.

RHODE ISLAND.—Twelve years has the Vincent Circle of Providence been in existence, and it is still in a flourishing condition with twelve members.

NEW YORK.—Notice is received of an entertainment given by the Royal Hand Bell Ringers under the auspices of the Chautauqua Union of New York City.—A busy circle of eight members is reported by the secretary at Fleming.——The circle at Ballston Spa has enrolled a number of new names.

NEW JERSEY.—The Forum Circle at Montclair sends twenty names for enrollment.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The C. L. S. C. at New Milford is eight years old and up to date in its work. The secretary reports ten new members, and says: "It would be difficult to estimate the beneficent influence of the readings upon our young people in the line of stimulating in them a taste for wholesome literature." —— Warren Chautauquans, twelve in number, are keeping up an interest in the C. L. S. C. work and hold meetings fortnightly.——Five new members are enrolled in the circle at Homestead.

MARYLAND.—The following letter comes from a venerable member of the class of '85 in Centreville: "In 1881 I commenced the readings of the C. L. S. C. I was then seventy-one years old, a very ignorant and unlettered old man. But I soon became interested in the studies and graduated in the class of '85. By continuous study I have added twenty-four seals to my diploma. I am the oldest graduate in the class of '85, composed of about thirteen hundred members, and am now in my eighty-seventh year. Do you ask, 'Have you learned anything or have you been benefited by the studies?' Well, yes. From very narrow and circumscribed views my vision has been wonderfully enlarged. I have learned something of ancient and modern history, something of the sciences, geology, chemistry, geography, biology, psychology, political science, and astronomy. You say the greatest triumphs of men's minds have been in astronomy, and ever must be. Yes, for herein is God's power most manifest. In all these, to me, new revelations I have enjoyed more of life in the last fifteen years than in all the years before, with a far clearer comprehension of the greatness and goodness of God. I must go a little further and state that my prejudice so long nursed for old England has been removed. The knowledge of her great men both in church and state compels me to honor the country which produced them. Then the mother country has a literature of her own. I have the names of one hundred and twenty English poets, none of them 'unknown to fame,' and Shakespeare is king; yea, and will be king of their own or any other literature known to human tongue."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The course of lectures on American authors, by Leon H. Vincent, given under the auspices of the Chautauqua Union at Washington, during the winter, has been very successful and the source of much pleasure and profit to all who were privileged to attend them. The subjects included Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and Lowell.——A list of five applicants for membership in Wesley Chapel Circle is received from Washington.

KENTUCKY.—Madisonville has an enthusiastic class of nine members, four of whom belong to the Class of '99.

INDIANA.—Eight regularly enrolled members are enjoying the advantages of the C. L. S. C. in Butler. They are especially interested in the Current History course and are zealously applying their energies in that direction.

ILLINOIS.—The meetings of the Chautauqua circle at Windsor are well attended and the circle is increasing in numbers.——Six workers in the Harmony Circle at Springfield are accomplishing good work.——Sappho Circle of Mount Carroll is in its fourth year of existence, and is composed of a trio of earnest young women who are deriving much benefit and enjoyment from their studies.——The class at Murraysville enrolls five names.——Six membership fees are received from the class at Galva, with the promise of a report of circle work soon.——The Clionians of Elmwood are much interested in this year's studies.——New members have swelled the ranks of the Audubon Chautauqua Circle in Chicago.——The following letter is received from Hart: "The ladies comprising the Hart C. L. S. C. and their husbands were recently treated to an intellectual feast in the way of charades, tableaux, reading, and music at the home of the secretary. By their artistic costumes the company represented a circulating library, and a prize was given to the fortunate person naming the greatest number of symbolic books and their authors. A delicious *menu* was served, and time passed so pleasantly that the hour of midnight arrived ere the ringing of sleighbells announced the arrival of the conveyances for home."——The circle at Benton Harbor has a large proportion of '98's this year.

WISCONSIN.—Holmes Circle, of Portage, is an enterprising organization of twenty members which started with but two vigorous workers determined to form a C. L. S. C. Others are now seeking admittance, and the prospects are bright for a large circle.

The Society of the Hall in the Grove is thriving with about twenty members. —— The circle at Sparta reports that six of its members expect to graduate in the class of '96.

MINNESOTA.—Athene Circle reports from Duluth. It is composed of eight industrious students.—— Pierian Circle, the prison circle at Stillwater, is doing excellent and thorough work. The meetings held fortnightly on Sunday afternoons in the chapel are well attended, and interesting and instructive papers are read by members of the different classes. Occasional musical selections by the Pierian Quartet enliven the program. The circle has enlarged its circumference, and thirty-eight names are now inscribed on the membership roll. The following program is indicative of the work done by this enterprising organization :

Solo and Chorus.....Kathleen
Pierian Quartet
Paper.....Elements of National Defense
Class E.
Paper.....Will to Do
Class B.
Paper.....Dependencies of Man
Class D.
Paper.....The Tyranny of Man
Class F.
Paper.....The Turkish Question
Class B.
Paper.....Minds of Celebrity
Class B.
Paper.....Hypnotism
Class A.
Vocal Duet.....Juniata
Members of Pierian Quartet.

The critic in his comments spoke of the careful thought and effort shown in preparing the papers and praised their uniform excellence.

IOWA.—The secretary from Dubuque sends the following report: "The Clara Cooley Circle has entered on its sixth year of existence. Some graduates constitute a class which follows the study of English and American literature; others are continuing CHAUTAUQUAN work. New names have been added to the circle, which numbers fourteen members. The circle meets alternate Monday afternoons at the home of the president. The class consists of some good material and all are energetic and fond of study. Much of the interest is due to the talented and efficient leader; under her inspiration the class will lose no enthusiasm. Our circle has always been interesting and instructive and we feel that THE CHAUTAUQUAN affords all a grand opportunity for improvement. The Circle sends greetings."——Twenty members of a C. L. S. C. at Sheldon are pursuing the readings of the course. Five, three of whom are graduates of '95, are taking the regular course. Weekly meetings are held, and all are deeply interested.——The Vincent Circle of Osceola has reorganized with nine regularly enrolled members. The Current History course is receiving special attention and the secretary writes: "The Vincents are very enthusiastic and fully appreciate the value of Chautauqua work, having found it a veritable gold mine where all can acquire the precious grains of knowledge."——The Franklin Circle of Marshalltown celebrated Franklin's birthday with a special and appropriate program. A paper on the life of Franklin was read and was followed by general discussion. Roll call was answered by quotations from "Poor Richard's Almanac," which were inscribed on cards simulating loaves of bread and were retained as souvenirs of the occasion.—— Gilman is proud of a Chautauqua circle of eighteen members all of whom are enthusiastic and earnest workers.——The Creston Progressive Chautauqua Circle has entered upon its third year. Its membership has grown from ten to twenty and interest in the work increases every year. The meetings are opened by roll call, and, this being the American year, each member responds with a quotation from some American author. An anniversary celebration was recently held at the home of last year's president, to which the husbands of the members were invited. An interesting program was given and a delectable repast was served, making the evening an enjoyable one for all present.——The third annual banquet of the Vincent Circle at State Center was the occasion for a patriotic entertainment at the home of one of the members. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, representing the American year of study. The program consisted of papers on "America," "Our Presidents," "Wives of Our Presidents," and an interesting original poem was read by Mrs. E. N. McKim on "Our C. L. S. C., 1896," showing apt application of architectural terms occurring in the course of reading during the year. Musical selections appropriate to the occasion were interspersed, and at the close the national hymn "America" was enthusiastically sung in full chorus, and the members dispersed agreeing that it was a gala time for all present.

MISSOURI.—The class at St. Joseph continues its studies in the regular course.——The Philomathians of St. Louis meet every Monday evening and are enjoying the C. L. S. C. readings.

KANSAS.—An encouraging report is received from the circle at Abilene. Fifteen members are hard at work and the secretary writes that they are only sorry they did not begin the good work sooner. At the end of their first quarter an evening was devoted to Eugene Field, and preparations are being made for an evening with "Bill Nye" about the first of April. Each member is assigned some reading from the late author's writings, and a sketch of his life is to be prepared.

CALIFORNIA.—The Houghton Chautauqua Circle made one of its late meetings an especially interesting one. At the opening of the session each Chautauquan quoted a passage from some poet, and a delightful program was presented. Several new names were added to the membership list, and "its present

prosperous condition bids fair to equal, if not outstrip, its heyday of numbers and enthusiasm, when eight years ago it proudly figured as the largest circle of the kind on the Pacific coast." It meets every week at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

OREGON.—Five circles are reported from Portland, two with a membership of over fifty.——Sunnyside leads the Oregon circles with sixty members. ——Mt. Tabor has a live circle composed of eleven active workers.——The following interesting report is received from Portland: "On the evening of March 4 a general rally of the circles constituting the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association was held at Portland, in the Taylor Street First Methodist Church, in honor of the recent appointment of Mr. J. R. Greenfield of that city as state secretary for Oregon. The immense auditorium and galleries of the big church were filled to overflowing with enthusiastic Chautauquans and friends of the various circles, until even standing room in the aisles and vestibules was no longer obtainable and hundreds of people went away unable to effect an entrance. After an eloquent address of welcome by the pastor a unique entertainment in line with the present year's work in American history was presented by the Willamette Circle, of which Mr. Greenfield is president. The scenes and proceedings in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776, attending the adoption of the Declaration of Independence were reproduced in a most realistic manner. A large stage was especially constructed for the entertainment, and the patriotic decorations, which were to be seen on all sides, consisting of British and American flags, military drums, bugles, muskets, and bayonets, swords, knapsacks, and life-size paintings of revolutionary heroes served to revive the thrilling memories which cluster about that historic event. Twenty-five of the male members of the circle in colonial costume represented the illustrious statesmen, patriots, and orators whose names adorn that immortal document. The stately appearance presented by these gentlemen in their powdered wigs, low buckled shoes, and knickerbocker trousers made the scene very impressive and one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. The final debate on the document by the members of congress, pro and con, was intensely interesting, and the eloquent appeals from those patriotic sons of liberty, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Penn, and others, in support of the document and in reply to the wavering and hesitating opponents of the measure won frequent and vigorous applause from the audience. Simultaneous with these proceedings the members of congress approached the secretary's desk, one by one, and inscribed their names in the cause of liberty. The transformation of the British flag into the stars and stripes before the eyes of the audience at the moment the result of the vote was announced by President Hancock, while the grand chorus struck up the patriotic air, "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," was the signal for tumultuous and prolonged cheers from the audience. Large delegations from all the Chautauqua circles in the city and vicinity were present and occupied reserved seats provided for them. From Oregon City there was a delegation of nearly 100, who chartered special cars for the trip, and among them were noticed the familiar faces of Colonel Robert A. Miller, president of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association, and Mrs. C. H. Dye, the indefatigable secretary, besides many others prominently connected with the work at Gladstone Park."

THE FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

THE twelfth annual session of the Florida Chautauqua, at DeFuniak Springs, Fla., which opened February 20th and closed March 18th, was in every particular the very best which has yet been held. Grave fears were entertained that because of the damaging frosts of a year ago and the open winter of the past season, together with the hard times which seemed to be abroad in the country, tourists to Florida would be very few and the Assembly would consequently suffer. All these prophesies were, however, false. The opening night of the Assembly saw in the auditorium the largest company of people which had ever assembled there on an opening night. Enthusiasm began with the opening service and continued until the very close. The receipts were several hundred dollars in excess of any former year, and through the generosity of helpful friends the debt of the Assembly was reduced by nearly $5,000, and is now so small that it can be easily handled. The future of the Assembly never seemed so bright as to-day. People were present from twenty different states of the Union and the Florida Chautauqua is destined to become one of the cosmopolitan assemblies of the country.

The president, Hon. Wallace Bruce, was full of enthusiasm and gave great assistance to the financial affairs of the Assembly. The superintendent of instruction, Dr. W. L. Davidson, gave all direction to the platform and the program, and this year gave better satisfaction than ever before. He is, of course, reëlected for another year.

The following gives some idea as to the strength of the program: Dr. H. R. Palmer gave direction to the chorus, with Miss Alice Bates as accompanist. Rogers' Band and the Arion Lady Quartette, Misses Meinhardt and Cooper, and Mr. Arthur and Miss Gertrude Palmer, the violinists, were all heard with great delight. The soloists included Miss Estelle Harrington, Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace, Miss Missouri Cawthon, Miss Irving, and Mrs. Culp. Miss Anna Virginia Culbertson, Mrs. Marguerite Craig Knowles,

Miss Mabel Monroe, and Benj. C. Chapin were among the readers.

On the lecture platform appeared Hon. Roswell G. Horr, Dr. J. B. Koehne, Dr. Wilbur G. Williams, Rev. J. W. Kenyon, Dr. J. W. Lee, J. Wellington Vandiver, Dr. A. B. Riker, Rev. J. T. Phelps, Rev. C. C. Albertson, Rev. W. T. S. Culp, Rev. Harry S. Riggs, C. Oliver Power, Prof. Louis Favour, the great electrician, Cheiro, the palmist, and others.

In Alpine Park a new Grecian Temple, a miniature of the Parthenon has been erected. The service by which this beautiful edifice was dedicated to C. L. S. C. work was one the most impressive held during the entire Assembly. Round Tables met frequently, at which Miss Teal, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave valuable assistance.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Story of the Plants.

To most eyes Nature shows her most alluring aspect at the glad season when the flowers come forth to deck her for her springtime jubilee. 'Tis then she wields the subtle power that thrills our hearts and makes us own our kinship with the humblest and the fairest of the wee creatures that spring to life beneath her quickening touch. In such receptive mood does the little book "The Story of the Plants"* find us, and happily indeed does it fulfill its ordained mission of directing this instinctive love for plant life into channels of real instruction and profit. The concise little preface prepares us for a work but slightly technical yet thoroughly scientific, even to the limits of the most advanced research, and in the pages that follow we learn how delightfully abstruse facts may be simplified and made attractive. The analogy between plants and animals as traced through the successive chapters is to the student of botany a refreshing vivification of the dry bones of technicality, while to the child or to the busy man or woman whose catalogue of pleasures has not included an acquaintance with this most fascinating science the narration of the habits, functions, and relations of the various species reads like a charming story and will awaken an eager interest in all that pertains to the growth and structure of these little vernal favorites. Such a book, suggestive and stimulating along lines of practical enlightenment, is of real value as an educator, while there is added merit in its power to draw us closer to the great mother-heart of the universe, where we may learn at last to grasp the truth that

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life,
> To lead from joy to joy."

Books of Travel.

The large number of books of travel now obtainable offers a medium through which, with delightful ease and comfort, old and young can visit almost every country and people on the globe. By no means the least interesting of this class of books is the record of a visit among the Pueblo Indians* made by Carl and Lilian Eickemeyer. Traveling in a prairie schooner through New Mexico was a novel and not unpleasant experience, and by use of camera and pen they have given us a vivid impression of the red man of the Southwest.

"Vacation Rambles"† is the title of a volume composed of bright, entertaining letters written by Thomas Hughes for a London periodical while he was traveling in Europe and America, of extracts from home letters written during his first visit to the United States, in 1870, and an address delivered in Boston at that time. These letters cover a period of thirty years, and the descriptions of places and people are enlivened by piquant anecdotes and observations — a style which fascinates the eager reader.

"Greenland Icefields and Life in the North Atlantic"‡ is an admirable combination of geographical, geological, and botanical science, with interesting descriptions of the people of the far North, their habits and their customs. It contains several full-page maps of places visited by the excursion party which sailed for Greenland in 1894, on which trip the facts were gathered which form the basis of this book, and the large number of excellent illustrations are from photographs taken at the same time.

Most appropriately suggestive of the tropics is the cover of a book called "Cruising Among the Caribbees"‖ with its brilliant decoration of orange fruit and leaves. A pleasant trip among the islands

* The Story of the Plants. By Grant Allen. With Many Illustrations. 213 pp. 40 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

* Among the Pueblo Indians. By Carl Eickemeyer and Lilian Westcott Eickemeyer. Illustrated with Photographs Taken by the Authors. 195 pp. $1.75. New York: The Merriam Company.

† Vacation Rambles. By Thomas Hughes, Q. C., Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." 415 pp. $1.75. New York: Macmillan and Co.

‡ Greenland Icefields and Life in the North Atlantic, with a New Discussion of the Causes of the Ice Age. By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D., F.G.S.A., and Warner Upham, A.M., F.G.S.A. 428 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‖ Cruising Among the Caribbees: Summer Days in Winter Months. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Illustrated. 200 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the West Indies during the cold weather of the northern winter is the theme by which the author, the editor of a New York paper, shows himself to be a keen observer of men and things and a ready, facile writer. The illustrator has added much to the beauty and attractiveness of the volume.

A most instructive book dealing with life and missionary labor on the "Beautiful Isle" is entitled "From Far Formosa."* The literary material furnished by Dr. Mackay, a missionary for twenty years in the island, which enables us to study the formation of the island and the peculiar beliefs and superstitions of its inhabitants, has been admirably edited by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. The geological and botanical maps were prepared specially for this volume, and a missionary map shows the location of mission stations in northern Formosa. Numerous characteristic illustrations adorn its pages, and the "cover design represents the flower of the rice-plant, the rice in the ear, and the method of rice harvesting."

A volume which increases our interest in the empire in the sea and which makes us feel acquainted with its people is "Rambles in Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun.† The author, a naturalist, gives a pleasing variety to his sketch by descriptions of the flora and fauna of the country, and his bright delineations of the picturesque scenery are made more realistic by the large number of excellent illustrations from the sketches and photographs by Edward Whymper.

The Rev. Thomas H. Stacy has published an account of his missionary tour under the title "In the Path of Light Around the World."‡ The tour consumed six months, during which time Japan, China, India, Egypt, and the Holy Land were visited. The incidents of the journey are minutely detailed and scenes in the Orient graphically described. The volume, profusely illustrated by photographs and sketches made by the author, throws much light on missionary work as well as on the manners and customs of the people visited.

History and Biography.

Moral reformers, particularly "white-ribboners," will be delighted and helped by the highly appreciative biography of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge,‖ written by her friend and pastor the Rev. A. M. Hills. The volume includes some of her best addresses in the cause of temperance and for the uplifting of humanity, and owing to her relation to the W. C. T. U. of Ohio it necessarily shows the progress of the temperance movement in the state. By the two chapters devoted to estimates of the character of this noble woman, written by her sister reformers, and to press tributes which her death called forth, the author saves himself from the criticism of exaggeration in his eulogy.

The life and labors of Andrew Gregg Curtin,* the war governor of Pennsylvania, as portrayed by some dozen or more prominent men who were intimately associated with him during his public career, teach lessons of justice, humility, and fearless patriotism. Among the illustrations in the volume are the portraits of all who have contributed a chapter to this unique biography, among which are those of Pennsylvania's governor, several ex-governors, and noted statesmen.

Articles printed in an English periodical form the basis of an interesting work entitled "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign."† The achievements of the cavalry during this decisive period in the world's history are carefully described by the author, and the illustrative maps showing the position of the the different divisions of the mounted troops aid in presenting a vivid picture of the military operations during the entire campaign.

As a history and work of literary art Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"‡ are well known to students of historical literature. The first of seven volumes of an edition edited by J. B. Bury, M. A., gives an account of the ancient Roman Empire from the age of the Antonines to the reunion of the empire under Constantine. The splendid introduction by the editor is a valuable criticism and *exposé* of the purpose and spirit which dominated the historian, and while it explains the effect of recent discoveries on the value of the work as an authority it also shows the progress made in historical research. The footnotes found on almost every page, the additional notes in the form of appendices, and the very complete index are other excellent features of the volume.

"The Growth of British Policy,"‖ by Sir J. R. Seeley, is an historical essay which treats of the policy of Great Britain during the period beginning with the accession of Queen Elizabeth and extending to the reign of William III. In this essay com-

* From Far Formosa: The Island, Its People, and Missions. By George Leslie Mackay. D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Illustrated. 350 pp. $2.00.——† Rambles in Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun. By H. B. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Illustrated by Edward Whymper.——‡ In the Path of Light Around the World. A Missionary Tour. By Rev. Thomas H. Stacy. Illustrated. 248 pp. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‖ Life and Labors of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge. By Rev. A. M. Hills. With an Introduction by Frances E. Willard. 401 pp. Ravenna, Ohio: F. W. Woodbridge.

* Andrew Gregg Curtin. His Life and Services. Edited by William H. Egle, M. D. 521 pp. Philadelphia: Avil Printing Company.

† Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign. By General Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., etc. 215 pp. $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‡ The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury, M. A., Hon. Litt. D., of Durham. In Seven Volumes. Vol. I. 532 pp. $2.00.——‖ The Growth of British Policy. By Sir J. R. Seeley, Litt. D., K. C. M. G. Two vols. 460—403 pp. $3.50. New York: Macmillan and Co

prising two volumes the author has discussed in a concise, lucid style the causes which produced the policy of that period, which the author believes to have been the beginning of that followed by the "modern Great Power." Those continental events which have had their influence on the development are carefully presented and reveal in a measure the policy of France, Spain, and Austria. A careful perusal of these interesting and instructive volumes will aid the reader to comprehend the methods by which the affairs of this great nation are administered.

In "An Advanced History of England"* is given a most complete and full narrative of the events which have occurred since this island was first visited by civilized man down to the resignation of Lord Roseberry in 1895. The author has recognized the importance of biography and character sketches, while to the literature of the country, except where it is necessary for a correct presentation of the political history, very little space is given. The utility of the excellent maps necessary in a work of this kind is enhanced by the insertion of only such names as are absolutely required to explain the text. The side heads on each page, and the tables preceding each period, which give the names of the rulers with the date of their accession, make this a history admirably fitted to supply the needs of the general reader as well as those of the student in advanced schools and colleges.

To obtain a comprehensive idea of the transformation and the progress of the Japanese since the middle of the present century one should read the journals of Townsend Harris, written while representing the United States in Japan. These, with other matter of a biographical nature, have been published in a single volume† of several hundred pages, and while they portray the manners and customs of the people among whom he lived for a few years they also reveal the marked ability and character of America's first envoy to this once hermit nation.

The methods used by Charles F. Barnard to ameliorate the condition of the poor and degraded of Boston, which were heartily disapproved by the narrow-minded and bigoted people of sixty years ago, time has proved to be only natural and rational. A sketch of his life and work,‡ by Francis Tiffany, fully explains these methods and vividly portrays the noble, self-sacrificing spirit which actuated him in his labor and the good accomplished through the Warren Street Chapel.

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* An Advanced History of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Cyril Ransome, M.A. 1060 pp. $2.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.

†Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. 362 pp.——‡ Charles Francis Barnard, A Sketch of His Life and Work. By Francis Tiffany. 201 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Snaith, J. C. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. 50 cts.
Falkner, J. M. The Lost Stradivarius. 50 cts.
Bloundelle-Burton, John. In the Day of Adversity: A Romance. 50 cts.
Gerard, Dorothea. The Wrong Man: A Novel. 50 cts.

THE AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Quinn, Rev. D. A. Stenotypy: or Shorthand by the Typewriter. Cloth, plain edge, $1.50; gilt edge, $1.75.

THE ARTS AND LETTRES CO., NEW YORK.

Bryan, John. Fables and Essays. Volume I.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND CHICAGO.

Coy, E. W., Ph.D. Latin Lessons for Beginners. $1.00.
Knapp, Charles, Ph.D. Stories from Aulus Gellius. 30 cts.
Lindsay, Thomas B., Ph.D. The Lives of Cornelius Nepos. With notes, exercises, and vocabulary. $1.10.
Gleason, Clarence W., A. M. and Atherton, Caroline Stone, A. M. The First Greek Book. $1.00.
Seidel, Heinrich, Herr Omnia. Edited for School Use by J. Matthewman. 25 cts.
Volkmann-Leander, Richard von. Träumereien an Französischen Kaminen. Edited for School Use by Amalie Hanstein. 35 cts.
Keller, I. Bilder aus der Deutschen Litteratur. 75 cts.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Binner, Paul. Old Stories Retold. 25 cts.
Young, W. T. The Art of Putting Questions. 15 cts.
Godard, Harlow. An Outline Study of United States History. 50 cts.
Grasby, W. Catton. Teaching in Three Continents: Personal Notes on the Educational Systems of the World. $1.50.
Goulding, Matilda P. Flores: A Botanical Game. 50 cts.

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Wiltse, Sara E. Myths and Mother-Plays. $1.00.

THE BERKELEY PRESS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Moses, Bernard, Ph.D. The Railway Revolution in Mexico.

CRANSTON & CURTS, CINCINNATI. HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK.

Paull, M. A. Hildebrand and Cicely: or The Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. $1.00.
Thurston, Mrs. I. T. Next-Door Neighbors; or Janie's Family. $1.00.
Graham, Mrs. E. Jeffers. Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda. 60 cts.

GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

Baker, George Pierce. The Principles of Argumentation. $1.25.
Moore, Aimée Osborne. Studies in the Science of Drawing in Art.
Bergen, J. Y., A.M. Elements of Botany. $1.20.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Norton, Charles Eliot. The Heart of Oak Books: A Collection of Rhymes and Stories for Children and of Masterpieces of Poetry and Prose for Use at Home and at School. In Six Volumes.
Hotchkiss, Louise S. Le Premier Livre de Français. 40 cts.
Augier and Sandeau. Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Benj. W. Wells, Ph.D. 30 cts.
Guerber, H. A. Märchen und Erzählungen für Aufänger. Edited with Vocabulary and Questions in German on the Text. 60 cts.
Lukens, Herman T., Ph.D. The Connection between Thought and Memory. 90 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., NEW YORK.

Longman's "Ship" Literary Readers: The First Primer, The Infant Reader, The Fourth Reader.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY, WEST CHESTER, NEW YORK.

O'Donnell, Rev. James H. Studies in the New Testament.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Hill, Thomas G. F., A.M., and Hill, Grace Livingston. The Christian Endeavor Hour with Light for the Leader. Part I. January to June, 1896. Single Part, 15 cts. Both Parts, 25 cts.
Wilkin, Rev. G. F. The Prophesying of Women: A Popular and Practical Exposition of the Bible Doctrine. $1.50.
Love, Rev. Wm. DeLoss, D.D. Sabbath and Sunday. $1.25.

W. J. SHUEY, DAYTON, OHIO.

Moorehead, W. G., D.D. Studies in the Mosaic Institutions. $1.25.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Eaton, Seymour. Banking, Securities, Transportation, Insurance, and Foreign Trade: A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges.

BEETHOVEN IN HIS STUDY.

See page 337.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

CIVILIZING THE AMERICAN INDIAN.*

BY RUTH SHAFFNER.

AS the years pass and we come to know the Indian as an individual, we are convinced that what has so long been recognized as the Indian problem has never had a just cause for existing at all.

The Indian massed in tribes is the problem. The Indian with individual opportunity away from the tribe is no problem. The atom of the tribe must be made the individual of the nation. To recognize the man as a unit and hold him responsible as such, train him for his place and then let him occupy it, is the true method of civilizing the Indian.

GIRLS' CAMPUS, INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

Any government capable of annually assimilating half a million foreigners, many of whom have come from the dregs of European countries, should in the course of a

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

few years digest two hundred and sixty thousand Indians. What prevents? We answer, methods; nothing but methods. Use the Indian method of isolation and segregation with the immigrant, and the American nation will be destroyed in a decade. Use the immigrant method of distribution, association, and opportunity with the Indian, and a decade need not pass until they become a real part of our country's life-blood. Any policy would be recognized with serious apprehension that compelled all Germans coming here to locate in a small district by themselves, all the Swedes in another, all the Poles in another, and all the Russians in still another. Very soon we should have within our borders a German empire, a Swedish kingdom, a Polish principality, and a Russian monarchy.

CAPT. H. R. PRATT, TENTH U. S. CAVALRY.
Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School.

Such results are made impossible from the fact that each is free to locate where he chooses, with the natural consequence that the German, the Swede, the Pole, and the Russian become lost in the influences surrounding him and he becomes American because perforce he speaks the English language, observes American customs, and submits to American laws. The Indian is not a foreigner: the tribe is not a foreign nation, notwithstanding we have treated with it as such. The Indian is, in point of fact, a member of this nation, and as such should be amenable to its laws, subject to its jurisdiction and authority, and entitled to the privileges and prerogatives which belong to and are inherent in citizenship.

A glance at our national history will show how gradually and insidiously the present policy got its foothold.

Washington advocated the plan of allowing the Indian to imbibe and absorb the vital principles of our civilization by remaining among us. Had his plan been closely followed doubtless we should never have known the perplexities of an Indian problem. In his third annual message he recommends the continuance of "overtures of peace to the wayward tribes in order that in our future relations there may be no need of coercion and that an intimate intercourse may succeed, calculated to advance the happiness of the Indians and to attach them firmly to the United States." Later he urges Congress "to give their most serious labors to render tranquillity with the savages permanent by creating ties of interest." Jefferson upheld the same idea. In his first message he announced a spirit of peace and friendship among the Indians and evident sense of, and desire to secure,

the advantages of civilized life, remarking that "the continued efforts to introduce among them the implements and practices of husbandry and of the household arts have not been without success; they are becoming more and more sensible of the superiority of this dependence for clothing and subsistence over the precarious resources of hunting and fishing." He concludes with the wise declaration that

"In truth the ultimate point of rest and happiness for them is to let our settlements and theirs meet and blend together, to intermix and become one people. Incorporating themselves with us as citizens of the United States is what the natural progress of things will bring on. It is better for them to be identified with us . . . than to be exposed to the dangers of being a separate people. . . . The attachment of the Indian tribes is gaining strength daily, is extending from the nearer to the more remote bands, and will pay us for the justice and friendship practiced towards them."

Madison continued the same policy with the happiest results. December 5, 1810, he says:

"The peace and friendship of the Indian tribes of the United States are found to be so desirable that the general disposition to pursue both continues to gain strength."

Monroe acknowledges that "Many of the Indian tribes have already made great progress in the arts of civilized life, . ." but expresses impatience with the small amount of success attendant upon the scheme of reciprocity advocated by his predecessors, and as a short cut to the end of this bothersome matter suggests that the lands of the great West should be divided among the tribes and that they be invited to settle there with inducements that might be successful. Doubtless it was his intention to do only the fullest justice to the red man, in fact, he so declares, yet it was the beginning of a system of pauperization the conditions for which were carried to completion in the two following administrations. John Quincy Adams suggests the ration system because "In appropriating to ourselves their hunting-grounds, we have brought upon ourselves the obligation of providing them with subsistence." Andrew Jackson, in the hope of preventing further unfair dealings with the Indians, assigns regions in the West for their permanent residence, whence all the tribes then east of the Mississippi were to be transplanted and where it was expected they would forever live beyond the worry of civilization.

But as the wave of settlement rolled its way farther and farther west the lands were needed and the Indians were soon brought to recognize other limits to their dominion than the Father of Waters. Vast tracts have from time to time been secured to ourselves, and the natives have been crowded within the narrow confines of the present reservations. As these reservations are frequently the poorer parts of the land it is not surprising that the Indians soon dwindled into a helpless mass. Ignorant of agriculture and the ordinary arts of life, the limited amount of game soon extirpated, but one of two courses was open to them: either to starve or break away from their limitations and go elsewhere. To pre-

CHAUNCEY YELLOW ROBE (SIOUX).
On entering and on leaving the Carlisle Indian School.

vent the latter the government inaugurated the ration system with its train of attending evils, whereby it virtually said to the Indians:

SEWING ROOM, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

If you will consent to be pent up within these reservations, in consideration that we have got the greater part of your land, we will issue to you beef to eat and blankets to wear. In addition we will make to you annual payments of money. We will allow unscrupulous white men to settle near you so that you can readily exchange your money for our fire-water and worthless trinkets. You will have an agent to watch over you so that it will be impossible for you to escape our bounty. You shall be amenable to a bureau at Washington to the extent that its consent must be obtained before you leave the spot, even so much as for a visit. We recognize in you a people separate and distinct from ourselves and as such we will treat with you through commissioners.

These conditions are all diametrically opposed to the development of capable Americans, and yet we wonder that the Indian is so long in becoming a part of our national life. It is as if we had bound his ankles together with heavy chains and then express surprise that he has not learned to run. We candidly ask if any other people under the sun could reasonably be expected to evolve from native savagery into civilization under similar restrictions. On the other hand, take a body of civilized people, place them under like restrictions (were it possible to so restrict enlightened beings), render it impossible for them to provide against their own necessities, feed and clothe them, compel them to live apart from all elevating influences, give them large sums of money for which they have not labored, set a premium upon idleness, make it difficult for them to observe the simplest hygienic laws, set an agent over them who sees that they do not get away, and in a few years they would degenerate to exactly the conditions of an Indian reservation.

Emerson said that humanity is as lazy as it dare be. It was a merciful decree that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow else the world never would have progressed very far. The lash of necessity drives us to action. Deprived of the incentive to work we lose the art. Idleness soon becomes chronic when the premium is removed from labor.

These are fundamental laws of our being and if disregarded we cannot expect the intervention of a miracle to prevent natural consequences. Yet it is right here that the great fault lies with the Indian policy. It pays more in dollars and cents for many Indians to remain idle, unprogressive, dependent *attachés* of a tribe than to become self-supporting, thrifty, independent citizens. These things ought not so to be. No government can afford to create and foster paupers. The inevitable result is discontent, anarchy, and general lawlessness, which in turn calls for sterner measures by the government in order to quell rebellion. Frequent outbreaks are liable to occur, entailing loss of life and the expenditure of millions of money. The wiser course is to remove the cause of the trouble.

Suppose the Indians were somewhat troublesome while they remained among the whites. Suppose they were a little slow to forsake savagery and assume civilized habits. Suppose they did prefer to live apart by themselves. If for no other than purely economical reasons they should have been obliged to develop with the country and become an integral part of our national life. We have spent five hundred million dollars in Indian wars and to maintain police supervision, to enforce submission and in money payments to the Indians to purchase their consent to our debasing reservation plan, besides the appalling loss of life among both whites and Indians, and what has it done toward solving the real difficulty? Nothing. On the contrary, the relations between the two races constantly grew more complicated until many thought that nothing but the utter extermination of our natives would ever put an end to the trouble. Of the inhumanity of such a course most people have long been convinced. For some years past it has been agreed generally that the evil must be remedied. How this is to be done is a question that has called forth widely different opinions. Schemes of every variety of conception have been evolved. Of educational devices there has been the treaty agency school, district day school, agency boarding school, contract school, purely mission school, and finally the government training school. As a sweeping attempt at the question of land settlement we have had the Lands in Severalty Act or the Dawes Bill.

All of these measures possess some merit, but none of them relieve the situation to any appreciable extent, and in so far as they tend to perpetuate the tribe and hold the Indians *en masse*, they are positively pernicious. Disintegration is the key to the whole situation. Any policy omitting to recognize this as the fundamental idea is sure to meet with failure. Experience should have taught us this long ago.

INTERIOR OF PRINTING OFFICE, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

It remained for Captain R. H. Pratt, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to demonstrate the fact that the best way to get civilization into the Indian is to get the Indian into civilization, and that the best way to keep him civilized is to let him stay.

The great Indian Industrial School located at Carlisle, Pa., is his conception and clearly shows how readily our Indian population may be absorbed with comparatively little cost or trouble to the country. His convictions were the outgrowth of eight years' service in the regular army against the Indians in the territory, most of which time he was on some Indian duty and commanded Indian scouts. During the Indian War of 1874–75 he had charge of hundreds of Indian prisoners at Fort Sill. Seventy-four of the worst of these were sent in his charge to the old Spanish fort in St. Augustine, Florida, in April, 1875. They remained there three years, during which time, through the many kindly influences he brought to bear upon them, they were greatly advanced in the knowledge of the English language and the habits and thought of civilization. Most of the younger ones were continually under school influences. When they were released

twenty-two of the young men had gained such a desire for more education that they offered to remain East three years longer if they could go to school. The government

APACHE PRISONERS.
As they arrived at Carlisle Indian School from Fort Marion, Fla.

refused to provide the means. Their wants were made known to those friendly to Captain Pratt's views and one by one the expenses of their education were undertaken by private individuals. Seventeen were sent to Hampton Institute, Virginia, and when General Armstrong discovered their adaptability he at once asked the Interior Department for fifty more, both boys and girls. Captain Pratt was detailed at Hampton and brought in fifty-nine new students from the Sioux tribes.

He soon felt that it was not wise to combine the two race problems and suggested to Secretary Shurtz that a purely Indian school be established at the old barracks at Carlisle, Pa. His suggestion was accepted and the Carlisle school was authorized. He immediately proceeded to Dakota and the Southwest and collected one hundred and thirty-six Indians; with these and eleven of the former prisoners from Hampton the school was opened November 1, 1879. Since then three thousand students have at different times attended the school, from a period varying from a few months to twelve years. The present enrollment numbers 444 boys and 306 girls, representing 60 different tribes.

The aim of the school from the beginning has been to teach English and give a primary education in connection with some practical industry and means of self-support among civilized people. To this end regular shops and two farms are provided where the practical mechanical arts and farming are taught the boys, and after this training a number have profitably located away from the tribes in civilized communities. Suitable rooms and appliances are arranged where the girls are taught cooking, sewing, laundry, and housework. After preparation in the school hospital, ten young women have entered the best training schools for nurses in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, New Haven, and Hartford. Six of these are now practicing their profession and receive from ten to twenty-five dollars per week in white families in competition with white nurses. Many others are holding good positions as teachers, seamstresses, etc.

One half-day work and one half-day study has been the rule of the school from the

beginning. All school and work departments are organized with two sets of pupils, alternating the sets between the school and workroom each half-day. Pupils as beginners generally have an imperfect knowledge of the English language and must of necessity acquire knowledge and skill by observation and practice. Shoemaking is taught by making shoes, tinning by making tinware, carpentry by building, tailoring by making clothes, and so on through all the departments. The lowest intellect derives satisfaction and encouragement from being able to produce a tin cup, a pair of shoes, a set of harness, a horseshoe, or a table. As a consequence, the pupils become at once productive. They make the shoes needed for the school, do the repairing, make their own clothing; and for the government, quantities of tinware, harness, and wagons; do all the steam fitting and pipe-work of the premises; care for the steam boilers, and farm three hundred acres of land. The printing office has always been a most valuable department of the school, and publishes two papers—*The Red Man*, an eight-page quarto, monthly, standard size, with a circulation of about three thousand, and *The Indian Helper*, a small weekly, with a circulation of ten thousand, besides doing a large quantity of miscellaneous school printing.

The academic department comprises twelve schoolrooms and nine grades and two other rooms known as the normal department, containing about seventy of the smallest children belonging to the first and second grades. These are taught by a number of pupil-teachers under the superintendence of a skilled teacher. In addition to the practice work in teaching they receive special instruction in pedagogy. The graduating limit for the school is fixed at the end of the grammar school grade, as this point may be easily reached by an average pupil at the expiration of two periods of five years each. Through the kindly interest of friends, arrangements are provided to go beyond this into the schools and colleges of the land, where they can measure themselves with their white brothers and sisters, thus making ready to compete with them for the prizes of life.

APACHES FROM FORT MARION, FLA.
Some time after entering Carlisle Indian School.

The tendencies of the school are preëminently Christian with no favoritism for any particular denomination. About one half of

the students are members of the different churches in the town of Carlisle. Over two hundred of the girls are actively engaged in the work of the King's Daughters, and a vigorous Y. M. C. A. of over one hundred members is maintained among the boys. These societies are incorporated in the state and national organizations and send delegates to their conventions.

Three literary societies, two among the boys and one among the girls, meet weekly during the winter and discuss a variety of live questions. This gives opportunity for intellectual contest and to acquire a knowledge of parliamentary usage.

PARTY OF PUEBLOS AS THEY ARRIVED AT CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL FROM NEW MEXICO.

GROUP OF SMALL INDIAN GIRLS, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

The discipline of the school is semi-military. The pupils are formed into companies which are under immediate control of officers and non-commissioned officers selected from among the most trustworthy of their own numbers.

One of the pleasing features of the school is an excellent band of thirty pieces, under the leadership of a young man of exceptional natural musical ability, an Oneida Indian and a graduate of the school.

The strong right arm of the school is what is known as the "Outing System," than which no other measure is as effectual in building the Indian away from the tribe into citizenship. During vacation of each year, all pupils of both sexes, sufficiently advanced, and who can be spared from necessary school work, are sent out into families and shops and on farms as laborers, and thus learn to apply practically the lessons more or less theoretically taught at the school, besides earning a large amount of pocket money.

During the first vacation (1880) places were secured for six girls and twelve boys. The number has steadily increased until now during one year it reaches 652—404 boys and 248 girls. Requests were received for 692 boys and 591 girls so that the supply covered only half the number asked for. At the close of the vacation, if satisfactory conditions exist, arrangements are made and pupils are encouraged to remain out through the winter and attend public schools. Each year about two hundred are so out. Each pupil when not attending school receives pay according to his or her ability. Their aggregate annual earnings for several years past have been $22,000. These amounts belong to the individuals earning them. A large proportion is saved and bears interest at six per cent.

Such facts show how young Indians are appreciated as a labor element and suggest that through labor and public school lines the whole Indian population may become disintegrated from tribal life and brought

ROSE WHITE THUNDER.
Upon entering Carlisle Indian School.

into the nation and self-support. Great care is exercised in selecting homes for the students where the influences are pure and wholesome and where they become a part of the family life.

No pupil is sent out except on his or her own request. A triple contract is then signed by the pupil, the patron, and the superintendent of the school, thus providing against unfavorable conditions which might otherwise arise to the disadvantage of any of the three concerned. A visiting agent is sent out from the school twice a year whose business is to examine into and carefully report upon the relations as they exist between patron and pupil, the kind of work required, the degree of efficiency attained, and the general character of the surroundings. When conditions are found to be unfavorable the pupil is withdrawn and the patron's name is stricken from the list. Thus the best results are assured and the highest good accrues to the student. Furthermore their fears of the white man and of associating and competing with him are removed. The pupils are brought into daily contact with the best of our self-supporting population and are placed in a position to acquire such knowledge of our civilized life and institutions as will best fit him to become a part of our body politic. This knowledge can be acquired in no other way. Captain Pratt says:

"I have never known an Indian capable of meeting and competing with the whites in civilized business and industries who did not acquire such ability in actual association and competition with the whites.

"The education of Indians in purely Indian schools will not bring the Indians into harmony with the other people of the United States, but is rather calculated to make them stronger to hold out and contend as a separate class. Especially is this the result in schools where children of but one tribe are brought together. The tribal pride and tribal interest are simply rendered more powerful by such a system. I am convinced, therefore, that it is bad policy, and wrong to those who will come after us, to bear the burdens of government, to expend money in the establishment of tribal schools."

Without further delay, Captain Pratt would break up the tribe, abolish the ration system, make education compulsory, throw the reservations open to settlement, and allow the Indians as individuals to become absorbed in our civilization.

Break our treaties! By no means. It is not breaking a promise to go far beyond it and grant a thousand-fold more than was at first specified. One is justified in recalling what was given in good faith when a gift of rarer value is tendered instead. To be a free man in the enjoyment of life is vastly better than to be bound to an ignorant tribe, even if thereby is guaranteed a meager support "until such time as the Indians can support themselves," which means, until they are obliged to do so.

ROSE WHITE THUNDER.
After entering Carlisle Indian School.

The Indian has the capacity to meet the issues of civilized life at once. All Indian youth may readily be prepared to enter the common schools of the country by two or three years' course in government schools established for the special purpose of bringing them to this condition of fitness; and having once entered the public schools the way is open for them to remain and go up head. Such schools and all our higher schools are now and always have been open to the Indians. Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges were started in the interests of Indian education.

The door of education has never been closed to the Indian. The whole 40,000 or 50,000 Indian youth may now, if they will, distribute themselves among the schools of the country. There need not be another schoolhouse built for exclusive Indian education. Pennsylvania has about 22,000 schools, and there are about 250,000 schools in the United States. If all the Indian youth of the country were distributed among the schools of Pennsylvania there would not be two Indian pupils for each school. If distributed among the schools of the country there would not be an Indian for each six schools. In either case the process would accomplish the civilization of the Indian a hundred times faster than government or mission schools or both, for the reason that he is trained by daily contact with the very conditions and individuals that later, as a man, he will have to compete with. We do the Indian no kindness by holding him away from this competition, for it is this very experience that is to develop him. Without it we shall never accomplish the emancipation of the Indian.

ABOUT 600 STUDENTS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BATTALION.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY PROFESSOR BYRON D. HALSTED, SC.D.

OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

GRANDMOTHER'S garden is familiar to many a reader of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. It contains a long list of handsome and interesting plants, and blooms affectionately from daffodil days to the time when the dahlias are done. Along the side of the house, in beds bordered by stones, whitewashed possibly to be in keeping with the prevailing neatness of the whole place, there are plants and posies for all times and seasons. Then there is the walk leading from the front stoop down to the gate, opening into the road, upon either side of which are rows of box, kept trimmed short with an annual shearing and making a neat evergreen border to the bed brimming full of roots, and some shrubs of the smaller sorts. Here and there are the big clusters of the "pineys" (*Pæonias*), which come up from the strong roots like asparagus shoots and hang heavy with their giant blooms. These do not take the place of roses, for bush sorts of the latter, of yellow, white, and all shades of red, hang over the fence and help to make the mowing of the door-yard grass a piece of skilled labor that grandmother only wishes she might always do herself.

There are the snowball bushes the size of trees, with their branches interlocking with the roses and the lilacs and the bush honeysuckles. Trimmings from the apple orchard are placed over the seed beds to keep the troublesome brood of chickens out of harm's way, while the larger branches are reserved to train the sweet peas and morning glory vines which furnish both shade and beauty upon one side of the stoop or lean-to, near the rows of spotless milk pans placed there to gather added purity from the day's exposure to the sun.

But some one asks, How does grandma keep up her garden? In the first place, she loves her plants and makes them a part of her own life. Paying but little attention to the styles of human dress, she has ample time to attend to the duties of the garden, one by one, as they come along. Many of her plants are of the kind known as hardy perennials, that is, they grow on year after year. A good share of these are shrubs or small trees. Of the latter some are grown for their blossoms, while others hold their place because of the attractive fruit, and some for both. Her flowering cherry is for ornament only. For a few days it is all aglow with bloom, but bears no fruit. This sterility follows because all the organs for fruit and seed production have become petals, thus adding greatly to the showiness of the blossoms at the loss of fruitfulness. In short, it is beautifully barren, and grandmother gives it a place in her garden because of its willingness to devote itself to an excess of blossoms. The snowball in the same way is a plant the flowers of which are large and neutral — that is, without the stamens and pistils, and not capable of producing seed.

The old-fashioned garden contains as many of these trees and shrubs as space will permit. They take care of themselves in large part, for the cold of winter does not kill them, and they make new plants for new places, if they are needed, by parts being taken from the old one—often to please a neighbor. A fair share of the talk during a call upon grandmother is over the garden, or literally over the garden fence. When a success has been obtained the climax of pleasure is reached by providing the visitor with a root or a slip of the favorite, or the promise of a plant when the proper time comes for it to be transplanted.

With these shrubs and small ornamental trees there are really few things to be done for their best health and looks. The soil of course needs to be enriched from time to

time, and usually it will be found that they are dug about occasionally and a good supply of manure put near them in the early spring. It does not harm the whole surface of the garden to receive a good layer of well-rotted compost from time to time. Some put it on in the late fall and others add it in the early spring. The time does not matter so much as the fact of making the application. The writer calls to mind a case of striking contrast between the care the vegetable garden received and that of the place assigned to the flowers. Each spring large loads of compost were spread upon the former, while the latter received nothing, and even the peach and cherry trees in the dooryard failed to do well because of this spirit of "economy," or downright neglect. While the beets and cabbage grew well upon one side of the garden fence, the flowers languished upon the other. There was no grandmother at that house. She had been there, but now all through the year there were vanishing signs among the grass of her former years of work among the pinks and poppies. Passers-by would remark that the place was running down, grass was creeping into the walk, the border had coarse weeds overshadowing the more tender plants, and those who formerly saw grandmother in her spotless sunbonnet giving an encouraging turn to a debating tip of a vine here, or checking by a judicious pinch the too rapid growth of a stem there, now could see much that told of the orphanage and suffering of garden pets when left to shift for themselves in a cruel, weed-cursed world. A single spray of bleeding heart, dwarfed and disconsolate, struggled at great odds in the grass.

Let us make a turn in the road and we soon come out upon a yard that speaks of care on every side. The weeds are making a poor fight for supremacy, and a whole host of merry faces, pansies and primroses, are signaling a hearty welcome and Godspeed to every one who comes their way. Besides the plants which come up from the roots, as the "ragged sailors," or bachelor's buttons, a standing favorite in the old gardens, and the giant hollyhocks, hard by are some beds of geraniums and verbenas, of all the colors granted to these flowers by the laws of chromatics, and there are roses galore.

Just here the interested reader, and would that his (or her) name was legion, asks how such a bed can be produced, home spun, without being dependent upon the itinerant florist or the catalogue of the seed store, both, as some think, designed to ensnare and deceive. In other words, can grandmother make her own geranium plants, as well as the bed, in which they are so attractive a feature?

This introduces the whole subject of plant propagation, and a wonderfully large one, to be touched upon only as it relates to the cases in hand. Speaking generally, there are two methods of plant increase: one by the vital units to remain as parts of the plant producing them, and the other with similar units designated to fall away and become new centers of growth. The above statement savors of the lecture room or the book, and the attempt is here made to put the same idea in the language of the flower garden. In short, plants propagate by buds and seeds. The geranium (*Pelargonium*) plant as seen in the window in mid-winter is made up of stems and leaves. With a stem cut off and held in the hand it will be seen that the leaves come from the stem, one at a place and in regular order. From the stem and in the angle that the leaf makes with the stem above it (axil) a small bud may be seen. This bud is the starting point of a new stem. In short, a bud is an undeveloped stem, and one is at the end of every branch. Out-of-door plants in winter have these terminal buds large, due to many scales for protection, but, while growing, these covers are lacking, and the bud is obscured by many young leaves that are unfolding and overtopping it. The seats of vitality are the buds and may be regarded as the units of life. With this idea in mind, the geranium plant is a community of individuals all working together for the common good of all.

Propagation by buds, or, in other words, by cuttings, consists in removing one or more of these buds, or vital units, from the

plant community, and giving them conditions under which they will grow by themselves. Now, if the geranium plant consisted of a hundred buds with the stems supporting them, it is possible to cut out a dozen or twenty of these units and continue their growth elsewhere, and not destroy the plant that has been divided. These units are the cuttings, or slips, and consist of portions of the stem, each bearing at least one bud. The leaf may or may not be left upon the slip. The stem has a considerable nourishment stored in it and is close enough to the bud so that it will not lack sustenance. But the slip will soon dry out and die unless placed where it can absorb moisture and at the same time send out roots by means of which it gets material to supply the loss of food that would otherwise slowly become exhausted. The cutting is at once placed, bottom end down, in moist sand, kept warm, and in time the new plant is produced, with its roots grown out from the bottom of the cutting and its branches developed from the original bud upon the slip. In this way the plants may be made for the geranium bed. The hundred plants in a bed may be slips from a single plant, and therefore all the foliage and bloom in the bed be alike.

Had the cuttings been taken in equal numbers from three different varieties of geranium and the plants thus produced arranged according to a plan, the result would have been a figure or design, as a cross, star, letter, etc. The point to be impressed here is that by bud propagation, that is, by division of the mother plant, the offspring possess the same characteristics as the parent. In short, it is in this way that a large number of the varieties of cultivated plants are kept up which would otherwise be lost.

Instead of setting the cuttings in sand or soil they are often placed in the wood of some other plant closely related to the one bearing the cuttings—in this case called scions—and the transfer is called grafting. Grafting is the method adopted with plants that are generally more woody than the geranium; however, cuttings, or slips, are not confined to soft stems, for grapes, currants, roses, and a long list of plants are grown from cuttings. Apples are kept true to variety by grafting, otherwise we would have no constancy of sorts. Budding, which is essentially the same as grafting, in that it is the introduction of a vital unit, the bud, with but little of the near-lying substance of the stem, into the twig of another plant, is the general way of propagating peaches.

But we have strayed away from the attractive old-fashioned garden in the endeavor to show how plants may be propagated; and slips and cuttings led us off to grafts and budding. Grandmother knew much about these methods and was anxious to get slips of any tender plants in her garden before the frosts had swept over them like a cloud and snuffed out their precious lives.

The hardy perennial herbs she propagates by cutting up the clump of roots and making a dozen out of one, by spade, trowel, and knife. Thus the increase was quickly made with the humble, shade-loving, fragrant lily-of-the-valley—sweet to grandmother, for she wore a large bunch of the sprays of white bells long years ago upon her wedding day. She knows that it is a personal gain to be generous with roots, for the soil gets too full of some sorts, and it is a healthful process for her own plants that, for example, the live-for-ever clumps are broken up and spread throughout the neighborhood.

There is quite a little list of "escapes" around an old place. The myrtle, it may be, gets out of bounds and runs down the slope under the evergreen trees, and covers the ground with its shiny foliage and stars of blue blossoms in early spring. Not unlike it is the moneywort, and there may be some reason for complaint on the part of the neatest farmers that the "butter and eggs," or "toad flax," has reached with its roots beyond the flower garden and become a weed of no small consequence.

The chapter lengthens and the second form of plant propagation needs a passing word. It is the one most familiar to all, namely, by seeds, and therefore requires less attention. Seeds are buds, when considered carefully; but are produced differently than ordinary ones, and designed

for the spreading as well as the propagation of the kind. All plants which run through their whole course in a single season need to have a harvest as well as a seeding time. Here again grandmother is well informed, and if her sweet peas are to her liking she saves the seed and plants them the next spring. Should certain plants be more to her fancy than others she gathers the seed of such with more than her usual care. Long ago she learned the art of developing new sorts, and she knows that they cannot be planned for with certainty, but are apt to come by varying the conditions under which the plants thrive. But, best of all, she realizes that she must be on the watch and save the seed of any sort that varies toward a standard of excellence she has set up. It is this new strain of pea or poppy that interests her more than anything else, because it brings her close to nature's heart, and she becomes an agent in the introduction to the world of something that has not been before. She is a co-worker with the Power that would have progress if not perfection in living things.

Grandmother has learned from her garden that while slips and cuttings are the means of preserving sorts true to name, seeds are contrariwise often endowed with a fondness for digression. She has reasoned upon the subject and finds back of the cutting but one parent, and in the seed the mingled currents of two previous lives. In short, plants do breed and cross and combine, and in this operation new forms of leaf, habits of stem, colors of flower, etc., may arise. She has found out and practiced the methods by which wild plants have been changed into cultivated sorts, or, more accurately, the kinds now under cultivation have come out of the wild species. The way they have originated has been various, but chiefly by natural changes due to new surroundings, and these modifications preserved by selection become the basis for further variations. Following upon this is the whole system of plant breeding which has for its foundation the combining, by means of the flower, of the qualities most desired in two sorts, and selecting the best that the crosses produce.

It is not for us here to enter into the deep, somewhat obscure, but at the same time very important field of cross-breeding of plants and the production of hybrids that combine the qualities of two long lines of well-established ancestors. In passing it can only be said that by the removal of the stamens from the flowers of pinks and bringing to them a few days later the pollen from another sort a cross is brought about, the parentage of which is known. It might have taken place haphazard, through the agency of insects. Thus grandmother's phlox grown from seed have all sorts of colors to the blooms, and the seed is known as mixed. Her beds of deeply rooted perennial phlox were probably all alike and represent the descent of one and the same plant, and will remain constant so long as the roots continue to live.

Would you get a striking view of the variations an old garden favorite may undergo, please glance at the modern gladiolus. In a bed of these there may be the blood, so to speak, of several species, of all shades of color and intensity. It is a dazzling result of the art of the hybridizer and the patience of the bulb-growers.

Along with these many new sorts due to crossing and selecting, there has gone on, slowly of course, the process of doubling, and this merits a word in connection with grandmother's garden. The old-fashioned hollyhock was termed single, but now it is too often replaced by double sorts. The color may be of almost any shade; but in place of the open bell the bloom is like a full-blown modern rose. This whole process of doubling, while essentially simple, is a result brought about by culture and rarely met with in nature. It is a replacement of the stamens by petals; of pollen-bearing organs with those that are more showy. It is a retrograde movement, or triumph of the vegetative over the reproductive processes.

Plants in the garden and greenhouse, under the stimulus of culture, are less inclined to produce seed and more apt to form "leaves in the flower" than stamens. This tendency is encouraged and the speed of doubling is increased by the gardener's selective art. As a result, we have nearly

everything doubled, often at the expense of real beauty, frequently to sterility, when propagation must then be by cuttings, and with the gain of a novelty if not a monstrosity in its full sense. There are poppies that may easily be mistaken for peonies, several inches across, quite in the modern spirit that places first in the flower show the biggest chrysanthemum, one to a plant, and a foot in diameter. If the richest ball of red, the modern hot-house rose, exceeds the delicate tints and fragrance of the wild form, and the doubled poppy or petunia the single sorts, the writer will still cherish the hope that the stamens of Easter lilies will maintain their present form and number, even though the anthers, with their profusion of chocolate colored pollen, are considered a nuisance by many.

It was one of the charms of grandmother's garden that the flowers were so generally single, and therefore perfect botanically, and from the standpoint of the lover of nature. Respectable imitations of double flowers can be made out of tinted paper, but it takes a born artist to deceive one with single blooms.

Modern flower gardens are made to strike the eye with a stripe of crimson, then a row of orange and another of blue. The florist sets out a number of plants already in bloom, which are to be trimmed to a given height and width and be looked at from a distance. Grandmother's garden, like Topsy, "just growed," a product of the elements, soil, sunshine, seed, and rain, and a rare love in the heart of the one who supplied the conditions for the products that unfolded the whole season through under the keeper's watchful and keenly appreciative eye.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

AN ANATOMY OF SUICIDE.

[*June 7.*]

THERE is an obvious contrast between Christianity and other religions in their estimate of the meaning and value of life, especially in their judgment of suicide.

Savages are careless of life, ferocious in battle, pitiless to prisoners, indifferent to the wounded, the unfortunate, the invalid, the aged; but they do not practice *felo de se*,[1] except in the rites of superstition. Their ordinary conditions of living, to say nothing of frequent and unmitigated calamities in war, pestilence, and famine, would be unbearable by civilized man; yet these do not rouse in the dull brain of primitive man a reaction sufficient to countervail the instinct of vitality.

Self-immolation is frightfully prevalent among the higher-typed orientals, but it is mainly of a social or religious impulse. Max Müller tells us that the Hindoos regard this life as "a prison whose walls may be broken in order to breathe the fresh, pure air of a higher life." Hence there is no scruple in a devotee to cast himself before the crushing car of his idol, or in a philosopher who has exhausted the wisdom of this world and longs for *nirvana*[2] to seek the death-flood of the Ganges, or in a wronged suitor to starve himself at the gate of his judge.

The caste of carriers in India formerly conveyed valuables by a solitary messenger more safely than a squad of police, because every man was pledged by fearful oaths to commit suicide if robbed, whereon his clan would prosecute a remorseless *vendetta* against the thief, his family, friends, and village, until all were destroyed.

The Chinese secure revenge or exact tribute for their heirs by self-slaughter at the gate of an enemy, or of an opulent neighbor, because the law holds for the crime whoever gave the causal offense, and presumes him to be such whose threshold is defiled with blood.

In these cases the motive is not selfish, but religious, social, or judicial, obeyed in a

method perverse and maladroit. In fact, it seems that suicide, pure and simple, arises from a vitiation of the natural instinct of self-preservation which appears only in a high stage of intellectuality, sophisticated by artificiality.

Thus the ancients of Greece and Rome, fairest flowers of un-Christian civilization, approved, with barely an exception, the practice of suicide. They held that in certain events it was not only justifiable but highly honorable, and rose from the category of crime to that of valorous virtue. The moralists Plato and Socrates, besides Zeno and Epicurus, although founders of schools with quite oppugnant ideas of life, the writers of history Tacitus and Plutarch, the students of nature Aristotle and Pliny, the models of virtue Cato and Marcus Aurelius, and even many poets commend a "voluntary departure." Seneca, perhaps the "noblest Roman of them all," says: "Does one suffer hardship? If thou dost not wish to fight it is proper to flee. Who withholds thee reluctant? . . . He is a coward who dies without reason, but a fool who lives in distress. . . . Any way is permissible that leads to liberty. . . . Let us give God thanks that no man is compelled to live against his will." And Pliny says, "God cannot end his own life though he wish, but he has given to mortals this best of boons."

As said, so done; for among the eminent of those times were these and countless more who flung themselves untimely and unbidden into eternity: Lycurgus, Aristotle, Chrysippus, Empedocles, Demosthenes, Themistocles, Mithridates, Cato, Hannibal, Cleopatra, Brutus, Crassus, Plancus, Atticus, Lucretius, Petronius, Diodorus, and Zeno.[3] The last hanged himself because he had put a finger out of joint. His successor, Cleanthes,[4] fell ill, and by the advice of his physician abstained from food until a perfect recovery, when he decided that having gone so far on his last journey it was folly to retrace his steps, and so starved to death. Seneca, calling his friends around him, opened his veins, but the scant and sluggish blood of age refused to flow. He was put in a warm bath, but this stimulant failing, he drank a cup of poison. It acted slowly, and at last he was suffocated at his piteous command.

Quaint, pedantic Burton tells us that "Theombrotus Ambraciotes persuaded I don't know how many hundreds of his auditors, by a luculent oration he made of the miseries of this, and the happiness of that other life, to precipitate themselves, for example's sake first leading the way."

All this is explicable as the logical result of the ruling opinion, which none of these "lovers of wisdom" questioned, that a man's life is absolutely his own to be disposed of at his will.

[*June 14.*]

Between this and the theory of Christianity as to life and the obligations of living the difference is diametric.

Whatever interpretation we apply to the narrative of creation in Genesis, the phrase "The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul" suggests that life is an emanation from the self-existent source of all being. "In him we live and move and have our being." It is therefore sacred and inviolable. The Creator alone is "Lord of life," with supreme authority.

Moreover it is, in this world, the basis of character, destiny, and our eternal condition. For the natural life is the groundwork on which is edified the marvelous structure of the spiritual life. And not only all a man now is, but all he may be and may do constitute his responsibility to his Maker. "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

It is the divine purpose that "we should have life and have it more abundantly," in a ceaseless evolution of powers. So our days are in his hands who "holds the keys of death," and self-murder is rebellion against God's law of our life—a desperate attempt to thwart his purpose, a denial of his merciful design, a negation of our development, a contempt of his sacred gift, a refusal of all obligations. It is the sum of

all sins in thus dissolving the very foundations of duty, faith, hope, patience, discipline, piety—all that is noble. It abrogates all relations, and is the apotheosis of self-will. It assumes the prerogative of God.

The edict "Thou shalt not kill" is therefore affirmed by all the ruling ideas of Scripture as to the origin, nature, and value of life. It is not self-evolved but divinely bestowed. It is not a gift, but a trust; not a possession, but a privilege. It is not for present uses only, but for immeasurable growths in eternity. It is not self-centered, independent, irresponsible, but part of a wise and merciful design which includes the universe.

The examples of suicide in Scripture affirm all this in the reverse order. In the cases of Samson, Saul, and Ahithophel, the record, without a trace of didacticism to detract from the pungency of the narrative, points, like the finger of fate, to a previous career of moral disintegration, proceeding in a disregard of the higher meanings of life, and issuing in the doom of unpitied self-destruction. And who can forget the words of the Master about the traitor-suicide, "good were it for that man if he had never been born"? Better never to have existed than to have so lived as thus to die, having perverted and belied all the promise of life.

Hence the proper posture of the soul, in the worst distresses, is that of the old-world saint whose wife, pagan in spirit that she was, bade him "curse God and die"—"All the days of mine appointed time will I wait until my change cometh."

Still must it not be forgotten that Christianity inculcates self-sacrifice to the point of "laying down one's life for the brethren." In a word, we are taught that life has a validity and sacredness higher than any conceivable selfish consideration; yet far above these in turn are the claims of humanity, of native land, of liberty, of faith, for which one may, and ofttimes must, adventure his life.

St. Paul "counted not his life dear unto himself," yet was incapable of the moral weakness which issues in suicide. He had a desire to "depart and be with Christ," yet was willing to remain while God kept him at his post. This is the Christian attitude. Its antithesis to that of paganism is pointed in the incident at the jail of Philippi. The apostles, fast in the stocks of a dungeon and liable to death, yet cheerily sang praises to God; while the keeper, probably a Roman veteran, wakened from sleep at midnight by the earthquake, drew his sword with intent of suicide, because he feared his captives had fled through the open gates, leaving him to answer for them with his life.

Yes, these ancients, with all their boasted valor, really lacked the courage to bear the ills of life with patience and dignity; while the followers of Jesus have taught the world how to "endure all hardness, as good soldiers," with a serenity, steadfastness, and unselfishness, which was a new form of virtue. And when Paul shouted out of the darkness to the jailer, "Do thyself no harm," he was voicing the admonition of the Gospel to every man.

The influence of these ideas, which were as novel and as foolish to Athens and to Rome as the cross itself, was apparent in the earliest patristic teaching. The verdict of the church fathers on the pagans may be summed up in the words of Burton: "These are false and pagan positions, profane, stoical paradoxes, wicked examples. It boots not what heathen philosophers determine in this kind, they are impious, abominable, and upon a wrong ground. . . . God and all good men are against it. He that stabs another can kill his body, but he that stabs himself kills his own soul. . . . But these hard censures of those who offer violence to their own persons are to be mitigated, as in such as are mad and know not what they do, deprived of reason, as a ship void of a pilot."

The effect of Christian teaching is thus stated by Lecky: "Suicide during many centuries almost absolutely ceased in all the civilized, active, and progressive part of mankind." He adds that it was "a complete revolution effected in this space by the influence of Christianity." No sooner did it gain control than its abhorrence of suicide was expressed in canon and civil laws of great se-

verity, which, with their sustaining reasons instilled throughout the body of Christian men, abolished the crime. It was well-nigh an unknown offense in the Middle Ages. To be sure, men did not then need to seek far or wait long for death, but the very dolor of life measures the power of the restraint.

[*June 21.*]

The renaissance of suicide is chargeable to the neopaganism[5] of the eighteenth century. Classicism revived not only in art, architecture, literature, costume, and custom, but in the passion for death. It was accompanied by a repudiation of the Christian idea of life. It was most conspicuous in France, where, says Lecky, "for a brief period, and in this one country, the action of Christianity appeared suspended." It was one mark of the amazing similarity between this period, culminating in the French Revolution, and that of the decadence of Roman austerity. There was the same levity of respect, and contempt for life. The square of the guillotine was as bloody as ever the Coliseum on a Roman holiday, and multitudes sought death, shamelessly blasphemous, drunkenly ribald, or whimpering in maudlin self-pity.

It is a singular contributory proof of this assertion that wherever men have been strongly infected by the classic spirit, to the atrophy of the Christian spirit, either single scholars, or classes and cults, there is apology for suicide. Thus Sir Thomas More, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume, Dr. Donne, Montaigne, Montesquieu,[6] and others not a few of the modern pagans, have been its advocates.

But in our most Christian century suicide continues. The assertion of its steady increase may be questioned, in the absence of adequate statistics. Such as we have, however, reveal some suggestive facts. In 1882 there were suicides to the million of population as follows: in Saxony three hundred and seventy-one, the highest, and in Ireland twenty-one, the lowest rate; in Scotland forty-four, in Italy forty-nine, in England seventy-four, and in three New England States ninety-nine. It would appear that climate is not a determining factor, for the rate is high in snowy Sweden and sunny France, but low in both Scotland and Italy; while the last group, most papal and most Protestant of countries, proves that the type of religion is nothing, while potent religious convictions are everything in the matter. It is the highest in dense populations, where the strife of living is fiercest; yet poverty alone does not promote it, for in the scale of wealth Scotland is poor, Italy is poorer, and Ireland poorest.

The soldiers, in all armies, exceed enormously other classes in their proportion, owing doubtless to the unnaturalness and moral unwholesomeness of their lives. Next to them, at a considerable distance, come innkeepers and "those having constant access to alcohol"; and then chemists, druggists, and medical men. In fact, the educated, except clergymen, whose rate is astonishingly low, far surpass the illiterate. To be sure, these are European statements, and probably do not exactly apply to American conditions.

As to the causes of this moral malady in our times, some social scientists are satisfied with saying, "It is a minute and rather obscure disease of the social organism"; which is only the long for "*Quien sabe?*"[7] Mr. Buckle is hardly more explicit when he says, "No doubt suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society, and the individual only carries into effect the necessary consequences of preceding circumstances"; correct, may be, but vague.

The popular estimate errs in the opposite direction of positive assertion that it is due to intolerable suffering from disease, or to despair at failure in love, in business, in ambition, or to hard conditions of living, or, *summa summarum*,[8] to insanity. But as a matter of fact few flee into the grave to escape a mortal malady or a martyrdom of anguish. General Grant was one of many who, if ever it were justifiable, might have sought euthanasia, and yet he stood to his post, though it was a forlorn hope, until the order came.

Suicide is due rather to mental than to physical agony so far as either is con-

tributory; yet chagrin of failure, or sufferance of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," while oft the occasions are not the deepest causes. For multitudes drowning in a sea of troubles rise again to buffet the waves until they gain a footing; and it is the slack-twisted, the moral degenerates, the disgruntled pretenders and aspirants, the remorseful who have not only sorrow but sin and shame to bear, and the despairing that have lost self-respect, who sink into the depths.

Again, mere hardship hardens the fiber of the mind. Nowhere are the conditions narrower, severer, more stringent than on the frontiers of civilization, and yet settlers are not suicides.

It is no more true that all suicides are insane than that all the insane have the suicidal impulse. The general belief that the act is conclusive evidence of *dementia* probably arises from the unreasoned feeling that so unnatural a deed is impossible for a sane will, and from the influence of the traditional verdict, "temporary aberration of mind," which came into vogue at first from a desire to avert the cruel penalties of the English law upon the body and estate of a *felo de se*. Against this, however, medical jurisprudence says, No! The law as interpreted by courts, though not as applied by benevolently perjured juries, adds, No! and some speaking facts echo, No! The sufficiency of motive, the ingenuity of preparation, the deliberation and declaration of purpose, the clear reason of some restored to consciousness after the act, and the deterring effects of certain considerations, all point the same way.

Mr. Wesley records several instances of persons on their way to make an end of miserable lives who were arrested by the singing or preaching of Methodist open-air meetings, converted, and "lived happily [and sanely] ever afterward." And there are some historical examples of the arrest of epidemics of suicide which evidence at once social contagion and amenability to reason. Once Napoleon stayed such a frenzy in his army by appeals to the sense of honor that would be violated by the desertion of suicide; and at Lyons many women drowned themselves, until the alarmed magistrates issued an edict that the bodies should be exposed in the market place, when a sentiment of womanly modesty allayed the passion for death. It is probable, though not recorded, that this counsel came from some classicist who recalled an analogous case in Spartan Miletus.

[*June 28.*]

In short, the causes are chiefly moral. For except in the comparatively few cases of diseased brain, the immediate, apparent constraining motive is preceded by a long course of moral degeneration. The suicide is usually of intense selfishness or inordinate vanity. He resents his position as though fate had wronged him and the world failed to appreciate him, and so with perverted and embittered soul he flings himself out of life and petulantly slams the door behind him. In such it is an act of colossal self-esteem. Or his vitiated will yields to the strain of misery, instead of rallying all its powers for resistance, and at last it breaks in an act of base cowardice.

But, before all, its primal source is unbelief. When one trusts only in earthly good, and that fails him, what is left? "Without God and without hope in the world," it is not surprising that he should long for oblivion, and run the risk of finding the waters of Lethe beyond the veil which he rudely tears asunder. The skeptical spirit is universally deteriorating to the character. It is everlastingly unsatisfied. It detects only evil in everything. It can find no ground for faith or love in anything. Without loyalty, ideality, enthusiasm, it can have only the courage of despair. No wonder that it surely breeds both anarchy and suicide. To lose God is to part with hope, and, hopeless, the man is already dead in all the higher faculties—is but a living corpse.

He who loves God, loves home, loves country, anybody, anything, better than himself will never heed the sneering, subtle devil who whispers in his ear the advice to "sneak into an unearned grave."

The cure of the deadly impulse, as indicated by the causes, is twofold, remedial and deterrent.

Public scorn of the deed, stripped of its masquerade of heroism and romance, will act with force on the very temper most liable to yield. Our press narrates the horrors of suicide with ghastly realism, but that provokes in morbid minds a desire for similar posthumous notoriety. This would be incredible were it not commonplace. But if our oracles of the modern tripod would make odious and ridiculous this climax of weakness, vanity, and selfishness they would help to scourge suicide along the *descensus Averni*,[9] whither chivalry and the *duello* have plunged.

It has been said that Cervantes laughed chivalry out of Spain, its last stronghold in Europe. It may be more exact to say that "villainous saltpeter" blew it out of existence, and yet the armor of its pretense was pierced by the gleaming rapier of the satirist, as well as by the blunderbuss of the peasant made equal thereby to the mailed knight.

This also killed the *duello*, for the ruffling bully was hooted from the stage when his so-called code of honor was satirized. That practice was at once murder and suicide, yet no mere preaching availed to discredit it, because the pulpiteer had not its votaries under his sounding-board. When the press set men laughing at its mask of courage, its *opéra bouffe*[10] tragedy, and its usually lame and impotent conclusions, it shrank under a mortal wound. For many who dare to be impious fear to be ludicrous. A frontier duel, spontaneous, vivacious, effective, when two men with self-cocking seven-shooters, of heavy caliber, draw at sight, advance at will, and fire with prompt consecutiveness until one has fallen—this has a sincere significance which makes it tragical. But when two apprehensive gentlemen timidly and politely prick at each other with "bare bodkins"—so ineffectual that no one would entrust such weapons with the defense of his life in a serious encounter—until by a happy chance a scratch oozes adequate blood to wipe off all dishonor, and the combatants fall into each other's arms and drive home to breakfast, then indeed it is time for a Sullivan to sing of a Prince who passed an act:

"By which ingenious law,
If any two shall quarrel,
They may not fight
With falchions bright
(Which seemed to him immoral),
But each a card shall draw,
And he who draws the lowest
Shall (so 'twas said)
Be thenceforth dead—
In fact a legal 'ghoest.'
. . . . . .
"When off the loser's popped
. . . . . .
The winner must adopt
The loser's poor relations,
Discharge his debts,
Pay all his bets,
And take his obligations."

Satire, caustic but curative, and ridicule, such as Thackeray distilled to physic folly, have no place indeed at the grave of a suicide, but may cry out in the highway against the morbidness, the conceit, the egotism which urge men to it. And their voice will be heard in the Vanity Fairs which heed no homilies.

The remedial measures must begin far back of the act in a tonic ethicism which will lead men to be brave, patient, moderate, considerate, and God-fearing. And what is that but Christian faith? Whatever promotes love of home, moderation of desires, regard for others, hearty interest in useful work, integrity of moral fiber, and contentment based on love of the highest and purest things which are free privileges, will choke the curse at its birth. The convictions of faith and the discipline of religion—these are the anchor and cable of life, sure in any storm.

When all is said, for the shattered in brain who slay themselves, the tenderest pity!—and for the rest—still pity!—duly mixed with blame, not to stamp with shame those who have gone to another tribunal than man's, but to warn, to exhort, to terrify the tempted who still linger this side of the gulf. As wise old Burton saith, "Seneca well adviseth, *Irascere interfectori, sed miserere interfecti*.[11] . . . Who knows how he may be tempted? We ought not to be so rash and rigorous in our censures as some are; charity will judge and hope the best; God be merciful to us all!"—*A. M. Courtenay, D.D.*

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

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IX.

CITY VERSUS COUNTRY AIR.

THERE are many things to contaminate and few things to purify the air of a large city, however perfect the sanitation may be. There are few things in the country to render air impure and the natural means for improving the atmosphere seldom meet with any interference. The air of a city may be cool, dry, and appear pure, but in this instance things are not what they seem; for if we examine it by the microscope, which aids most in making this adage true, we find the particles of air, like the drops of water, containing innumerable bodies, living and dead—the various forms of bacteria, remnants of feathers and hairs, epithelial cells from various animals, carbon and sand from the soil, and pollen and spores of fungi from the vegetable world.

Chemistry reveals a variety of noxious gases, such as come from the manufacture of sugar, glue, and soap; those from fertilizing and asphalt works; carbonic acid gas, from the combustion of carbon, as coal, gas, oil, and wood; also the many foreign and poisonous gases, defined and undefined; emanations from cesspools, stagnant water, sewers, garbage, closets, and stables. These latter are some of the forms of contamination of the air which come from a dense population with many factories and workshops. Overcrowding in our large cities will always bring with it certain diseases, and for this reason the mortality will thus always be greater.

In some parts of New York City the population is as high as two hundred and ninety thousand to the square mile. We find in our large cities such diseases as rickets, chorea,[1] and cholera infantum among the children, and consumption, malaria, and nervous exhaustion among those who have passed from childhood to adolescence. All of them can be alleviated, and most of them cured, by removal to the country. Milton realized many of these evils when he wrote,

> "As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,"

and Cowper well said,

> "God made the country, and man made the town."

We found that by the industries of man the atmosphere of the city has been altered in every constituent by the manner of living, as well as by trades. Leave the noisy, dusty city for a day or a night, and your whole being has imbibed new vigor and that feeling of weight and lethargy has departed. In the country air we notice important qualities and more of the life-giving properties than in the city. There is more ozone, more oxygen, more vegetation to deodorize and purify the air, more light and sunshine, fewer microörganisms, with greater freedom from dust and noxious gases. The absence of pure country air not only impairs the development of man's physical being but is the cause of many chronic diseases.

Many people of the city are unable to realize their weakness until they have noticed the benefits which come from a few weeks in the country. "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her richness and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth."

The majority of people working in offices, whether as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, or typewriters, suffer greatly from nervous irritability, with faintness, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, and indigestion. They have found it difficult to be comfortable with the best medical attendance in the city; but by going a short distance into the country, where they can obtain a few weeks of farm life and living, they recover without medicine. In some cases the relief has been almost immediate,

even when the symptoms were apparently of a serious nature. It is not the rest of the country life nor the lack of exercise in the city that produces the change; because, with the same physical surroundings—except atmosphere—in the two places, we find recovery in the country and decline in the city.

As we found some diseases produced by trades, others by germs and bad water, so there are some produced by bad air. Some diseases can best be prevented and cured by change of air. Children suffering from rickets, for instance, or a failure of nutrition, with a lack of nervous, muscular, and bony strength, which is most evident by the twisted limbs or ill-shaped head, with the same amount of food, exercise, and personal hygiene do poorly in the city but recover in the country. Cholera infantum—that most dreaded disease among bottle-fed children—or the so-called "summer diarrheas" are chiefly due to heat and bad air. This is noticeable in the diminishing death rate of our large cities where there have been good fresh-air missions established, which are the greatest of all missions for children.

Medicine and surgery have made rapid progress in the last century, but many diseases arising from the customs of our modern cities and the artificial mode of life, with the tendency to greater centralization, are still much in advance of medical progress. Diseases are much more successfully treated, operations more safely performed, deformities more easily corrected, and the cause and course of disease better understood; but the effects of bad air as a predisposing cause to disease have not, as yet, been thoroughly investigated. The cause and cure of diseases by climate are not as yet on a scientific basis. We have the apparatus, the equipment for the work, but the operator is wanting. There is the thermometer, barometer, anemometer, hydrometer,[2] and sunshine recorder; but with all these and what is at present known in meteorology, yet we are at a loss to know why one climate is stimulating in one disease and in another sedative; why it cures asthma in one case and aggravates it in another. It is probable that the idiosyncrasies of the patient have as much to do with the change as the air itself.

X.

NOISE AS A SANITARY NUISANCE.

Noise, like some of the other minor and variable agents of the atmosphere, may be increased to such an extent as not only to impair the health but to produce active disease. The more sensitive the nervous system of the individual the more easily it is influenced by noise. People believe in rules for regulating the construction of buildings, for the disposal of garbage and sewage of their manufactories, for limiting the hours of work and the speed of driving and running cars in towns and cities; but they feel that any attempt at limiting the amount of noise they produce is unnecessary and absurd. Our modern cities are noisy ones not only during the working hours but during the night, when the majority of mankind needs that rest which only comes from peaceful sleep. Where the physiological effects of noise end and the pathological begin is difficult to decide.

This is a noisy world. Sound is a mode of motion and may or may not reach the nerve of hearing. The vibrations of any material body are carried by aërial waves the same as odors radiate in all directions. Sound waves beat upon the ear drum and the branches of the auditory nerve the same as the waves of water from the ocean beat upon the shore. This motion of the universe is constant and recognized by man only within certain distances.

When the eye is unable to adapt itself to the rays of light which enter, we say that it is a case of eye strain and proper glasses are needed to correct the defect. We find many nervous disturbances which are continued until this cause is removed. So we may have ear strain to-day on account of the continued effect of noises upon our auditory organs.

Many people are insensible to eye strain and will not believe that there is any difficulty with their eyes until many nervous symptoms, local and general, disappear

when proper glasses are adjusted. The nerve of hearing has no convenient way of modifying the wave impulse pressing upon it. All instruments applied to the ear at present are intended to increase the intensity of sound waves and thus improve the hearing when it is impaired. There are times when the sound is too intense for the sense of hearing, and instruments for modifying them are quite as necessary in assisting the organs of hearing as those which are used to aid the sense of sight. The nervous system sometimes becomes abnormally sensitive and it is under these conditions that we find it so susceptible to external influences. There are circumstances when the nerves are so altered in function that the slightest breeze or change of temperature causes sneezing, as in hay fever. Many have experienced the flushed face or the perspiration of the body that follows slight mental excitement. Any one of the special senses may become hypersensitive and in a reflex manner produce general disturbances of the system. The sense of hearing is produced through the most delicate and complicated structures within the body. Every vibration within hearing distance causes the *membrana tympani* to vibrate and this impulse is transferred to a plexus of nerves through which it reaches the brain. Sound waves coming to the ear are stored up in the nerve cells as molecular energy, the same as a piece of iron holds within its molecules the energy which is brought to it from the repeated blows of a hammer. These molecules become heated when the blows of the hammer are frequent and severe enough. Boiler makers become permanently deaf, from the loud and continued noises of the hammer.

Whenever we find healthy nerves losing their power to respond to impulses by being continually exposed to overwork or overstimulation we conclude that whenever these nerves are weakened they suffer greater danger from those influences which in health produce disease. When we are prostrated by disease, not only the senses of taste, sight, smell, and feeling are disturbed but the sense of hearing becomes so sensitive that the tick of a clock is painful. In these conditions the chief one of the special senses receives the least attention and protection. Rest and quiet are much needed and sought for by the nervous American, and the great disturber of them both is noise. The noises which disturb the sick and the well are the electric bell, the steam whistle, and the human yell, which occur at all times of the night. The church bell we can endure a while yet. A city ordinance in regard to limiting and controlling the noise nuisance is as much needed as an ordinance for keeping the streets clean, and preventing the contamination of the air by smoke.

XI.

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

LIGHT stimulates and facilitates the nutrition and growth of animal as well as vegetable life. Sunlight has the same effect upon the child as upon the plant; both become vigorous and of good color when exposed to the sun's rays, whence all colors come. If kept in the dark, they become pale, weak, and useless. Every one has noticed how house plants and vegetables in a dark cellar incline toward the light; so it was with a little boy who was so nearly blind that the light could enter only one eye at a point about the size of a pin's head; this child at the age of two years would seek a window through which the sun shone brightly and remain there an hour at a time. It was hardly intelligence on the part of the boy to seek the light, but rather it was one of nature's hidden powers; the same that inclined the plant toward the light—that force by which nature always endeavors to protect and prolong life.

In the daytime the digestion of the plant is most active, and consists in the taking in of carbonic acid gas and the giving off of oxygen. At night this exchange of gases in the vegetable cells is not only retarded but reversed. It is now demonstrated that animals give off carbonic acid gas in the light more than in the dark, therefore the waste product of the metabolism of animal cells is increased by the light. This would at once prove injurious to their growth or welfare if

it had not been well ordained that the waste product of the vegetable cells should be increased at the same time and in sufficient quantity to equalize these two most important gases of the atmosphere. While the vegetable gives off more oxygen in the light, it at the same time stores up within its cells more of the carbon from the carbonic acid gas. We find that the plant as well as other things was made for man, and he is dependent upon it for life and growth. Light increases oxygenation of the tissues by stimulating both respiration and circulation. Tissue exchange is more active and the body temperature of man is a little higher during the day than night. This is due not only to exercise, as some will say, but to the stimulating action of light. The body temperature of man runs a little lower in the early morning than in the afternoon, as every physician has observed in sickness where the patient was surrounded by the same quietness for the entire twenty-four hours. This change of bodily heat can only be accounted for by the stimulating action of light and the sedative action of darkness. Darkness lessens and prevents the higher nutrition of most kinds of organic life. In arctic expeditions Dr. Kane says darkness is the worst enemy to be contended with. Many animals would sicken and die from its weakening effects.

Excitable, nervous patients are quieted by darkening the room, and the sedative action of medicine is greatly aided by the absence of light. Convalescence can be greatly hastened by the addition of sunlight.

The application of the foregoing principles to everyday life is readily seen. When tired and depressed, with slow digestion and feeble nutrition, nervous energy lacking, with a general decline of physical force, we need plenty of pure air enlivened with bright sunshine. If the plant depends upon the sunlight for its chlorophyll, which gives it such beautiful color or colors, man depends upon it for his hemoglobin[8] to give him his complexion. Weak plants taken from the shade put on color and get strength in the sunlight. Persons working in a dark office or shop, with pale, sallow skin, loss of appetite, with little ambition and every function impaired, should look for air, light, and exercise as a remedy. Persons with bald heads are just learning to take off their hats to the sun, and when this practice is faithfully followed the hair grows as do the energies. The ancient solarium is as good and as much needed to-day as in the past. In a dwelling, the room for a sun bath is as desirable as that for the water bath. They could be combined with great advantage.

If the sun is just as powerful and needful in purifying the atmosphere as we found it to be for water, buildings should be so constructed in large cities as to let the sunlight into every yard, alley, and corner. We should have larger windows and more of them in our dwellings; more glass and less brick and stone and wood in their construction. The sunshine must come into your home, and the draperies and furniture that are injured by its rays should never be used as an excuse for closing the blinds and shutting out the life-giving properties of the sun. By exposing yourself to an abundance of sunshine your digestion is better, your disposition better, your inclination stronger, and your mind clearer.

Dark living-rooms, offices, and workshops are a chief cause of enervation and of physical and mental weaknesses, and persons spending their lives in them will always find themselves victims to a great variety of ailments, which are only remedied by removing the cause.

Trudeau and others have demonstrated that a rabbit injected with the germ of tuberculosis and kept in a damp, cold, dark place rapidly succumbs to the disease; but another, injected with some of the same material and let go free, lives a long time and ultimately may recover.

Mothers of the present generation would do better if they would allow their children to become tanned by exposing them to the sunshine rather than keeping them pale by protecting them from it. Instead of calling their children away from the sun they should teach them to seek its rays. Good digestion depends upon a good appetite, and both depend upon tanned and sunburned faces.

Recent therapeutics of sunlight are re-

corded in the following experiments by Büchner which show the benefits of sunlight upon certain bacteria and upon the purification of rivers. He found without doubt that there was a day and night variation in the number of germs in river water, dependent upon the sterilizing influence of light. In the early evening there was a minimum, but in the morning there was a maximum.

It has been found that sunlight is a powerful agent in disinfecting the waters of lakes, ponds, and rivers containing bacteria, and particularly those germs which produce typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery, and other affections of the digestive canal which come to man through the water he drinks. To prevent the pitting of smallpox a dark room has been found more essential than drugs, and has been recommended by Finsen, who used red curtains as shades.

Inflammatory diseases of the skin are much subdued by keeping the patient from the light. In cases of erysipelas, covering of the skin with cotton, to exclude the stimulating effect of light, has been practiced, and always with great benefit. All of the active eruptive skin diseases which cover the surface of the body are milder and improve faster when light is excluded. The sun gives light and heat, but the great phenomena of usefulness lie in its chemical action.

By studying the physical effects of a ray of light we may be better able to understand those effects which are at present unseen. When passing through a prism it gives us seven beautiful colors, ranging from violet to indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Although not so easily determined, why should we doubt that there is just as great a variety in the usefulness, when applied to human life, as there is in the color? The violet may represent the one by which vitality is increased, as we have learned that light is a stimulant, and that all metabolism of the vegetable and the animal cells takes place more rapidly when exposed to its action. The indigo may stand for the manner by which indisposition is relieved when we spend some time in the open air. The blue, that by which buoyancy returns when the bright sun shines forth after the clouds of a rainy day have passed. The green, that by which grandeur can be more fully appreciated after spending some time in dark rooms, tunnels, or caves. Yellow, that by which youth is sustained and developed, with the many powers of endurance. The orange, that which organizes and regenerates. The red, that which revitalizes, lends vigor, and rejuvenates. Besides these beautiful primary colors, there are others of equal value yet more obscure.

So when applied to health, the rays of the sun have powers that are not easily determined. Light is life; it was the first thing made by the Creator, and the creation of all organic life depended upon it. When darkness was in the world there was no life; and God said, "Let there be light," and there was light, and with the light there came life.

Darkness is the enemy of life and its chief use is to bring rest after action.

"And 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes."

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE group of distinguished American authors which disappeared when Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell died, all so nearly at the same time in our literary history, was composed of men and women who, with the single exception of Poe, lived to old age, each giving to the world the full measure of production. A younger group, with most, or at least many, of its members still living and working beyond middle life, has R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, T. B. Aldrich, T. W. Higginson, W. D. Howells, Henry James, Frank R. Stockton, and Edward Everett Hale as prominent figures, all having passed fifty-five, and most of them under seventy years of age.

It would be prudent not to discuss ages when speaking of our women writers. Mrs. Stowe's noble work is done. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe may be accorded the honor of first mention among the living and active women who have impressed American literature, thought, and manners with formative influence. Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Frances Hodgson Burnett (born in England), and Margaret Deland may be mentioned together, without reference to age, as representative American fiction writers whose novels and stories are of literary importance. Mrs. Stoddard, moreover, is a poet of striking originality. The late Constance Fenimore Woolson belonged in this notable group of writers.

Our later poets are many, and some of them remarkable; among them are H. C. Bunner, Edgar Fawcett, J. H. Boner, J. W. Riley, Richard Watson Gilder, Madison Cowein, and Eugene Field (lately deceased). Miss Edith M. Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Imogen Guiney, Gertrude Hall, and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox have written poetry of a high order. It may not be out of the way to mention, in passing, the interesting group of young Canadian poets, among whom are Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, and Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and George Frederick Cameron.

In fiction, contemporary American writers of distinction have dealt almost exclusively with novels and stories of a realistic cast. One romancer of remarkable power has in recent years, however, achieved almost unparalleled success. "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India," by General Lew Wallace, are books which have been immensely popular all over the civilized world. General Wallace's first romance, entitled "The Fair God," is perhaps his best; but it has not attracted as much attention as have the other two. George W. Cable in his creole romance, "The Grandissimes," gave evidence of splendid imagination, a glowing style, and fine descriptive and dramatic vigor. This book is, indeed, one of the masterpieces of American romance. It is of value, moreover, as a landmark in our literary history, since it marks the beginning of genuine art in the prose fiction of the South. It opened the way for such able and attractive writers as Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and Harry Stillwell Edwards.

West of the Allegheny Mountains we have had a group of writers whose work has attracted wide attention. General Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, and Eugene Field have been already spoken of, and space will permit no more than mere mention of Mr. Hamlin Garland, Henry B. Fuller, John Vance Cheney, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Lilian Bell, Mrs. Ella Higginson, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Miss Harriet Monroe. Mr. Riley's dialect verse has made him famous on account of its fine touches of human nature and its rich musical qualities. Mr. Fuller's novels are well written and abound in striking passages of descriptive and literary ornamentation. His humor is delicate and his style attractive.

Farther south we have a writer of songs, lyrics, and bright *vers de societé*, Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck, whose welcome has been generous and well deserved. We have already named Madison Cowein; but among southern poets his is a distinct voice; and in command of a rich color vocabulary he stands a master. Frank L. Staunton, of Georgia, is another poet who, like Riley, has captivated the public with simple and homely melodies. William H. Hayne, son of the late Paul Hamilton Hayne, writes sweetly, and often with a certain epigrammatic crispness which sets him well apart as a distinct and original poet. Joel Chandler Harris, although not a writer of verse, is a poet, and in the creation of "Uncle Remus" has added to our literature a figure as striking and perhaps as enduring as any to be found in art. William Wallace Harney, of Florida, is a poet who has written too little for any safe criticism to be made of his gifts; but some of his short pieces are peculiarly attractive.

In the far West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mrs. Ella Higginson, Mary Hallock Foote, Ambrose

Bierce, and quite a long list of writers well worthy of honorable mention, have added much to the sum of our national literature. Bret Harte has, indeed, rarely been equaled as a dramatic story-teller, and his style, while not an English model, is vivid and fascinating. Joaquin Miller's poetry is vigorous, highly colored, dashing in spirit, and brimful of novelty; but its style is crude, slangy, and florid.

It would be impossible, in a mere running sketch like this, to do more than offer quick aid to the student in search of a general knowledge of living American authors. Let it be understood that the present writer does not attempt to compare one American writer with another, or to determine the relative standing of any. Where one fails another may show strength, and *vice versâ*. Suffice it for our purpose that we look directly at our subject and say what seems to be true, without considering the interests or the ambitions of individuals. Mention of one author's merits must not be taken as implying demerits in those authors not mentioned. And the particular object of this paper is to call attention to our literary army in the field, without assuming to point out its leaders.

Poetry is the result of the highest and purest art known to men, and in its best development has always been the surest index of civilization. A nation's poets represent what the nation really is. Whenever this appears not to be true it will be found that the nation has no poets of the first order. By this standard of measurement America has never had a truly great poet, in the sense that we use the word to distinguish Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Burns. But by the same criterion Great Britain has had but one great poet during Victoria's reign. Alfred Tennyson's poetry is much of it truly national in the highest and broadest meaning of the word. Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were New England poets. Even in Lowell's admirable "Biglow Papers" the New Englander outruns the American. Our great Pacific gold coast and the magnificent state of Texas are a tremendous criticism of the Whig dialect classic.

It may be made plain by future historians that the original nature of our government, with its sovereign states and its central core of union, or its sovereign union and its separate, self-governed states, was inimical to the early formation of a truly national feeling. Patriotism was easy enough; but the sense of unity did not commonly pass beyond the state line or the periphery of a section. And even now, after our great war and the full settlement of what the word Union means, the states and sections are as clearly a part of American life as they ever were. The result of literature has been specialization, mostly of a self-conscious and predetermined sort. We have the "Hoosier poet," the "creole romancer," the "New England story-writer," the "negro-dialect writer" and what not. Who stands for the whole of America in prose or poetry?

Happily a poet may be of a very high order, a novelist be exceedingly strong, without filling the measure of national significance. Possibly it is better for us that our singers, our romancers, and our novelists have been forced into special nooks and corners of observation, experience, and expression. At all events, no literature of the past or present is as rich in what may be called local reflection as ours, and perhaps the sum of all our special work gives a literature more strikingly national than that of any modern country.

Lowell's Yankee studies, Bret Harte's sketches of Californian characters and conditions, the western pictures by Riley, Field, and Nye, the southern studies of Cable, Frank L. Staunton, and Joel Chandler Harris, and the international comparisons of Henry James and W. D. Howells, if grasped all at once and made to give up a composite significance, like the fragrance from a potpourri, might satisfy the most skeptical mind that, as a people, we are not without a sufficient gift of self-expression.

George E. Woodberry, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Richard Hovey, James Lane Allen, Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoi), Miss Grace King, and Mrs. Burton Harrison are among the writers who have recently attracted marked public attention. Mr. Wood-

berry's labors, in connection with Mr. Stedman, in editing the works of Edgar Allan Poe have distinguished him as much as his poetry.

In one field of literary art, the writing of short stories, American authors have excelled even the French (save the one point, style, where the French short-story writers are unapproachable) and have produced some of the most brilliantly picturesque work that the world has yet seen. Bret Harte, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Nelson Page, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich come to mind at once as having, in very different styles, shown the short story at its best. In brief sketches depicting contemporary social peculiarities, Edgar Fawcett, H. C. Bunner, Richard Harding Davis, and, notably, Henry James have, from various points of view, done exceedingly artistic work. Julian Hawthorne's short stories show fine imagination and a firm grasp of romantic and melodramatic materials.

Any study of American letters must be incomplete if it shall miss careful consideration of those writers whose refractory eccentricities render them quite unclassifiable. Walt Whitman was of this number, and after him the most interesting figure was the late Miss Emily Dickinson, whose poetry seems to gain a certain power from halting rhythms and incomplete rhymes. Stephen Crane and Hamlin Garland have attempted to write poetry without regard to form. The former has also written a story entitled "The Red Badge of Courage," which, with scarcely any claim to consideration as literature, has made a distinct impression upon the reading public. It is full of imaginative vigor and rude strength of description. The method of treatment resembles Tolstoï's, especially the analyses of a soldier's sensations in the course of a battle. Edgar Saltus has chosen disagreeable subjects and has attempted to introduce into our literature the spirit of decadent French fiction and poetry. He has a rich vocabulary, of which he is not sparing, and his style shows in a curious way the effect of French influence.

John Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Hamilton Mabie, Henry Van Dyke, Frank Bolles, and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller may be grouped together, not for comparison, as writers of charming sketches in which out-of-doors nature and the wholesomeness of fresh air add their fascination to genuine literature. This group has been recently reinforced by the appearance of Mr. G. H. Ellwanger as a writer of strikingly picturesque essays. The only English writer to be classed with these is Mr. Andrew Lang, when he turns himself loose in the country and forgets to burden himself with a bundle of books to review. As an essayist pure and simple, and in the lightest vein, Miss Agnes Repplier has recently won pleasant distinction. In a different style Walter Blackburn Harte's essays have been appearing with flattering welcome from critics and the public. Miss Edith M. Thomas and Miss Imogen Guiney should also be mentioned as essayists with something to say and with a style in which to say it; and one would have to go far and search diligently for better equipped or more cunning craftsmen in the essay than Henry James, T. W. Higginson, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, and Charles Eliot Norton.

Historians are not lacking among our literators. John Fiske, Edward Eggleston, T. W. Higginson, John Bach McMaster, Theodore Roosevelt, and H. H. Bancroft have done a large amount of extremely valuable historical work. In biography William Winter, John Bigelow, George E. Woodberry, Francis H. Underwood (lately deceased), and many others have written memoirs of distinguished American poets, statesmen, literators, and actors.

One of the chief difficulties met by the untrained student of contemporary literature is want of means to reach the subject. In other words, he does not know how to get at the books that he needs. American authors scatter their works, some of them having as many as a half-dozen publishers for the same number of books. The student does well who collects publishers' catalogues and keeps them on file. By careful examination of these a good knowledge of names and titles is soon acquired, which greatly facilitates

the choice of books needed when pursuing any particular line of study. As an instance of the difficulty in collecting American books, a student lately told that, having in mind the examination of Edgar Fawcett's works, he found that he had to apply to several different publishers in widely separated cities.

No rigid plan for the study of contemporary writers can be formulated, nor would it be at all tolerable for any person to assume the task of saying, with thought of authority, who among our living writers are the best. Here and there an individual author seems to stand, in one way or another, for a section, a class, or a locality; but even this distinction does not settle the right of pre-eminence. Least of all can mere popularity be taken as competent evidence of value. The alliterative warning, "Beware of a boom," is well worth heeding. Most of the enduring things in art have grown slowly into the comprehension and esteem of the world. A book over which popular hysterics are poured forth may be safely passed by for a calm reading, when in nine cases out of ten it will be found artistically worthless. Still it is quite unsafe for the student to ignore popular currents as they run, and he will do best to aim at such critical discretion as circumstances and his cooler judgment afford.

An instructive course would be to take the names of authors mentioned in this hasty paper and list them for reference, adding from time to time other names as they come to mind. With such a list in hand work in a public library will be greatly facilitated. In making the list western writers might be grouped together, then southern writers, New England writers, and so on, so that reference would be without confusion.

If advice might count for anything, it could be offered here with confidence upon one point. Inexperienced readers are apt to attach too much importance to the fame of an author, which is often quite as misleading in its influence as it is falsely grounded. For example, it would be a great mistake to pass Mark Twain by as a mere humorist, albeit his popularity rests almost solely upon the fun he has made for the world. Still he is a great artist and much of his work is excellent literature. Mr. Edgar Fawcett is best known as a vigorous and popular novelist, but his poetry is far superior to his prose and ranks with the best of later American production. Mr. Howells' early volume of verse shows him to be a poet of charming sweetness and purity. A like remark would apply to a dozen other writers of wide fame, who, as in the notable case of Bret Harte, began as poets and soon stifled their muse in prose.

It is not true to say that "nobody reads poetry now"; but it may be not far from correct, as a general statement, to set it down plainly that poetry is no longer the source of popular influence it once was. Even James Whitcomb Riley's success as a poet has been due far more to his inimitable public readings and recitations of his delightful dialect pieces than to the poems themselves. Wherever Mr. Riley has appeared his personal magnetism and histrionic peculiarities have left behind him a market for his works. The public has reached that state of dissipation in which taste is no longer satisfied with anything short of novelty. Reputations go up like rockets and come down like sticks, and the commercial spirit rules everywhere in literature. The only safe course for the conscientious student is to read each book with as little regard as possible for the mere reputation of its author or of the book itself, and with the controlling desire to find out for himself just what it is worth. In most cases to read the best book of an author will be sufficient to fix in mind all of the distinguishing qualities of his style. Twenty carefully chosen volumes would probably be enough to give a fairly intelligent mind a comprehensive impression of all that is new or particularly valuable in what may be properly called contemporary American literature. Indeed, in any modern literature, the number of original and lastingly influential works of any half century will be found small as compared with the mass of interesting yet ephemeral writings produced at the same time.

LABOR LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HORACE G. WADLIN.

COMMISSIONER OF LABOR FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

ALL mechanical employments are now either directly or indirectly conducted under the factory system. The prosperity of the laborer and the prosperity of the community in which he has become a political factor are connected to a degree quite unknown under the old *régime*, and measured by the perfect adjustment and regular operation of complex industrial forces. The isolated workman is no longer of industrial value.

From this, two things follow: first, the worker, although possessing freedom of contract as a matter of legal theory, is rarely able to exercise it in making terms with his employer; and, secondly, the community has interests which must be conserved in maintaining proper relations between both parties, and which, to that extent, justify its intervention.

It happens, therefore, that labor legislation follows the factory, and does not in general affect the relations of employer and employed in agricultural or domestic service, and only to a limited extent in trade and commerce.

Such legislation finds its justification, not merely because it promotes the personal advantage of the laborer, but because it advances the public welfare. If the one has been achieved, it is because inseparable from the other. It is, therefore, taken out of the domain of purely class legislation.

The first English factory law, introduced by Sir Robert Peel in 1802, had no broader purpose than the improvement of the conditions under which apprenticed children were employed. When the introduction of steam brought the factory into the towns, and the employment of free labor without restriction led to evils similar to those which the apprentice act had largely removed, the second step was easily taken, extending the restrictive legislation to all children, and eventually to women, on the ground that such persons were, in a peculiar and obvious sense, wards of the state and proper subjects of protective enactments. This principle, when once embodied in English law, was easily accepted here, although, as we shall see, legislation has now proceeded much farther than the application of this principle alone would warrant, and in the future is likely to go forward on other grounds, which we may briefly examine.

Freedom of contract between individuals has always been subject to what is termed the police power of the state. In fact, many so-called labor laws are identical in character with statutes which aim to establish and maintain favorable moral and sanitary conditions in society. It is perfectly true that men cannot be legislated into health or happiness, but it is also true that the social conditions surrounding them have much to do with their mental, moral, and physical development. If it is proper to guard against nuisances which may endanger the health of the community, it would seem to be equally proper to guard against such industrial conditions as tend to illiteracy, physical degeneracy, crime, or pauperism; and a considerable body of labor legislation has no other object. Upon substantially these grounds the court in Massachusetts long ago sustained the ten-hour law for women and children.

It is always a question, of course, how far the legislature can proceed under cover of the police power, and its acts, when ostensibly taken on this ground, are always subject to revision by the judiciary, and such revision sometimes abrogates the law. Under this power there is, however, much latitude, and in states where factory employments have been long established this now seems to be generally recognized.

The labor legislation of Massachusetts

exceeds in volume that of any other state, and yet no specific labor laws are found prior to 1831. In that year it was proposed to abolish imprisonment for debt where the amount involved was less than fifty dollars, and early legislation was practically confined to the education of factory children, to the subjects of imprisonment for debt and liens, and to various minor enactments designed to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of mechanics and to advance the state of the mechanic arts. The principal labor laws in Massachusetts, and indeed in the United States, are the work of years subsequent to 1874.

Among the more important statutes are those restricting the hours of labor. In general, these apply only to women and minors, interference with the hours of adult men being confined to laws recently enacted in a few states limiting the daily working time of railroad employees, an employment in which the safety of the traveling public is involved, and a law in force in Georgia and South Carolina limiting the hours of labor in textile factories, which applies equally to men and women but which has not passed under the revision of the court upon the question of its constitutionality. Unless, as in Massachusetts, these statutes are held to be within the police power of the state, a contention which might under some circumstances be supported as to adult males, it is possible that the status of women with respect to them will undergo modification wherever women are brought into full citizenship, and become equal participants with men in its rights and privileges. This was practically the opinion of the court in Illinois, which has declared unconstitutional a law regulating the hours of labor of adult women.

The influence of the employment of women and minors, while perhaps tending to decrease wages, also tends, under the operation of laws restricting their working time, to shorten the daily working time for men. The textile industries, in which women and minors are largely employed, are obliged to conform the hours for all persons to those fixed for this particular class, and the tendency toward uniformity leads to the adoption of the same hours in all industries.

In New Jersey the limit is now placed at fifty-five hours per week, and in Massachusetts at fifty-eight per week for minors under eighteen and women in manufactories, and in the other eastern and northern manufacturing states generally, at sixty hours per week; in some confined to minors of certain specified ages, in others including women. In South Carolina eleven hours is fixed as the limit of a day's work in cotton and woolen mills, in Virginia ten hours for minors under fourteen and women in manufactories, and in Georgia sixty-six hours per week for general operatives in textile factories.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to mention all the labor legislation of recent years. It may be roughly classified under three heads, although certain statutes partake of the characteristics of more than one such class. For convenience, however, we may place in the first class those statutes that have for their object the conservation of the health, education, and moral welfare of the worker; the second class may comprise statutes which provide for such conditions as shall insure his personal safety in the performance of his work; and, finally, in the third class we may include numerous other statutes which are more direct and personal in their nature, and which enforce duties and obligations between the employer and employed directly. These, of course, like the others, rest on considerations of the public welfare, but are nevertheless operative upon the personal complaint of the individuals immediately interested, and affect their personal interests in a more intimate and direct way than they affect the public interest.

Of statutes of the first class, certain sanitary provisions of the factory inspection acts are leading examples. The laws which require the schooling of children antecedent to their employment, and a peculiar and exceptional law recently enacted in Louisiana forbidding the employment of women in houses where liquor is sold at retail, should also be included in this class.

Nearly one half the states, including all

the older manufacturing centers, have provisions intended to secure proper sanitation of factories and workshops, and some have extended these to tenements. In some of the states these provisions are few and general; while in others they are elaborate and definite and are enforced by inspectors acting under state authority. A law originating in New York and now in force in seventeen states, which may be considered a sanitary regulation, requires seats to be provided for female employees in industrial and mercantile establishments, and there are special statutes in a few states intended to promote the health of operatives in employments that are exceptionally harmful.

Laws requiring a certain amount of school attendance as a prerequisite to the employment of children are to be found in several states, but vary widely in their provisions and with respect to the efficiency with which they are enforced. In Massachusetts thirty weeks' school attendance is required for all children between the ages of eight and fourteen, and this is enforced through the school committee in the various cities and towns, and by means of the inspectors of factories, a certificate of school attendance being required before the child can be legally employed. The limit of attendance thus fixed is considerably in advance of other states, however. In Vermont twenty weeks' attendance during the year is required for children under fourteen; in Ohio twenty weeks' in the city and sixteen in the country for those between eight and fourteen. New York requires fourteen weeks' attendance under the age of fourteen; New Jersey and Rhode Island, twelve weeks under fifteen; North Dakota, twelve weeks between eight and fourteen; New Hampshire, twelve weeks between fourteen and sixteen, and six months under fourteen, while children under thirteen cannot be employed at all in mechanical occupations. In Louisiana and Michigan four months' schooling is required under the age of fourteen, and in Maine four months under the age of twelve, with three months between twelve and fifteen. In Colorado and Connecticut twelve weeks' schooling is required under the age of fourteen.

Of laws of the second class, intended to provide for the personal safety of the employee while in service, we have all that part of the factory inspection codes which relates to the guarding of dangerous machinery, the construction of fire escapes, provisions requiring doors to open outwardly and preventing the locking of doors while the factory is in operation, and other regulations of similar character. Laws of this kind are of little effect unless accompanied by rigid inspection, and factory inspection is now maintained in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Tennessee.

The factory inspection act in Massachusetts may be taken to represent the extreme limit of legislation of this class in this country. In this state and in a few others inspection has now been extended to tenement-house industries in order to mitigate the evils of the sweating system.

All the leading coal-mining states have elaborate statutes, generally enforced under inspection, regulating the operation of mines, and covering such points as the methods of ingress and egress and the use of safety appliances, besides providing for proper sanitation and prohibiting the employment of children. There is also a similar law of the United States, applying to the territories, and requiring the appointment of mine inspectors by the president. Safety couplers on freight cars are required by law in Connecticut, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, and New York, and on passenger cars in Illinois. In some states inspection of railroad appliances is enforced in the interest of the safety of employees.

Besides these specific acts intended to protect the workman during the prosecution of his work, the legislatures in certain states have considered the subject of extending the liability of the employer for accidents occurring to his employees, thereby not only providing for the assessment of damages in case of accident, but indirectly leading to greater care on the part of the employer to prevent such accidents. This is an exceedingly

difficult and embarrassing subject. The injustice of applying certain established principles of law in instances arising under the changed conditions of modern industry may be easily shown, but to prevent this by statutory enactments which shall not work equal injustice requires careful consideration. Massachusetts and Alabama have so-called "Employers' Liability Acts," extending and fixing the liability of employers in cases of injury caused by defects of machinery or plant, the negligence of superintendents or others in charge to whose orders the employees are bound to conform, so as to give employees the same remedy "as if they were strangers and not engaged in such service or employment." In a few states contracts made by employees waiving liability of employers in case of injury are void, and in a still larger number liability in case of injury to railway employees is not avoided because the injury may have occurred through the negligence of fellow employees.

Of labor legislation of the third class we may specify the statutes relating to the payment of wages. These cover quite a wide range. Provisions enabling the workman to collect payment for services by means of a lien upon the property upon which his labor has been expended are quite generally in force. Exemption of a certain amount of wages from execution or from attachment under the trustee process, to secure payment of debts incurred by the laborer, is also common. Claims for wages are preferred in many states in case of the insolvency of the employer, and in several preference is given to amounts due as wages in administering the estates of deceased employers. In some cases security for the payment of wages as against contractors on public works is provided by means of a bond. In others, stockholders in corporations, under certain conditions, are made jointly and severally liable for wages due to operatives. Besides this, several states require wages to be paid at certain fixed times or within certain limited periods. Usually such statutes, being a direct and unmistakable limitation upon the freedom of contract, have been applied only to corporations, which, being created by law, could be subjected to legal regulation without raising the question of constitutionality. Thus in Connecticut, New Hampshire, and New York, a weekly payment law is enforced as against corporations, while in Maine and Ohio corporations are required to pay wages fortnightly. In Massachusetts, however, the weekly payment plan originally applied to corporations was in 1895 extended to all private employers engaged in manufacturing and having twenty-five or more employees, the Supreme Court having first informed the legislature that such action would not in that state be unconstitutional, and during the legislative session of 1896 a bill has been reported, which is still pending, bringing under the law all contractors who employ twenty-five or more workmen. In some states the constitutionality of such a law with respect to private employers, and even as to corporations, has been passed upon and denied. Nevertheless, in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, all employers, whether corporate or private, are by the statute required to pay fortnightly, and in the state of Washington monthly payment is required.

In a number of states the payment of wages in store orders, commodities, or other things than money is expressly prohibited, although such a law has in others been declared unconstitutional. The practice which these laws seek to prohibit, familiarly known as the "truck system," is open to grave abuses.

Strikes and the disorders accompanying them have become the subject of legislation. Many states have laws preventing the intimidation of persons seeking to enter into or who desire to continue in employment, and some of these go so far as to restrain interference with or disturbance of the peaceable exercise of any lawful industry; that is to say, neither employees nor employers may be intimidated. The importation of men for police duty (known as the Pinkerton men) is in a few states prohibited. In Pennsylvania, and perhaps elsewhere, strikes, if peaceably conducted, have by statute been declared lawful, or at least not conspiracies. In a number

of states and in federal legislation the principle of voluntary arbitration of labor disputes has been recognized, and in Massachusetts, New York, California, Louisiana, New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, Minnesota, and Wisconsin permanent state boards of arbitration have been established for the purpose of amicably adjusting differences in labor disputes and preventing strikes.

The economic effect of the employment of convicts upon free labor in similar industries has led to statutes intended to prevent injurious competition; bureaus of statistics of labor for the investigation of industrial problems have been established in thirty-three states and by the federal government; in a number of states a special holiday, or day of industrial rest, known as Labor Day, has been provided by law; and there are statutes intended to protect the laborer from interference in the exercise of the right of suffrage.

The subjects with which labor legislation deals are not as a rule within the province of federal control. There is, for example, no national law limiting hours of labor, or relating to the schooling of children before their employment, or providing for factory inspection. Such laws usually originate in a single state, either through the efforts of organized labor, the pressure of public sentiment, or both, and are gradually extended to others. But legislation upon industrial matters, while confined to a single state, may work injury to enterprises which must meet competition arising in other states, wherein different conditions prevail. In such cases it is not capital alone, nor chiefly, that suffers. The mobility of capital is to-day in excess of the mobility of labor. If diverted from Massachusetts, for example, it may find ready employment in the South and West. In certain branches of the cotton industry this competition is severely felt, and Massachusetts' capital is even now going elsewhere. Therefore, aside from theories as to whether or not restrictions upon the employment of labor are properly within the province of legislation, the subject is one which must be carefully considered.

It is true, however, that although interstate competition may be injuriously felt in the older manufacturing states as against those in which the factory system is recently established, nevertheless the inevitable influence of the introduction of factory industries, the growth of factory towns, and the consequent concentration of the workers result in efforts toward the improvement of the conditions under which the work is performed in the new field. This finally brings uniformity of legislation in the competing states. Practically, legislation is now uniform in the northern manufacturing states, so far as relates to the hours of labor, and the introduction of the textile industries in the South has already been followed by a material reduction in working time, a movement which, once begun, is not likely to stop until uniformity with other textile centers is secured. The rapidity of progress can be measured in Georgia. The first statute appears in 1885, fixing the labor of minors in manufacturing establishments, in which it is provided that the hours shall extend from sunrise to sunset, with the usual and customary time allowance for meals. But in 1889, only four years having passed, the hours of labor of all general operatives in textile factories were fixed at sixty-six per week.

The modern industrial world is so closely bound together that the common welfare depends in no slight degree upon the similarity of conditions under which production is carried on in different communities, and while it may be temporarily inexpedient to take such action in one state as may place it at a disadvantage with others, it is well that the principles involved are now finding acceptance in all progressive countries.

(End of Required Reading for June.)

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.*

BY MARY PROCTOR.

CHAPTER XII.

"HAS any one written any romances about Mars?" ingenuously inquired Lydia Ferris.

"Rather an imaginative account is given of it in 'Uranie,' by the poet astronomer Camille Flammarion," replied the professor, "and if you will kindly bring me the book, which you will find in the library, Miss Ferris, I will read part of the description to which I refer. I remember that it impressed me as being very beautiful, and I think it may possibly increase your interest in the subject if your imagination is thus appealed to, although in reality we cannot know whether the planet is inhabited or not."

When Miss Ferris had returned with the book the professor opened it and read as follows:

"'I seated myself, overcome with the heat of a July day, in the shade of a clump of oak trees, and soon fell fast asleep. I was greatly surprised on awakening to find myself, after what had seemed a moment's doze, in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings. The trees that grew close beside me, the river which flowed at the foot of the hill, the undulating meadow, losing itself in the distance, were no longer to be seen. The air vibrated with harmonious sounds, unknown on earth, and insects large as birds flew about among leafless trees, which were covered with enormous red flowers.'

"In this way," remarked the professor, "Flammarion tries to account for the ruddy hue of the planet as seen from our earth. He imagines that there are vast forests of these trees, covered with red flowers, and that a mass of such trees viewed from earth would produce this glowing effect."

He then continued reading:

"'I rose to my feet, but with a bound, as if moved by a spring, for I felt of an extraordinary lightness. I took a few steps and found that half the weight of my body had, as it were, evaporated during sleep.'

"Here," said the professor, "he refers to the scientific fact that the force of gravity on Mars is such that everything weighs much less than on our earth."

"Do you mean that if we were suddenly transported to Mars," asked Marion Cleveland, "we would weigh less than we do here?"

"Certainly," replied the professor. "A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth would weigh but thirty-eight pounds on Mars. But to return to 'Uranie'—

"'The day-star had just sunk into the bosom of a distant lake, and the rosy glow of the sunset floated in the depths of the heavens like a vanishing vision of light. Two moons shone in the sky; the one, a crescent, hung over the lake into whose bosom the sun had just sunk, the other, in her first quarter, was higher up in the east. Both moons were diminutive, bearing slight resemblance to the great torch that lights our terrestrial nights. It seemed as if they gave their light, bright but scant, reluctantly. I gazed at each in turn with wonder. The strangest thing of all, perhaps, in this strange spectacle was that the western moon (which was about three times as large as her companion of the east, although but one fifth the size of our terrestrial moon) moved with a velocity that could be perceived by the eye, hurrying from the right to the left, as if hastening on to join her heavenly sister in the east.'

"Can you tell me the names of these two moons, Miss Ferris?" inquired the professor.

"They are known as Deimos, the outermost, which is six miles in diameter," replied Lydia, "and Phobos, the inner one, which is seven miles in diameter."

"Our traveler on Mars thus continues to relate his observations:

"'There could also be distinguished in the fading light of sunset a third moon, or rather a brilliant star, smaller than either of the two satellites. She presented to the view no perceptible disk, but her light was dazzling. She shone in the evening sky like Venus, the "shepherd's star," when, in her fullest splendor, she rules the languorous nights of spring and inspires their tender dreams. Already the most brilliant of the stars were shining in the heavens. Arcturus with his golden rays, Vega, pure and white, the Seven Stars, and many of the constellations of the zodiac were visible. The evening star, the new Hesperus, glittered in the constellation of Pisces. Taking into consideration my

* Copyright, 1896, by Theodore L. Flood.

position in the sky, with reference to the constellation and the lightness of my body, I was convinced after a moment's reflection that I was on the planet Mars, and that this beautiful evening star was the earth.

"'I gazed long at the planet on which I was born, where so many varied emotions contend for the mastery during the changing events of life, and I thought, what a pity it was that none of all the multitudes of human beings with which that little globe swarmed should know in what regions they dwell. It is beautiful, this diminutive earth, reflecting the sun's light, with its moon, still more diminutive, which seems like a point in space beside it. Borne into the invisible by the divine laws of attraction, an atom floating in the infinite harmony of the heavens, she has her place and floats on high in space like an angelic island. But her inhabitants are unaware of this fact. . . . . .

"'The first night on Mars passed swiftly as a dream, for when day dawned I found myself still in the aërial car, discoursing with friends. What a scene did the rising sun disclose! Fruits, flowers, clouds of incense, fairy palaces rising in the midst of orange colored vegetation on islands, lakes like mirrors, and joyous ethereal beings, fluttering down on these enchanting shores.'

"On awakening from this dream, the traveler tells us—

"'All at once I found myself again alone in the woods on the side of the hill, at whose foot the Seine wound along. The sun had just set, and already the planet Mars, at the time very brilliant, glittered in the sky. "Ah," I cried, as a sudden recollection flashed through my mind, "I was there!" Moved by the same attraction the two neighboring planets look at each other across transparent space. May we not, in this celestial brotherhood, have a prefiguring of the eternal journey? The earth is no longer alone in the universe. The panoramas of the infinite begin to unfold themselves. Whether we dwell here or there, we are not the citizens of a country or of a world, but, in very truth, citizens of heaven.'

"Further on in the same book," said the professor, as he turned over the pages, "a few facts with regard to Mars are stated in an interesting way, which make one feel that we are reading about a planet very closely resembling our own. An inhabitant of Mars is represented as telling our traveler that the days and nights there last twenty-four hours, thirty-nine minutes, and thirty-five seconds. He goes on to say:

"'"As there are six hundred and sixty-eight of these days in the Martian year, we have more time than the people on earth for our labors, our researches, our studies, and our enjoyments. Our seasons, too, are almost twice as long as yours, but are otherwise the same. The climates are not very different from those of the earth. A country of Mars situated on the borders of the equatorial sea differs less in climate from France than Lapland differs from India. An inhabitant of the earth would not find himself there very much a stranger. The greatest dissimilarity between the two worlds consists in the great superiority of our humanity to yours. This superiority is due chiefly to the progress made in astronomical science, and to the general diffusion among the inhabitants of the planet of that science without a knowledge of which it is impossible to think clearly or to form any just conception of existence, of creation, or of destiny. We are as fortunate in the purity of our sky as we are in the acuteness of our senses."'"

"But I thought you told us just now that Mars was not inhabited?" here remarked Marion Cleveland.

"You are quite right, Miss Cleveland," replied the professor. "I did say so, and many scientists agree with me in thinking so. But this is a point upon which we agree to differ, and Flammarion and others are inclined to think it may be inhabited. This is his theory, but it has not been, and probably never can be, substantiated."

"Then the idea of signaling Mars is useless, if there are no inhabitants to see the signals," said Miss Ferris, "and the idea that people on Mars are signaling to us is out of the question?"

"Most decidedly," replied the professor; "for supposing it even possible to signal Mars, and that there were inhabitants who would observe the signals, the distance between Mars and our earth is so great that Professor Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, tells us that a signal would have to be a flag as large as Ireland, and waving from a flagstaff five miles high, to attract even the smallest amount of attention on Mars.

"But to return to the theme, the Martian inhabitant continues:

"'"There is much less water on the surface of Mars than on the earth, and the atmosphere is less cloudy. . . . The inhabitants on Mars avail themselves of the spring inundations for the irrigation of vast fields. They have altered the course of rivers—enlarged their beds and banked in their waters, and have constructed on the continents networks of immense canals. These continents are not like those of the terrestrial globe, bristling with Alpine or Himalayan heights, but are immense plains traversed on all sides by embanked streams, and by canals which

put all the seas into communication with each other. Formerly there was almost as much water, relatively to the size of the planet, on Mars as there is on the earth. Imperceptibly, however, for some ages past a part of the rains sunk into the deeper strata of the soil, and has not returned to the surface. It has become chemically combined with the rocks and cut off from the action of the atmosphere. For centuries, also, the rains, the snows, the winds, the frosts of winter, and the droughts of summer have been wearing away mountains and drying up rivers, carrying this *débris* to the bed of the seas, which they have been gradually filling up. There are no longer either large or deep bodies of water on this planet, but only inland seas; and many straits, gulfs, and lakes like the British Channel, the Red Sea, the Adriatic, the Baltic, and the Caspian.

"'"The atmosphere on Mars being more rarified, the waters, which are shallow besides, evaporate more easily, and in condensing themselves anew instead of forming clouds they pass almost without change from the gaseous to the liquid state. We rarely have clouds or fogs. The study of astronomy is favored on our planet by the clearness of the sky. . . . The sun appears to us a little smaller than it does to the people on the earth, and we receive from it a slightly less degree of light and heat. . . . Scarcely any part of the planet but the polar regions (where you can see from earth the ice and snow melting in the spring) is uninhabited. The population of the temperate regions is very dense, but the equatorial regions are still more thickly populated, and especially on the seacoasts, notwithstanding the inundations, a great many cities are built almost on the water, suspended partly in the air above the reach of the inundations counted upon beforehand and prepared for."'

"As Flammarion tells us, there are not any large or deep bodies of water on the planet Mars," here remarked the professor, "and another writer has stated the facts of the case as follows:

"'The seas of Mars cover but one half of its surface. The water surface of our globe bears to that of land the proportion of seventy-two to twenty-eight. In Mars, the two surfaces are equal. The conclusion seems to be that the older the planet the smaller the ocean. This seems startling at first, but is nevertheless true. Let us judge by our own earth. There is one change taking place on the earth, slowly but surely. It was shown long since by Sir Isaac Newton, and since confirmed by Saemann in Germany, Sterry Hunt in America, Frankland in England, and Meunier in France, that the seas and oceans of this earth must be all the time diminishing, though so slowly that in many generations no visible change of level can be perceived. It becomes more and more clear, as we study the earth's history, that it must be measured not by thousands of years but at the very least by millions of years. Now, let us imagine that the rate at which the waters in our seas and oceans is withdrawn into the interior of the earth is so slow that in a single year the sea level is reduced by an amount equal to about the thickness of a sheet of note paper. Then in a hundred years the depth of the sea would be diminished only a single inch. At this rate, in about six million four hundred thousand years, the sea level would be reduced a full mile, and in sixty millions of years every trace of water would have disappeared from the surface of the earth. In an old planet, then—that is, a planet which has passed from the life-bearing stage in which our earth now is—the water surface is much less than in the time of mid-life. We should recognize a planet in this its period of decrepitude by the smaller extent of its water surface, and by the shape of its smaller seas. Meunier has found that when the water is withdrawn into the earth the ocean assumes a peculiar shape. You see in Mars these long, narrow inlets characteristic of that period. Nine of the seas of Mars have the peculiar shape described by Stanislaus and Meunier, as "bottle-necked."'"*

"Do the planets pass through different periods of planet-life?" asked Nellie Cameron—"or, rather, has a planet different life-periods?"

"There are five periods assigned to a planet," replied the professor, "the glowing, vaporous stage, as shown by the sun; the fiery stage, as shown by the planet Jupiter; the life-bearing stage, as presented by our planet earth; the period of planetary decrepitude, represented by Mars; and the period of death, as shown by the moon. Says one writer:

"'The glory of the sun and his fiery heat assure us, as with the clearest words, that he is in the infancy of his career as an orb in space. We know him to be made of the same materials as the earth, and we know those materials to be in the vaporous condition which only intense heat will produce, and we see that the whole of the sun's glowing mass is disturbed in such a way as to indicate that the greater part of that mass can be in no other than the vaporous state. Outside the sun we see the mighty flames which leap over his surface to a height of thirty, forty, fifty, sometimes even eighty or a hundred thousand miles, great masses of glowing gas shoot forth from his interior with velocities so great that compared with them all forms of motion with which we are acquainted seem absolutely at rest. Outside these again are the mystic streamers of the corona, extending to distances of two hundred to sometimes five hundred thousand, or even a million miles. All these features show that the sun is in

* "Mysteries of Time and Space," p. 65, by R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

reality an orb in the first stage of world-life, the glowing, vaporous stage, when the whole frame of an orb is instinct with fiery heat and aglow with intense luster. The second period is clearly shown by the planet Jupiter, the real surface being hidden beneath deep cloud-masses and subject to intense disturbances.'*

"Examined by a telescope, Jupiter shows all the signs of the most tremendous atmospheric disturbances. There are great bands of clouds all around him, which sometimes change so rapidly in shape as to show that great cloud-masses have been carried along with enormous rapidity by winds of hurricane force. It has been possible to determine the rate of these winds as certainly as one can tell the rate at which a terrestrial cloud is moving, by noting the rate of motion of its shadow. And these gradual motions of cloud-masses on Jupiter, when interpreted by what we know of the enormous size of Jupiter, have been found to indicate the existence of winds blowing at the rate of nearly two hundred miles per hour."

"The windstorms on Jupiter, then, are greater than the storms on our earth?" queried Marion Cleveland. "Because Sir John Herschel states that a windstorm blowing at the rate of ninety miles per hour is capable of overturning all but the most strongly built houses and of uprooting the stoutest forest trees. And every mile per hour added to the velocity of such a storm increases its destructive power in a marked degree."

"You are right, Miss Cleveland," replied the professor, "the windstorms on Jupiter are far greater than the storms on our earth. Imagine what would happen if a storm such as you described raged for a couple of months over the whole surface of the earth, especially if the velocity of the wind were twice as great as that of the most tremendous and destructive hurricanes known on our earth! No living creature known to us could survive such a storm, the strongest buildings men have erected would be destroyed by it in a few minutes, every region over which it raged would be desolated. Yet such storms are not infrequent on Jupiter. Our terrestrial storms rage sometimes for five or six days in succession, but this is very unusual. Ordinarily the fiercest storm blows itself out in less than three days. Now, Jovian hurricanes have been known to last for six or seven weeks. When this circumstance is considered in connection with the rate at which these storms blow it is impossible to resist the impression that Jupiter is little suited to be the abode of living creatures. Yet it is not wholly inconceivable that creatures more strongly framed and capable of building more solid edifices might live comfortably enough even where such tornadoes occurred from time to time."

"What causes the hurricanes upon Jupiter?" asked Caroline Sturgis.

"They are caused by the intense heat which prevails upon the surface of the planet. To speak plainly, it would seem as though Jupiter were so tremendously hot that the waters on his surface continually throw up vast masses of water vapor, and when we remember the enormous quantity of water which must be present in his cloud-bands, it would seem almost certain that the whole of those waters which would otherwise form oceans on his surface are converted into steam, which in the upper parts of his atmosphere condenses into the form of visible water vapor, or cloud. If such is actually the condition of Jupiter, life can scarcely exist on his surface. A globe actually hot enough to turn enormous masses of water into steam could only be inhabited by creatures incapable of being injured by fire, and it is difficult for us to imagine that there can be such creatures."

"How can astronomers tell that the surface of Jupiter is so hot?" asked Lydia Ferris.

"That question is thus answered by Professor Proctor:

"'From time to time, when the great white cloud-belt which surrounds the torrid regions on the planet has been dispersed, a strange fiery hue has been observed over this zone, which strongly suggests the idea of a glowing central globe. And when the light of Jupiter has been measured it has been found to exceed that which would be given by a globe of equal size simply reflecting the sun's light. The conclusion therefore is, that the planet not only borrows light from the sun, but is likewise self-lumi-

* "Mysteries of Time and Space," p. 75, by R. A. Proctor.—*M. P.*

nous. It would seem, then, that this noble planet, surpassing all the other planets together, as well in bulk as in mass, is not an inhabited world. But probably when its surface has cooled down until it has become solid, like the surface of our planet earth, it may then be better fitted as an abode for creatures specially adapted for life on this planet.'*

"'Passing over the third or middle stage, in which we know our earth to be, we come to Mars, which illustrates the fourth stage or the stage of planetary decrepitude. Lastly, we turn to the moon, which has arrived at the period of death. This planet should be in the state which the earth will reach two hundred millions of years hence, if our assumptions as to the duration of the various stages of the earth's existence are correct.'†

"The moon has no atmosphere, and we know this because in observing the moon passing over a star we see the star flash out suddenly as it reappears. If there were an atmosphere around the moon, the star would be seen precisely as our sun when sinking at sunset. The fact that the moon has no atmosphere is also proved by the blackness of the shadows of the lunar mountains, and their sharp, rugged outlines, without any of the soft blending in tints which we find in mountain scenery on our earth. Here we have certainly reached the last stage of a world's life, when every trace of water has disappeared from its surface."

"But I thought there were seas and oceans on the moon," said Nellie Cameron. "I remember reading about the Sea of Serenity, the Lake of Dreams, and the Ocean of Storms."

"You are right, in one way, Miss Cameron," replied the professor. "Some places on the moon were named seas and bays and ocean, but it was under the mistaken impression that such seas actually existed upon its surface, while in reality we have every proof that there is not a drop of water upon the surface of the moon. Waterless and airless, the moon must be regarded as a dead planet. No clouds could form, no rains fall, no changes take place, such as we observe on our earth, owing to the action of winds and storms. The moon tells the same story as the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn, as the planet earth, and as the miniature earth Mars. The moon, having passed through all the stages of a world's history, has at last arrived at death. Thus we find in the solar system the five stages of a planet's history—the first, or glowing, vaporous stage; the second, or fiery stage; the stage of mid-life; old age; and finally death, when life can no longer exist on the planet's dry, desolate, and dead surface. Says Flammarion:

"'The time will come when our earth will pass through the periods of planetary decrepitude and death. It is no longer by years, or by centuries, that we must reckon, in order to describe the immeasurable time which nature has employed in the genesis of the world's system. Millions added to millions scarcely mark the seconds of the eternal clock. But our mind, which embraces time as well as space, henceforth sees new worlds being created, it sees them at first shining with a feeble, nebulous gleam, afterward resplendent like the sun; cooling, covered with spots, then with a solid crust; subject to upheavals and tremendous disasters, caused by the slippings of the crust into the fiery furnace beneath, later on marked by numerous scars, slowly gaining strength in cooling, to receive henceforth light and heat externally from the sun, to be later on peopled with living beings, and after having served as the abode of superior life and thought, slowly to lose its fertility, imperceptibly wear away, like living beings themselves, arrive at old age, at planetary decrepitude, and at death—to float henceforth like drifting tombs in the infinite ocean of boundless space. This is the perpetual evolution of worlds.'*

"In the star-depths we see millions of stars, glowing suns, probably surrounded by families of planets, passing through all the stages of planet-life. So that if the heavens present to us a scene of multiplied life, they also present a scene of multiplied death. There is nothing more certain than that life has a limited period, a beginning and an end, and if at this moment all these worlds were inhabited by living creatures, we must look back to a period when life began, and the period in the future when life shall cease to have a limit, not in a small section of creation, but throughout the whole universe. It may be that we have eternal life now in one family, now in another family of worlds; thus, one after the other, all the worlds in space may be inhabited,

* "The Expanse of Heaven," pp. 75, 84, by R. A. Proctor. —*M. P.*

† "Mysteries of Time and Space," p. 77, by R. A. Proctor. —*M. P.*

* "Popular Astronomy," by C. Flammarion. —*M. P.*

and age after age they will live in glorious beauty, chanting the praises of the Almighty, the glorious epic of creation. If we knew the reality, instead of seeing a small part of the universe, we would find a meaning that would better agree with our ideas of an almighty power. It is not with less reverence, but with greater reverence for the universe, and for that power which works in and through the universe, that we must pursue our study of the heavens. Well may we exclaim, with the great apostle of the gentiles: 'Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.' " *

CHAPTER XIII.

At this moment, the classroom door opened and Miss Inart appeared, showing by her face that something unusual had occurred.

"Young ladies," she said, as she took her place beside the professor's desk, "I regret to say that some one has disobeyed one of the strictest rules I have made with regard to the Grange. I have threatened to expel any one who attempted to visit the western wing of the Grange. My reason for making this rule was on account of the dilapidated condition of that part of the building, as it is positively dangerous for any one who is not acquainted with it to venture there. I wish to find out who has disobeyed me."

Marion Cleveland came forward and acknowledged frankly that she was the culprit.

"Marion Cleveland!" exclaimed Miss Inart, with consternation. "I can scarcely believe this is true. Surely you are trying to shield some one else? It cannot be you."

"Miss Inart," replied Marion, "I am indeed sorry to acknowledge that I have disobeyed you. I went to the west wing yesterday evening, although I was well aware of the rule, and I did so of my own free will."

"May I ask why?" requested Miss Inart gently. She was very fond of Marion, and she felt grieved to the heart that the girl should have brought this disgrace upon herself.

"I cannot tell you," said Marion quietly. "It is a secret and I have promised never to tell."

Miss Inart looked surprised. What could she mean? She was about to ask for an explanation when Caroline Sturgis, after whispering a few words to her companions, approached Miss Inart and asked for permission to speak.

"I shall be pleased to hear anything you may have to say in defense of Miss Cleveland," said Miss Inart kindly. "I am very fond of her, and I can see that her companions are also. I regret exceedingly if she is to blame in this instance."

"Miss Inart, we have a great secret in the senior class, which only the seniors know, and it is about a legend concerning the Grange. When Marion became a senior we initiated her into the club and told her the legend, and this had something to do with her visit to the west wing yesterday evening."

"Will you kindly tell me the legend?" asked Miss Inart, who was somewhat curious to know the motive which had prompted Marion to risk being expelled.

After a little hesitation Caroline related the account of Pamela Wentworth, and while she was telling it, unaided by the mysterious rites which usually accompanied the telling, it seemed rather a foolish little romance. Caroline realized this long before she reached the climax of her story. She naturally felt somewhat embarrassed, and by the time she had finished her voice faltered, and she burst into tears. It was all their fault, she said, that Marion had disobeyed rules, and if she was expelled, they deserved to be expelled also.

Miss Inart's face was a study while the story was being told. It was quite a revelation to her, and at the description of the initiation ceremony she could scarcely repress a smile of amusement. It was such a schoolgirl romance, and she remembered the days of her own schoolgirl life when such legends would have strongly appealed to her imagination. Nevertheless, the legend did not exonerate Marion. Here was a matter requiring thought and judgment. Marion had been a pupil at the Grange for nearly

* Richard A. Proctor, in his lecture, "Other Suns than Ours."

three years, and during all that time she had never willfully disobeyed a rule. Yet rules were made to be kept, and Marion had undoubtedly failed by disobeying one of them. Miss Inart was puzzled, and scarcely knew what decision to make in the case.

"Young ladies," she said, "I must have time to think over this matter. As Miss Sturgis remarked just now, all the members of the senior class are equally to blame. This is a matter that cannot be judged hastily, and I intend to think it over for a day or so, and will let you know my decision. Miss Cleveland may take her place as usual with her companions. The class is now dismissed."

An unhappy looking group of girls filed out of the recitation room, and Caroline did her best to comfort Marion, who was crying as though her heart would break.

"It is a shame," said Caroline, "if you are expelled, Marion. We will not allow it to happen. If you go, we shall go also. Do not cry like that, dearie, it is all our fault, and we cannot tell how sorry we are."

"What will mother say," sobbed Marion, "the disgrace will make her so unhappy. Why was I so foolish! Caroline, do you really think Miss Inart will expel me?"

"If she does, we shall all have to go," said Caroline, "because it would not be fair to send only you away, when we are just as much to blame."

"It would have been worth while, perhaps, if you had seen the ghost of Pamela," suggested Nellie Cameron, "but to go in search of the ghost and run the risk of being expelled, and then not to see the ghost and be expelled is a little too much."

"But I do not see why we cannot think of some plan by which we may rescue the fair heroine from her tragic fate," exclaimed Lydia Ferris, in melodramatic tones. "Can we not storm the citadel of Miss Inart's study, present a petition to her, and beg for mercy for the brave young American girl, Marion Cleveland? Come, girls, put on your thinking-caps, and think as hard as you can."

"Well said," replied Nellie Cameron, "and, as Shakespeare says, 'by my troth, we will rescue yonder fair maiden, or, if needs be, die in the attempt.' That is not exactly what he said, but it is an adaptation to fit the case."

"What kind of a petition shall we write?" asked Caroline Sturgis, "and what good will it do when it is written?"

"Girls," interrupted Nellie excitedly, "I have an idea."

"Pardon me," said Lydia mockingly, "did I hear aright?"

"You did," said Nellie laughing, "I actually have an idea. To-morrow is Professor Douglas' birthday, and the custom usually is to ask a favor on the birthday of any of the members of the faculty, and it is always granted. Now I vote that we make out our petition, affix to it our names, ask Professor Douglas to sign his name, and present it to Miss Inart at recess to-morrow noon."

"'A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!'" said Lydia excitedly. "And now for the petition. Caroline you would better write that, as you always are a genius where writing is concerned."

"Thanks, awfully!" said Caroline, bowing profoundly, "but in such a case, I shall need the combined assistance of talent from the other members of the Spirit Club. First of all, may we do this for you, Marion?"

"I scarcely know whether Miss Inart will listen to you or not," said Marion, "but we can try at any rate. It is very kind of you to care so much."

"Care so much! Why, of course we care for you, you dearest and loveliest of girls!" said Caroline, kissing her rapturously. "Surely you do not think we would let Miss Inart expel you without making some effort to save you?"

"How would this do?" said Lydia Ferris. "Begin the petition with a quotation, such as: 'The quality of mercy is not strained.'"

"That would not do at all," said Nellie Cameron abruptly. "This is a serious matter, girls, and this petition must be expressed in a dignified manner. We do not want any quotations and quixotic nonsense, but good plain common sense."

"'Right again, O learned judge!'" said Lydia, "and now to work. Caroline will

write the petition, aided by our valuable advice and criticism. Nellie can get Professor Douglas to sign it, and perhaps we may persuade him to present it to Miss Inart."

"I would not mind doing anything for Marion's sake," said Nellie Cameron gently, "but I must confess I would not have the courage to approach Professor Douglas."

"Let us decide by votes," suggested Lydia, "and may good fortune smile on the one who is selected."

"Agreed," said the girls in chorus.

Slips of paper were prepared, and all were left blank but one, upon which was inscribed the one word, "Victim." The victim in this case happened to be Caroline Sturgis.

"I do not mind," said Caroline, "because I am fond enough of Marion to make the venture for her sake, but I must confess I would not do it for my own. I think the petition should be very simple and unpretentious, and as to-morrow is Professor Douglas' birthday, when we usually ask a favor, what do you say to this :

"Miss Inart, we, the undersigned, earnestly entreat you to grant us a favor to-day, as it is the birthday of Professor Douglas, who is one of the members of the faculty. Will you in place of granting the usual request, a half holiday, forgive Marion Cleveland? We feel that we are as much to blame as she is, and that if she is expelled we all deserve to be expelled."

"That is just right," said Nellie, "and now, if only we can get Professor Douglas to sign his name to it we shall do our best to get Miss Inart to grant our request. When will you go to the professor, Caroline?"

"I think I would better go now," replied Caroline, "as he must be in the recitation room, preparing for his class in geology. I am a little afraid, but I shall make the venture, for nothing venture, nothing have!"

The petition was carefully written and the signatures of the girls added, and Caroline carried it to the recitation room. There she found Professor Douglas arranging his books, and she approached him timidly and asked him if he would be kind enough to sign a petition the senior girls had prepared for the pardon of Marion Cleveland. As she said this, she handed him the paper, which he read through carefully.

"I quite understand the spirit in which this has been written," replied the professor kindly, "but I do not think it would be quite in keeping with my dignity, as a professor, to add my signature to it, nor do I think it will help Miss Cleveland in any way. Otherwise I would gladly grant your request."

"Please do," said Caroline coaxingly, and for the moment forgetting her timidity, "we are all so fond of Marion, and we shall feel so unhappy if she is expelled. Do sign your name, and we shall be so grateful."

The professor was thoughtful for a few moments, but he could not see the advantage in signing the paper. Possibly if he had not cared for Marion he would have signed it readily, but, as it was, he dared not show her any partiality. Besides that, it was scarcely dignified for him to do so. Caroline noticed his hesitation, and misinterpreting it, begged him again to sign the paper, but his mind was now made up. It would be a great mistake for him to betray his feelings in any way, and he felt that it was better to err on the side of being indifferent, rather than interested in Marion's fate.

"Miss Sturgis," he remarked, kindly but firmly, "I appreciate the good will that has prompted you and your companions to make this petition in favor of Miss Cleveland, and I wish you all success in so far as Miss Cleveland is concerned. But it would be utterly useless to sign my name to the paper, for the very simple reason that it would not make the slightest particle of difference if I did. Besides," he continued smilingly, as he hurriedly glanced over the petition again, "if you will reread this petition, you will realize that my signature would be decidedly out of place after the last sentence, 'We feel that we are as much to blame as she is, and that if she is to be expelled we all deserve to be expelled.'"

"You are right," said Caroline laughing, "I had not noticed it before. I wish you would help us, in Marion's behalf, however. We feel so sorry for her, because it was all our fault."

"I can understand how you would regret

losing her," said the professor, "but all I can do in this case is to tell Miss Inart to-morrow that it is my birthday, and to say that the young ladies have a request they would like to have granted, according to the usual custom. Then you can come forward with your petition."

"That is so kind of you!" said Caroline enthusiastically, "and I believe it is the best way after all. I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you, but it was the only time I could see you to-day."

"That is all right," said the professor kindly, "and I wish you every success."

When Caroline returned to her companions and told them the result of her interview with the professor, they were somewhat disappointed at his refusing to sign the petition; but when Caroline pointed out to them that the last sentence would not place him in a particularly flattering light, they were reconciled. After all, they concluded, it was very kind of him to interest himself at all. As for Marion, she was rather pleased than otherwise that he had not signed the petition. It would have made her decidedly unpopular in the school had he shown her any partiality, and she admired him for his discretion.

The girls impatiently awaited the next day, and Marion was naturally intensely excited. It was not surprising, therefore, that the astronomy lesson seemed tedious both to the professor and his pupils, but, like all things in this world, it had to end some time, and when the hands of the clock pointed to the hour for dismissal the girls could scarcely repress their excitement any longer. Once or twice the professor glanced toward Marion, and when he saw the drawn, anxious look in her face, he experienced an overwhelming feeling of sympathy, but he was compelled to remain silent. It was a trying moment for him when the time for dismissal came, and when Caroline requested him to allow her to go for Miss Inart. Supposing the petition should not be granted, how he would miss Marion Cleveland from the class! However, it remained to be seen whether Miss Inart would temper "justice with mercy," and he awaited her arrival almost as impatiently as the girls did, only he controlled his feelings more successfully.

When Miss Inart was informed that Professor Douglas wished her to come to the recitation room, she was somewhat surprised, and she was still more so on her arrival there.

"You sent for me, Professor Douglas," she remarked, as she approached his desk, "I hope there has not been any trouble in the class?"

"No, indeed, Miss Inart," replied the professor, "but to-day is my birthday, and it is customary on this day to ask a favor. The usual request is for a half holiday, but the young ladies have another petition to present to you. Miss Sturgis will tell you."

Caroline Sturgis gave the petition to Miss Inart, who read it through carefully, and then returning it to her with a smile said:

"I am glad that you have relieved me from the responsibility of deciding in this case. Had I followed my own feelings, I would certainly have pardoned Marion Cleveland, but at the risk of showing partiality. Then, again, I would be establishing a bad precedent, which would greatly interfere hereafter with the observance of the rules I have so strictly enforced. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and in this case I shall make an exception. You are right in considering that you are all as much to blame as Miss Cleveland, and it would not be just to expel her and not to expel her accomplices. Therefore, in pardoning her, I am pardoning the entire class, and I do so gladly."

Marion was so overcome at Miss Inart's leniency in her case that she was half laughing and half crying as she tried to thank her. In the excitement, the look of satisfaction that passed over the face of the professor was unnoticed, and the next moment he was congratulating her with the rest in his usual calm manner. She would have been greatly surprised had she known how deeply he had sympathized with her, but, as it was, she was quite unaware of the fact.

"And now, young ladies," said Miss Inart, as the excitement gradually subsided, "I also have a secret to tell you concerning

the very terrace where, as you have informed me, Pamela met her sad fate. For some time it has been used as an observatory by Professor Douglas, and he has asked me to allow you to have the use of his telescope during one night in the week. This is to encourage you in your study of the heavens. I have had an outside passage made to the observatory, so that it will not be necessary for you to pass through the halls in the western wing. Everything is now in readiness, and we shall take our first ramble in starland next Friday evening. Let us hope that in this way the fanciful ideas you have entertained about ghosts and haunted terraces will be quickly dispelled, and let me assure you that although I have lived at the Grange for over fifteen years, not a sign have I ever seen of the ill-fated maiden, Pamela Wentworth. The legend may be partly true, for years ago the Grange was owned by the Wentworth family, but I fancy the legend has been added to and improved upon in the course of time. But the hour is late, young ladies, and you are now dismissed."

"As for you, Marion," she said, as she put her hand on her shoulder and looked kindly into her eyes, "I cannot tell you how pleased I was to have some excuse for pardoning you. I was very unhappy at the thought of having to expel you."

"You have been very kind to me," said Marion gratefully, "and I can never forget what has happened to-day."

As the girls left the schoolroom, they gathered around Marion and congratulated her upon her fortunate escape, and when it was announced after recess that a half holiday was to be granted to the entire school, in honor of Professor Douglas' birthday, the girls were delighted. Marion was made the heroine of the day, and her happy laughter could be heard, mingling with the gay chatter of her companions, as though she had not a care in the world.

(To be continued.)

CHILD-STUDY.

BY M. V. O'SHEA.

OF THE SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

WITHIN the last decade there has crept into the common language of parents and teachers a wholly new word indicating a movement in our midst of great extent and importance. While children have doubtless always been more or less carefully observed and studied by those who have had the care of their upbringing, yet it is not until very recently that we have seen or heard the term "child-study." The reason for this most probably is that hitherto childhood has not been regarded as a suitable subject for systematic study, but observations have been made incidentally or even accidentally; while now there is an earnest effort to discover according to the methods of exact or inductive science the true nature of the child and the mode of his normal growth and development. Few ever thought a half century ago of making the growth of children a matter for scientific observation in order to ascertain the laws according to which the powers of the body normally develop and the faculties of the mind unfold; but we are now in the midst of the greatest activity and enthusiasm in this work.

Child-study, as it is coming to be understood, in the broadest sense means more, too, than the study of the average normal child to find out general principles of physical and intellectual development; it indicates also a marked tendency, and a necessity on the part of teachers at least, always to consider and respect the individuality of each child under supervision. There has arisen of late a pronounced feeling that children cannot be classified very closely ac-

cording to age, and all the members of a class or group dealt with exactly in the same manner; but rather every particular child is a personality unto himself and requires for his best training somewhat different treatment from all other personalities with whom he may be associated in the home or in the school.

Those who can recall the teaching in the average school of a quarter century ago can well remember that instruction was shaped for the mass or the class and not for the individual; but child-study is impressing upon teachers, and parents as well, the fact that there ought not to be such a thing as a class which is not composed of separate entities, each possessing personal characteristics which must always be taken into account by the teacher if instruction is to accomplish its ends. In this way modern child-study aims not only to discover the general laws of the growth and development of childhood of all ages, but it endeavors further to find a suitable method for scientifically analyzing the personality of individual children, so that each may be dealt with according to his special needs; and it is believed that in this way the parent and teacher may get into closest touch and sympathy with child-life in general, and especially with particular children's lives as they may have occasion to deal with them in any way.

The greatest enthusiasm is manifested everywhere in our own country now in the pursuit of these two objects of child-study. A National Association for Child-Study was formed at the International Congress of Education at Chicago in 1893, and since that time almost every state in the Union has organized separate associations, having the same general purposes as the national society. These associations comprise in their membership not only teachers but parents and others, and many local societies composed almost entirely of parents are being formed in various cities and towns for the systematic study of childhood. There is hardly an educational publication that does not devote some portion of its space to this scientific work in child-study, and the popular newspapers and magazines seem also to be giving the subject some attention.

The present great interest in child-study seems to be one manifestation of the well-nigh universal scientific attitude toward the investigation of all phases of life and nature. The Baconian departure of a few centuries ago has stirred modern civilization to its very center. Bacon's inductive method for the study of natural phenomena has been gradually extended to the study of physical life by such men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and others; and what may properly be called the biological method introduced by them has at last been applied to the investigation of mental phenomena.

For a quarter century or more the world has been passing through a biological era; now it has entered a psychological period, and it is not alone in the study of children that this is manifesting itself, but we hear much in these days also of the psychological novel, of sociological psychology, and so on. We now have laboratories for the study of psychology as we have long had them for investigation in biology; and while a great deal of modern child-study is being successfully carried forward outside of special laboratories, still particular phases of the study of children require delicate apparatus and other facilities which may be found only in the laboratories.

It is thoroughly believed by the majority of people to-day that there are universal laws of mind-growth and development which are as invariable and reliable as those governing the physical world, and one important aim of child-study is to discover what these are, so that they may be duly observed in the training of children in the home and in the school. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated; and while perhaps not much has yet been accomplished compared with what remains still to be done, yet beneficial results may already be seen in great improvement in the work of the schools and perhaps somewhat in the training of the home.

It is sometimes thought that child-study must be concerned wholly with very young children, such, for example, as Preyer and Perez were specially interested in and with

whose books upon the subject doubtless every one is familiar. Both these investigators observed and studied children during the period of infancy only—during the time of beginnings when the senses are awakening, language is beginning to develop, and the child is coming to gain control over its body. But modern child-study extends its observations far beyond this initial period—through the years of childhood, adolescence, and of youth indeed; and as careful and extensive studies are now being made upon children passing through all these stages as were formerly made upon the period of infancy alone. The physical, intellectual, emotional, and volitional aspects of child-growth and development are all being carefully investigated by many students, aided by teachers and parents, and we may mention here briefly some of the most important of these studies and the results already reached.

In the first place, great attention has been given to the subject of physical growth and development, and many hundreds of thousands of children have been systematically weighed, measured, and tested in various ways and under manifold conditions by such men as Bowditch, Gilbert, Peckham, Boas, Krohn, and others in our own country; by Key of Sweden; Mosso of Italy; Bürgerstein of Germany; Warner of England, and others, to discover at what ages children grow most rapidly, during what periods there is marked retardation, and what influence rapid or retarded growth has upon the intellect and emotional activities.

It is commonly thought that unless children meet with some accident they grow uniformly from birth to maturity; but it has been shown that there is no such regularity, but rather there are interrupted periods when nature requires all the physical energies for inner changes instead of for continued growth. Every mother knows that the period of teething is accompanied not only by physical but mental disturbances; and the period of adolescence is specially marked by changes and disturbances in body and mind. There is quite common agreement between all authorities that there is comparatively little growth in a girl's life between eleven and thirteen and in a boy's life between twelve and fourteen, while in the girl's case the most rapid growth is between thirteen and fifteen and in the boy's between fourteen and sixteen. The ages differ slightly for children of different nationalities, those coming from different kinds of homes, and those living in different climates. Boys are taller and heavier than girls until the thirteenth or fourteenth year, after which the girls excel them for two or three years, when they are again behind and remain so. The children of American parents seem to have a better physical equipment than those of any foreign parentage.

Dr. Warner concludes after the study of one hundred thousand London children that the average schoolgirl is a healthier creature and can endure the work of the schoolroom better than the average schoolboy, probably due to the greater patience with difficulties and less passionate explosiveness of the girl. His studies were made upon children before the age of puberty, however, and it is possible that different results would have been obtained had he secured statistics of all ages up to sixteen or seventeen; for it is a well-recognized fact that many girls break down before the age of sixteen, doubtless because there is little allowance made either in the home or in the school for important physical changes taking place in the girl's life after the age of eleven. A very distinguished authority recently declared that boys, too, suffer greatly because parents and teachers fail to observe the necessary modifications of school work and home duties which the period of adolescence requires. Very interesting investigations have been made upon the intellectual, emotional, and volitional characteristics that make their appearance during adolescence, but these may be spoken of here only to say that they are very frequently misunderstood and dealt with unwisely in the home and in the school.

Comparative studies are being made to determine how tall the average normal child should be at different ages, how much he should weigh, what should be the muscular development of all the prominent parts of

the body, how life under different conditions, as in the city, in the country, in the kindergarten, in the ordinary schoolroom, in the homes of the rich and of the poor—how the child's growth and development are affected by these varying conditions, and what influence they have in forming the intellect and character. Enough data have not yet been gained from these to make many serviceable generalizations, but it is believed that much of value will be forthcoming in the future.

One of the most important lines of investigation has aimed to ascertain the special periods of development of the different parts and organs of the body. It has already been shown by modern psychology that all parts of the physical body are under the control and guidance of definite parts of the brain, commonly spoken of as brain centers; and it has further been amply proven that all these centers are not developed at birth but reach maturity in a certain natural order. Every mother has noticed that while at birth a child is possessed of certain movements which he can execute with great accuracy, still the greater portion of those which the adult is master of are impossible to the infant. For instance, while an infant can breathe, cry, sneeze, and move the body as a whole with great freedom, yet it cannot control the fingers or any part of the secondary organs or parts of the body. The reason for this has been shown to be that the brain centers controlling fundamental or large movements are very early developed, while those controlling the secondary or more delicate movements develop much later.

The failure to recognize this fact has been the cause of much injurious treatment of young children in the home and in the school by requiring them very early to perform delicately coördinated movements, such as sewing, writing, sitting still for a long time, and so on, which they are not at all ready for. Difficulties of speech are often established in childhood by insisting upon too fine articulations before the fundamental movements of breathing and vocalizing properly have become established.

The natural order of development, to repeat, is from movements of wholes, as the entire body, the whole arm, and so on, to movements of parts, these parts being upon the periphery of the body, as the fingers and lips. If work requiring delicate coördination be insisted upon too soon, disease of the nervous system ensues, which is found very frequently in young children as choreic tendencies, an extreme form of which is known as St. Vitus' dance. Nature has evidently designed that the child should at first have the greatest freedom to employ the body as a whole, and all of its parts as wholes; and only after these have become thoroughly mastered should he be led gradually to exert great control in the performance of exact, difficult duties of any kind.

Perhaps the most important results of these studies upon the physical characteristics and conditions of children have been secured in directing the attention of parents and teachers to the subject of fatigue in childhood, pointing out its causes in home and school, and suggesting remedies. Fatigue is generally thought to be simply a disagreeable physical condition resulting from overwork; and most people understand very imperfectly the far more serious kind of fatigue in children which is produced by overstrain of the mind, or lack of proper nutrition of the nervous system. It is a thoroughly established fact that all mental work requires the expenditure of nervous energy, and when too severe demands have been made upon the brain there is liable to result a deficiency of nerve force revealed in various forms of nervous disturbances, the most common of which is disinclination or inability to do anything, called in children stupidity; and in some people this fatigued condition shows itself in lack of perfect control either of body or mind, often named in children irritability, viciousness, or something similar.

If one could subject a healthy brain in a state of rest to careful scrutiny he would probably behold an infinite number of small cells filled with a substance which, for want of a better term, we may call nervous energy; then if he could continue his observations while this same brain was engaged in men-

tal effort of some kind or passing through a stage of emotional excitement he would notice that these cells gradually became shriveled up, and that as one result there was a worn-out product thrown into the blood, showing that mental activity actually wears away the material of the brain cells. Now when these cells become much depleted of their energy nature has doubtless intended that one should fall asleep, so as to afford opportunity for the nutritious elements in the blood to replace the expended capital; but if, for any reason, as in being required to prepare a lesson for an approaching recitation, one cannot obtain the required relaxation and rest, he will in all probability soon be in a state of fatigue.

An adult may notice the symptoms and conditions of fatigue when he is overworked or overworried. He will likely observe that he has less steadiness of hand, speech, and body than usual; he is more irritable, more easily angered or excited; perhaps he has wakeful nights or troublous dreams, or he feels very strongly an indisposition or incapacity to exert either body or mind. It is well to remember here that no one has greater demands made upon the nervous system than a school child; and yet it is ofttimes thought that dullness in the schoolroom, or restlessness, or any similar condition, is due to perversity of children's wills rather than defective bodily conditions. Our modern child-study is calling attention to the great prevalence of fatigue particularly in the schoolroom but also to some extent in the home, and is impressing upon parents and teachers the necessity of taking heed of this in all their dealings with children.

The most common sources of fatigue in the home and in the school have been shown to be insufficient or improper food, an unwholesome atmosphere, imperfect seating, heating, and lighting of schoolrooms, the existence in individual children of acute or chronic diseases of any kind that make demands upon the physical energies, the marked disturbances caused in many children by teething, the unusual physical changes occurring during adolescence, and finally of course an excessive amount of work or worry, which keeps young children under physical and mental restraint for long periods at a time, or induces in them a chronic state of fear. To give one example, many a child who is thought to be stupid may be found to be improperly nourished; and while this will be especially true of children in poorer homes, it is ofttimes found also in the homes of the rich where children partake only of those kinds of food that appeal to the palate but are not adapted to supply the needs of a rapidly developing body and an extremely active mind.

It is not infrequent further to find children who make little progress in their school work, or who give teachers and parents much trouble because of their restlessness and peevishness—it is not uncommon to find in such cases pathological conditions where the system does not assimilate those peculiar elements that are needed to keep the nervous system in a state of health. The thing of importance here for parents and teachers is that whenever these physical defects or deficiencies exist, from whatever cause, they will soon show themselves in some undesirable manifestation of intellect or disposition; and it follows that whenever mental perversities are met with we should make an earnest effort to discover the causes so as to eliminate them.

Finally, much attention has been given of late to the study of defective senses, especially sight and hearing; and the writer knows many children who have been reported stupid or perverse who have been rescued from an ignominious life by the discovery that they were partially blind or deaf and consequently were not able to appropriate as much from the world around them or from their instruction in the classroom as most of their fellows. Certain defects of vision entail great loss of nervous energy also, so that in such cases there is not only inability to respond to the same amount of stimuli from the external world as a person possessing normal sight, but there is moreover a chronic state of fatigue induced by the continual strain to overcome the defect.

Studies made upon a large number of children in our own country and abroad

have shown a high per cent of defectives, both in sight and hearing; and these investigations have pointed out the necessity for a careful examination of the senses of every child after the age of four or five years. It is not enough that one *thinks* he sees or hears perfectly, for he is no judge of any kind of vision or hearing except that which he possesses and which of course seems perfect to him. Defects in other sense organs also very frequently exist, but they are not so important as in the two senses specially named, since these latter are called into play continuously in the classroom as well as in daily life.

It is not the purpose here to intimate that the parent or teacher must supplant the physician; but at the same time it must be urged that any one who has to do with shaping the intellect and character of children should appreciate the very great influence of physical defects and unhygienic conditions, and should know how to remedy these in their less serious and aggravated forms as they are revealed every day in the home and in the school.

THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH. D.

NOWHERE in this country is there a spot more rich in historic interest than West Point. The beauty of its surroundings is famous, and especially attractive must they have seemed to the soldiers and officers of the American Army in the springtime of 1783. The blue waters of the mighty Hudson flowed unrestrained to the ocean, happy in the joyousness of their freedom. The trees had put on the full beauty of their new foliage to welcome the advent of peace, and the air was redolent with perfume from the blossoms of the fruit trees that promised a rich harvest in the coming autumn to the home-goers.

The eight years of incessant struggle were at a close. Old comrades who had fought and bled side by side for the sacred cause of liberty during these long years were about to part. They had suffered hunger and poverty, and now, not knowing if they should ever meet again, were soon to bid each other farewell. It was under such conditions that the officers of the American Army, who were then considered to be "the most renowned band of men that walked on the face of the globe," assembled in order to perpetuate these associations and to transmit them to coming generations.

In the archives of the Society of the Cincinnati there is preserved a paper on which, in the well-known handwriting of General Knox, is the endorsement, "Rough Draft of a Society to be formed by the American Officers and to be called 'The Cincinnati.'" It is dated West Point, April 15, 1783. This fact together with the assertion, "He makes me author and grand master of the Cincinnati; this is whipping you over my shoulders," written by Baron Steuben to Knox at a later date is taken as satisfactory evidence that the originator of the Cincinnati was Henry Knox of Massachusetts.

It was on May 13, 1783, in the south room of the quaint old Verplanck House, near Fishkill on the Hudson, then the headquarters of Baron Steuben, that the officers of the American Army adopted the following preamble:

"To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remembrance of this vast event as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the pressure of common danger, and, in many instances, cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one Society of Friends to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their oldest male posterity, and in failure thereof the collateral branches who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members."

The next clause is equally pertinent and therefore must be quoted in its entirety:

"The officers of the American Army having generally been taken from the citizens of America,

possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus; and being resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship, they think that they may with propriety denominate themselves 'The Society of the Cincinnati.'"

The principles that were given as the basis of the society are well worthy the consideration of every patriotic American. They do honor to our illustrious ancestors. They are:

"An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective states that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American empire.

"To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the society towards those officers and their families who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it."

Well may this country be proud of the memory of the officers of the American Army who subscribed to this document.

At this meeting it was provided for the sake of frequent communications that the general society be divided into state societies, each of which should meet annually on July 4, and that the general society should hold a meeting on the first Monday in May, "at least once in every three years."

It was further decided that "in order to form funds which may be respectable, and assist the unfortunate, each officer shall deliver to the treasurer of the state society one month's pay, which shall remain forever to the use of the state society, the interest only of which, if necessary, to be appointed to the relief of the unfortunate." In compliance with this rule those officers who held the rank of lieutenant paid into the treasury the sum of $26.60, and those of higher grades greater amounts, until those who had attained the standing of major-general were reached; these contributed $166 to the fund. By judicious investment these contributions have grown to handsome amounts in many of the state societies. Thus at the last triennial meeting (held in 1893) the Massachusetts state society reported $57,000; Pennsylvania, $41,850; New York, $27,700; New Jersey, $24,181; Maryland, $7,000; South Carolina, $5,500; and Rhode Island, $5,377.

The original eligibility clause was as follows:

"All the officers of the American Army, as well as those who have resigned with honor after three years' service in the capacity of officers or who have been deranged by the resolutions of Congress upon the several reforms of the army as those who shall have continued to the end of the war, have the right to become parties to this institution. . . . And as a testimony of affection to the memory and the offspring of such officers as have died in the service, their eldest male branches shall have the same right of becoming members as the children of the actual members of the society. . . . Those officers who are foreigners, not resident in any of the states, will have their names enrolled by the secretary-general and are to be considered as members in the societies of any of the states in which they may happen to be."

Finally, at this same meeting the society decided upon an order "which," as the records say, "shall be a medal of gold suspended by a deep blue riband edged with white, descriptive of the union of France and America." In recent years the deep blue of the "riband" has become a light blue, but apparently without any official authorization. The description of the medal is quite elaborate. On the obverse are three senators presenting Cincinnatus with a sword and other military ensigns, while on a field in the background is his wife standing at the door of their cottage, near which are a plow and instruments of husbandry. Surrounding these figures is the legend, "*Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam.*" On the reverse is the sun rising over a city with open gates and vessels entering the port while Fame crowns Cincinnatus with a wreath inscribed, "*Virtutis Præmium.*" Below are joined hands with the motto "*Esto perpetua*," and around the whole, "*Societas Cincinnatorum Institua A. D. 1783.*"

Soon after, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, of the Engineers Corps, to whom also credit is due for the plan of the city of

Washington, pointed out in a letter addressed to "My general" certain objections to a medal as the emblem of a military society and suggested instead "the bald eagle," a bird "which is peculiar to this continent and distinguished from that of other climates by its white head and tail." The wisdom of this suggestion was apparent and at a meeting held on June 19, 1783, the eagle with the figure of the medal as previously described displayed on its breast became the emblem of the society.

Meanwhile Major-General Heath was instructed to transmit copies of the institution to the commanding officer of the Southern Army, the senior officers in each state from Pennsylvania to Georgia inclusive, and the commanding officers of the Rhode Island line, requesting them to communicate the same to the officers under their several commands and to take such measures as might appear to them necessary for expediting the establishment of their state societies.

At the meeting held on June 19, a resolution was passed requesting his "excellency, the commander-in-chief, to officiate as president-general until the first general meeting." At the same time Major-General McDougall was elected as treasurer-general and Major-General Knox as secretary-general.

During the year all of the thirteen state societies came into formal existence, beginning with Massachusetts and New York on June 9, 1783. Almost immediately the Cincinnati met with a bitter storm of opposition. Mr. Edward Graham Daves writes of this outburst as follows:

"Writers and orators proclaimed that a body existing by hereditary right would become a privileged aristocratic class, antagonistic to the spirit of our institutions and a dangerous element in a republican commonwealth."

Judge Burke, of South Carolina, attacked it in a virulent pamphlet; Mirabeau echoed his words from across the water; Jefferson demanded that the order be annihilated; John Adams wrote from Paris that "the formation of the society was the first step taken to deface the beauty of our temple of liberty"; and even the wise and conservative Franklin was opposed to it. State after state declared through legislative committees that the members of the Cincinnati were unworthy of American citizenship and the congress in Annapolis threatened to disfranchise them unless they abolished the hereditary feature of membership.

In New York the opposition manifested itself conspicuously by the formation of a society called the Columbian Order, which had for its chief purpose the antagonizing of the so-called "aristocratic Society of the Cincinnati." Later, when it came into formal existence, it chose the name of "Tammany" from that of an Indian sachem who once lived within the boundaries of the present state of Delaware. Like the Cincinnati, Tammany is ostensibly a charitable organization but membership in it is not hereditary and in that respect it is unlike the Cincinnati. Of the badges of the two, somehow, methinks, there are still many who would consider the eagle more honorable a decoration than the tiger's head.

In December, 1783, Major L'Enfant wrote to Washington from Paris:

"Here they are more ambitious to obtain the Order of the Cincinnati than to be decorated with the Cross of St. Louis. . . . This institution they consider as a monument erected to republican virtues, as the fundamental basis of a cordial union between the different states, and as a new tie which assures the duration of that reciprocal friendship which France has devoted to America."

The first general meeting of the society convened in the State House in Philadelphia, in May, 1784. General Washington presided, and of the original thirteen state societies Rhode Island alone was unrepresented.

It was at this meeting in deference to public sentiment that the original institution was substituted by one in which the hereditary clause was eliminated. The revised articles were submitted to the state societies in a circular dated Philadelphia, May 15, 1784, and signed by George Washington.

Meetings were held in Philadelphia in 1787, 1788, 1790, 1793, and 1796. At the latter there was no quorum and a circular prepared by those present was issued. In it attention is directed to the fact that

"The objects of the triennial meetings of 1790

and 1793 and of the extra meetings of 1788 and 1791 have all failed from this unaccountable apathy [*i. e.*, failure to send delegates] on the part of some of the state societies; and even the proposed alteration of the constitution which was deemed of sufficient importance to have claimed the immediate and animated attention of every state society, has shared the fate of other propositions and remains yet undecided."

This circular, although couched "in the language of complaint and remonstrance," failed to accomplish the desired result. An unimportant meeting was held in 1799, and in 1800 the society met to adopt a "testimonial of respect to the memory of General Washington." Also a committee appointed to consider the status of the society reported to the following effect:

"From the silence which the state societies have observed, after the pressing circular letters of the general meeting, your committee are led to conclude that they do not accede to the proposed reform; and your committee conclude therefore that they are authorized to report

"'That the institution of the Society of the Cincinnati remain as it was originally proposed and adopted by the officers of the American Army at their cantonments on the banks of the Hudson River in 1783.'"

Thus the amendment abolishing the hereditary feature of the society failed, and the Cincinnati has always existed as originally organized.

At this meeting Major-General Alexander Hamilton, of New York, was chosen president-general, and Major-General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, was chosen vice-president-general in the place made vacant by the elevation of General Hamilton. Meetings were held in 1802 in Washington, and in 1805, in 1811, and 1812 in Philadelphia. General Pinckney was chosen to fill the chair of the president-general at the meeting in 1805, but this time no business of special importance was transacted.

It is said that "the early meetings of the Cincinnati were conducted with much dignity and ceremony, the members assembling in full uniform or in court dress and after the transaction of business marching in stately procession to some church or public hall to listen to an elaborate address."

A Society of the Cincinnati was organized in France some time between the meeting held in 1783 on the banks of the Hudson and the meeting held in Philadelphia in 1784, presumably during the winter of 1783-4 at the time of the visit of Major L'Enfant to France, for its existence is recognized by the amended institution of May, 1784. This fact deserves special mention because foreign officers according to the original institution were "to be considered as members in the societies of any of the states in which they might happen to be."

The Cincinnati was held in high honor in France and membership was eagerly sought by officers who had served in America, as is shown by the mention of those who sought to have their names enrolled by the secretary-general at the early meetings of the general society. Among these were many who had served in the French Navy and they testified to their appreciation of the society by the presentation of a diamond badge to General Washington, which has since been retained by each president successively during his lifetime. Louis XVI. permitted his officers to wear this new decoration at court, a favor hitherto extended only to the possessors of the Golden Fleece. Unfortunately this custom was short-lived, being broken up by the French Revolution in 1793.

Soon interest in the Cincinnati began to wane in our own country. In July, 1802, the Delaware state society was dissolved by a formal vote and the funds returned in due proportions to those who had furnished them. On December 13, 1803, the Virginia society voted to dissolve, and finally, on October 13, 1824, the permanent fund of that society was deeded to Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. The amount now in possession of that institution coming from this source is said to be $25,000, and its interest is applied to the support of the Cincinnati professorship of mathematics. At commencement that student who has attained the highest general scholarship delivers a so-called "Cincinnati Oration."

The Connecticut society dissolved in

Hartford on July 4, 1804, and distributed its funds. In Georgia, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire the state societies relapsed into a dormant condition but apparently did not go out of existence. Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina are the only states in which societies have maintained a continuous existence.

From 1812 to 1825 no meetings of the general society were held. The original members were advancing in years and in those days the difficulty of traveling was much greater than at present; moreover, no subject of paramount importance presented itself for their consideration. With the arrival of Lafayette in New York City in August, 1824, an interest in matters pertaining to the War of the Revolution was revived. Throughout his tour of the states his old comrades in arms turned out to welcome him. In Boston the members of the Massachusetts society were constant in their attendance on him and it was made the occasion for Dr. William Eustis and Lieutenant-Colonel John Brooks to bury an old animosity. Later the New York state society celebrated his birthday by a dinner to which he was invited, and in other states the members gathered to do him honor.

These various gatherings imparted new life to the Cincinnati, and a meeting was called for November 1, 1835, to take action on the vacancies caused by the death of the president-general, the vice-president-general, and the treasurer-general. As usual, the society met in Philadelphia, and besides electing Major-General Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, to the office of president-general they drew up a memorial to Congress, calling the attention of that body to the fact "that up to the present time the promised reward has not been realized by the surviving officers of the Revolutionary Army" and urging "a prompt decision" in order "to smooth the passage to the grave of the remaining few."

The matter of succession became one of importance to the society and at the meeting held in 1848 a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of suspending, altering, or abrogating "the limitation with regard to the admission of members." At the meeting held in New York in 1851 this committee declared "their entire unwillingness to extend the right of membership in any succession whether lineal or collateral beyond the descendants or other representatives of the officers of the American Army during the War of the Revolution."

In 1854 the Cincinnati met in Baltimore, and at that convention Hamilton Fish, of New York, was made president-general. He continued as such until his death in 1893, since when the office has remained vacant. It was also in 1854 that the last surviving original member of the society—Major Robert Burnett—passed away. There are still a very few (four in 1894, one of whom has since died) surviving own sons of the original members. The resolution soliciting permission to resuscitate the societies of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island and Connecticut was presented to the general society at its meeting held in 1872. Certain financial qualifications were demanded, and these being complied with, the revived state society in Rhode Island was admitted to the general society in 1881, and Connecticut in 1893.

Since 1887 the revival of the society in France has been seriously considered. Already a number of persons have qualified for membership and under the acting presidency of M. le Marquis de Rochambeau an organization has been effected. It has been contended, especially by General John Cochrane, the venerable president of the New York state society, that the original failed in every sense to extend the feature of heredity to the French officers living abroad. Their status was simply that of honorary membership and therefore a French society cannot be revived. But beyond doubt its claim for recognition will be presented at the forthcoming meeting of the general society.

Agitation toward the revival of the state societies in New Hampshire, Delaware, Virginia, and Georgia is being created. Definite organizations have been formed in the first three states mentioned and delegates from certain of these will surely seek entrance

to the general society at the meeting which will be held in Philadelphia in May, 1896.

At no time in the history of the Cincinnati has it been forgotten that a fund was established by the original members, the interest of which "is to be applied to the relief of the indigent widows and orphans of deceased members." Its charities have not been ostentatious, but they have been none the less effective. A glance at the reports of the state societies shows the number of beneficiaries provided for in each state.

To the present renaissance of American patriotism the Cincinnati has contributed its fair proportion. In the many centennial celebrations that have occurred in recent years the seat of honor has been accorded to the representatives of this most worthy and honorable organization. In its own way, too, the society has not been idle. The selection of the names of the French officers for the subsidiary statues which adorn the beautiful monument erected in the city of Washington was referred to a commission of the Cincinnati. They presented the names of D'Estaing, De Rochambeau, De Grasse, and Du Portail as the most worthy of the colleagues of the illustrious Lafayette. To their interest is also due the credit for the eagles of the Cincinnati that are borne upon the breasts of the five distinguished Frenchmen.

Near the spot where the society came into existence is a stone pyramid, on which the New York society has placed an appropriate tablet telling the facts of its inception. During 1895 the New Jersey society began its labor of marking all the historical points in their state that were rendered memorable during the War of the Revolution. On July 3 the society inaugurated this most valuable work by the placing of a bronze tablet "to commemorate the massacre of a portion of the legion commanded by Brigadier-General Casimir Pulaski of the Continental Army in the affair at Egg Harbor, New Jersey, October 15, 1778, in the Revolutionary War." A bronze tablet was placed on a gray granite boulder, near Trenton, on October 15. The inscription tells the story:

"This tablet is erected by the Society of the Cincinnati in the state of New Jersey, to commemorate the crossing of the Delaware River by General Washington and the Continental Army on Christmas night of seventeen hundred and seventy-six."

Of the equestrian statue of its first president-general—George Washington—which is to be unveiled in Philadelphia, it is as yet too early to say anything.

The prediction made some years ago by Hamilton Fish that the society would soon become extinct seemed at this time likely to prove true. More than 1,500 names were on the original rolls of the combined state societies. In 1883, when the Cincinnati celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its existence, only 315 hereditary members were known. More recently, largely owing to the interest manifested in our American patriotic societies, membership has increased, and at the triennial meeting held in Boston in 1893 the total number of members was given as 450, exclusive of honorary members.

The last named are entitled to a word of recognition. Early in its history the Cincinnati established a rule permitting the state societies to admit a number of honorary members, not to exceed the proportion of one to four "of the officers and their descendants." It is usual, therefore, to find the names of the presidents of the United States, the presidents of the French Republic, and high officers in the army and navy scattered among the lists of honorary members of the different state societies. Harrison has been so recognized in Pennsylvania, Cleveland in New York, Casimir-Périer in Rhode Island, and Schofield in New Jersey.

With the probable revival of the dormant state societies and the establishment of a society in France, there is good reason to hope that before the close of the century the Cincinnati may again have its full complement of state societies. Surely at no time in its long and honorable history has the future of the Society of the Cincinnati—the first hereditary patriotic society in the United States—seemed so rich in promises of continued prosperity.

LEGAL LUMINARIES OF ENGLAND.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN.

UNLIKE many countries of civilization, England has no code of laws, nor would such a codification be an easy task, seeing that the British jurisprudence is governed by unwritten precedents as much as by written documents. Speaking broadly, the laws administered by the legal luminaries of Her Majesty's empire may be divided into two classes. First come those springing from time immemorial, and sanctioned by innumerable judicial decisions, and secondly, those directly enacted by parliamentary legislation. The former are more deeply rooted in English life and reverence than are the latter. They presuppose upon the part of the judiciary a wide and intimate knowledge of the development of law from its simple and crude stage onward to its modern complex and many-sided character.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR HALSBURY.

This presupposition has partly caused the formation in England of what may not improperly be called a great school of historical jurists. And by far the most considerable individual contribution to literature made by any member of this school has come from the pen of Sir Henry Maine. The first of a series of writings from this profound and scholarly authority was entitled "Ancient Law," published in 1861, and it probably had a wider influence on contemporary thought than any other book of the generation.

The proposal of Sir Henry's significant volume is to trace the connection of law with the early history of society and afterward its relations to modern ideas. The book did this, and it did more; it undermined what had been accepted as first principles by showing the history behind them and of which they were sequences; it gratified the intellectual sense by its discovery of identical legal ideas, however much these had been obscured by differences of time, place, and circumstance; and it set the attitude of the best legal minds, which regard a law, not as an isolated fact, but as the last link in an historical series.

Sir Henry Maine's books were to historical law what Captain Mahan's have proved themselves to be in the record of naval struggles, successes, and supremacy. Both alike infused into their subject a correcter philosophy, based upon a more able, just, and scientific interpretation of principles, facts, and events.

It would not be too much to say that Roman law and the English law of indigenous growth between them govern the legal relations of nearly the whole of the civilized world. Jeremy Bentham, the greatest of law reformers, the severest of practical critics, contends that all the law libraries of political states in Europe do not comprise a collection of cases equal in variety, in amplitude, in clearness of statement — in a word, in constructiveness—to that made by English reports of adjudged cases.

When the reader enters the magnificent law courts situated in the Strand, London, he may remember that they represent an older national institution than even the palace of St. Stephen, the Chambers of Parliament. For there were judges and exponents of law who slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent, long before parliaments met or written statutes were enacted.

The most ancient court in England is that of the King's Bench. The great Alfred sat upon its seat of justice, and following monarchs copied his example until the busy functions of royalty usurped the judicial duty of the reigning sovereign and his office was delegated to his representatives, the judges.

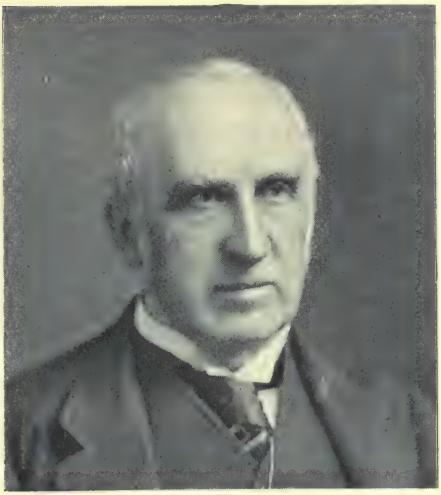
The other venerable court, the Court of Chancery, is almost as old as the King's Bench. One thousand years after Alfred's accession the Judicature Act of 1871 destroyed the independence of these two courts and made them a part of five departments, the remaining three being the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, and the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Divisions.

At the head of these departments is the supreme legal official of the law of Great Britain and Ireland, the lord high chancellor. He is appointed by the crown, upon the motion of the premier of the realm, and changes office with his political party. He sits upon the woolsack, the presiding officer's chair in the House of Lords, and is also a member of the Privy Council and the chief judge of the appellate tribunals.

THE ENGLISH LAW COURTS, THE STRAND, LONDON.

Next in rank is the lord chief justice of England, who rules in the Queen's Bench Division, and after him comes the master of the rolls, who presides over the Court of Appeals. Lord Halsbury is the lord chancellor, Lord Russell, of Killowen, is the chief justice, and Lord Esher is the master of the rolls, and he will be the last judge to hold that time-honored title: it dies with him. The president of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division is Sir Francis

Henry Jeune, who succeeded in that office one of the best and worthiest of English legalists, the late Sir James Hannen.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL.

Any review of the *personnel* of these British jurists points to their great dignity, rank, wealth, and fame. Nothing is withheld which can enhance their prestige. No popular clamor, nor even its voice of reason, can make or unmake them. They hold office for life, and their public entries into assize towns are almost royal in the respect shown by high and low alike to the representatives of the queen and the kingdom. The English judges owe nothing to any man in the exercise of their duties: they are the sworn liegemen of justice and law. The salaries paid to them are liberal; and titles are given in every case when an advocate obtains a judgeship. The lord chancellor is at the head of England's peerage, after the princes of the blood and the Archbishop of Canterbury; his salary is $50,000 a year. The lords of appeal receive $30,000 a year each; so does the master of the rolls. The chief justice has $40,000 annually, the judges generally $25,000 a year.

Strange though it may seem, many of these gentlemen are of a great age. They have no limit as to retirement and apparently desire none. Lord Esher, the master of the rolls, is eighty, and delivers marvelous charges at an age when most mortals lag superfluous on the stage. Justice Kay is seventy-three and Justice Lindley, sixty-seven. Justice Hawkins is seventy-eight. Baron Pollock is seventy-two, and Sir Richard Couch and Lord Hobhouse are seventy-eight and seventy-six respectively. Dr. Buckley recently quoted these facts in his paper, *The Christian Advocate*, and with his usual accuracy and genius for results, he watched how their statement affected the members of the English bar. The latter had no sympathy with the urgent plea for removal, and it was shown that the advantages connected with the retention of these Nestors of judgment far outweighed any perceivable disadvantages.

Lord Halsbury is an old and familiar friend of the Marquis of Salisbury and he was not forgotten when Lord Herschell, the Jewish chancellor of the late Liberal government, vacated the woolsack. For the second time Lord Halsbury took the highest honors of the English bar. He is by no means a great chancellor, such as were Lords Eldon and Brougham, but he is a safe presiding officer and a man of judicial temperament and great dignity.

Sir Henry James, like the chancellor, never achieved first rank. His career has been one marked by considerable ability, and before his elevation to the peerage, which took place beneath the present administration, rumor had it that he would obtain the chancellorship. In 1885, the year

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE BOWEN.

of the disruption of the Liberal party, he wrenched himself away from his Gladstonian colleagues and thus lost the same high position. The fates seem to have decided against his having it now, for his health has failed, and as a law lord he discharges the not onerous duties of an adviser of the government in the House of Lords. Sir Henry's or rather Lord James' singularly pure and lofty character is a subject of general acknowledgment. When Lord Chief Justice Coleridge died, in the early days of 1894, he made the middle figure of three surpassingly strong incumbents of that office. Sir Alexander Cockburn had preceded and Lord Russell has followed him. Cockburn, Coleridge, and Russell, a trio of names representing men who laid deep and wide foundations of rare scholarship and professional attainment.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Among the wearers of the judicial ermine, the late Chief Justice Coleridge was conspicuous for his liberal views, since liberalism is not a prevalent creed with judges in England. His elocution, beautiful voice, and distinguished presence, his lucid exposition, social brilliancy, and wide reading, gave him a better title to fame than Disraeli, the past master of caustic phraseology, was inclined to allow him. The latter gentleman once spoke of him as "silver-tongued mediocrity." He was decidedly not so great a judge as Sir Alexander Cockburn. Lord Russell has said that few judges could hope to equal Sir Alexander's massive synthetical and analytical powers. But his elegant literary qualities, backed as they were by broad, sympathetic interpretations of law, have commended Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to posterity in too hearty a fashion for Disraeli's sarcasm to affect his standing reputation. As a *raconteur* Coleridge was surpassed by none, and his social influence was probably larger than that of any judge of his times. In ceremonial duties he was well known to the United States. In 1883 the late Sir James Hannen, Lord Bowen, Sir Horace Davey, Mr. James Bryce, and the present chief justice, Lord Russell, accompanied Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to this country.

No body of distinguished men received our characteristic hospitality with more unfeigned pleasure, and it is questionable whether a greater intellectual delegation was ever welcomed here. To the lovely lanes of Lenox, Mass., Lord Coleridge gave preference even before his beloved native Devon combes, and declared to Mr. Parsons, his host, who afterward related it to me, that the Berkshire Hills excelled any scenery of their type which he knew. Lord Russell succeeded Coleridge in 1894, taking oath that he would "do right to all manner of

people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favor, affection or ill-will."

The present moment is not an advisable one for extended references to Russell as a judge. He is known far better as Sir Charles Russell, the great advocate, the prince of cross-examiners, the recipient of the largest income paid to any modern lawyer before his judicial promotion, and, above all, as the grand inquisitor into the mixture of bigotry and "Pigottry" which collapsed beneath his touch like a snowflake, and left Mr. Parnell triumphant over the *Times*.

For once the "Thunderer" retired to hide its vanquished head, and had the *Times* been less historic or the British nation less conservative in its attachments, the permanent injury to the leading newspaper of the world would have been more serious.

Sir Charles, for it is hard to speak of him as Lord Russell of Killowen, was always good to his junior counsel. He had associated

SAMUEL DANKS WADDY, ESQ., Q. C.

with him in the *Times* case Mr. H. H. Asquith, who in five years from then had climbed to the high place of a cabinet minister in the late Liberal administration.

He became home secretary, an office which really makes him the supreme court of appeal in all death sentences. At the time Mr. Gladstone appointed him to this difficult post, conservatism looked askance, and the lugubrious warnings of the authorities foreboded failure. Now Mr. Asquith triumphed. Acute, calm, critical, incisive, and always cool, though often spontaneous in rapid attack upon his political opponents, he fully justified the "old parliamentary hand" which promoted him, and forced admiration from all quarters, the opposition included. Mr. Asquith has recently married Miss Mar-

HENRY HENRY ASQUITH, Q. C.

got Tennant, a prominent lady in London society, who divides honors with her sister, Mrs. H. M. Stanley, as a woman lavishly gifted with grace, vivacity, and intellectual force.

This fragmentary survey of a man who had so compelled the gifts of men by the time he was forty can only be pardoned for its brevity by my reminding the reader that Mr. Asquith's future is still before him. A son of Nonconformity, with simple integrity, pronounced in his unselfishness, and superbly trained, this young man has been heard from already and that unmistakably. He will be heard from again, for one has no reason to doubt that when he comes once more into public life he will realize the highest anticipations.

Sir Henry Fowler was mentioned as home secretary when Mr. Asquith was appointed, but he became the president of the Local

Government Board instead. A Methodist layman and lawyer, the son of a great preacher in Wesleyanism, Sir Henry has always been enthusiastic in the Liberal camp. He afterward accepted the secretaryship for India, and by his conduct during the Chitral campaign earned the thanks of the nation.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

Fancy the son of one of John Wesley's preachers becoming the virtual ruler of three hundred millions of people: "the Methodist Grand Mogul," as W. T. Stead termed Sir Henry. This shows what vast responsibilities are centered at Downing Street, Whitehall, London, and how much depends upon the legal acumen and statesmanlike ability of British ministers.

While mentioning Nonconformist lights of the bench and bar, one may surely introduce the genial Samuel Danks Waddy, Esq., Q. C., who first won his spurs in breach of promise cases and afterward sat as the recorder of the town of Leeds, one of Yorkshire's busiest centers for woolen manufactures. News comes as I write that he is promoted again to succeed Judge Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." He is the son of Dr. Waddy, who was a preacher, a scholar, and a college president of first rank in British Methodism, presiding over the Wesleyan conference for his brief year with the exquisite humor and finely balanced qualities of heart and mind which made him a leader his brethren delighted to honor.

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

Sir Richard Webster, the attorney-general of the Conservative government, is reputed to be a marine lawyer of eminence. His famous blunder in taking the brief of the *Times* against Mr. Parnell brought a stigma upon the engagement of the crown lawyers for private business. The consequence was that a law was passed forbidding such engagements, and when Sir Charles Russell afterward followed Sir Richard as attorney-general he consented to sacrifice $35,000 a year, that being the difference between the attorney-general's fee and that of the leader of the English bar.

Sir Henry Hawkins is probably the ablest criminal judge upon the bench. Though nearly eighty years old, his natural force remains unabated, and as I looked upon his clean-cut, strong, and striking face during the summer of '95 I felt it gave assurance of the man. Sir Henry has long been the terror of evil-doers in England, and when one of the masonry of criminals hears that Sir 'Enry 'Awkins is coming to judgment his language is generally more forcible than polite.

The love of animals, especially horses and dogs, is one of Justice Hawkins' amiable features of character. He is a familiar figure on the race course and at the meetings of the Jockey Club, and these proclivities are rather commendable than dangerous in the opinion of many of his countrymen.

For incisive rhetoric commend me to this judge. Time and again I have entered his court and that of Lord Chief Justice Cole-

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, Q. C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

ridge during my student days in London, and I always came away feeling that if men training for my profession of the ministry were masters of such a style of address as these eminent men and their brethren exemplified, the pulpit would materially gain in power.

It is no small part of a public speaker's preparation to frequent the courts where great legal minds preside. How to sift and arrange the various kinds of evidence in its cumulative or diminishing forces—to do this and much more so as to make twelve ordinary citizens grasp knotty, intricate details, and discern where things begin to differ and adjust complicated relations where the issues are vital—these are processes which may be applied to the historical events of religion with the best possible results for an intelligent comprehension of the same.

Lord Justice Bowen was renowned in English courts of law for his accomplishments as a scholar. His pen was employed with the profounder side of many topics, and he gave promise of a great work as an authority, a *litterateur*, and a judge, which was defeated by his recent death at a comparatively early age.

Associated with him in the Court of Appeals was the late Lord Justice Cotton, an encyclopædic mind, erudite to the last degree and devoted to the honorable career of discovering truth that he might right wrong.

Mr. Justice Denman is another of the English jurists of fame recently deceased.

Sir Francis H. Jeune succeeded Sir James Hannen as the "Great Unmarrier," viz., the president of the Divorce, Probate, and Admiralty Division. Sir James never recovered the strain laid upon him by the Paris Arbitration Tribunal concerning the seal fisheries dispute between the United States and England. In his own day Hannen was declared by many competent authorities to have been the first judge of the English bench. Sir Francis H. Jeune has ably succeeded him, and he possesses a talented wife, whose contributions to literature have made the name familiar to many readers of American and English magazines.

The last name to be mentioned here is Sir Edward Clarke, solicitor general for the late Conservative government, a shrewd and sturdy debater and a capital lawyer. There are many other names worthy of mention did space permit. And these presented are not here for any invidious comparisons between our own judicature and that of Britain. The trial of forensic skill and legal strength which was made during the sitting of the

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

Bering Strait arbitration courts showed the characteristic qualities of the advocates on

SIR FRANCIS HENRY JEUNE.

both sides. Both countries are one in their inextinguishable love of right, and this basal principle has operated during nearly twenty centuries to the promotion and growth of just and equitable laws.

The judgeships are, as a rule, filled by men whose acquaintance with that principle is most profound and whose sympathy with it has prompted their devotion and zeal during many years of toil and research. Such a vocation of itself breeds dignity and breadth of character, and also the judicial faculty, which is capable of great cultivation.

It is a matter of congratulation that these eminent Englishmen and their compeers here are above suspicion. Seldom has the ermine been soiled, and the profound indignation exhibited at its rare occurrence demonstrated how unusual was the sight thus presented to the public gaze.

Connected with this purity is the fact that the profession is more jealous for its existence than any one else could be. The protests against an unjust judge are loudest from the bar to his fellow judges, save where professional etiquette bids the latter speak but slightly of what they strenuously feel, and, heaven be thanked, these protests are very rarely necessary.

As one enters the law courts of Washington and London, reminiscent of some of the loftiest and most august intellects given to our race, the reverence for an unbroken majesty of law's just administration compels the feeling that here is holy ground, and

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE COTTON.

that outside the temples of God's Son there is no ground on earth more holy.

LABOR UNIONS IN CHINA.

BY WALTER N. FONG.

ONE theory of the origin of European guilds is that they sprang from old clan organizations, and it seems that the Chinese labor unions, if not springing directly from such organizations, are strongly influenced by them. The Chinese do not seem to have individual independence like the Americans, for in China members of the same clan generally live together in a group of villages or hamlets and the clan as a whole is held responsible for each of its members. The Chinese having been accustomed to their clan organizations at home from time immemorial naturally incline to

unite themselves when they are abroad. If the theory of the formation of these labor unions is true the unions have sprung up in the following way:

We will take the unions in Canton for our example, for Canton is the largest manufacturing city in that province, from which most of the Chinese come to this country. In this city we find that almost every manual trade has a union of its own; the most important are the unions of the silk-weavers, the mahogany and the rosewood furniture makers, and the lapidaries.

A great many, perhaps the majority, of the craftsmen in Canton have their homes in the interior villages. When these craftsmen first went away from home to enter into their trades they felt much as little children do when torn from the arms of their parents. Having such feelings they endeavored to form friendships among strangers. As the workmen of a trade generally work together in the same building, they naturally associated themselves with these fellow-workmen. Thus later on from friendly associations trade unions grew. The exact date of their origin has not yet been ascertained. It is always somewhat difficult to find out the exact date of the origin of any of the old Chinese institutions, for the Chinese seem to pay very little attention to dates of organization in their records. Still we know this much, that as far back as history or tradition can trace them, these unions were as fully developed as they are to-day.

There are, besides social purposes, many other objects for organizing their unions; one is to monopolize labor. As population increased in the interior agricultural districts, the young men went out into the world to seek other occupations than that of cultivating their too limited area of rice-field. They found that they could more easily earn their living by learning a trade than by farming. They also found that manual labor did not need so much physical exertion as field-work, which required them to carry a hundred and fifty pounds of land produce or manure on their shoulders over the distance between the field and their home. Hence there is a Chinese axiom, "To wear a hat of tiles is better than to wear one of bamboo." Thus when the members of the unions saw that young men and boys came in large numbers from their villages into the city of Canton and offered themselves as apprentices to learn one of the numerous trades, they saw the danger of their respective trades being flooded with an excessive number of workmen. In order to avoid this danger they must find some means by which they could keep the non-union men out of their trades.

The next object of their union is to stand together as a body to prevent employers from abusing the rights of their fellow-craftsmen. Among the Chinese, as well as the Europeans, there are occasional controversies between the employers and the employed. The chief controversies between the two classes of producers among the Chinese are over wage questions or certain privileges of the employees.

They are always exact in regard to customs or traditions. For instance, the second and the sixteenth days of every month are partial festivals for all manufactories, stores, and shops. On these days the employees do not stop working but worship the gods in their shops and the employers are to give them an extra good meal. If this worship and this meal are neglected by the employers, the workmen regard it as a wrong to themselves. This wrong must be redressed or a strike follows. There are many more customs similiar to this but it would be too tedious to describe each of them in detail.

To render mutual help is another object of the unions. When a member is out of work his fellow-members try to find him a place. If he should have no money, while waiting for an opportunity, the other members of the union either give or loan him some. In case of sickness or accident they are also ready to help with their service or money. Sometimes a member dies a poor man and the union takes action to give a certain sum of money for the support of his widow and children. The Chinese are always anxious that their bones should be taken care of by their posterity or rela-

tives. The unions always see to it that if any member dies before he can get home his remains shall be shipped to his native village and be placed in the hands of his nearest relatives.

The method by which the unions protect their trades from being flooded with an excessive number of workmen is the apprenticeship system. Though the term of apprenticeship in China is only three years instead of seven, as in medieval England, yet it is hard for the apprentices. During the first part of the term an apprentice is almost a slave to the master workmen of the factory.

When a boy first enters a factory as an apprentice he is the cook and janitor of the place. "One person cannot please a hundred," is a Chinese axiom; it is equally difficult for an apprentice to please every man in the shop in all his doings. If he displease some of the workmen, the workmen will make things unpleasant for him. For instance, if the apprentice should cook a little too much rice for the meal, the workmen would give a certain signal among themselves that each should eat a little less than usual. So there would be a great quantity of rice left to be wasted. Of course the proprietor who supplies the food would not like to see his rice wasted and would reproachfully warn his apprentice not to do that again. But if he should cook less the next time, then they will give the signal to eat a little more than usual. Those who eat slowly will not have enough or even if they all do have enough and none is left, they will reprove him. Sometimes at the beginning of a meal some one of the workmen wishes to have something from a certain store which is situated a mile or so from the factory. He sends the apprentice on the errand and when the youth returns whatever was good on the table is gone.

As janitor of the shop, an apprentice must get up first in the morning and go to bed last at night. In China, as well as in any other country, every trade has its rushing season at a certain time of the year. During the busy time of their trade it is not unusual for the workmen to work from early morning until after midnight. If some of the craftsmen in the factory do not like the apprentice, they scatter their tools about more or do something else which will give him more work, so that he must get up early and stay up late. Under the pressure of long hours' work and short hours' rest no mortal being can bear the fatigue and be bright all the time. But if he should do something not exactly right, or take a nap when he has a moment of leisure, the workmen will seize the opportunity and make things very unpleasant for him.

There are several reasons why the apprentice should bear such a burden and not run away. In the first place, upon his entering as apprentice he is required to deposit some money with the employers on account of the idea that an apprentice makes no money for them during the first part of his term. Should he run away before his term is out they will take the deposit for his board and other expenses. Some workmen treat the apprentices badly with the idea of revenging themselves. That is, they want to treat those who are under their control badly because they were badly treated by those who formerly controlled them.

In China, as in Europe, the unions allow the employers to have only so many apprentices in a factory at any one time. The number of apprentices that can be connected with the factory is generally in proportion to the number of workmen employed.

Another method the unions use to protect their interests is that of strikes. Under their peculiar conditions the union men generally win their strikes. The condition of affairs in China differs much from that in this country; workmen on strike easily find something else to do for a short time; they can peddle or become coolies for the time being; should the strike last long, they can go back to their villages and farms. Again, as the common people in China have been accustomed to live on rice and vegetables, with very little fish or meat, they can in one way or another easily support their families during their strikes. The immobility of laborers is another thing in favor of the craftsmen in time of strikes. The Chinese are so bound

up with family ties and they are so clannish, that it is absolutely impossible to induce people to move from one part of the country into another to work. Besides, since there is no railroad in the country, transportation becomes another difficulty in the way of getting men from abroad to fill the places of those who have gone on strike. Sometimes if the employers do succeed in getting non-union men to take their places, the union men use force to prevent the new hands from entering the factory.

There are many peculiarities in the Chinese labor unions; perhaps the most striking is the minute division of labor. Take for illustration the silk-weavers' unions. All those who weave silk of a certain design form a union by themselves and those who weave silk of a different design form a different union. The mahogany cabinet makers have a union separate from the union of the rosewood cabinet makers. Men who draw landscapes on the Chinese fans have a union different from that of those who draw flowers and birds. In short, there is a union for each particular department of work. Thus, a single article may have passed through the hands of many unions before it comes into market.

In China there are several holidays in the year which people of all stations and classes observe. These are the New Year, the fifth day of the fifth month, and the fifteenth day of the eighth month. The last of the three is for the worship or praise of the moon. After this day the busy season of the year for all tradesmen begins. From this time on until the New Year all craftsmen are expected to work later at night than during other seasons of the year and as a rule their wages are increased during this period. Besides these holidays each union has its own holidays; that is, the days of birth and death of the supposed originator of its particular occupation. To celebrate the national holidays the employers always prepare a feast for their employees. But when a union observes its own holidays, its members contribute some money and have a banquet in a restaurant or hotel.

During these holidays fights often occur between the members of different unions. These fights are generally for the settlement of old disputes, or for the balance of the difference between the boastful members of any two unions. Many of the disputes originate from the trespassing of one union on the field of another; for instance, when the demand for a certain design of silk decreases the weavers of this particular design will use some other design, the demand for which is greater than the demand for their own. The union from whom the latter design is taken will do everything they can to hinder it. Since there is no patent law as such in China, the only way by which a union can protect its own specialty is to use physical force. Hostility between any two unions may arise in the same manner. It is not an uncommon thing for each of the opposing unions to hire a school of pugilists to fight their battles, in order that their honor may be maintained and their wrongs redressed.

If any one be killed or fatally wounded in these fights, the authorities will arrest the leaders of the hostile unions until the lives are paid for or a compromise is made. This idea that the leader of the union is held responsible for its members is the same as that the titled scholars and elders are held responsible for the members of their clan.*

It has been stated that the employers sometimes give a feast to their employees. The fact is that the employers or the owners of the factory always furnish board, sometimes rooms also, to their employed. The workmen, of course, try to have as many feasts as they possibly can, since their employer has to pay for them. Thus, the second and the sixteenth days of every month are special days, in which they worship all the gods in their factory and have a good meal. They must, however, work on these days as on any other day.

They always have the kitchen and rooms for some or all of the men, both employers and employed, in their factory building. In China the buildings are generally one story, but they almost invariably construct a quasi-floor between the ceiling and the floor. This

* See "The Chinese Six Companies," by Walter N. Fong, in the *Overland Monthly*, May, 1894.

put-up floor, which covers perhaps half the space of the room, is used both for lodgings and storerooms.

An interesting peculiarity of these unions should be mentioned here, and that is the massing of the same industries in the same street. In China there is no very large manufactory, most of them employing about thirty or fifty men each, and all the manufactories producing the same commodity are located on the same street. This gives rise to the custom of calling such streets by the name of the commodity manufactured there, instead of by their proper names.

A most important result of these labor unions is that under their peculiar conditions and with their strength the workmen generally win their strikes. Sometimes a son of the employer wishes to learn a trade in his father's shop, thinking that it would be easier for him to serve the term of apprenticeship here than elsewere. But if he does not use his privilege judiciously the workmen will soon say to his father: "You either send your son away from the place or we'll take up our tools and leave you." And the request of the employees in such a case is generally granted because a strike means a loss to the proprietor, for the reasons given in the foregoing pages. As among the Chinese laboring class rice, salt fish, and vegetables, especially mustard greens, are considered to be substantial food, they can easily have their meals in their factories or workshops. Of course, the cook cannot forget the rice, but sometimes when they have special meals, he may forget to have the salt fish or mustard greens on the table. If so, some of the men may observe the absence of these articles at the beginning of the meal, but they will not say anything about it until the meal is over. For in such cases the proprietor or employer is subjected to a fine of so many pounds of roasted pork or a banquet for all.

WATER AS FOOD AND DRINK.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS GRANT ALLEN, M. A.

OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

"THE principle of all things is water; from water everything arises and into water everything returns." Such was the belief of that Greek whom we have been taught to regard as the Father of Philosophy. Were the shade of Thales to visit us to-day he would find that though we have risen to a higher conception of the origin of things, we do not yield even to him in our estimation of water, though we value it from quite a different standpoint.

He perceived that moisture is essential to the germination and nourishment of all living things; that warmth is developed from it, and that it seemed to be everywhere and in everything. These are as true to-day as then, and were he to ask as to the place occupied by water in our modern economy we could show him that solid water or ice has become a very important factor, almost a necessity to man's well-being and comfort; that in the United States alone about twenty-five millions of tons are used annually.

We would tell him that in the liquid form for personal and domestic purposes, we use about twenty gallons a day, and if we add to this the amount used in street cleaning, in extinguishing fires, in manufacturing, for fountains, etc., from sixty to a hundred gallons a day are required for each individual. We could assure him, I think, that the time will soon come when the proper sanitary conditions, so conducive and so necessary to physical and mental vigor, to a sound morality and a wholesome religion, will be seen largely to depend upon a plentiful supply and an abundant use of pure water. We could show him how we have harnessed the cataract and utilized its power to run our mills and factories, drive our carriages, light our

streets, and convey our whispers around the world.

To Oceanus Homer ascribed the origin of things, but to our souls the boundless ocean is the type and the suggestion of the infinite. We would agree that the cloud vapor not only prevents escape of heat from the earth but that it does much to gratify man's love for the beautiful, and that without the presence of water vapor in the atmosphere the earth would be so cold as to be uninhabitable. He would, no doubt, be surprised to find that in its gaseous condition as steam, water does the greater part of man's heavy work for him, that it has added to his knowledge and his pleasures by the opportunities it has given him for travel; that it has brought nations nearer each other in knowledge, in love, and in sympathy; and in so doing has brought nearer his emancipation from the barbarism of war.

While a study of these uses of water would perhaps be interesting, we propose to confine our attention to that personal use of it, of paramount importance to man—its use as food and drink.

The use which is made of water in the body, its purity, the varieties of drinking water, their sources, how they become contaminated by impurities, how these impurities are removed or destroyed and the water purified by nature or artificially, the relation of water to the spread of disease, and how to render harmless the disease-producing substances, are some of the themes for discussion.

That water is a food is shown by the fact that it is built up into tissue. I am not speaking now of the water which is always present in tissue and which can be driven off by gentle heat, but I mean to say that this water which has become a part of the tissue can no longer be detected as water. Sugar is starch to which water has been added and the union has been so complete and skilful that the sugar is perfectly dry and no water can be detected. This illustrates the way in which water is built up into tissue. Again, it is believed that water is sometimes separated into its elements and that these unite with other compounds. If this is true water has a force-producing value and hence another claim to be considered a food.

The human body is made up largely of cells which are aquatic in their habit. Unless surrounded by water their movements and functions would cease. This explains why it is that between sixty and seventy per cent of the body-weight is water. This proportion is maintained by the water in the food and drink taken, the water bearing about the same ratio to the total quantity of food and drink as does the water in the body to the total body-weight. But in addition to the water supplied in this way, a small quantity (about a half pound a day) is formed from the dry materials of the food, or as a product of tissue change.

Let us discuss briefly some of the uses which the body makes of this large quantity of water.

1. As we have seen, it is a food in virtue of the fact that it is built up into tissue entering into chemical composition with the proteins and carbohydrates. If its elements combine with other substances to form new compounds heat and force must also be evolved.

2. Water is the chief ingredient of all the fluids of the body—79 per cent of blood, 80 per cent of bile, 88 per cent of pancreatic juice, 99 per cent of gastric juice, and 96 per cent of lymph. When from any cause, such as the taking of large quantities of salt or sugar, these fluids become concentrated, we know how soon and how imperiously water is demanded in order that their proper degree of dilution may be maintained.

3. Water is the natural medium in which the cells of the body live and move and without which cell-life would soon be impossible. The elasticity of muscles, cartilages, tendons, and even bones, is largely due to the water which these tissues contain. Water moistens those surfaces which are in apposition and move over each other, thus preventing friction. It also relieves the uncomfortable sensations of thirst by moistening the free surfaces of the body,

particularly the tongue, mouth, and throat.

4. It is through the water of the blood and lymph that the food is carried to remote parts of the body and the waste removed.

5. It is through the agency of water that the heat generated in the body is distributed throughout its every portion, and it is by the evaporation and absorption of water that the temperature is regulated.

6. In the processes by which the body eliminates its waste material, an abundance of water is a necessity. In other words, man keeps his interior as well as his exterior clean by a liberal use of water.

Urea, which is a product of the death of tissue or of chemical changes in the proteid portion of our food, and which would be extremely poisonous if left in the system, is completely separated from the blood by the kidneys only when the supply of water is abundant.

Carbon dioxide, which is the principal waste produced in those slow and gentle combustions described in a previous article, is eliminated from the blood by the water which we afterward breathe out with the carbon dioxide from our lungs.

7. Water aids digestion by diluting the contents of the stomach, as has already been explained.*

If the gastric digestion is slow and feeble, so that the whole process is unduly prolonged, half a pint of water, either cold or hot, taken two hours or more after eating, will materially hasten the process.

Should drinking water be cold or hot? To a person who has ordinary digestive ability I believe it makes very little difference. If drunk as it ordinarily is in small quantities at a time, cold water cannot lower nor hot water raise the temperature of the stomach to any appreciable extent. The large quantity of warm blood circulating through the walls of the stomach soon brings the temperature of the water, either hot or cold, to the temperature of the body.

A large quantity of very cold water—two or three glasses drunk in quick succession—may delay digestion by lowering the local temperature and giving a shock to the gastric nerves. To a person of feeble digestion the hot water may prove more stimulating.

It may not be inappropriate at this point to consider a very few of the special dietetic uses of water.

1. It is of considerable service in all those diseases which are due to, or aggravated by, the presence of waste material, such as rheumatism, gout, fevers, and infectious diseases. Thirst is relieved, the waste is diluted or washed out of the system, by large draughts of water and it is believed that in this way are lessened the powerful effects of the poisonous substances called toxines, produced by the germs of typhoid fever and other bacterial diseases.

2. Thirst can be relieved better by sipping the contents of a glass than by drinking all at once. Hot water is better for this purpose than cold. Ice may give immediate relief, but it often parches the lips.

3. Water is highly useful in preventing or relieving constipation. A glass or two on rising in the morning cleanses the stomach wall, is quickly absorbed into the blood, and in this way both increases the peristaltic or worm-like action of the intestines and favors the increased secretion of fluid into the lower bowel.

4. This is true whether the water be cold or hot, but if there is gastric indigestion at the same time, hot water to which a pinch of salt has been added will be more efficient in removing the mucus from the stomach wall.

5. I cannot agree with the belief so often expressed that the drinking of much water tends to obesity further than this, that in washing away the waste and promoting tissue change, the conversion of food into tissue goes on under the most favorable conditions, and if an undue amount of fat is formed it must generally be attributed to overeating rather than to the free use of water. Those dietetic systems for the treatment of obesity which are held in most favor by the medical profession do not

* See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March.

lessen but rather increase the quantity of fluid ingested.

To have an intelligent idea as to the purity of a water supply it is important that we know the source from which it is obtained. The natural waters which can be used for drinking are rain, river, lake, and ground waters, but the source of all these is the rain which nature in her magnificent way distils and condenses. From the sea and from the land the water is raised as a pure invisible vapor. It forms the clouds, it descends as rain and mist and snow.

The greater part of the rain sinks into the earth and adds to the volume of that great underground ocean which is commonly called the ground water. When we dig down below the surface of this underground body we obtain a well. When the surface of the land sinks suddenly to or below the level of the ground water, a spring is the result. These, the well and spring, are often the source of supply in many country places and of not a few towns. The city of Denver draws much of its supply from mountain springs.

A never-failing stream is an indication of a plentiful supply of ground water. From such a source the cities of Columbus and Des Moines draw their supply.

Rivers also are largely fed by ground water, and from these the cities of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and St. Louis draw their supply.

The ground water may work its way under impervious layers of clay or rock and run to great distances from its source, continually getting farther from the surface as the stratum of clay or rock runs deeper. If now an opening be made through the earth down to and through the layer of impervious matter we shall have an artesian well, such as supplies the city of Memphis. Cities situated on the shores of our great inland lakes, Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, draw their supplies from these.

This matter of water supply is an exceedingly important one, as the purity and wholesomeness of water have much to do with the preservation of health and the prolongation of life. There is no doubt that throughout this country thousands of lives are lost every year and many more thousands endangered by polluted drinking water.

In a report of the Chicago health department, recently received, 3,500 deaths out of a total of 24,300 (*i. e.*, about one seventh), during 1895, are ascribed to typhoid fever and acute intestinal diseases. That bad water was the cause of all these, perhaps, cannot be proven; yet it is a significant fact that whenever the water becomes contaminated the daily death rate from these diseases is markedly increased. Thus the report shows that when the water averaged "usable" or "good" last December the daily death rate from the diseases mentioned was below the average, but when the water became bad the daily death rate from these diseases was nearly quadrupled.

Of all the sources of water probably the worst, since most liable to be contaminated, are the river, lake, and stored surface waters. The best and purest are the springs and artesian wells; and the next in purity is the ground water which has filtered through from eight to ten feet of soil.

How is it that rain water, containing as it does not only much impurity from the air but a large amount of filth washed from the surface, becomes so completely purified by its passage through a few feet of soil?

The suspended matter is removed, some of the impurities are oxidized by the ground air, the bacteria are entangled and secrete a slime which retains all the newcomers, and together they are destroyed by feeding upon the organic impurities. The water at the depth of eight or ten feet is entirely free from bacteria and, being stored under several feet of this kind of filter, is not liable to contamination. When a city filters its water, the process is usually an imitation of this natural method.

Rain water collected toward the end of a shower is usually pure, but the first portions may contain useless if not harmful gases and bacteria-laden dust. Organic impurities, lead from a lead roof, or zinc from a galvanized iron roof, may also be present. Both of these metals, even in minute quantities, are extremely poisonous. Poisoning has resulted from water running through lead pipes.

River water may be quite wholesome if protected from pollution, but once polluted we can never be sure of its being pure again although a chemical examination may show nothing wrong. The generally accepted notion that polluted river water will purify itself is erroneous so far as many of the disease germs are concerned, and these are the real danger.

Spring water, artesian and deep well water, will if unmixed with surface water contain no organic impurities and no bacteria, but they will contain mineral matters, particularly those which render the water hard.

Soft water is simply water containing a very small portion of mineral matter. That it is more wholesome for drinking, has greater cleansing power, and is better for cooking purposes than hard water is well known, as is also the fact that it does not roughen or dry the skin and mucus membrane like hard water.

Distilled water is free from all solid impurities and mineral matters and is usually absolutely pure.

Boiled water can be cheaply and easily prepared in the ordinary household. It differs from the distilled water only in the fact that it contains some mineral matter. Like distilled water it contains no atmospheric gases, so that were a fish placed in either it would drown. It is devoid of living bacteria and in this consists its real value. We are practically free from danger of typhoid fever if we drink only boiled water. The Chinese suffer very little from typhoid fever and kindred diseases though their water supply is very bad. The explanation offered is that their drink is an infusion of tea made with boiling water.

Unless we are certain that our drinking water is uncontaminated we ought never to drink it raw. The only objections which can be urged against it are that its taste is flat and that it is more or less trouble to prepare it. The taste can be improved by pouring it back and forth from one vessel to another in a pure atmosphere.

It is some trouble, it is true, but not much considering the safety it secures. We go to considerable expense in insuring our lives against accident and then we use all due caution to avoid the accidents, but I think I am safe in saying that the deaths resulting from the use of unboiled water outnumber those from accident. It seems unreasonable, therefore, that we should neglect this simple precaution.

Filtered water as obtained on the large scale in many of the European cities is usually a wholesome article. During the cholera epidemic in 1892, Hamburg and its suburb Altona furnished a valuable object lesson to the world. They are practically one city, but each has a water supply of its own, the source in each case being the river Elbe, which soon after the outbreak was teeming with the cholera bacillus. Altona filtered its water through a sand filter and escaped the disease until the following winter, when, by removing some ice which had formed, a portion of the surface slime, which is the efficient agent in retaining the bacteria, was carried away.

The ordinary household filters are usually a delusion and a snare. The Pasteur and Berkenfeldt filters are germ proof. All others are not, and even these must be boiled every few days or bacteria will grow through their pores.

How much water shall we drink? From one third to two fifths as many ounces as there are pounds in our weight. Thus a person weighing 168 pounds would drink fifty-six to sixty-four ounces, or three and a half to four pints daily.

In conclusion, let me say to those who draw their drinking water from some of the better sources mentioned, you have little to fear. Those who are ignorant or careless as to the source may perhaps be ready to vote me "a soul-disquieting nuisance," but if I have been instrumental in arousing some of the many thousands of people in this country who are in danger to an intelligent appreciation of that danger and a consequent vigilance on their part in guarding against it, I shall consider that the odium I endure is more than compensated by the knowledge that recruits have been gained to the cause of sanitary reform and that lives may, perhaps, have been saved.

THE LIFE OF AN ITALIAN OFFICER.

BY X.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE BLEUE."

IN Turin or in any other city in Italy, whether it be a capital like Rome or a dead city like Syracuse, the first object for eyes unaccustomed to Italian sights would be, of course, the incredible number of officers in luxurious uniform and of extraordinary bravery of manner. You seem to see nothing but gilded shoulder straps, dazzling epaulets, splendid buttons, floating scarfs of blue silk, close-fitting dolmans reaching hardly below the waist, and pearl gray pantaloons, tight fitting as swaddling clothes, proudly corded at the side with gold, scarlet, or blue. Now as the faces with intelligent eyes under the helmets or caps have something classic in the regularity of their features and as, for the most part, these men have a less contracted anatomy than the people of the North, it will be agreed that their profiles adorned in this style must be very attractive. At first sight, however, one is surprised. These trimmings for the parade do not harmonize with our modern idea of war. More than one French woman has surprised me with her irony at a garb gotten up less for practical usefulness than for æsthetic beauty. It is true that these lively colors and these brown plumes, these chevrons of silver and the shoulder straps of gold, require the Italian sun and minds more fond of bright colors than our own. For they cause no such feeling of ridicule in an Italian.

Most of the young men of rich families decide on the military career for reasons purely exterior; but in the lower middle classes, whose existence is more precarious in Italy than in France, it must be admitted that the question of self-interest comes first. For it is a fact that of all government careers, the military is the one which demands less effort and has the most advantage. It is the only one which allows a man to obtain the rank and treatment of a superior officer and even of a general, though he has nothing but the certificate of the school of technology or of the gymnasium, or has merely passed the examinations that separate the first and second years of a lyceum. The military schools have been criticised because their results are rather questionable, but they remain the easiest and best means within the reach of modern purses for preparing children for a military career.

Organized and directed in a military way, these military schools are like the French. The pupil entering at from twelve to fourteen years old remains five years. The course extends from syntax to equations of the second degree of two unknown quantities. Among other branches are a superior study of French and a rather inferior study of German. Education in these schools is given for the purpose of strengthening equally the body and the mind of the young men in such a way as to awaken and keep alive in their souls the sentiment of honor and personal dignity, of order and discipline —in short, all the military and social virtues to which an officer must constantly and sincerely conform his conduct. Physical exercises occupy a great place: gymnastics, fencing, sword-fighting, and dancing, besides military instruction. I observed with satisfaction that the professors are forbidden to speak extemporaneously. In cases in which it is judged necessary to supplement the text-books in use, they are to write out their lessons and have them printed or copied so that the pupils may not be forced to write the lessons during hours of class.

The five years of military school being passed, the young men over sixteen and less than twenty-two years old have another period at the academies, and this covers from two to three years, according to the career chosen. The most celebrated are the

school at Turin and that at Modena, set up in a thoroughly American free-and-easy style in the pompous and heavy structure formerly built to serve as a residence for the ducal family of D'Este. In this the courses of study would allow us to expect results better than those generally obtained. After passing final examinations in these, the cavalry officers finally go to complete their instruction at the cavalry school of Pignerolles. They remain there about twelve months, busying themselves along with their technical courses with training horses, with cavalry drill, and all the maneuvers in general use, without ever being praised or blamed. Then when about twenty years old they enter the regiment and the active life of the garrison. After this the first men at every promotion attend a final school for cavalry for three months at the gates of Rome.

It is difficult to imagine the hard tasks that this school requires. Every morning at daybreak there are furious steeple chases for twenty or thirty minutes across the Roman country. The obstacles in the way are entirely unknown. By chance roads, across fields and swamps they madly gallop. Every day, of course, some one breaks his leg or collar bone.

But this is not the worst of garrison life. The unsuspecting learner will find himself in conflict with other difficulties. If he has an income he will hardly suspect these unless he commit some folly of youth or of love; but if he is compelled to live, as is often the case, on his pay, the balancing of his cash-book will become as problematical as that of the Italian finance. But judge for yourself. A second lieutenant mounted at $34 a month; dismounted at $28 a month. Three or four years after he will become lieutenant and will receive in the cavalry $40; in the infantry $36. Not until seven or eight years later can he obtain the rank of captain with $50 per month. It is his business to pay for his lodging, his food, his orderly, his clothes, and for whatever luxury the situation demands. In country towns, where living is extraordinarily cheap, if he limits himself to the things that are not imported, he may still by economy maintain himself; but in capitals, as at Rome or at Naples, where everything is much dearer, where the temptations and invitations to spend are constant, I do not understand how it is possible for an officer to live on his pay. Here is an attempt at a monthly balance sheet, made out very deliberately and after having taken advice of many officers:

Orderly	$ 1.00
Food	13.00
Room	5.00
Clothes	6.00
Total	$25.00

In the cavalry it is necessary to count besides:

Keeping of a second horse	$3.00
Saddle	1.00
Extra gloves	1.00
Total, with above	$30.00

I will omit here the cost of purchasing the second horse and many other details, so that we arrive at the deplorable result of an officer having from two to three dollars pocket money per month. However, when I was ascertaining these figures, it was represented to me that $30 in the hands of an officer were equal to $60 in the hands of a civilian, on account of the reductions granted to the former by merchants. Besides this, the Military Union, a vast mercantile enterprise for selling in accordance with the cooperative system, agrees to favor the army and reduces ordinary living one fourth. And, finally, officers by taking to horse-training and to selling horses realize a respectable increase in their incomes. We may add that tens of thousands of dry goods clerks, public officers, and private teachers receive not even as much, but these occupations are in the dim light of the side wings of society and permit an absolute economy in both clothing and pleasure; while an officer spurred with steel, with pearl gray trousers, and with frogs of gold, remains first class whatever he does or wherever he goes. So that the little hotels are forbidden him, and in the theater the modest seats are unbecoming to his uniform.

For the rest, with his thirty dollars a month he must also keep himself bright and

clean. If his cloak is not clean, if his shoulder straps are no longer shining, if his trousers are threadbare from use, he will take on a slouchy manner which will injure his promotion. Finally, if for the sake of economy the coffee house, the theater, the sports, without speaking of games of love or of chance, remain inaccessible, how shall he occupy his idle time? Consider that from ten o'clock until two he is free, and except on the days of picket duty every two weeks and the rare cases of maneuvers or special instruction he is free from half past three on. He might, you think, continue his studies, learn a foreign language, develop his intelligence; but besides the fact that violent exercises in the open air make labor in a close room very difficult, his early education was not sufficient to give him any curiosity for superior things. We are told that it is the top of style in the barracks to boast of never having opened a book since leaving school at Modena.

The Italian officers (and I speak, of course, of those destitute of fortune) are in continual need of money. They begin by making debts and this is not so easy as in France, the tradespeople of the peninsula being distrustful. Thanks to their uniform, however, they do succeed in it. In their slang this is called "driving nails." But debts are inconvenient in that there always comes a day when they must be paid. Creditors show their teeth, write letters, and make visits oftener than politeness demands. The notes, endorsed many times, are renewed at greatly increased interest; then when they fall due, as it is necessary to pay something on account, the debtor borrows right and left, wherever he can. An officer of a high family, who was received in princely society, secretly borrowed of coachmen, domestics, and even of grooms in the houses where he was invited. Some give themselves furiously to the game of baccarat, and, as I am told, it sometimes happens that the cards have little marks on them. But soon these receipts are not enough. The end of every month becomes maddening. The debtors avoid everybody; some suddenly fall sick and remain at home with doors and windows closed; others run hastily to the Jew money-lenders and make all sorts of promises. They sometimes end by paying three hundred per cent.

But the relation between officers and money-lenders being hazardous, complications arise. The officer flies into a fit of rage. The creditor writes to the colonel, and many suicides have no other cause. The soldier prefers death to the loss of his epaulets. Thus ended the officer of high family whose borrowings of his friends' grooms I have just related. His debts rose to about $4,000. Most of his comrades had signed his notes and they had to pay, for the colonel demanded it. But his brother, likewise an officer, but an honest man living on his pay, refused to pay them back anything, saying that his mediocrity of means did not allow it; and the same colonel practically commended it in a public letter, declaring that it would be unjust, in spite of the bond of blood, that faults of imprudence and disorder should compromise a whole past of labor and of honor.

Many officers do not disdain to put on the white skin trousers and mottled vests of professional jockeys. Some have acquired in this manner a deserving celebrity. In 1893 the Royal Derby of $5,000 was won by Lieutenant Polinski as a jockey.

But the races are only an episode. Their tastes and their pastimes are far from being inexpensive. Of course they frequent the cafés and enjoy themselves there. Yet it is very rare that an Italian officer drinks too much; at any rate, drunkenness is not customary and those who might fall into it very soon lose the esteem of their fellows. As to their other pleasures, everything is admitted. It is their youth. What could you expect? Their eyes are too black and the sun is too bright.

Ten months out of twelve the sky is so blue and the air so mild that it becomes painful to stay indoors, and these are days of endless promenades with a friend, or even alone. An Italian is sufficient unto himself. How many hundreds of them I have met in the rosy walks in the *National Villa* at Naples and in the green walks of the *Pincio*

at Rome, in the blue walks of the *Caschines* at Florence and everywhere else. Bright in their uniforms, with a cigarette between their lips and a happy look on their faces, they strolled along with careless step to the pretty clanking of their spurs and sabers.

The number of those who marry before they are captains, that is, before they are thirty years old, is very small indeed. Living is too costly, their pay insufficient. Those who might have the means to set up an establishment hardly care to, and those who would perhaps like to have not the means; especially as the law requires that the dowry of the wife of a lieutenant be $4,000, and the wife of a captain $8,000. Therefore, there is a life of adventure of the most romantic and most incredible sort; for in Italy, in the country of mandolins, love continues to be given. The Italian wishes to be loved for himself alone. It is one of his claims, and with most of the officers it is also a necessity.

In short, the life of Italian officers is, according to the phrase of Jules Lemaitre, almost as well worth living as the life of Don Juan. Their successes are immense, but it is not to the brilliancy of their intellectual qualities that we must attribute them. Ten times out of twenty their conversation is wretched. They hardly read at all; they have forgotten what they learned, and occupy themselves very little with superior truth. If ladies are present, an artificial vivacity excites them. They repeat worn-out compliments, tell stale stories and city gossip, often in a very caustic manner.

On the whole, Italian officers are charming fellows, courageous, sufficiently civil, and moderately intellectual. In case of war their valor is marvelous; not that they are good at resisting, but their maddening charges to the cry, "*Savoia! Savoia!*" are generally victorious. In Africa, despite the disaster at Adowa, they did not behave badly, and in their barracks the laws of honor are strictly observed. This means that duels are frequent, fatal only by exception, and punishable only with ten or twelve days of arrest; but if it is a superior officer he runs the risk of imprisonment or degradation.

If we reflect that the armies do not aim at favoring idleness and ignorance, the necessity of serious reforms will be impressed upon our minds. The minister at Rome, too, has taken account of this, and a few months ago the work began. His attention, it seems, has been directed to these points:

Suppression or transformation of the military schools.

A change of the uniform in order to make it more practical and less expensive. A uniform for wear not for the theater.

Wages fixed according to a system yet to be discovered, so that the life may be possible to all, or that the military career may be opened only to those to whom fortune has given an income.

Finally, examinations in general culture should no longer be simple formalities and should precede promotion to the different grades.

A NIGHT IN A METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THERE seems to be a general belief that a metropolitan newspaper office at night resembles a boiler shop under full pressure of work, with a military headquarters in time of war thrown in. So much has been written about the confusion and excitement of getting a great newspaper to press that one would think the departure of an ocean steamer for Europe was a small affair in comparison. The spirit of exaggeration that unfortunately prevails in many articles that appear in the newspapers in their hunt for the Big, the Great, and the Stupendous, and which simply reflects one of the characteristics of the American people, has extended to the accounts that have appeared from time to time as to the way newspapers are conducted. There

have been many pictures of dashing messenger boys; of feverish editors, now grasping at this item of news and now prancing after that; of wild-eyed and panting reporters rushing in with news; of paragraphers writing editorial comment in a slap-dash style; of this man reaching over to Constantinople after a bit of news and that man leaping to the City of Mexico on a similar errand; of one man thinking of finance and family rows, of religion and race tracks, of political economy and prize fighters, all at the same time—and every other man and woman in the office in a state of similar mental activity. All these pictures have led up to that threadbare story that the necessity of going to press exactly on a certain second is so imperative that if the angel Gabriel should arrive on this earth the night editor would not and could not wait ten seconds to chronicle the event.

The truth is the less excitement and confusion the better the newspaper. At times it is true that there are evidences of confusion and excitement in all of the great newspapers but it lasts only a moment or two. For the most part there is no more confusion in one of these establishments than there is in a well-ordered schoolroom with the pupils quietly working out some problem in arithmetic. The newspaper with which I am most familiar I have known to be as quiet and deliberate on the night of a Park Place disaster or a great naval review as when the usual midsummer lethargy was on and there seemed to be nothing for editors and reporters to do but to fold their arms and wait for some one to stir up news. In this office the plan is followed of having all the departments in one large room, and this by the very nature of things calls for the abolition of all noise. Messages are sent across the room by office boys instead of being shouted out, and a stranger coming in to the place when every one was working at the highest tension would see no evidences that a matter of tremendous importance, requiring keen judgment and the sharpest mental activity, was being handled in the place. Eight or ten reporters would be seen at their desks, each writing intently but deliberately, half a dozen editors, those who really edit the copy for the newspaper and not the editorial writers, would be seen carefully going over every line that is printed later, and there would seem to be a strict compliance with the suggestion of Mr. Charles A. Dana who recently told some college students in an address that one of the imperative rules of a successful newspaper is never to do anything in a hurry.

There are three distinct grades of men in every newspaper office, the men who write, the men who edit, and the men who neither write nor edit, but who direct. At the head of every metropolitan newspaper is the editor. He directs the policy and final responsibility rests on him for everything that appears in the paper. He has under him the managing editor, who is the chief executive officer of the establishment. This man has supervision of the collection of the news and the manner in which it is prepared for publication. He has a city editor to collect the local news and frequently another man to look after the telegraphic news. The city editor has a corps of reporters under his charge and the chief telegraphic news editor has a corps of correspondents in the various cities of importance in the country under his charge. Only a few papers, however, have a man in direct charge of the telegraphic news, because the great news associations of the country collect the news, and special reports from the paper's own correspondents are used only on occasions of importance. The managing editor or the night editor in most offices looks after the collection of the telegraphic news.

The afternoon is spent regularly in the office in sending out reporters on the customary news assignments of the day, in reading articles submitted for the Sunday newspaper, in writing editorial articles, in looking over the mail, in culling from the exchanges material for reprint. This requires a large force but the work is subdivided so that there is no rush. At six o'clock in the evening a new force of men

arrives in the office. They are the editors of copy. The composing room begins work at seven o'clock and the editors at once begin to prepare the copy that has been written in the office during the afternoon or the telegraphic news copy that has been sent to the morning papers as well as to those of the afternoon. The managing editor goes home for three or four hours and the office falls at once into a routine.

The night city editor is now in charge of the collection of local news and the editing of copy in his department. He has five or six copy editors to assist him. As fast as an article is prepared it is handed to him and he checks it off on his assignment sheet and either prepares the article for the printer himself or gives it over to one of his assistants. Two of these assistants read suburban copy and the remainder read strictly local copy. Then there are two or more editors for the sporting news. What is called "department matter" is usually the first copy to be handled. This consists of the reports from the courts, from the city hall, the coroner's office, and the like. Reporters continue to come in from time to time to announce the result of the investigations to which they have been assigned during the afternoon. Two reporters are kept in reserve in the office every evening. One is the "short wait" man and the other is the "long wait" man. They are held for emergencies. The short wait man goes off duty at midnight and the long wait man remains until half past three o'clock in the morning.

The night city editor has a most responsible place. He must be a man of keen judgment. He has little time for deliberation. When the news comes of some accident, some defalcation, some murder, the sudden death of some prominent man, he must not only judge instantly what is to be done but must know where to send to get the fullest information. The day city editor has ample time to act, but at night there must be no delay. The night city editor is the one man in the office who has occasion to get excited, but he has been trained to expect the unexpected, and when a matter of startling importance does come up he gives a little jump perhaps, but in ten minutes he has his reporters out and the routine of the office is going on again as if it had never been disturbed.

The telegraphic news editors in the office of which I write especially number three men, and their work is divided geographically. They sit at one table where they can confer with one another. One man has the cable news and that part of the United States west of the Mississippi. Another has Washington and New York State news, and the third has all the rest of the country under his supervision. When any one is especially rushed with work, as was the case during the great railroad strike in Chicago, the others help him out. As a rule the geographical distribution is an equal division of the work, but in most offices another system is followed. In those offices one man is in charge of the telegraphic news, just as one man has charge of the city news, and he parcels out the copy as it comes to his assistants.

It is a fact that every newspaper receives every night from two to five times the amount of matter it can print. Very little of it is written smoothly. Rarely is an article sent to the composing room without change. The large staff of editors is necessary to cull out what is printable, to avoid libelous matter, to write the head lines, to condense, to verify statements. As fast as each article is edited it goes to the composing room, and in the course of half an hour on an average a proof is ready for examination.

About eight o'clock in the evening a new face appears in the office. It is that of the night editor. His business is to go over the work of the editors on proof, to catch all their errors, and to place every article in its proper place in the paper. He usually answers the telegraphic news queries and then goes over the editorial articles first with great care. It is important that the editor should not be made to say things that he did not intend to say. He then reads such proofs of the news as have been made. One of his first duties is to get an estimate of the space needed for the advertisements and then

to get an idea as to the space each of the most important articles under consideration will require. By a little figuring he can tell whether the paper will be unduly crowded and he allots to each department the amount of space it can reasonably expect. There is no sense in putting a lot of matter in type that can never find a place in the paper.

About ten o'clock the managing editor comes in again. He spends the evening in reading proofs for errors in judgment, in answering his correspondence, in settling matters of policy which are referred to him for final decision, and in preparing days ahead for news events which are of importance and the exact time of whose occurrence is known.

About twelve o'clock it is noticed that the night editor is unusually busy. It is time for him to send some of his pages to the stereotyper. He sees that the editorial articles are placed properly according to the editor's schedule, fills up the chinks with such material as harmonizes with the page, and sends it off. The pages with the markets are next prepared and then there comes a lull. The proofs keep accumulating, however, and if any man has an excuse to get feverish it is the night editor. At one o'clock he must send more pages away according to a careful time schedule. He must supervise the placing of every article in its proper place and page, keeping kindred matters together and skimming with the eye of a hawk through his proofs, which fairly rain down on him. He is the one man who is supposed never to make any mistakes and who must invariably catch the mistakes of others. His work is not only one of great responsibility but also of most delicate judgment. He must make changes frequently, using his best news instincts instantly and without deliberation. He usually keeps back three pages to the last. What is left over from his first page, where the most important and most interesting news is placed, goes to the second page, and gradually, as his race against the clock goes on, he clears up the type. One of his last duties is to decide what to leave out for lack of room. He must be very careful in this. One of the most dreaded questions the next day is: "Why did we not print this article?" If all the night editors in town would agree to leave out certain news items it would be all right but when one prints something of importance that another rejects there is usually trouble.

I have read many accounts of the details of newspaper work, but I have never seen the responsibility of the night editor set forth as fully as it should be. Even in two notable addresses on newspapers recently given before college students Mr. Charles A. Dana, the acknowledged head of the newspaper profession, said nothing about the night editor. There was considerable about the exchange reader and the city editor and reporters, and some reference to the copy editors, but the night editor was not mentioned, and yet next to the managing editor there is no place requiring greater executive ability on the staff of a metropolitan newspaper.

There are times in every newspaper office when naturally it is under a great strain. Some enormous parade, some yacht race, some appalling accident constitute these occasions. Days in advance the city editor has prepared for those that are foreseen. His reporters are deployed with the care of a general. At night the revision of the copy is usually entrusted to one man and in all well-regulated offices there is no confusion. It is at times of emergency that the greatest strain comes on the night editor. Some fire is sweeping through a block, with a heavy loss of life, and there is little time to get a connected story in the first edition of the paper. The reporters ask a few hurried questions as soon as they arrive on the scene and then rush for telephones. The story they tell is hastily put in writing in the office and often it is an exciting race to get the news prepared within the limit of time set by the night editor.

In the telegraphic news possibly a presidential convention or a general election causes the greatest strain. At conventions expert writers from the office are sent out, men who know the peculiarities of the office. They must file their matter in the telegraph office page by page, as it is written, and must give instructions on each page as to the proper place it is to occupy in the story.

The telegraph offices have a way of dividing every long article filed with them into sections, known as "Letter A," "Letter B," and so on. The editor in the home-office frequently gets "Letter G" before "Letter C" has begun, and it takes a cool brain and a steady hand to eliminate objectionable matter, keep the words in their proper order, and maintain a steady rate in sending the matter to the composing room. At the last Democratic National Convention Mr. Cleveland was not nominated until three o'clock in the morning. The paper had to go to press as usual at two o'clock to catch the mails—the cardinal newspaper sin is to miss the mails—and up to the last second a place had to be made for the very latest news. That was a terrific strain, but in most of the New York offices it is doubtful if there was any more confusion than there is in a city fire company house when an alarm comes in.

Election night brings duties such as come only on those occasions. Ordinary routine is practically suspended. The work is carefully subdivided between the editors. One man has the congressional tables to look after and another the legislative tables and another the state table by counties and so on. Careful examination of percentages plays an important part in election estimates. There are dozens of counties from which no full returns can be secured. From a minute comparison of the gains and losses in cities and towns that are accessible and taking into account local causes that may affect the result in certain places, it is possible to "snatch from the air," as Julian Ralph once said, accurate returns of an election. It is the rule to come within a few hundred votes of the actual result, and there is always great pride in every office in getting as near to the real fact as possible. In such work as this there is bound to be more or less confusion, but it is kept down with a stern hand, for if ever a clear brain is needed it is when the reputation of the paper is at stake for accuracy in election returns. On ordinary occasions, however, there is no more confusion, no more nervous excitement, no more feverish haste in a metropolitan newspaper office than there is in the daily conduct of a railroad plant. Everything is done by system. Emergencies are what is expected most, and that paper is the best equipped which grapples with them without splutter or undue excitement.

MY LIBRARY.

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

AT times these walls enchanted fade, it seems,
And, lost, I wander through the Long-Ago
In Edens where the lotus still doth grow,
And many a reedy river seaward gleams.
Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends with my dreams,
And now the elfin horns of Oberon blow,
Or flutes Theocritus by the wimpling flow
Of immemorial amaranth-margined streams.
Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built stair,
And parts with shadowy hands the mists that veil
Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds forlorn.
By Milton stayed, chaotic steeps I dare,
And, with his immaterial presence pale,
Stand on the heights flushed in creation's morn!

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BONN'S GREAT SON, BEETHOVEN.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. WAIT.

'TWAS in the midst of the legendary Rhine country, within sight of Cologne's twin spires and the seven mountains rich in story. True, 'twas only a little German village, where the blue, white, and pink forget-me-nots lift their eyes to the splendid pink and white plumes of the horse-chestnut trees, but it gave to the world a genius which acted as the sunlight, changing the beautiful bud of music to the perfect, full-blown rose.

The place had been a Roman fortress and the heroic spirit of those days seemed to be breathed into the being of the baby who was born there on the 17th of December, 1770.

Never did a mother idolize a child more than Bonn worshiped her gifted son, Ludwig von Beethoven; and mother-like, to her he has not grown old, for the people of that little village are saturated with love of him, and speak of him to-day as if he were one of their number, a living presence, as indeed he is, for his music is the nobler part of him freed from the fetters of family vexations and broken hopes.

A tablet over the door of an unpretending house in Bongasse marks his birthplace, but the truth is he was born in the adjoining little house, back of the one facing the street. Do you wish to see the very room in which the "giant of composers" entered upon life? Then you must climb two flights of narrow, wooden stairs, and enter with head bowed, not only in reverence, but because the doorway is so low. Angles seem to monopolize the little room under the roof, so that scarcely a spot is left high enough for a man to stand upright. Two small windows admit the light into the place, now empty except for the marble bust whose pedestal is always wreathed in green while the base is often heaped with the flower offerings of Beethoven pilgrims, for no shrine was ever visited with more ardor than is this little room by music lovers from all parts of the world.

As one wanders through the other rooms, now filled with many interesting relics of him (for both houses are state property and have been turned into museums), one cannot help wondering in which one the poor, gifted child was compelled by his poverty-stricken father to practice until his music became to him the chains of a slave.

Here is an oil painting of that mother of whom he always spoke so lovingly. A strong, tender face, unmarred by the many trials brought upon her by her worthless husband, whose musical talents, inherited from his father, might have earned for him not only wealth but fame, if only he had been able to resist the demon drink.

Near by is the face of another woman whose influence upon Beethoven's life was almost as great as that of his mother. It is a younger face, as clear-cut and beautiful as that of a cameo; it belonged to the woman who inspired the Moonlight Sonata. Had not rank stood in the way of marriage, there is no doubt that the Countess Guiccardi would have made Beethoven's life a joyful one instead of the sad thing it really was, for love was the keynote of all his music. Listen to the love of freedom which resounds in the Erioca, the love of humanity which vibrates through and through the final choral in the wonderful Ninth Symphony, and his love of God which finds its vent in the glorious Second Mass.

Near the two portraits is a case of ear trumpets, which reminds one painfully of all that wife could have been to this master,

isolated as he was by his deafness. A small one tells the beginning of the trouble; gradually they increase in size until the last one is as large as a veritable trumpet. Like a certain bird, he hid his pain while he flooded the world with music—the endless music of his nine glorious symphonies, for they were composed after 1800, his deafness having manifested itself the previous year.

But there are other portraits which claim our attention, for here are collected all the likenesses of the composer, from those of a beardless boy to a copy of that great one by Steiler, the only one for which Beethoven ever sat, and which was considered by those who knew him to be the most faithful portrait of them all. Being owned by a German countess who allows no copies to be made, it is impossible to obtain one. It is very like our favorite picture of him, only the "ideal" is taken out and we see the man as he really was, with unkempt, lion's mane of hair, flashing eye, deep, heavy-set jaw, and determined mouth. Even at eighteen, the age when the first public notice of him appeared in *Kramer's Musical Magazine*, he had a strong face, which took on a more conquering expression a few years later when boyhood was losing itself in young manhood—the age when he first went to Vienna filled with the hope of studying with Mozart, a hope unrealized, for he was soon compelled to return to Bonn, owing to his mother's failing health. But his filial devotion had its reward when he met Haydn, who was passing through Bonn a year or two afterward, as the meeting again opened the way to him to return to Vienna with that master as his teacher. And here is a portrait of those "happy days" when he found himself appreciated and welcomed into the cultured society for which he longed. Yonder is another, at the time probably when he was misunderstood—when the critics declared that the symphonies gave signs that he was going mad.

This picture must have been taken in 1805, about the time he wrote his one opera "Leonore," now known as "Fidelio"; the next one to it, when he went to Teplitz, in 1812, on one of his few concert tours.

Some character sketches made of him by friends show him leaving the theater in a towering rage, hatless, fists clenched, and anger in every feature because the audience had not appreciated or understood his music, which he was himself directing.

His ungovernable temper shows itself in many of his letters, in one of which he angrily tells a friend who happened to offer a musical hint to him that it was as ridiculous for him (the friend) to make a suggestion to the "great Beethoven as it would be for an ass to advise Minerva."

But here is the piano which has responded to the touch of the great master; the very instrument on which he played in Vienna, at that splendid triumph in 1795 when he began his famous career of composer and performer — electrifying the people of Vienna by his wonderful playing of his pianoforte concerto in C major.

Near the piano stands a case containing four of his violins and violincellos, for he also mastered all sorts of stringed instruments, and to this knowledge he owes the special beauty of his stringed trios, quartets, etc.

When the museum was opened a few years ago, the matchless four (Joachim, Haussmann, Wirth, and De Ahne, unrivaled in the world as a stringed quartet) came to Bonn, and standing in that room filled to overflowing with memories and relics of the music-king, playing his magnificent compositions on the very instruments which he had once made speak, while the favored few admitted to the feast stood with bowed heads and dimmed eyes.

But even this great mind had to cease its activity, and a cast taken after death shows the face freed from the harshness which characterized it in life—for the harshness was but a mask concealing the over-sensitiveness. More fortunate than many a great one, Beethoven lived to see himself famous, but he allowed his warm heart, rather than his good judgment, to dictate his charity to his wretched brother and worthless nephew, until this drain on his purse, together with

the bad management of his finances, left him almost penniless.

Like his life so was his death—sad, for, humming-bird like, the Vienna public were dipping into the honey of Rossini's music, forgetful of the richer flower. But, alas! they woke one morning to find the great spirit gone, and all that they could do to make amends was to send out black-lined announcements of his death and give him a grand public funeral, at which all classes vied to do him honor—composers acting as pallbearers, musicians and artists bearing his torches.

Five times since then Bonn has given a festival in memory of him, the fifth one being held a year ago last summer. The town adorns itself with flags as if for a gala day; in every shop window appears the face of her gifted son, while in every music store are seen none but his compositions.

By six o'clock Beethoven lovers from all parts of the world begin to wind their way to Music Hall. On the stage is seated an orchestra, each member of which is a soloist. By half past six, the hour when the leader lifts his baton, every seat in the vast place is taken, and those who have secured standing room at the last moment consider themselves fortunate.

A deathlike stillness settles upon the audience as the first note of the First Symphony is heard, and, like a dove, broods over the place until the final sound loses itself in space. Then while the orchestra is resting, the people walk in the little garden adjoining the hall, until the cornet recalls them for the Second Symphony, and again all other senses are lost in hearing. Thus nine symphonies are given in sets of three on successive evenings. But the greatest interest of this musical festival seems to center in the wonderful Ninth Symphony, the great, grand Choral Symphony. At length sound, glorious sound, flooded the dimly lighted room, and breath itself seemed to cease while the ocean of music rolled around.

It ended, as all things must end on earth, but the audience, even after the lights were turned up, sat for a few moments spellbound, for they had been hearing their most subtle feelings analyzed. Then, as if moved by one mighty impulse, that vast throng rose to their feet and made the building vibrate with their hearty German shouts of "*Hoch! Hoch!*"

As the people on their way home passed the moonlit statue of the master in Münster Platz, many stopped to look at the splendid bronze figure in frock coat, a roll of music in his hand and his uncovered head thrown slightly back, as if challenging the world; on the base the single word "Beethoven"—no explanation, no dates—and none are needed, for truly such as he never die.

SOME GRAMMATICAL STUMBLING BLOCKS.*

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

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I SHALL have to begin this paper with the confession that I am not among those who make a fetich of grammar. I don't feel like anathematizing a person who says "he don't" instead of "he doesn't," and I see no reason for gritting my teeth and tearing my hair over it, even if that democratic rabble, "I ain't, you ain't, he ain't, we ain't, they ain't," should finally supplant their properly inflected betters, "you aren't, he isn't," etc. I would even aid and abet those linguistic iconoclasts who cut the Gordian knot of concord between pronoun and antecedent by boldly employing *they*, *them*, and *their* for the singular, in cases where the distinction of gender is to be avoided, after the manner

* I find that in my article on "Cracker English," I inadvertently credited Mrs. Cunningham instead of Mrs. Gilman with the authorship of the "Recollections of a Southern Matron." I regret that a slip of memory should have caused me to do injustice to the claims of one noble woman in favor of another whose reputation needs no borrowed laurels.

of Dolly Madison in this sentence: "I can only return to each individual my love and best thanks for *their* kindness."

And right here we run upon one of the worst grammatical stumbling blocks in our language. I know all the subterfuges and verbal cross-cuts by means of which "the authorities" have sought to get round this difficulty, but after all has been said, there is not a man or a woman of us but feels in our heart that sweet Dolly Madison was right, the critics and the grammar books to the contrary, notwithstanding. If she had said, with irreproachable correctness, "I can only return to each individual my love and best thanks for his or her kindness," we should feel at once that she was posing as a "cultured person" and the soul had gone out of her words, leaving only a stiff grammatical corpse behind.

I suppose hardly any one who has ever written twenty pages of English will deny that this want of a genderless pronoun for the third person singular is the greatest defect of our language, and one that has never been successfully supplied, and never will be till the common sense of the people steps in and overrides by its fiat the decrees of the authorities. The clumsy makeshift, "his or her," has been as persistently rejected by the language instinct of our race as it has been urged by grammarians, and the critics may shout themselves hoarse telling us that in such cases the masculine pronoun is to be regarded as including both genders; the language sense of the average English-speaking person will never tolerate its intrusion in such a sentence as this: "Either the husband or the wife will change *his* opinion." Nine people out of ten, nay, ninety-nine out of a hundred, if they haven't the fear of the schoolmaster before their eyes, will say, in such a case, "Either the husband or the wife will change *their* opinion." In fact, this usage is now so common in conversation that it may almost be said to have become a well-established colloquialism, and examples of it can frequently be found in the best writers. Ruskin never hesitates to employ it when it suits his convenience to do so. Fielding does the same, as, for example, "Nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till *they* have lost him," and though I am not very familiar with the writings of Charles Reade, here is an instance of the same sort taken at random from him: "Everybody was on deck amusing *themselves* as best *they* could."

This usage points us to the only practical way out of the difficulty. The queen's English must step down from its throne when the sovereign people take it in hand, as must its queen herself, whether she wield the scepter or the ferule, and submit to the law of the multitude. Speech is a born democrat; in its realm the voice of the people is supreme.

And this voice is not an arbitrary one. If we trace backward the history of popular speech, we shall find that it follows certain fixed laws which have their root in human nature itself, and are none the less certain in their operation because they are followed blindly and unconsciously. It is in the formulation and application of these natural laws that the real authority of the "authorities" consists, and although Dolly Madison is hardly to be cited as a precedent when it comes to writing English, yet I think it can be shown on good grounds that her ungrammatical use of the pronoun *their* is not without the support of that higher law of language to which grammar itself must bow. Fitzedward Hall, who is justly regarded as one of the greatest living authorities on the English language, lays down the following criteria for testing neoterisms—that is, the introduction of new words or forms of expression into a language:

"First of all, a new word ought to supply a blank, or improve in clearness, brevity, euphony, or exactness, on a word already existing."

Second: "A new word should obey some analogy, the less recondite the better."

Third: "A new word or expression should be euphonious, aversion to dissonance often being stronger than respect for analogy; and other things being equal, the English peoples have a preference for short words."

As it will hardly be denied in any quarter that some means of avoiding discrimination of gender in pronouns of the third person singular would supply a long-felt blank in our language, argument on this head is superfluous.

As to the second test, the extension of the second person plural of the pronouns *you*, *your*, and *yours*, to take the place of the singular *thou*, *thy*, and *thine*, furnishes an exact analogy to the usage in question. A sort of inverse analogy is also afforded by the development of the indefinite pronoun *any*, from the Anglo-Saxon *an* (one), which was at first exclusively singular. Another case in point is to be found in the successful introduction into our current speech of the possessive *its*, which was so palpable a vulgarism three centuries ago that it occurs not once in the English Bible, but three times in the writings of Milton, and not above ten times in Shakespeare, little noted though the latter was as a blind respecter of authority. Moreover this innovation was forced by popular pressure into our standard speech under stress of the very same necessity which is now driving English speakers to apply *they*, *them*, *their*, etc., in the singular, namely, a desire to avoid the obtrusive and often inconvenient discrimination of gender implied in the possessives *his* and *her*. Its thorough absorption into the ranks of good English, in the teeth of such authorities as Milton, Shakespeare, and the translators of the Bible, shows how supreme, after all, is the voice of the people in giving law to language.

Finally, as to Mr. Hall's third criterion, I hardly think that even the most uncompromising stickler for grammatical correctness will contend that anything would be gained in either euphony or brevity by shuffling in a precipitate *his or her* in place of Dolly Madison's ungrammatical *their*.

To sum up the matter: while the usage in question can hardly be said as yet to have received the stamp of authority, and I would not venture to submit an article containing it to the editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN or the *Atlantic Monthly*, still the tendency of good usage seems to be in its favor, colloquially at least, and I think that instead of frowning out of countenance this friend in need that stands ready to help us out of so many grammatical boggles, we would all do well to encourage, as far as we can, its adoption into the vocabulary of standard English speech.

Another frequent cause of stumbling to the average speaker and writer of our language is the plural of foreign words. The so-called mistakes here are of two kinds: an English plural is given to the foreign singular, as *datum*, *datums*, or the foreign plural is used as the English singular. The Marquis of Salisbury is quoted in a recent press dispatch as saying that the opinion evoked in regard to Russian aggression in the East "was a very noticeable *phenomena*," and Professor Jastrow writes in the February *Cosmopolitan* about the demonstration of "so unaccountable a phenomena as reading without eyes." In the *Annals of Hygiene* for March, we read of piercing "an impervious strata," and the patent medicine venders are offering a new nostrum every day for building up "an enfeebled nervous stamina." It is true, one sometimes hears a conscientious stickler for grammatical propriety speak complacently of his nervous "staminum," in laughable ignorance of the fact that both *staminum* and *stamina* are plurals of *stamen*, the one a genitive, the other nominative and accusative. The only safeguard against blunders of this kind is for people who know nothing of Latin to stick to plain English and be content to possess "nerve," or a "nervous system"; for while *nerve* was as Roman in the beginning as *stamina*, it has now become so thoroughly domesticated that we have almost forgotten its foreign birth.

Personally, I must confess that I feel no inclination to go into hysterics over these violations of Latin or Greek, or any other foreign grammar, by English speakers. We are too great a race and ours is too great a language to receive laws from foreigners. We levy upon all the world for contributions to our vocabulary, as well as to our popula-

tion, but these newcomers on being accorded the rights of citizenship should be made to conform to our laws and customs. As in our land-grabbing operations we have never allowed ourselves to be governed by the laws and institutions of the peoples whose territory we have appropriated, so in our word-grabbing, there is no reason why we should submit ourselves to the tyranny of a foreign verbal yoke. And when we consider that three fourths of our literary vocabulary— Professor Whitney says five sevenths—is of Latin origin, we can readily see that if the foreign inflection of all these terms were insisted upon, we might as well give our language over, body and soul, to the bondage of the Latin grammar. And why should we retain the Latin plural any more than the genitive, or any other of its inflections? If let alone, popular usage will make short work of this question by speedily conforming all foreign words to English rule. In fact, it has already done so with the bulk of those that have found their way into the vocabulary of common life; *herbariums*, *memorandums*, *automatons*, *indexes*, *appendixes*, etc., are now recognized, even by the dictionaries, as perfectly correct plural forms. With the naturalization of those more recondite terms that belong properly to the domain of science, there is no need to concern ourselves, since they are in no true sense parts of our English speech. In those cases where usage is divided, convenience and analogy would alike seem to favor the adoption of the English, in preference to the foreign form.

In this connection may be mentioned the confusion that seems to entangle some conscientious speakers in distinguishing between a certain class of words when used in a distributive and in a plural sense. Even so careful a writer as Emerson permits himself to say: "We are all the children of genius, the children of virtue, and feel their *inspirations*." Burke speaks of "those men for whose *sakes* alone we read their history," and Dr. Birch, historian of the Royal Society, makes mention of persons "eminent for their *characters* and learning." Why not "learnings" as well as "characters"? A recent newspaper editorial on the abolition of the House of Lords tells us that the sovereign of England has not forgotten "the *fates*" of King Charles I. and James II., and in a popular treatise on geometry we read that to prove the equality of two angles it is not necessary to consider the "lengths" of their sides. So, also, I once heard a witty lady declare, "Women are obliged to lie about their *ages*." Now, without denying that under certain circumstances women may find it convenient to keep on hand a plurality of ages for public and private use, still, I would suggest that most of us have only one at a time that we are under any temptation to lie about, and that is our real one; hence, if there is any truth in the cynical aphorism, it should be that "Women are obliged to lie about their *age*." The trouble in such cases arises from a failure to perceive that the word is used in a distributive and not in a plural sense. We draw inspiration, not inspirations, from genius and virtue; we read history for the sake, not for the sakes, of good men; we ponder upon the fate, not fates, of kings and nations, we measure the length, not lengths, of bodies, misers hoard their gold, not golds, and eager listeners hold their breath, not breaths.

A kindred error arises from failing to distinguish the difference of meaning conveyed by the qualifying nouns in such expressions as "woman's colleges" and "women's colleges," "woman suffragists" and "women suffragists"—a difference that will be best understood by keeping in mind that the chief aim of the *woman* suffragists is to become *women* suffragists. In the expression "woman's colleges," the modifying noun becomes an adjective, pure and simple, while in "women's colleges" it retains, or should retain, its possessive signification. The distinction is a subtle one, but none the less valuable on that account, and ought to be preserved not so much because of any grammatical rule involved, but because it expresses a real difference in meaning, and thus enables us to discriminate more carefully what we wish to say.

I had intended applying the lever of

English common sense to those perennial stumbling blocks *shall* and *will* before closing this paper, but the length to which it has already been drawn out warns me to desist. Suffice it to say that while the distinction they represent is one of the most valuable in our language, and should be carefully preserved, it can never be successfully mastered by grammatical rules alone. Those who have been taught good English in the only way in which it can be properly learned, by early association with cultivated people, will seldom make a mistake in the use of these delicate idioms, though they may not be able to give a single rule on the subject, while those who have to think about the why and the wherefore will not get them right one time out of ten. Even people who know better will be liable to get them wrong if they go to thinking too much about the matter. There are certain words that I am always sure to spell wrong if I stop to think how they ought to be written, while if I go ahead and set them down without a thought about the words themselves, I never make a mistake. And thus it is with our speech; it is when people begin to be afflicted with self-consciousness in the use of language that they come to grief. A rightly trained person acquires a sort of language sense, as it were, which, like the tact of a well-bred woman, will carry him safely over the most dangerous ground.

THE "NEW WOMAN" IN OLD ROME.*

BY GERTRUDE E. WALL.

THE sun had but begun to light up the white heights of the Apennines and to send a redness into the purple of the Alban hills, and yet all Rome was astir. The *pontifex maximus* and the college of augurs had surely been blind to public danger or they would have decreed the day a black one in the calendar for the transaction of business. It was too late now. These consulters of the will of the immortal gods could, as they learned of the unusual stir, only throw on official robes and fare forth to inquire the will of the mortal goddesses they knew as mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. What was the meaning of this sweep of *stolas* in the direction of Mount Capitoline? Pontiffs, augurs, senators—every man in Rome—would soon know. The sex long subordinate had suddenly arisen, and in a body was streaming toward the Forum, determination in the fall of every sandal, in the flutter of every gown.

The Oppian Law must be repealed—the law which said that no woman should wear a garment of divers colors, nor possess more than an ounce of gold, nor ride in a chariot nearer than a mile to Rome, or any town in the republic, save for a religious solemnity. The law was odious, and it was very obliging in the tribunes, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, to propose its repeal—the gods reward them! This day the senate would discuss the law, and it would be well to watch the course of justice. There would be wavering senators to look after, and doubtful tribunes and lukewarm prætors—it might be necessary to coax even the consuls themselves. And so the women of Rome and its environs had uprisen and set forth for the foot of the Capitol. Husbands and fathers had ordered them to stay at home, but these helpless gentlemen might just as well have commanded the wind which blew in a warlike way from the Field of Mars to stay at home. They descended from urban hills; they marched in from suburban towns, from east, west, north, and

* The facts upon which this story is founded are related in the history of Rome by Titus Livius, or Livy, Book 34, Sections 1–8. The author is also indebted to "The Story of Rome" by Arthur Gilman, M. A. The Oppian Law was proposed by Caius Oppias, in the consulate of Quintus Fabius and Tiberius Sempronius that is, in the stress of the Second Punic War, and was repealed in the year 195 B. C., Marcus Porcius Cato and Lucius Valerius Flaccus being consuls. The text of the law was as follows: "No woman shall possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of divers colors, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses in any town or in any place nearer thereto than one mile, except on occasions of some religious solemnity."

south, by Ways Valerian, Aurelian, Flaminian, and Appian—by all the great roads. Rome had seen no invaders so overcoming since the days of Brennus. Withdrawal could be secured only by granting their demands. They would slay with their eyes an august senate. Cato must be the Camillus.

The throng swept along the Via Sacra toward the Forum. *Stolas*, *stolas*, everywhere, and all somber! *Togas* stepped aside with a predominance of respect; *togas* leaned out of chariots with smiles of recognition, or stares of lazy insolence. The *stolas* had been patiently somber for long years, but an end had come to endurance. Censors could bloom in scarlet, consuls could have red hems to their cloaks, senators could wear purple stripes across the breast—even the boys could have a purple border to their robes, and must women, forsooth—beings to whom color was an Elysium-born instinct—go darkling down to Hades? In the name of holy Vesta, no! The law had been well enough when Caius Oppias proposed it in the dark days of Cannæ, but these were the bright days of Zama, and surely there should be rejoicing and freedom now.

"Juno's geese!" said a senator, with a shrug half of admiration, half of disdain, as two women glided by, regal in bearing, and talking volubly. "How they cackle!"

"Beware, Caius Galba," said his companion, a man of proconsular rank. "We owe much to Juno's geese. It were well to be respectful to both past and present. My wife is here somewhere—and with my sanction. Methinks women have somewhat to complain of. I, for one, would like to see my Claudia in a garment of divers colors, and free to wear jewels—she is no barbarian, and I can trust her taste; and I think no chariot is too good for her."

"Is it not evident to you, Statilius, that if women are not kept in a subservient condition we are undone? Yield them vantage-ground and they will make their way into the senate; they will get to be dictators in all possible emergencies, and censors for life—all which calamities may Jupiter Capitolinus avert! I speak naught against the daughter of Claudius—she has both beauty and wisdom; but all women have not her moderation. As for you, O Statilius, it is well known you are not the antique Roman you were before you went to Corinth two years ago."

As he talked, Caius Galba was thinking of his wife, Flaminia. He had commanded her to remain at home. How handsome she had looked in her silent defiance! How glorious she would appear in colors! He felt his theory of republican simplicity giving way before that picture. Ye gods, what torture to love madly and not wholly approve!

"One may be too antique for his own interests," was the good-humored reply. "Women think they need improving. Have we not a need of the same sort? We must bend or break—and it is better to bend, my Caius. Cato will set us the example some day. With all his hatred of things Hellenic, he will learn Greek before he dies. Note well, Caius Galba."

Onward pressed the *stolas*. The Tarpeian Rock was ahead, but they would stop in time.

"Fabia," said a woman who looked like Juno to a woman who looked like Minerva, "it is certain Marcus Porcius will rage against us to-day; but we must conquer. I am having a purple flounce made for my robe. Yet this Cato is a strong man, Fabia."

"Finish your purple flounce, Sulpicia," was the calm return, "and get a coronet for your flowing hair and bracelets for your white arms. You shall wear them all. 'Woe to the conquered!' must be our cry. Consul Cato must go down before us. He is a strong man, Sulpicia—you speak truly, but he is not a pleasant man. You know he was brought up on a Sabine farm, and though he is not old, he is old-fashioned. He superintends the washing and dressing of his children, and is generally officious. He believes in colors—for himself and his boys. I went to his house on the kalends of February to pay a social call, and, in passing through the vestibule, I was so attracted by the bright-bordered garments—

togas and cloaks—hanging there that I quite forgot to note the sign, 'Beware of the dog!' This was careless in me, I own, for I knew Cato's dog was, like his master, much more given to prosecution than to defense. I got by safely—though with some fright. What with a narrow escape from the teeth of Cerberus, the smoke of the *atrium*, and the poor wife's crushed spirits, I had, when I reached home, the singular feeling of having been on the other side of the Styx. Cato talks well and writes well, but, for the general purposes of life, give me less of eloquence and more of amenity.

"Why should the wife of Marcus Porcius be a slave?—why should any woman? Over there on Mount Palatine, Tanaquil, from a window of the palace, addressed the people after the death of Tarquinius Priscus, and had her will. And what would Numa Pompilius have been without Egeria? They were queens—Tanaquil and Egeria—and we are going to be queens, too—in a good republican way. I would not have the kings brought back—just the queens. Mark my words, Sulpicia—though it is not to be doubted that you and I may not live to see all things fulfilled—the time is coming when women may wear all the hues of Iris, and have gold and jewels to their heart's content, and travel upon wheels when and where they will."

And the confident voice of Fabia was lost in the on-rush.

"Cousin Fulvia," gasped a woman in the throng, "do let us turn aside and rest a few minutes upon yonder wayside bench. You have come from Mount Palatine only; I have come from the banks of the Allia—a wearisome journey. And remember, I had to dismiss my chariot a mile from the gates and walk the rest of the way—yes, walk, Fulvia! I doubt not that the great roads saw many angry women this morning. Why may fathers, brothers, and husbands, inured to the hardships of war, be drawn in carriages over your hard streets, and we who are tender both by nature and nurture be forbidden the use of wheels—save for a religious solemnity? Mother Ceres, forgive us!—and all the gods! but if such injustice is to go on, no woman of spirit will be willing to ride in a religious procession. Religion and injustice should not travel together."

"Peace, Paula, they do travel together, and prosperously too. But sit down and have out your feelings. It is never well to eat one's heart. For your faintness I have a flask of wine—and there is a baker's shop near by."

The two friends turned aside and sat down under a plane tree.

"I also have passed through an ordeal this morning," said the townswoman after a pause; "but I am not faint, my gentle Paula. My husband declared if I came to the Forum he would get a divorce. And I drew my cloak around me, and replied: 'Publius Rutilius, get a divorce if you wish one.' And I set forth leaving him staring—and free to do as he chooses."

Fulvia's tawny eyes blazed for a moment, and then sank into their usual smoulder.

"You know how to manage your husband, Fulvia," returned Paula, somewhat refreshed by her cousin's wine and display of domestic spirit. "My husband overawes me. It has been two years since I visited Rome. Whenever I have proposed to come, Lucius Cæcus has said, 'Why do you wish to be gadding about?' I slipped away this morning while he slept. What will he do when he awakes?"

"Publius Rutilius says women used to be contented if they had a wagon-ride once or twice a year, but that now they want chariots of their own, and pout if their husbands go off to their country villas without them. He thinks a new woman has arisen, and he likes her as little as possible."

Thus far Fulvia's voice was cold, but it warmed as she went on: "As for your husband, Paula, he will probably repudiate you as a deserter. Lucius Cæcus is known to be a stern man. He agrees with Marcus Porcius in believing Carthage and women each a menace to Rome—the one to its supremacy, the other to its godliness. But the daughter of Paulus need not wait long for another husband. Here in Rome women no older—and less handsome—have had

three husbands and may have three more before they die."

This was doubtful comfort, and Paula's violet eyes filled with tears. She remembered that Lucius Cæcus was kind when she was strictly obedient. And how proud they both were of little Lucius!

Near by rose the temple of Juno Moneta. "Let us propitiate the goddess of marriage, Fulvia," she begged, "before we hold on our way."

"As you please," Fulvia rejoined, a vivid smile breaking over her olive beauty. "Juno is not half so submissive a wife as you and I have been, Paula Prima. We may count upon her support both in our home struggles and in the warfare to be waged to-day in the Forum."

And now the throng was massing its varied classes at the foot of the Capitol—covering hill-slopes and house-tops, sitting in hired seats, and standing with plebeian patience wherever space allowed.

"Do you think, Pomponia," said a tardy arrival, with a slow, flute-like voice, "that we can get seats upon the grand stand?"

"Our purses shall make way for our wills, Valeria," was the reply. "Patricians are now quite crowded out of special privileges by *optimates* and plebeians, but I know one of the ædiles to be considerate of rank and lineage, and he will favor us. We are just in time. See, the senate is assembling! Some of the conscript fathers will spend the day with the Penates—guarding with them children and hearthstones. There! I have paid for sittings. Let only the common people stand."

As the two patricians sank into seats which commanded a near view of the Forum, Pomponia continued: "They say the tribunes threaten to tear down these seats as opposed to 'the equality of the Roman people.' They seem to wish to tear down everything."

She laughed scornfully, and then added, as if in apology for her present alliance with democratic powers, "This Oppian Law is the first thing I have ever united with them in trying to tear down."

"Yet these plebeians," Valeria interposed tranquilly, "fight our battles and bring us our wealth. They should at least escape our scorn."

To this judicial fairness Pomponia retorted: "It is no new or surprising thing, O Valeria, to hear you, who should contend for ancestral rights, defending the upstart and the seditious. The new man—how I hate him!—is pushing his way everywhere."

"I have heard," went on Valeria, resolved to be pacific, "that basilicas where people may rest while listening to speakers are soon to be built around the Forum. Marcus Porcius intends to build one—to be called Basilica Porcia—but he is too busy now with troubles in Spain and Macedonia to build anything but war ships."

"And too busy with domestic insurrections," added Pomponia, with a derisive laugh. "Cato may conquer the Spaniards, the Carthaginians—men everywhere—but women—never!"

The suave Valeria tried another path in conversational entertainment:

"Have you seen Cornelia, the wife of Sempronius Gracchus, this morning?"

"No," returned Pomponia, pausing long enough to show gracious recognition to a passing prætor, "I suppose she is at home watching over her treasures. The little Sempronia is fairly well-behaved, but I do not like young Tiberius. He plays with huckle-bones as if they were thunder-bolts. And Caius promises to be a real fire-brand. This intermixture of patrician and plebeian blood is not good. It makes the inheritor fight against himself, and that sets him to fighting other people. Scipio might have done better than to have married his daughter to a plebeian."

"Report insists that she is happy, Pomponia, and that is more than can be said of many Roman wives," Valeria's indolent voice protested; "and she certainly looks well after her children's interests."

"Children may be looked after too well," Pomponia said tersely. "The Gracchi are not yet grown up. As for Cornelia, if she does not come out openly against the Oppian Law, she might better do so. She is like her father and her uncle Lucius, fond of money and what it will bring. I chance

to know that she has her eyes now upon a luxurious villa. She will pay a moderate price for it and sell it for an immoderate one before the year is old. I know Cornelia Scipio. I visit her often."

"It is just six years now since the triumph of Africanus," mused Valeria, in another venture of amiability. "I saw it from almost this same point. Such splendor of color! such treasures of gold and gems! such a train of triumphant wheels! You saw the pomp—of course. My mother Junia was with me then—peace to her *manes!*—and she cried for joy. She could recall the days of Hamilcar Barcas and Hanno. She had shared the terror after the battle of Lake Trasimene, when Rome burned all its bridges across the Tiber, and the mourning after Cannæ, when people behaved so admirably and were so broken-hearted."

"I remember the triumph of Publius Scipio, and that Hannibal was the greater general. I remember the robes of divers colors, the pounds of gold, the coffers of jewels, the parade of wheels, and"—Pomponia's voice was resolute—"I am saying to-day, men had their purple and gold and chariots then—women are going to have them now. This is the time of our triumph."

"I wonder," pursued Valeria, who always followed a theme at a reasonable distance, "why Cato objects so much to our wearing divers colors. I suppose he thinks we may get Hellenized. Phocion's wife used to wear her husband's *pallium*, and neither he nor the neighbors objected. And Socrates gave Zanthippe permission to wear his cloak, but she did not care to—and no wonder, for, from all I can learn, the only thing well ordered about Socrates was his mind. But do look at Aurelia, the wife of Furius Corvus! What a beautiful auburn her hair is! I must ask her where she obtained the dye."

"Make way for the consul!" was the cry which now rose above the hum and clash of voices, and twelve lictors, carrying axes of authority, swept into the Forum, escorting Marcus Porcius Cato. The consul wore a cloak with a red border; and there was a red flush upon his face. He had recognized in the throng as it parted to give him passage women of nobility and beauty, and he had shown them consular courtesy; but his anger burned toward them.

He was called Cato Sapiens, and he deserved the title. A little later he would be called Cato Censorius, and he would deserve that title too—and in a broader than a Roman sense. He would suffer defeat with an ill-grace, but he would bear it; his great-grandson would die rather than yield. Happily, O Cato Major!—greater in outliving defeat and drawing profit from it—your blood does not rest upon the souls of womankind.

Eagles and spears flashed in the sunshine; the Forum proper gleamed with purple-breasted *togas*, the Comitium with all known hues; while, engraved upon copper-plates and high-hung, the laws looked down, cold and unbreakable, upon warmth of color and human discussion. Cato ascended the rostrum and turned his face toward the senate.

"The day comes," muttered a man with a leathern apron, "when the speaker upon that platform shall face the assembly of the people."

"Peace, artisan," whispered a lictor, "wilt thou mutter when a consul speaks?"

"If, Romans"—it was Cato's lashing, passionate voice—"every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the authority and prerogative of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are even here in the Forum spurned and trodden under foot. It was not without painful emotions of shame that I just now made my way into the Forum through the midst of a band of women."

Faces in the hired seats flashed, and the coil around the Forum tightened; but Cato saw only the immobile senate as he stormed on:

"Had I not been restrained by the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should have said to them, What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets

and addressing other women's husbands?"

The gracious Claudia, the handsome Flaminia, the goddesses Fabia and Sulpicia, exchanged smiles of high-bred hauteur; Fulvia's eyes blazed; Paula looked mildly indignant; Pomponia sat a study in scorn; Valeria gazed at the speaker with the calm of a superior being. They had that morning—each in a proud way of her own—solicited votes for the emancipation of their sex, and they gloried in having done so. Let the consul rage.

"Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director. We, it seems, suffer them now to interfere in the management of state affairs, and to introduce themselves into the Forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election. Will you give the reins to their intractable nature and their uncontrolled passions, and then expect them to set bounds to their lawlessness when you have failed to do so? They long for liberty; or rather, to speak the truth, for unbounded freedom in every particular. For what will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will have become your superiors. Romans, do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort—that the rich should wish to have what no others can have; and that the poor, lest they should be despised as such, should extend their expenses beyond their means? Be assured that when a woman once begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of she will not be ashamed of what she ought. My opinion is that the Oppian Law ought, on no account, to be repealed."

Much more to the same general import did the consul say in his fight for home rule. He went so far as to call the uprising a "secession"—a dangerous term; wise orators had, for three centuries, avoided the word; but with his conclusion neither Rome nor Olympus could find fault: "Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it."

And then Lucius Valerius the tribune ascended the rostrum. The tribunate had grown out of the secession to the Sacred Mount—it was fitting that a tribune should defend any secession from unjust rule. In a polite exordium Valerius commended the virtue of the consul, his undoubted patriotism, his skill in authorship and forensic speech, and then he passed into satire and logic.

"Mild as Marcus Cato is in his disposition"—the general throng beamed over the flight of this shaft—"yet," Valerius went on valiantly, "in his speeches he is not only vehement but even austere. What new thing, let me ask, have the matrons done in coming out into public in a body on an occasion which mainly concerns themselves? Have they never before appeared in public? I will turn over your own 'Origines,' O Cato, and quote them against you. How often have they done the same in this place, and always to the advantage of the public. Who rushed into the Forum in the days of Romulus and stopped the fight with the Sabines? Who went out and turned back the army of the great Coriolanus? Who brought their gold and jewels into the Forum when the Gauls demanded a ransom for the city?"

And, Lucius Valerius, within thirty years of this enumeration of yours, history will set down another case of devotion to country more desperate than any your Forum has ever seen. Women will twist their long hair into bow-strings and melt their ornaments into weapons of defense, but there will be vain fighting, long days and nights of burning, and an infamous sale into slavery of brave survivors. And for much of this cruelty coming ages will hold to a stern reckoning the consul sitting before you. His spirit marching on will be the military dictator.

"Shall every class of people," continued the tribune, "feel the improvement in the condition of the state, and shall women alone not reap the fruits of public peace and tranquillity? Shall we allow the privilege of wearing the *toga prætexta* to the magistrates of colonies and borough towns, and to the superintendents of streets, and interdict the use of purple to women alone? Elegance of appearance and ornaments in dress—these

are women's badges of distinction; in these they delight and glory; these our ancestors called 'the woman's world.' The subjection of women to just law is never shaken off without the loss of their friends; and they themselves look with horror upon a freedom that is purchased with such a loss. Their wish is to be under regulation, and it ought to be your wish to hold them in guardianship, not in bondage. The greater power you possess the more moderate you ought to be in the exercise of your authority."

The consul glowered. More tense authority was the very thing for which he was contending. With contumacious tribunes and a world of women against him, how could he hope to triumph?

Lucius Valerius, mythologically trained as he was, may have imagined that powers from the dim past were listening to him—as Romulus in his thatched hut, or the Sibyl in her cave, but he probably did not dream that distant centuries would hear his plea, and find in it the familar logic used in their own uprisings. He talked on till a herald from the steps of the Curia Hostilia proclaimed the hour of noon, whereupon the senate and the Roman people, leaving the Oppian Law in suspense for another day, pressed homeward for a siesta.

The lictors poured around Marcus Cato, thus protecting him from the approach of dangerous lobbyists, and escorting him to his house, thundered at the door with their iron badges, saw their chargé safely inside, and departed, feeling no doubt that for one day at least in their year of attendance they had been more than a mere official ornament.

The day waned toward lamplight. Men gathered at banquets and discussed the situation over cups of wine; women pondered at home and planned deliverance. Weak things have often confounded the mighty. The consul and his sympathizers were confounded the next morning. No woman tarried at home unless it was the mother of the Gracchi, and there is no proof that she too was not abroad. Husbands made no protests against the general movement—it was too cyclonic to be crossed without danger. Sallying forth with Aurora—and probably, like Aurora, rosy and weeping—the invaders beset the houses of those legislators who had protested against the measures of Fundanius and Valerius; and history adds, with a dark suppression as to the military methods of the besiegers, "nor did they retire until this intervention was withdrawn."

The Forum voted for the repeal—it could not do otherwise; and thus the Oppian Law, regnant through twenty years, was driven from Rome as sternly and irrevocably as the Tarquins had been more than three centuries before.

Of the defeated consul we read this dismissing statement from the pen of Titus Livius: "Marcus Porcius, as soon as the Oppian Law was abolished, sailed immediately, with twenty-five ships of war, for the port of Luna."

It was not to the moon that Cato voyaged—though cut off as he was from feminine sympathy that planet may have seemed inviting—but out toward the Pillars of Hercules. And there he won a great victory; but his opponent was not the ever-new, the ever-unaccountable woman.

HEATHER BLOSSOMS.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

AT early morn, before the glad sunrise,
An Angel came from out the brilliant skies,
Down starry ladder sped
To lowest valley's bed,
Where flowers sweet their richest perfume shed.

Then upward looked to the high mountain side,
No beauteous bloom did its bleak bareness hide;
By heavenly thought inclined,
Quick spoke the Angel kind
To those sweet flowers which all the valley lined.

"O Lily, lend me of your white robes pure
A mantle fair, with which to cover sure
The stern, wild mountain's height,
So shall its sides bedight
Lure pilgrims ever nearer to the light.

"And you, dear Rose, give of your blossoms gay
To sprinkle o'er the whiteness, and to spray
With rarest perfume sweet
The pilgrims' fainting feet,
While toiling upward in the weary heat."

Alas! both Rose and Lily mocked the word,
Too vain to heed a message from the Lord;
And thinking it well-bred,
With proud, disdainful head,
"Ask those of lower birth than mine," each said.

Then spoke the humble Heather, soft and mild,
"Great Angel, I am the most lowly child
In all the valley here;
I have no blossom's cheer,
I bring no good to any one, I fear.

"But I could creep upon the mountain side,
And into all its crevices could glide,
And of my green could throw
A carpet cool, and low,
On which the pilgrims' feet might gladly go."

The Angel straightway smiled benign assent;
Then up the mount the Heather joyful went;—
Oh! wondrous surprise!
From out the happy skies
Such morning broke as ne'er had shone on eyes!

For all the mountain side was bathed in light,
And all the Heather flecked with blossoms bright!
"Behold," the Angel cried,
"Rich guerdon, ne'er denied
To those unselfish ones with Heaven allied."

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

FOR A CLEAN CAMPAIGN.

Two great groups of good citizens look forward, once in four years, to a presidential campaign with apprehension. The first group is made up of the business men whose experience is that these campaigns interfere with domestic trade by creating a feeling of uncertainty and hesitation. The other group consists of religious people whose experience is that there is a danger of bitterness, malignity, and falsehood, with the serious consequences attending an epidemic of immorality.

We are at the opening of one of these great quadrennial contests and the apprehensions they occasion are already felt. Perhaps business men are less disturbed than they have been at the outset of former campaigns, for the special reason that business has not been good for several years, and cannot be made much worse. A kind of lassitude and resignation to hard times deadens the sense of peril. Besides, in our peculiar conditions, the campaign may in this respect reverse the rule and make business better. For if, as many hope, the two great parties make practically identical platforms on the money question, that great matter will be settled before the fight begins; and this settlement would remove the largest element of uncertainty from business.

But people who think about and work for the moral well-being of the country cannot feel certain of a clean campaign. Let it be remembered that this interest is deeper and higher than the business interest—that, indeed, sound prosperity depends on morals, and that the demoralization of a foul campaign spread over the whole nation is the worst epidemic of immorality that ever scourged a free and self-governed people. It penetrates every home; it soils every man of us. Promiscuous mud-throwing hits everybody before the dirty business is ended. The campaign lie makes liars by wholesale. Slander defiles a million consciences. No year ever had revivals enough to overcome the evil of one campaign of scurrility and lying.

Let good men give notice in advance that this must be a clean campaign. Let them emphasize their will that there shall not be a deluge of mud, an epidemic of slander, a brutal contest of political mendacity. Let the pulpit call for decency with a unanimous voice. Let the leaders in politics agree in advance that they will fight this battle on its merits and tolerate no departures from the plain paths of decency in speech and in print. We have had decent political contests; if we begin this one with the right kind of moral purpose, we can make it memorable for the high plane on which it will be conducted.

It will be easy for public teachers and leaders to repress the tendencies to malignant and dishonest speech which exist in the lower strata of partisans. Much is at stake in any national election; it is a gratuitous folly to stake also the morals of the nation by tolerating the mendacity and vilification which brutal partisans delight in.

THE OPTIMISM OF NATURE.

THE prevailing note of pessimism in contemporary literature, and especially in fiction, which lays claim to realistic values is the best possible proof of how far we are drifting from the largest truth of nature. Life, when unsophisticated and left to the fulfillment of its function, shows itself at its best as a mode of motion by which, in a fine glow of enthusiasm, an organic being builds itself, so to speak, from infancy to maturity, works out its destiny and dies. The plant, from seed or bulb, begins in the darkness of earth, shoots up a spike to air and light, reaches far with industrious roots, spreads green leaves to gather what the sun lets fall and the winds bear along. And from first to last there is no shirking or hesitating or repining; all is cheerfully done.

Among the lower animals we find no evidence of dissatisfaction or distress. Year after year each little fellow goes its round of performances by which life's ends are achieved, without any apparent sense of hardship. Indeed, to the birds and beasts and insects the labors of the day seem to bring the highest thrills of enjoyment. Observe the sparrow building its nest. Every straw that it carries is as heavy in its tiny beak as is a sledge in the brawny hands of a man; yet never a note of that happy twitter ever fails on account of the labor. Watch the robin on the lawn, how steadily it makes search for its food and that of its brood in the nest. But who ever saw a dyspeptic robin or heard one bewail its unfortunate lot?

Nor is mankind a race naturally given to gloomy forebodings and evil impressions of life. A healthy human being takes food with a smack of delight, breathes fresh air with a hearty enjoyment, sleeps to the fullest luxury of rest and renewal, and awakes to be glad that life is so sweet and good. Pessimism is but the expression of disease. No perfectly well man or woman can realize the deepest import of suffering, discontent, morbid longing, and the dread of death. Health is unhindered life, and unhindered life flows on, like a singing brook, all the merrier on account of the obstructions which do not obstruct.

Doubtless the intense artificiality and strenuous competitions of urban life and the compressed squalor and disease of city slums have made a wrong impression upon sensitive minds too constantly kept in contact with them. It is so easy for the whole world to seem of just the same color as one's own close environment.

That life has its troubles, obstructions, turmoils, sorrows, and disappointments is not to be denied. Nor can they all be avoided at all times even by the most vigilant and agile person. The larger truth seems to be that they contribute as much to the flavor of enjoyable life as any other element. In other words, it is the sense of danger and the joy of circumventing it that enlarges our understanding of ourselves and gives the fine thrill of self-confidence to the healthy man. A flashing green tree far bent by the tempest and springing back again with a great tossing of boughs is like a brave, optimistic man, who meets resistance with flexible courage and comes out of every trial sound-hearted and high-headed.

The hot-house philosopher usually makes the great mistake of assuming that true happiness must be based upon what is most aimed at in urban civilization. He knows little about the wide, free range of experience which is the birthright of the provincial. If he considers "middle-class" people at all, it is with unrestrained commiseration. But contentment and scrupulous regard for the best that nature offers engender optimism and insure long and useful, if not brilliant, life. Nature's way is the healthful way, and health is happiness.

But there is danger that we may accept for natural law something quite as far from it as is the urban extreme. Nature waits upon science and is kind to him who makes high use, and not low abuse, of her treasures. Health is not mere fat and stupid contentment. Mind and body aspire together in the best conditions of life. A sane spirit in a vigorous physical organism insures that happiness which is never separable from spontaneous optimism. The feverish, nervous, unresting, never contented genius may win great prizes, but he will die a wreck before his time. Nature's way would be to keep him strong by alternating rest and action over a long and happy period.

True optimism is simply accepting life as good at its best, with faith in the outcome of honest, well-directed, properly husbanded energy. The much discussed "return to nature" is the return to a generous trust in the magnanimity of providence when duly respected. A day's work is the best prayer, and prompt pay is that prayer's best answer. It may be physical work, it may be mental work, it may be spiritual work; and the pay may be money, honors, or the fine sense of duty done; but the law of nature is satisfied and happiness touches him who gets his honest earnings. To believe this is to be an optimist, what nature intended man to be.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

FIELD MARSHAL YAMAGATA IN AMERICA.

MARQUIS YAMAGATA.
Field Marshal of Japan.

On March 22 there landed on our shores a man possessing the highest military rank of any foreigner who has ever visited this country, Marquis Yamagata, field marshal of Japan. With his suite he disembarked at San Francisco, where lives his daughter, Mrs. Funakoshi, wife of the Japanese vice consul. While in that city Marquis Yamagata allied himself with the Geographical Society of California as an honorary member. In crossing the continent he traveled only in the daytime and at the various places where he stopped was accorded a welcome befitting his high rank. At Omaha and other military posts through which he passed he was received with military honor. Governor Morton and his staff, representing the state of New York, met the marshal at Buffalo on April 13 and the same day escorted him to New York, stopping off at Albany for dinner and a reception at the Capitol. The party remained the guests of New York City till April 17, when they sailed for Havre, France, *en route* to Moscow to witness the coronation of the czar of Russia.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

His greatness is not that of royalty, but of manhood, and appeals peculiarly to the appreciative recognition of this republic. He represents in his own person, better, perhaps, than does any other distinguished subject of the mikado, the sovereignty of brains and the very essence of the new spirit which has emancipated Japan from the conservatism which kills. He is the living image of oriental progress.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

He is the General Grant of the Japanese army, a great fighter, a statesman of high rank, and a friend of the United States.

The New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

More, perhaps, than any other man of his race, excepting only the emperor himself, Marquis Yamagata is to be credited with the development of Japan from a half-savage and almost wholly helpless state to that of one of the great powers of the world. He took hold of its armies when they were merely bands of retainers of the shoguns, and made of them a homogeneous imperial host, able to scatter like chaff the myriads of China, and to inspire the nation with confidence against any foe. He has been foremost in the councils of peace, of industry and commerce, and of the advance of enlightenment.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The vetoes of Mayor Strong of New York and Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn did not settle the fate of the Greater New York Bill. On April 15 the New York Senate repassed it and one week later the assembly decided again in its favor by a vote of 78 to 69. The passage of the bill is said to have been secured largely through the influence of Mr. Thomas C. Platt and he has also been accredited with securing the adoption of Senator Lexow's resolution continuing the existence of the Greater New York committee through the recess of the legislature. This committee has power to inquire and investigate into all matters and things connected with the question of municipal union. Governor Morton, after a delay of about three weeks, signed the bill, May 11. Hence New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and the adjacent towns are on January 1, 1898, to become one city, which will be second only to London in population.

The New York Tribune, (N. Y.)

The legislative history of the Greater New York Bill refutes every original argument in its favor. Without the peremptory orders of the machine the bill would never have had a chance of passage, and it would have been defeated at the last by an overwhelming majority of Republican assemblymen if the pressure had been relaxed in the slightest degree. During the last half of the session nobody

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

has ventured even to pretend that the bill satisfied the conscience and judgment of most members of the legislature. The men whose votes were ready for delivery to the machine have been as frankly hostile in private conversation as those who refused to obey orders, and have cursed the treacherous and pitiless boss who was resolved to send them home to their constituents in disgrace.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The only uncertainty that is at all distressing at the present moment in connection with the future of this great measure is as to whether the practical work of consolidation will be consummated on January 1, 1898, as specifically required by the law. . . . Governor Morton holds the key to the situation in the fact that he is required to appoint a majority of the fifteen commissioners, whose duty it will be to prepare and report a charter for the government of the new and greater municipality. This commission will have until February 1, 1897, to report such charter to the legislature, and everything depends on the sincerity and fidelity with which it shall perform this delicate and difficult task. These considerations impose a grave responsibility upon the governor in the matter of the selection of the nine commissioners subject to his appointing power under the law. If, by any mischance, they should fail to complete their work in the allotted time, there is good reason for fear lest this splendid scheme of consolidation shall be obscured and sullied by the worst forms of political jobbery and plunder.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The objection to the Greater New York that it will increase our rate of taxation is not sustained by the experience of the growth of New York as it is. As New York has increased in size its tax rate has rather tended to decrease, yet meanwhile there has been a steady improvement in all our municipal conditions. The larger the town has grown the better have become our pavements, our lighting, our water supply, our facilities for communication, and the provisions generally for the comfort, convenience, and protection of the population. The particular community which will benefit most by the consolidation is Brooklyn, yet the bitterest opposition to the scheme has come from across the East River. The municipal conditions in that town are now poor and provincial. It is badly paved and very dirty. It is a cheap looking city, woefully lacking in distinction, and altogether inferior. It is a town of mediocrity, and in all respects it needs elevation to bring it up to a level with New York.

The Philadelphia Times. (Pa.)

Many of the prominent politicians of New York and Brooklyn are being tangled up as to what will be the proper name to give to that Greater New York of the future, which will embrace within its boundaries many towns, villages, hamlets, and districts of which the two big cities are the logical and geographical heads. As any name which would not, within its written or spoken meaning, clearly indicate the pre-existence of a York and a Brooklyn would only stir up protests, arouse anger, and probably justify fights, it becomes necessary to hit upon a name which will place both big cities on record without disparaging either. Yorklyn was suggested, but the Long Island people insisted on fuller recognition. It is thought that York-Brook might fill the bill.

The New York Post. (N. Y.)

The vote by which the Greater New York Bill passed the assembly showed the power of Platt as a boss and the shrewdness with which he is capable of using that power. He had only two votes to spare, and he had just two Tammany recruits. Two votes in addition to those of his machine were all that Platt desired, and he contrived to get them. We have not the slightest doubt that he could have had more had they been necessary to pass the bill. The final vote puts the politics in the question in a very amusing light. Vetoes from two Republican mayors had the effect of consolidating the Republican members in favor of the measure and the Tammany members against it, the latter changing their ground in order to sustain the Republican officials. There is something very queer about this, or rather there would be if we were not governed by a lot of political tricksters who delight in capers of this kind.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

The repassage of the Greater New York Bill over the veto of two mayors demonstrates anew and signally the worse than uselessness of the home-rule feature of the new constitution. The constitutional provision, requiring as it does only the same number of votes to repass a bill as were required to pass it, is of itself sufficient to defeat the intent of the constitution. In the vast majority of cases, certainly on any important proposition, members will have made up their minds when they vote to pass a bill, and reasons advanced in a mayoral message of disapproval will not change an attitude due either to self-interest or partisanship or honest convictions. Under such conditions sending a bill to the local authorities simply renders them ridiculous. They may give public hearings, meetings of citizens may be held, and other action taken indicative of public sentiment hostile to a measure, and yet upon repassage scarcely the change of a vote is recorded.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The New York newspapers cannot agree upon a name for the Greater New York. Why not call it Platt's Town. If it is true that the boss controls everything there, the name would be all right.

CUBA AND THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.
United States Consul General at Havana.

ALL business has stopped in Cuba except that of war. The armies are more consolidated and nearer each other than at any other time since the war began. The Spanish force, with headquarters still at Havana, is concentrated in Captain General Weyler's *trocha*, which he claimed was "invincible," extending between Mariel and Majana. The rebel army is mostly in two divisions, separated by the Spanish forces, though Maceo, the leader of one division, has crossed and recrossed the *trocha*. No great decisive battle has been fought during the month, but there have been many battles engaging several thousand men on each side and many smaller encounters resulting in great loss to both sides. In most of the attacks the rebels have been the aggressors. While the *trocha* has been held the rebels have roamed over the island, and on April 23 captured the important town of Cruces. On that same day General Weyler issued a proclamation offering pardon to rebels who surrendered in the next twenty days, the military authorities to decide where the ex-rebels shall live. Two days before this proclamation the Cuban junta published a manifesto declaring that the Cubans would not compromise with Spain for reforms, but would fight till independence was gained or the Cubans exterminated. This manifesto, the junta declared, was called forth by the report published in the United States on April 11 that President Cleveland would not recognize the belligerency of Cuba, but had proposed mediation to settle Spain's trouble with Cuba and recommended Spain to grant the reforms promised in 1870. The truth of this report was denied by later dispatches from Washington. While President Cleveland has been awaiting "further information before taking action," United States filibustering expeditions have been carrying ammunition to the insurgents. One such schooner, the *Competitor*, was captured by the Spaniards on April 29, and ten American citizens taken with her were thrown into prison at Moro Castle, Havana. The department at Washington has begun communication concerning them. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, on April 13 was appointed consul general at Havana, by President Cleveland, to succeed Ramon O. Williams, resigned.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

There are signs enough that the Spaniards themselves have practically given up hope of being able to suppress the revolt by force of arms, and it may well be thought that they would be glad to be rid of the whole vexatious business, provided that result can be brought about without too much humiliation. With the exercise of discretion allied with firmness and humanity on the part of our administration, it is possible to hope that Spain may be induced to adopt a policy of concession and amicable settlement.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The world will believe Prime Minister Castillo's statement that political reforms will not be attempted in Cuba until circumstances are favorable for such action. Spain would both stultify and humiliate herself by instituting them now, and she has no disposition to do either. There will be no reforms in Cuba until the Cubans either help themselves to them or have been thoroughly subdued again to the Spanish yoke.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Fortunately for General Weyler, the United States has a president who believes in upholding monarchies, not in assisting downtrodden people struggling for liberty. The fact that Congress and the people are overwhelmingly in favor of lending a helping hand cuts no figure with an official who believes himself greater than both.

The New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The report now comes from Washington that when General Fitzhugh Lee goes to Havana as consul general it will probably not be to fill that office alone, but he will be likely to act as a special commissioner on behalf of the president to learn the facts of the situation in the island. That the facts should be officially ascertained is clearly desirable. Congress was hampered in such action as it took by lack of knowledge. The president has done wisely if he has determined to make good this lack.

The Washington Post. (D. C.)

The hypothesis is, simply, that the government must have in view a plan of action quite outside the lines hitherto controlling the consul general at Havana, or, in view of the grave possibilities now confronting us, an experienced man would not be exchanged for an inexperienced one in the face of so serious and threatening an emergency.

The Boston Journal. (Mass.)

Congress may have acted on this Cuban affair with an insufficient amount of precise knowledge as to the status of the rebellion—though, in the face of the anarchy which reigns in the interior of the island, how more information could be procured it is not easy to see—but it cannot now be seriously urged that either House has acted with precipitation.

Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

Cuba has, again and again, as did her other American colonies, relied on the word of the mother country, to have her hopes dashed and shivered by a renewal of the old tyranny, in more violent form. Cuba is not to be hoodwinked again.

Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

If General Fitzhugh Lee, the recently appointed consul general to Cuba, is really to act as President Cleveland's confidential adviser and special secret commissioner respecting Cuban affairs, it would seem fitting for him to commence his job without further delay. If Grover Cleveland doesn't find out before many moons that there is a war in Cuba he will be looked upon as a back number.

THE RUSSO-ORIENTAL PROBLEM.

ENGLISH diplomats fail to extract from the Russian government any explanation of her mysterious movements in Eastern Asia. On April 7 a dispatch to London from Odessa reported that official circles expected Port Arthur to be ceded formally to Russia by China during the visit to Odessa of Li Hung Chang, who will represent the emperor of China at the czar's coronation. By April 18 Lord Salisbury had received assurances that Russia was not intending to interfere in Korea. On April 21 a dispatch from Yokohoma stated that the errand of the envoy sent by the Korean government to Russia was not merely to obtain a loan of eight million dollars but also to secure a guard of Russian troops for the king's palace, to ask for Russian advisers for the Korean government, and for Russian military instructors to organize a Korean army. On April 25 London press dispatches reported that Russia and China had concluded a secret treaty whereby China ceded to Russia immense tracts of country in consideration for Russian protection against foreign interference. The existence of such a treaty was promptly denied to the English government, April 27, by the Russian ambassador.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The near approach of the coronation of the czar of Russia at Moscow, and the fact that among the men present representing other countries will be Li Hung Chang, of China, and Yamagata, field marshal of Japan, are likely to make the world's interest in the splendid ceremonial unusually strong. For nobody believes that either of these two men is going to Russia simply to carry out a matter of etiquette. Russian aggression in the East is growing, the report of a treaty between Russia and China is confirmed, and while Japanese statesmen say that they have no fear of the advance of the northern bear on the Orient, yet this does not prevent Japan from setting to the work of increasing her navy at a rate greater than that of any other power in the world except England. So the meeting of those two men may be an historical one.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The Russian bear has been stretching out its mighty paws over neighboring territory east and west in a way which serves to make the whole family of rival powers uncomfortable. She has practically taken possession of Korea. An excellent pretext for this was furnished by the Japanese legation in that country, who undoubtedly instigated the murder of the queen last October and drove the king into the arms of Russia for protection. The king lives at the Russian legation and Russia dictates his policy. In a short time she will thrust aside this weak tool of her ambition and make Korea a Russian province.

Salt Lake Tribune. (Utah.)

Whether the secret treaty between Russia and China absolutely makes China merely another province of Russia or not does not matter, because, so sure as the world, with that treaty in its possession the absorption of China by Russia is only a question of a few years. And Japan had better be a little wary, for Russia's avarice for land is simply insatiate. Besides, Russia knows what a power England is on her little island home.

The Gazette. (Fort Worth, Texas.)

Japan is falling into the ways of western diplomacy and has shrewdly manifested her willingness to settle the Korean matter in accordance with the desires of Russia. If she cannot hold her possessions on the continent, she at least proposes to make an ally of the power which threatens to become the dominant one in both Asia and Europe.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Russian power on the Pacific threatens British control of India, but England acquiesces in Russia's plans. While Russia has France for an ally England will avoid a conflict if possible. The combined fleets of Russia and France are about as strong as England's fleet. In a contest with these two powers, if the fortunes of war were against England on the sea, her greatness would be gone. Her power would be broken.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE new land bill for Ireland, introduced in the House of Commons April 13 by Mr. Gerald Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, is in the line of previous legislation on the same subject and is based on the principle of purchase by the tenant, being the ultimate solution of the land question. The new bill, which is exceedingly complex in character, provides that the term during which the rent, fixed by land courts, may not be changed by landlords shall be thirty instead of fifteen years; but this would be variable every five years on the application of either landlord or tenant. In adjusting the rent, improvements made by the tenant are not to count against him. The bill also extends the time allowed for the repayment of funds loaned by the state for the purchase of land from forty-nine years to seventy. Regarding arrears, the bill proposes that a tenant may redeem his holding by the payment of two years' arrears, leaving the landlord to recover arrears beyond this period by ordinary procedure.

The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

The Irish Land Bill will probably go through, for all are tired of the question, and the security of the tenants and reasonableness of their demands are already conceded. The masses are at last in possession of Ireland, and how they will use it remains to be seen.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

Radical as the Balfour bill will seem to the Tories of the House of Lords, the present ministry ought to be able to bring about its passage there as well as in the popular branch of Parliament. It can tell the lords that they must choose between the discipline inflicted by their friends and sympathizers and the rough handling of their old foes, the Liberals. That argument is likely to prevail, and it really looks as if Ireland would soon be rid of absentee landlordism, enough, at least, for all important and practical purposes, as the result of a Tory minister's legislation.

The Mercury. (New York, N. Y.)

The Irish Land Bill is complicated, but so far as it goes it is acceptable to the Dublin Conservative and Nationalist press. Mr. Balfour intends that it shall "be the final goal of Irish land legislation." Other bills with the same purpose have failed. The lack of a compulsory sale clause in this bill is in itself a fatal defect.

DEATH OF BARON DE HIRSCH.

BARON MAURICE DE HIRSCH.

THE death of Baron de Hirsch, which occurred from apoplexy on April 20, at Presburg, Hungary, means a loss of one who endeared his name to the people of many nations by his munificent charities to relieve the world's worthy poor and distressed. Maurice de Hirsch de Gereuth was born of wealthy Jewish parents about sixty-four years ago at Munich, Bavaria. His father was a successful plebeian cattle merchant, who, for his services to the state, was ennobled by the king of Bavaria. The young baron in no wise distinguished himself for talent or brilliancy till after his entrance on a business career at the age of seventeen. Then he rapidly developed ability as a financier. Later he became an accomplished linguist. While a member of the banking firm of Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt he began to accumulate wealth. His marriage to Miss Bischoffscheim, daughter of a Belgian senator, brought him added riches and improved his social influence, though in his native country and in France he never received high social recognition. In England he fared better and his intimacy with the Prince of Wales caused considerable comment. In 1866 the young baron took an active interest in the construction of Turkish railways. By similar enterprises in connection with his banking, in a quarter of a century he won a fortune which probably is exceeded only by the Rothschilds' in Europe. In Turkey, Eastern Europe, and Asia Minor, where he made most of his money, he paid out lavish sums for educational and industrial schools; for though he had not acquired a broad education for himself, he had a broad, unprejudiced mind. He gave $2,000,000 for educational purposes in Galicia. Later he offered the Russian government $10,000,000 for use in public instruction, on condition that the benefits therefrom be shared by all alike without distinction of race or creed—and the Russian government declined the gift. In 1890 the establishment of the Baron Hirsch Fund for furnishing relief in the United States to the needy Russian Jews brought its donor to the notice of Americans. The baron's greatest benevolent

project is the Jewish Colonization Association, established to found agricultural colonies of Jews in North and South America. This is a limited liability company capitalized at $10,000,000 in $500 shares. The baron himself took all but ten of these shares. Though Baron Hirsch lived simply, he never showed any miserly traits. In his benevolences he was assisted by his wife. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and owned a fine racing stable. This wisest of all great dispensers of charities leaves no descendants to continue his good work. His only son, Lucien, died several years ago. He is survived by two adopted sons.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Among the great millionaires of his time Baron Hirsch stood conspicuous in the mastery of the art of giving wisely. He had the talent, the skill, and the energy which enabled him to handle enormous business and financial undertakings and carry them to success. The difficulties which confronted many of his ventures, moreover, called for a high kind of diplomacy, and Baron Hirsch met them with wonderful tact and address. But his absorption in these great enterprises never took the form of a mere desire to amass riches and it never monopolized his attention to the exclusion of other things. He understood that in order to do good with his money it was "much better to look on its beneficial distribution himself than to leave it to be disposed of by bequests." With this purpose in mind he inaugurated systems of charity which, while they were often directed especially to the help of sufferers of his own race, knew no limits of creed or class.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

No man of this century has done so much for the Jews as he. . . . Maurice de Hirsch addressed himself to the aid and rescue of his fellows with all the enterprise and energy that had made him the most successful financier and one of the richest men in the world. He not only relieved the immediate distress of the people, in the most practical and permanent way he sought to free them from further danger of distress. He founded schools to train them to useful work. He transported them by thousands from lands of bondage to lands of freedom, and planted them there in prosperous, happy colonies. In his administration of these vast charities he displayed in marked measure the wordly wisdom and the catholicity of spirit that are characteristic of his race.

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXTENSION.

On May 6 President Cleveland signed a bill which withdraws from political influence 29,399 government positions. This raises the number of places on the classified list from 55,736 to 85,135, bringing all government employees under the merit system except officers requiring confirmation by the Senate and mere laborers. The bill reduces the number of classified places exempted from examination from 2,099 to 775, and these 775 places that remain liable to appointment and removal are filled chiefly by cashiers in the postal, custom, and internal revenue services. Indians employed as teachers in the Indian service are, of course, in the non-examination list. By the revised rules the executive civil service is considered in five branches: the departmental service, the customhouse service, the post office service, the governmental printing service, and the internal revenue service. The bill goes into effect immediately.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

While the immediate result of the president's extension of the civil service to 30,000 additional office-holders will be to keep in office about that number of Democrats who have been appointed under the present administration, it will relieve the heads of departments and the other responsible officials of a deal of trouble and transfer the labor and responsibility to the examining boards. This extension of the civil service list will work equitably after there has been a chance to reconstitute, through the slow process of death, resignation, and removal for cause, the classes added to the lists already selected by merit.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

President Cleveland's action in extending the provisions of the Civil Service Law to cover nearly 30,000 more government employees marks the practical rounding-out of this great reform movement, so far as the national government is concerned. While the new extension of the civil service rules wipes out the spoils system in the domestic departments, there still remains the consular service to be reformed.

(Rep.) The Chicago Times-Herald. (Ill.)

We can hardly explain charitably his delay in extending the classification to the last year of his term, when probably 80 per cent of the persons benefited are of his own political faith. But the resentment will pass, for if the president's method has been at fault there can be only one opinion of the plausibility of an act that has crowned the long work of reform in the civil service.

(Ind.) Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

That order signed by Cleveland yesterday is the

biggest grab in the history of this country. By a mere sweep of his pen Cleveland says that thirty thousand people now holding office shall be kept in office forever or until they have done something that may cause them to be discharged. It is a shame that when a new president takes office he will be confronted on all sides by men who were his political enemies and worked as hard as they could to defeat him.

(Dem.) The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Just before President Harrison went out of office he extended the provisions of the Civil Service Law so as to protect a large number of government employees. The effect of this was to retain in office an array of Republicans, many of whom had received their appointments in consideration of party service. It is nothing but just that President Cleveland should follow this example by protecting office-holders from the Republican headsman.

(Rep.) The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

He has chosen an opportune time for this latest blow to the old spoils-grabbing method of filling places in the service of the nation. The Democrats will be glad because they will feel that a few men of their faith are made safe in the positions which they now hold. Republicans will approve because they are intelligent and patriotic enough to know that the merit system is best for the country, and because, under that plan, the bulk of the federal government's good places will always go to Republicans.

(Ind.) Salt Lake Tribune. (Utah.)

This, of course, is in the name of civil service reform. A little more "reform" like these samples and we shall all be sorry the comet didn't strike us.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

President Cleveland, in his fidelity to public trust, stands as a shining example of Democratic faith-keeping with the people, and in conspicuous contrast to the sham reformers returned to power by the Republican landslide of 1894.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

The only thing now needed to make the president's civil service extension scheme complete is an order placing himself on the classified list.

ASSASSINATION OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

MUZAFFER-ED-DIN.
New Shah of Persia.

NASSR-ED-DIN, renowned as the most merciful of Persian shahs, was shot dead on May 1 while entering a temple near Teheran. The assassin, who had accomplices among the women of the harem, had previously been exiled for treason. He is a religious fanatic of the Bebi sect, whose suppression by fire and sword marks the beginning of the shah's reign. Nassr-ed-Din's second son, and heir to the throne, Muzaffer-ed-Din, was enthroned on May 2. The new shah, according to competent authority, is very intelligent, but has been reared in too narrow seclusion to fit him for a wise ruler. It is feared his accession will be disputed by his elder brother, who is debarred by the plebeian birth of his mother from inheriting the throne, but who possesses decided governmental ability. Official opinion in London expresses alarm lest the new conditions in Persia, whether peace or war prevails, may cause a conflict between English and Russian interests.

NASSR-ED-DIN.
Late Shah of Persia.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is said that the elder son is more popular than the new shah, but national feeling is a less important factor in the situation than the relations of Russia and Great Britain to Persia. Both have been scheming for forty years to acquire a controlling influence. The new shah, who is thoroughly oriental, is supposed to be more friendly to Russia than to Great Britain. The elder son is liberal minded and progressive. If he should become shah he would naturally incline towards the higher civilization of Great Britain. Here, then, we have all the conditions necessary to bring these two great powers into conflict.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The assassination of the shah of Persia does not

appear to have any relation to foreign complications. The assassin seems to have been a revolutionary fanatic, and very probably he also is insane. The shah had reigned nearly fifty years and his administration of the government was in the line of progress and the introduction of modern ideas and reforms.

The Washington Post. (D. C.)

Of course the thoughtful and truly earnest student of such works as "The Arabian Nights," the writings of the prolific and ingenious Rabelais, etc., must have known that at some early period there were human beings whose personal habits would have made a gorilla blush, and whose chronic style of conversation could not, if put in print, be carried in the United States mails to-day. But it was not until Nassr-ed-Din emerged from the seclusion of Teheran and charged the atmosphere of Europe with strange and dreadful perfumes that any one suspected a survival of the types in question.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The position of the Persian territory, between Russia's possessions in Turkestan and the sea, makes the country one naturally coveted by the Muscovites, and it is only fear of war with England, which could hardly achieve the main object aimed at as long as the British navy would be able to hold the Persian Gulf, that will deter Russia now from taking action to render the new Persian monarch a mere vassal of the czar. . . . If a Persian shah is a cruel man he often takes life with terrible prodigality. If he is more humane and decent in his tastes and ways, like the monarch just sent to his tomb, he merely enriches himself at the expense of his people.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

Nassr-ed-Din was not without his weaknesses and vanities, and he especially loved travel and eclat and military display; but his foibles were harmless, and he was well liked by his people, who will sincerely mourn his untimely death.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE HIGH THEATER HAT.

THE Ohio Legislature in its recent enactment of the Fosdick Bill aimed a heavy blow at the large theater hat. The bill lays a fine of from $2 to $10 upon any theater owner or manager who permits any person, during a performance for which an admission fee is charged, to wear a hat that obstructs the view of the persons sitting behind it. The passage of the bill has aroused considerable opposition among the women of Ohio, some of whom talk of petitioning the legislature to pass a measure prohibiting men from going out between the acts and from using tobacco during a performance. In Brooklyn, steps against the high hat have been taken by the women themselves. The Women's Health Protective Association, at a meeting held early in May, appointed a committee to ask theater managers to provide for the reception of large hats in vestibules and lobbies and request women wearing such hats to remove them during performances.

Albany Press. (N. Y.)

Under this law it will be incumbent upon the manager of a theater to pass around himself or employ a "hat sizer" to get on to every piece of head gear deemed sufficiently high to obstruct the view of those who are sitting behind it. If the party behind the hat—not under it—is of sufficient loftiness of stature to see over it, then the owner is not obliged to take it off, while the hat of another lady not any higher may have to come off because of the inferior growth of somebody behind her. From this it may be observed that the position of hat sizer is not an enviable one.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

It begins to look as if there would be lots of trouble in enforcing the law, unless the women agree voluntarily to abandon big hats entirely, and that will probably be the solution of the difficulty.

The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

A desire to "get even" has fired the tender heart of the Ohio woman and she proposes to have introduced in the Ohio Legislature a bill to prohibit men from going out between acts. As this habit, especially in bibulous assemblages, is as annoying and more reprehensible than the wearing of big hats at the theater, the legislature will do well to devise some very ingenius excuse for not enacting it.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

It has not been necessary for any state to pass a law that men must remove their hats in the theater, nor for a manager to request such removal as a favor. If a man persisted in wearing his hat he would be put out without any ceremony. It is a proof of the deference towards women which is almost universal that they do with impunity that which would not be tolerated in any man, and that so many of the opposite sex fully believe that the only possible cure of a great annoyance is to induce women to grant as a voluntary concession what is demanded of men as a right.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The good women of Brooklyn will find members of their own sex who will be so rude as to disregard the request [that they remove their hats], and solely because they wish to show the flower gardens perched upon their heads. The only way to compel the disappearance of the big hat and high bonnet is by law, such as they have in Ohio.

DEVELOPMENTS IN AFRICA.

"OOM" PAUL KRUGER.
President of the South African Republic.

ENGLAND is vigorously pushing her war preparations in Africa with the result of giving other nations a chance to distinguish themselves. In the Soudan a number of fights between the Anglo-Egyptian forces and the dervishes have occurred in which hundreds of lives were lost, but the campaign proper against Dongola will not begin till fall, when the Nile will be high enough to permit the safe transportation of supplies. So far the one advantage of the expedition has been to lend hope to the Italians. About April 21 General Baldissera, commander of the Italian forces in Abyssinia, refused the terms of peace offered by the Abyssinian king Menelik, and pushing forward relieved the garrison at Adigrat, which had been abandoned when the army fled north after the defeat at Adowa. Meanwhile, on April 25, Italians from the garrisons at Kassala and Mokran united in an attack on eight thousand dervishes, whom they routed and pursued to Golsa. In regard to the issue in South Africa, all England is bowed with shame. "Oom" Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal republic, has persisted in declining the invitation of the British colonial secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, to visit England to discuss Transvaal affairs, on the ground that the republic recognizes no right of any foreign nation to interfere in its internal affairs. He thus gained time to convict the various members in the Johannesburg Reform Committee of treason, or leze majesty. Their plea of guilty, on April 26, was followed on April 28 by death sentences on Col. Francis Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes, recently premier of Cape Colony, Lionell Phillips, president of the chamber of mines of Johannesburg, George Farrar, proprietor of *Country Life*, and John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, and by heavy fines on the other members. The death sentences were commuted on April 30 to enormous fines, and to vindicate this course of action against England's threatening remonstrances, on May 1 President Kruger published indisputable proofs of the guilt of the prisoners, including Colonel Rhodes' cipher dispatches, with the key to them, captured in Dr. Jameson's saddle bags. These proofs incriminate Cecil Rhodes as leader of the conspiracy. According to a dispatch of May 5 the Matabele revolt at Buluwayo is thought to be broken.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Twelve years ago a single British regiment might have saved Khartoom, Senaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, and rolled back the dark wave of Arab barbarism to Kordofan. It was not sent, and those places fell. And now are fulfilled the prophetic closing words of Gordon's dispatch of April, 1884—"the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under greater difficulties." A regiment might have done it then; a dozen will be sorely taxed to do it now. The honor of England would have been saved then; nothing now can possibly wipe out the disgrace of having deliberately broken its word, and of having deliberately abandoned Gordon to martyrdom.

Salt Lake Tribune. (Utah.)

The intention is to make a path straight through Africa from north to south, and to take about everything on each side of the path. That will not be done without a great many men dying, without immense suffering, without hardships unspeakable, for the foundations of great states are always laid with the cement of sorrow. Still, it ought to be done. The angels of Justice and of Mercy have been pleading for that for centuries, because of the unspeakable cruelties perpetrated by those barbarians upon each other. It is time that rule was swept from the earth. It is time that land should be regenerated, even if it has to come by the extermination of hosts of those wretched people.

The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)

President Kruger's wisdom, firmness, and conservatism will probably restore peace. The best thing for the British to do is to let the Boers alone. A warfare against them, under the circumstances, would be without the slightest justification.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The innocence of everybody accused of having any knowledge of the Jameson raid is simply superb. What those cipher dispatches really did mean has not yet been made clear, but it was probably something about woolen socks and Mellin's food for the Matabeles.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Germany's tone toward England, in the discussion of Transvaal affairs, shows that she considers the South African Republic as under her protection. England has been proven to be clearly in the wrong, and this will give Germany a pretext for defending the Transvaal in case England attacks it.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The Matabeles are spoiling the prospects of the Chartered South Africa Company, as a dividend-paying corporation, for years to come, and if they knew how much that hurts the men who control it they would feel that their revolt was not in vain.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

The situation in South Africa is a serious one for Great Britain, not so much by reason of the Matabele uprising as because of the intrigues of the English, and especially the agents of the South Africa Company. It is altogether probable that Rhodes and his emissaries are at this moment tremendously exaggerating the difficulties and dangers in Matabeleland, for the purpose of drawing a large force of British regulars there that can be used for more sinister purposes.

COMMENT ON THE SENTENCES.

Pall Mall Gazette. (London, England.)

The condemned leaders do not command much sympathy. They had no business to fail as egregiously as they did; yet the commutation of their sentences is imperative. Their death in pursuance of the judgment of the Pretoria court would mean war.

Freeman's Journal. (Dublin, Ireland.)

It is with peculiar satisfaction at the grim irony of the situation that Irishmen now witness the authors of coercion in the act of making a petition for mercy based upon the principle that political offenses must not be regarded as ordinary crimes.

St. James' Gazette. (London, England.)

The outrageous sentences imposed upon the reformers is a mere bluff to enable President Kruger to posture as a magnanimous executive, but yesterday's brutal injustice will still remain to deepen the indignation of the country.

Cape Argus. (Cape Town, Africa.)

The awful sentence pronounced upon these men has created a painful sensation throughout the civilized world.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

It is not the business of our government to protect its citizens in their efforts to overthrow friendly republics.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

The action of the Boer court demonstrates that the people of that country are perfectly able to deal with those who conspire against their liberty.

THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES.

AFTER a lapse of fifteen hundred and two years the Olympic games were again celebrated at the historic Grecian capital, Athens, on April 6 to 15 inclusive. They were conducted by an international committee and athletes of every nation were invited to enter the contests. The most remarkable event of all the games, the long distance race from Marathon to Athens, was won by a Greek named Louis, but most of the prizes were captured by Americans. Of the forty-four awards given to victors, Americans won eleven, Greeks ten, Germans seven, Frenchmen five, Englishmen three, Hungarians two, Australians two, Austrians two, Danes one, and Swiss one. Foreign nations generally did not take a deep interest in the games. America was represented by a team from the Boston Athletic Association and one from Princeton College. The American winners of first prizes are as follows, named with the events in which they won: running hop, step, and jump, J. B. Connelly, 13.7 meters; throwing discus, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 29.15 meters; putting weight, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 11.22 meters; 400-meter race, T. E. Burke, B.A.A., 54 4-5 sec.; 100-meter race (109.36 yards), 12 sec.; running long jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 20 ft. 9 in.; running high jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 5 ft. 11 in.; 110-meter hurdle-race (120.30 yards), T. P. Curtis, B.A.A., 17 3-5 sec.; pole vault, W. W. Hoyt, B.A.A., 10 ft. 10 inches. (A meter is equal to 39.371 English inches.) The rewards, aside from medals and diplomas, consisted of wreaths of wild olive plucked from the trees of Olympia for the first prizes and laurel wreaths for the second prizes. They were conferred by King George of Greece. Lack of pecuniary value in the prizes was insisted on by the management to guard against "professionalism." Many foreigners made the festival an occasion to visit Athens. The streets were gaily decorated and enthusiastic crowds, numbering a hundred thousand on some days, flocked to the stadium. A full description of the games, their origin, location, and the program was published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, 1896. The international committee hopes to perpetuate the Olympic games by celebrations at regular intervals.

The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)

Though America has none of the traditions and but little of the training possessed by these nations of the Old World, she has evinced her superiority over them in the games of their own choice, and from the heights of Mount Olympus she has transferred the laurel branch to her own distant borders.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

It is not likely that the little group of American athletes who are on their way to Athens to take part in the new Olympian games, which will be the great event in Greece next month, can make a very good showing for this country. They are only a few men from the Boston Athletic Association and a few from Princeton College, and the party will have hardly a single athlete who would be picked out to share in an international contest which was to be held in America.

Salt Lake Tribune. (Utah.)

While the ancient Greeks loved to contest for honors at those games, the entire sentiment of the educated class in Greece was opposed to that, their objection being, and we believe it is correct, that while gentle exercise was good, the hard training necessary to contest for prizes on the part of the youth of Greece was a detriment to them in after life, as soldiers, the strain being too hard on their constitutions at the age when they were just growing, or had just reached maturity and were not hardened for the tough work of this world.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is an unusually fine feather in the American cap to have so many of the events in the 776th Olympiad, at Athens, won by American athletes. It may not be possible to compare their work with that of the ancient Greeks, who won fame in the same arena, and so decide whether mankind has advanced or deteriorated in skill, strength, and endurance as the centuries rolled away, but their performances were matched with those of athletes from all the leading countries of civilization, and the Americans came out ahead. That is honor enough for the present.

The Chicago Record. (Illinois.)

The Athenian youths entered the stadium for the athletic contests, and by all traditions of Greek poetry they should have left it, victorious with laurels. So they would have done had it not been for a number of bright young nineteenth-century college men who impertinently refused to consider traditions, and proceeded to beat their competitors in the most approved fashion of the college field.

PRESIDENT DIAZ'S MESSAGE.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.
President of Mexico.

THE president of Mexico can no longer be accused of ignoring the invitations international in character sent him to express his opinion on President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. In his message to the Mexican Congress on April 1 he accounts for his tardiness with the plea that owing to insufficient information on the Venezuelan boundary controversy he did not see how the controversy involved the application of the Monroe Doctrine. He then proceeds to interpret the Monroe Doctrine as follows: "We do not understand it to be sufficient for the objects to which we aspire that only upon the United States, in spite of their immense resources, is the obligation incumbent to aid the other republics of this hemisphere against the attacks of Europe, if even these can be considered possible, but that each one of said republics, by means of a declaration similiar to that of President Monroe, should proclaim that any attempt of a foreign power to reduce the territory or the independence, or to change the institutions of a single one of the American republics, should be considered as a personal affront, if the republic sustaining an attack or threat of this nature should appeal for aid. In this way the doctrine to-day called the Monroe would be the American doctrine in the most ample sense, and, although it originated in the United States, it should be among the international rights of all the Americans. What may be the practical and proper means of reaching this result is a question of which it would not be opportune to treat in this message."

Two Republics. (City of Mexico, Mexico.)

The enthusiastic manner in which this portion of the message was received both in the Chamber and among the spectators testified more eloquently than words how quickly the president's sentiments had reached a responsive chord. With such an emphatic statement on the part of Mexico it is reasonable to suppose that the lesser Latin-American republics will fall quickly in line and that the doctrine of "America for Americans" will become a fundamental principle of every republic on the western hemisphere.

(Dem.) The World. (New York, N. Y.)

It is not flattering to our pride to admit that the exposition of the Monroe Doctrine put forward by the president of Mexico is more safe, sound, and acceptable than the recent message of our president, but such is the fact. In his message to Congress President Diaz affirms the adherence of Mexico to the doctrine as it was originally promulgated, as it was intended to be construed, and as it has always been understood by its supporters. . . . . The intrinsic force of the Monroe Doctrine is greatly increased by the assurance that it has the unqualified support of so strong a government as that of the neighboring republic of Mexico.

(Ind. Dem.) The Globe. (St. Paul, Minn.)

Such an appreciation of this as appears in the message of Diaz is the virtual beginning of a consolidation of republics that will eventually bring both political and commercial relations into the closest harmony throughout this continent.

(Rep.) The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

The truth is that Mexico is too deeply indebted to Great Britain to have spoken a word on the Monroe Doctrine when the speech would have had grace if it could never have had potency; and that the word should be spoken now shows the perpetual president of Mexico in the grotesque light of a valiant who appears on the scene of battle after the issue is settled and claims to have been with the victor in spirit all the time.

(Dem.) The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

President Diaz declared himself a partisan of the Monroe Doctrine "properly understood"; but the extremists, who would invoke the doctrine in every controversy between a European state and an American government, regardless of the merits of the dispute, can extract only cold comfort from the words of the Mexican president.

(Pop.) Denver News. (Col.)

The Mexican president expresses no opinion on the merits of the Venezuela boundary dispute. There is a tone of fairness and prudence and discrimination in this message which stamps its author as a great ruler.

(Ind.) Boston Herald. (Mass.)

The position taken by President Diaz on the Monroe Doctrine is one deserving of high commendation, so much so that it is to be regretted that it does not represent in all respects the policy that has been followed by executives living nearer home.

AUSTIN ABBOTT.

On April 20 death closed the useful career of Austin Abbott, LL.D., dean of the law school of the University of the City of New York. The second son of the author and educator Jacob Abbott, he was the brother of the late Benjamin V. Abbott, writer on law, Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church and editor of *The Outlook*, and of the Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott, editor of *The Literary World*. Austin Abbott was born December 18, 1831, in Boston. At about twelve years of age he went to live in New York and in 1851 was graduated at the University of the City of New York. He was admitted to the bar two years later, when he began his active career in law in partnership with his brother Benjamin. At this time he also began his work of annotation, digest, and comment in the realm of jurisprudence. In 1886 his *alma mater* conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1891 called him to the chair of pleading equity and evidence. He effected many improvements in the law school, notably the addition of a graduate course. Dr. Abbott was a member of the New York Bar Association and of the Union League Club. His books on legal procedure are used as statute text-books throughout the country. Together with his brother Benjamin he published "Abbott's Digest" and "Abbott's Forms."

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL CONFLICT.

The first thoroughly Radical ministry which the French Republic has had, after surviving three votes of lack of confidence on the part of the Senate, has at last been forced to resign. The immediate cause was the refusal of the Senate on April 21 to vote credits for the administration of government in Madagascar. Unless the ministry obtained the vote for these credits before April 30, it would have been obliged to provide the requisite funds and run the risk of being able to secure the passage of a bill of indemnity. Under this pressure Premier Bourgeois resigned on April 23. The real bone of contention is the provision of the constitution which makes the ministry responsible to both the Senate and the House of Deputies. During the conflict M. Bourgeois agitated a revision of the constitution to strike out the Senate and make the ministry responsible to a single Chamber. But in this President Faure would not assist him and the Chamber of Deputies was not ready to support him against both the Senate and the constitution. Hence the same dilemma of responsibility to two Chambers confronts the

new ministry. On April 29 President Faure signed the nomination documents for the new premier, M. Méline, and his cabinet. Premier Méline is called the French McKinley. His ministerial colleagues are Moderate Republicans, some of whom already have served in high offices.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

As an Upper House, representing the Conservative forces, is universally accepted as a necessary feature of a republican form of government it is not easy to see how the Senate can be abolished, unless the country is ready to relapse into anarchy.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The Senate looks upon itself as the protector of society against revolutionary schemes, and it will never give its consent, as part of the national Assembly, to a meeting to amend the constitution. One thing we may be assured of, and that is that the stability of the French Republic will not be endangered.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

In this contest the Senate undoubtedly has on its side the text of the organic law, but the Chamber of Deputies can appeal to custom and to common sense. . . . The campaign against President Faure is still being pursued relentlessly and unscrupulously, but there is no reason to fear that he will make the weak surrender to the enemies of himself and the country which his predecessor was guilty of. Sooner or later the agitators for the revision of the constitution will gain their purpose. It is possible that this will be one of the outcomes of the present crisis, but the president will certainly exhaust all ordinary expedients before he will consent to form a ministry for the announced purpose either of dissolution or revision.

(Rep.) The Seattle Post Intelligencer. (Wash.)

President Faure seems to be acting wisely in refusing to dissolve the Chamber just now, for an election would probably be followed by a demonstration against the Upper House resulting in the abolition of that body and a temporary victory for socialism. The condition of affairs does not promise very well for the success of republican institutions in France.

M. LEON SAY.

M. LEON SAY.

On April 21 death closed the career of one of the world's distinguished authorities on economic and financial questions, M. Jean Baptiste Leon Say. The deceased is descended from a line of illustrious French statesmen, being the son of Horace Emile Say and the grandson of Jean Baptiste Say, all of whom, like himself, were Protestants. M. Say was born in Paris, June 6, 1826. He was educated at the Collége Bourbon. At the age of twenty-two he began to gain attention for his writings and soon became a regular contributor to the *Journal des Debats*, edited by M. Bertin, whose daughter he married. The Revolution of 1848 saw young Say enrolled in the National Guard. Together with Thiers, Jules Favre, and Prévost Paradol he joined the Union Libérale to oppose the empire. The accession of Louis Bonaparte to the throne forced him from active politics, so he applied himself to political economy and the management of the North of France Railway. At the death of Michel Chevalier he became president of the French company for a submarine tunnel to England. He was minister of finance, 1872–3, under M. Thiers, 1875 under M. Buffet, 1877–9 under President Grévy, and again in 1882. M. Say was elected president of the International Monetary Conference held at Paris in 1878. He acted as senator of France during 1875-82, with an interim of a month in 1880 when he distinguished himself as ambassador to London to conclude a commercial treaty. In 1880 and 1881 he was president of the Senate. Boulangerism found in him one of its strongest opponents. In 1874 M. Say was deservedly made one of the immortals of the French Academy. Chief among the many products from his pen on economic and financial topics are: "Théorie des Changes Étrangers," "Histoire de la Caisse d'Escompte," "La Ville de Paris et le Crédit Foncier," "Examen Critique de la Situation Financière de la Ville de Paris," "Le Socialisme d'État," "Turgot," "Dictionnaire des Finances," and "Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Économie Politique."

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

Through a long public career, terminating at the age of seventy, this thorough student and powerful writer stood for sanity, soberness, and truth. He edited the *Journal des Debats* with great force and skill for many years, and as an authority on finance and political economy he had few rivals in France. . . . He was always learned, conservative, and

wiser than the great majority of the public men of any country. He did much to stem the tide of Boulangerism, and his counsel was of immense value to France in finance and in foreign and economic affairs. He well earned his election as one of the immortals of the French Academy. There are many lessons in such a career for Americans, and of these the greatest and most needed is the value and usefulness in public life of careful training and high intelligence, fortified by a lifetime of special study.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW COMMANDER.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER has not slackened his work of familiarizing himself with his new field of labor in America to listen to the accusations made against him by missionaries of various denominations in India. They assert that he has magnified the accounts of his work and the number of his converts in India beyond all limits of truth. On one occasion while investigating the slums of New York Mr. Booth-Tucker displayed his mettle by thrashing two rowdies who disputed his passage. When, on April 28, he again visited these slums, in the quarter of Chinatown, he was accompanied by a Bowery saloonist as guide and a newspaper reporter. Already attired like a tramp for the adventure, Mr. Booth-Tucker was persuaded by the saloonist that his only safety lay in his disguise, and allowed himself to be furnished with a dark moth-eaten wig and bristling whiskers that covered his face up to the eyes. The three had visited numerous saloons, opium dens, and fan-tan games and were returning to the Bowery when the police arrested Mr. Booth-Tucker as a suspicious character. The saloonist secured the release of the accused by guaranteeing the requisite five hundred dollars' security for his appearance at court the next morning, and after divesting himself of the borrowed paraphernalia Mr. Booth-Tucker continued his explorations in the Bowery.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The motives of Mr. Booth-Tucker are above reproach, but his methods are not dictated by common sense. That any man of intelligence and wide experience with the world should permit himself to be rigged out like a modern circus clown for the delectation of a Bowery ruffian and his familiars, and then regard himself as a religious martyr when he is lodged in jail for the performance, is almost incredible. The commander cannot rescue souls by reaching so far into the pit that he loses his balance.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, may be sensational in his methods of investigating the slums of New York, but he is at least acquiring a knowledge of them that he could not get so quickly in any other way. His expeditions into the lowest quarters of New York emphasize the proclamation of the Salvation Army that it intends to work among the outcasts who, in this country, represent the "submerged tenth" of England, but in keeping it at that work he at once clears the way for Ballington Booth's Volunteers. Thus there is room for both bands of workers, and they can labor side by side without getting in each other's way—which, of course, is just what they are expected to do.

SHALL NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA BECOME STATES?

THE House Committee on Territories has reported favorably bills providing for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to the Union as states. Of these territories New Mexico's claim is generally considered the stronger. In 1890 her population was 153,593 and the assessed valuation of her property, $43,227,686. Opponents to her admission urge that her population is made up largely of Spanish-speaking Mexicans, Indians, and half-breeds. New Mexico has had a long struggle for statehood. She first applied for admission in 1850. In 1874–5 enabling acts in her favor were adopted by both houses of Congress but their final passage was prevented by slight amendments. Arizona in 1890 had a population of 59,620, with taxable property assessed at $28,050,234. The fact that the admission of New Mexico and Arizona would in all probability add four more advocates of free coinage to the United States Senate has undoubtedly influenced the question of their admission. The enabling acts will probably be taken up by Congress at its next session.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The East has no reason to fear the admission of the proposed states, for their influence upon national legislation would be small, and besides, national legislation does not come as close home to the people as state legislation. The interests of the people of Arizona and New Mexico in respect of domestic legislation should receive the first consideration. Both territories are amply able to maintain state governments and their inhabitants desire statehood. To continue them any longer under territorial governments would be to violate a fundamental principle of American liberty and of the Union as well. If justice is done they will be admitted, and it is anything but creditable to the people of the East that because of narrow sectional prejudices they seek to keep them out.

Boston Journal. (Mass.)

There is a very firm impression among the most thoughtful people of the country that the making of new states has already gone as far as is expedient, if not considerably further, and that an emphatic halt ought to be called at once to a process one immediate and deplorable result of which is the strengthening of the cheap money element in the national Senate.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

On broad patriotic ground questions of this character should be met and solved; and leaving the currency question entirely out of the account Arizona does not measure up to the test. Her citizenship is as yet not sufficiently established. Too large a proportion of her population is ignorant and lawless and not fully adapted to statehood.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The only possible excuse for it is the line of bad precedents which were established in the admission of Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho. The admission of every one of them was a public wrong carrying to a height of monstrous injustice the inequalities of representation in the Senate. The perpetration of these wrongs can form no precedent entitled to consideration or respect for the perpetration of other wrongs of like character.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

When all the territories shall have been admitted, and the Union is complete, the injustice will not be because of the admission of the so-called mining camps of the West. Some of these have changed from an uninhabited waste to states with over a million people in three decades. The injustice will be found in the existence of states in the East such as New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Delaware, that are so small in area that they can never have a population equal to that of states of a larger area.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

THE supreme law-making and judicial body of the Methodist Episcopal Church, known as the General Conference, opened its twenty-seventh quadrennial session on May 1 in the Central Armory at Cleveland, Ohio. Aside from the 16 bishops, the body consists of about 577 delegates, one third of whom are laymen, representing a church membership of about 2,500,000 and a ministry of about 17,000, distributed in about 140 Annual Conferences. Delegates are present from South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. The first question to claim attention was the admission of the four women lay delegates who were on the roll, and women were, for the first time in the history of the Methodist Church, placed on record as lay delegates to the General Conference. A committee on eligibility was formed and hot debates monopolized the assembly until May 7, when a report of the committee providing a compromise was adopted, almost unanimously. By it women delegates were allowed to keep their seats, without its being held as a precedent. The report further provided that the constitutional amendment to make women eligible as General Conference delegates be referred to the next four years' Annual Conferences. Other matters of less general interest also received attention. On May 2 it was decided by vote to appoint an Epworth League committee to consist of one member from each Annual Conference. On the same day the quadrennial Episcopal address was read, which advocated four principles of Christian unity and recommended ministers to enforce strictly the church rules on harmful amusements. On May 5 laymen secured the adoption of a resolution stipulating that the committee to consider lay representation be composed of one minister and one layman for each district. On May 9 the Conference passed a resolution to welcome the Wesleyan Church in Germany to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The session will last a month.

(Meth.) Central Christian Advocate. (St. Louis, Mo.)

One of the special features of the situation embarrassing to them [women delegates] and to others was the evident fact that many of the most earnest advocates of the cause of the women were convinced that the four delegates-elect in question had been chosen without due authority of law. Thus the friends of the movement were divided into two disagreeing sections. . . . No one can tell what decision would have been reached had the body been forced to vote directly on that issue. It was wisely decided to seek some basis of compromise on which agreement might be reached. It seemed at first impossible to find a common standing

ground for all parties, and it is a remarkable thing that at last a measure was proposed which passed the body almost unanimously.

(Nonsec.) The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

The church is to be congratulated on recognizing the right of women to representation in this the supreme legislative, administrative, and judicial body. It has been somewhat slow to acknowledge her power and usefulness, and to extend her privileges. She is now in the Quarterly Conference, in the Sunday school, and in other positions of trust in the local church. When this amendment becomes a part of the constitution she will also be in the Electoral Conference and in the General Conference. This is progress in the right direction, and it is probably only a question of time when the propriety of giving her license to preach, if not ministerial orders, will be under discussion.

(Meth.) Pennsylvania Methodist. (Harrisburg.)

Woman has always been the power behind the throne. Our shame has been that we have kept her *behind* the throne, when she should have been beside us, on the throne. . . . Inconsistency is sometimes a blunder, sometimes a sin, sometimes a crime. For the General Conference sitting in its judicial capacity to say, twice in its history, that the term laymen includes the women of the church and then again sitting in its legislative capacity to say that the question as to whether the term laymen includes women must go the rounds of the Annual Conferences is an inconsistency which we will leave coming generations to properly classify and adequately characterize.

(Meth.) Western Christian Advocate. (Cincinnati, O.)

And then just when we were away out in front fighting for them, the women surrendered! That was enough to have ruined our cause, had a less resourceful and skillful strategist and tactician been our leader. Of course the dear women were tenacious of their unsecured rights, but they forgot that possession is nine points of the law, and by withdrawing sadly crippled and demoralized our forces. They were conscientious about it, and we must judge them charitably. But the time to withdraw was either before the fight began or after it was finished.

(Pres.) The Herald and Presbyter. (Cincinnati, O.)

If they [women delegates to the General Conference] are to be thus admitted to take part in thus ruling the church, they ought to be eligible to the office of bishop.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is almost a certainty that if the General Conference of 1895 fails to admit them [women delegates], that of 1900 will scarcely be able to raise so much as a protest against them, for the more the subject is discussed the more favor it finds, and that seems to be true of woman suffrage also. Both are bound to be established in the near future.

The Baltimore American. (Md.)

The women who have already been elected to the Conference are, by the report of the committee, allowed to retain their seats. The battle in the Methodist Church has been a long one, but it will end in a splendid victory for the devoted and intelligent women who give so freely of their time, their labor and their means to the cause in which they have enlisted.

Nebraska State Journal. (Lincoln.)

I note that women voices raise
At church more often than the men,
In songs of joy and prayer and praise
And glad thanksgiving, and, again,

Her work in a religious way
Surpasses man's, and is sublime;
While she grows better every day
He's apt to stumble any time.

What right has he to stay her hand,
Who bears the brunt of churchly cares,
And say she doesn't understand
Ecclesiastical affairs?

I fear the church without her aid
Would crumble in a little while;
'Twould be too slow on dress parade,
No life, no hope, no strength, no style.

The preacher's salary would lapse,
The costly edifice would rot,
Attended by a few old chaps
Who think they're saved when they are not.

When we have shuffled off the coil
That keeps the soul imprisoned here,
And found up there a finer soil
And less polluted atmosphere,

There, I imagine, we shall see,
Awaiting us upon the shore,
A few like Lazarus and me
And women by the million score.

And those who now aver with scorn
In Conference she's out of place
Will be, when Gabriel blows his horn,
A-scorching in the other place.

(Meth.) Northwestern Christian Advocate. (Chicago, Ill.)

Another memorial came in on Saturday for equal lay and clerical representation. We thought again how admirably all this contest over the suggestion would be settled if we had lay and clerical houses, each sitting by itself. In that case the relative members in the two houses would not matter. Each topic would have debate twice, and each house could vote as it pleased, each being dependent upon the concurrence of the other house.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

April 7. The Post Office Appropriation Bill is passed by the Senate.

April 8. The Ohio Legislature passes an anti-lynching law making the county where the authorities permit a lynching liable for damages to the victim's family.——A bill declaring bicycles to be baggage is passed by the New York Legislature. ——Annual conference of the A. M. E. Church opens at Richmond.

April 9. The tenth anniversary of the founding of the order of the King's Daughters and Sons is celebrated in New York.——The portion of the Raines Law prohibiting free lunches is sustained by Judge Beekman, of New York.

April 11. A bill to tax "filled cheese" passes the House by a vote of 160 to 58.

April 15. President Cleveland issues his annual proclamation prohibiting the taking of seals in Alaskan waters.

April 18. The battleship *Massachusetts* starts from the Cramps' shipyard for her trial trip.

April 20. The Armstrong Bicycle Baggage Bill, requiring all railroads in New York to carry bicycles free, becomes a law.——The first national Congress of Religious Education opens at Washington, D. C.

April 22. The two days' session of the International Arbitration Congress opens in Washington, D. C.

April 23. Success attends the opening of the United States dry-dock, the largest in the world, at Port Orchard, Puget Sound, by the docking of the coast-defense vessel *Monterey*.——The annual session of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions begins at Milwaukee, Wis.

April 24. The appellate division of the New York State Supreme Court declares the constitutionality of the Raines liquor law.——The National Academy of Sciences closes its spring session at Washington, D. C.

April 25. The battleship *Massachusetts* proves to be the fastest vessel of her class in the world.—— The Veterans' Preference Bill, passed by the legislature of 1893, is declared unconstitutional by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

April 26. The Theosophical Society in America opens its second annual convention in New York.

April 27. The Agricultural Appropriation Bill becomes a law without the president's signature. ——In the case of the United States against the seal company for rental and royalties in Alaska, the decision given by Judge Wallace at New York is in favor of the United States.——General Grant's birthday is publicly observed in many cities.

April 29. Fire utterly devastates the mining town Cripple Creek.——The constitutionality of the Maupin Anti-gambling Act is declared by the Virginia Court of Appeals.

April 30. The first annual meeting of the U. S. Association of Naval Militia is held at Baltimore, Md.

May 4. The general conference of the A. M. E. Church begins at Wilmington, N. C.

FOREIGN.

April 7. The Russian government decides to send Red Cross workers among the Abyssinian troops.

April 11. At Venice the king and queen of Italy entertain the emperor and empress of Germany.

April 15. Japanese Parliament approves measures to develop her military and naval forces.

April 20. The international bimetallic conference convenes at Brussels.

April 22. The marriage of Princess Marguerite of Orleans with Patrice MacMahon is solemnized.

April 23. The American memorial window in the Shakespeare church at Stratford is unveiled by Ambassador Bayard.

April 27. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, premier of Canada, resigns.——Argentina and Chili sign the protocol defining their frontier boundary.

April 29. Argentina and Chili conclude a commercial *modus vivendi*.

April 30. A collision of the British steamer *Onwo* with the *Newchang*, near Shanghai, results in sinking the *Onwo* and drowning five foreigners and 250 Chinese.

May 1. A new Canadian cabinet is formed by Sir Charles Tupper.——American vessels are exempted from entry and clearance charges at Canadian ports.

May 2. The celebration of Hungary's national millennium begins at Budapest.

NECROLOGY.

April 9. Robert Littell, publisher of *Littell's Living Age*.

April 10. Col. John A. Cockerill, American journalist and editor.

April 12. Ex-Premier M. Tricoupis, "The Gladstone of Greece." Born 1832.

April 16. Baron Constantine de Grimm, noted cartoonist. Born 1845.

April 19. Ex-Congressman Willard Ives, founder of Ives (Methodist) Seminary at Antwerp.

April 24. Dr. Phineas G. C. Hunt, renowned American dentist.

April 28. Heinrich Gothard von Treitschke, noted German historian.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR JUNE.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

First Week (ending June 2).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters XVI. and XVII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Civilizing the American Indian."
"Grandmother's Garden."

Second Week (ending June 9).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters XVIII. and XIX.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Labor Legislation in the United States."
Sunday Reading for June 7.

Third Week (ending June 16).

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Chapters XX., XXI., and XXII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN;

"The Air We Breathe."
Sunday Reading for June 14.

Fourth Week (ending June 23).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Contemporary American Authors."
Sunday Reading for June 21 and 28.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Responses to consist of quotations appropriate to the season.
2. Essay—The moral and æsthetic value of flowers.
3. Reading—"June" by William Cullen Bryant.
4. Discussion—The physical effect of excitant and inhibitory emotions.
5. A Talk—The puritanic spirit of New England and its effect on the development of religion and ethics.
6. General Discussion—The week's reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
7. Questions on American History and Current Events in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
8. Table Talk—Ancient Olympia and its games, and international athletic sports.*

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Each response to consist of a question on the week's reading dropped into a question box.
2. Discussion—The relation of capital to labor and to labor organizations.
3. Reading—"Labor Unions in China" in the current number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. General Exercise—Answers to questions in the question box.
5. Reading—"Punch, Brothers, Punch!" by Mark Twain.
6. General Conversation—The method I use for remembering things.
7. Essay—Mozart.
8. Table Talk—The American navy and the coast defenses.*

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Each response to be a fact learned in the week's lesson.
2. Discussion—"The Air We Breathe" and "Water as Food and Drink" in the current number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
3. Questions on American Literature and Psychology in *The Question Table.*
4. Essay—Aristotle and his philosophy.
5. Table Talk—France and the cabinet crisis.*
6. Experiments on the suggestive effects of size on weight. See pages 266 and 267 of "Thinking, Feeling, Doing."
7. Essay—Hypnotism.
8. *Questions and Answers* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
9. Discussion—Recent laws enacted by the Ohio State Legislature.*

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Farewell quotations.
2. A Study in Literature—My favorite novel.
3. Reading—"The Story of the Other Wise Man" by Henry Van Dyke.
4. Reading—"Fame's Little Day" from "The Life of Nancy" by Sarah Orne Jewett.
5. General Conversation—The most enjoyable part of the year's reading and the benefits derived from it.
6. Table Talk—The Irish Land Bill.*
7. Discussion — The Spanish war and Cuban autonomy.*
8. A preview of next year's reading.
9. A farewell banquet.

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR JUNE.

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

P. 216. "*Gourmets*" [gōōr-mā']. A French word meaning judges of wine; wine-tasters.

P. 247. "Nürn'berg-ers." The inhabitants of Nürnberg (commonly called Nuremberg), a city in Bavaria, Germany.

P. 249. "Barbara, Celarent," etc. The memory-verse to which the author refers is:

"BArbArA, cElArEnt, DArII, fErIOque, prioris:
CEsArE, cAmEstrEs, fEstInO, bArOkO, secundæ:
Tertia dArAptI, dIsAmIs, dAtIsI, fElAptOn,
BOkArdO, fErIson, habet: quarta insuper addit,
BrAmAntIp, cAmEnsEs, ImArIs, fEsApO, frEsIsoN."

The vowels A, E, I, and O are used in logic to represent four cardinal propositions, three of which combined form a syllogism. Those vowels capitalized in the preceding verse show which of the many possible combinations of these letters represent valid syllogisms.

P. 251. "Molière" [mo-le-êr']. A French dramatist of the seventeenth century. His real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin [pōk-laN'].

P. 262. "*Rataplan*" [rȧ-tȧ-plăN']. The sound produced by beating a drum.

P. 271. "Lourdes" [lōōrd]. A town in a division of France which borders on the Pyrenees Mountains, the most interesting point of which is a grotto where the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared to Bernardette Soubirous, a peasant girl, revealing to her the miraculous healing powers of the water of a spring near by.

P. 277. "Descartes" [dā-kärt']. A noted French philosopher who lived from 1596 to 1650.

P. 281. "Feuerbachian" [foi'er-baK-i-an. K in baK represents the German *ch*, as in *ach*]. Pertaining to Feuerbach, a German philosopher.

P. 288. "*Elemente*," etc. "Elements of Psychophysics."——"*Revision der*," etc. A review of the main points of psychophysics.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

SUNDAY READINGS.

1. "*Felo de se.*" Latin. One who deliberately takes his own life; suicide.

2. "*Nirvana*" [nir-vä'nȧ]. "The state to which the Buddhist saint is to aspire as the highest aim and highest good. Originally, doubtless, this was extinction of existence, Buddha's attempt being to show the way of escape from the miseries inseparably attached to life, and especially to life everlasting renewed by transmigration, as held in India. But in later times this negation has naturally taken on other forms, and is explained as extinction of desire, passion, unrest, etc."—*The Century Dictionary.*

3. "Lycurgus" [li-ker'gus]. An Athenian orator born about 400 B. C.

"Chrysippus" [krī-sip'us]. A stoic philosopher of Greece who lived from 280 B. C. to 207 B. C.

"Empedocles" [ĕm-pĕd'ō-klēz]. A poet and philosopher born in Sicily about 490 B. C. "He was said to have thrown himself into the crater of Etna in order that, from his sudden disappearance, the people might believe him to be a god."

"Themistocles" [the-mis'to-klēz]. An Athenian general and statesman born in the latter part of the sixth century.

"Mithridates" [mith-ri-dā'tez]. From 120 B. C. to 63 B. C. he was the king of Pontus, a country in Asia Minor.

"Cato." A patriot and philosopher of Rome. He committed suicide at Utica, North Africa, about 46 B. C.

"Hannibal." A Carthaginian general born about 247 B. C.

"Brutus." A politician and scholar of Rome, born in 85 B. C.

"Crassus." A Roman consul and censor in 97 B. C.

"Plancus." A Roman consul in 42 B. C.

"Atticus." An Epicurean philosopher born in Rome about 109 B. C.

"Lucretius." A Roman poet. He lived from 96 B. C. to 55 B. C.

"Petronius." A Roman philosopher and author, and a favorite at the court of Nero.

"Diodorus." A rhetorician and philosopher who lived during the first century B. C.

"Zeno." The founder of the Stoic school of philosophy. He died at Athens in 260.

4. "Cleanthes" [klē-an'thēz]. One of the Stoic philosophers of Greece. He lived from 300 B. C. to 220 B. C.

5. "Ne-o-pa'gan-ism." The prefix *neo* is derived from a Greek word meaning new or recent; therefore recent paganism, a revival of paganism.

6. "Donne" [don]. A British poet and divine of the sixteenth century.

"Montaigne" [mon-tān′]. An essayist and philosopher of France who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"Montesquieu" [mŏn-tes-kū′]. A French jurist and author living from 1689 to 1755.

7. "*Quien sabe.*" Spanish. Who knows?

8. "*Summa summarum.*" Latin meaning literally, the sum of all sums; the sum of all things; the sum total.

9. "*Descensus Averni.*" The descent to Avernus. The Avernus is a small lake in Italy which in ancient times was supposed to be the entrance to Hades, probably on account of the wild scenery surrounding it and its poisonous exhalations, which, it is said, killed birds flying over the lake.

10. "*Opéra bouffe.*" French. Comic opera.

11. "*Irascere, interfectori, sed miserere interfecti.*" Latin. Be justly offended with him as a murderer, but pity him as a dead man.

"THE AIR WE BREATHE."

1. "Chorea" [ko-rē′a]. Another name for a disease commonly called St. Vitus' dance.

2. "An-e-mom′e-ter." An instrument which indicates the force and velocity of the wind.

"Hydrometer" [hī-drŏm′e-ter]. An instrument used in determining the specific gravity of liquids; also "an instrument used for measuring the velocity or discharge of water, as in rivers, from reservoirs, etc."

3. "Hĕm-ō-glō′bin." "The red substance which forms about nine tenths of the dry constituents of the red blood corpuscles and serves as the carrier of oxygen in the circulation."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"THINKING, FEELING, DOING."

1. Q. What term is given to the mental fact which we express by liking or disliking? A. Feeling.

2. Q. Upon what does the state of our feelings depend? A. Upon the strength of the impression that arouses them.

3. Q. Is there any particular experience with which feelings are connected? A. No, they are connected with all sorts of experiences.

4. Q. What influence have touch and temperature on taste feelings? A. The different sensations of touch and temperature mingle with the sensations of taste to produce agreeable combinations.

5. Q. What color combinations are always agreeable? A. Any combination of the rainbow colors.

6. Q. According to psychological laws how may the full effect of color combination be obtained? A. By double contrast (1) of complementary colors and (2) of light and dark.

7. Q. Why do the products of art please or displease us? A. Because of their form and color.

8. Q. What is the first law of beauty in the division of forms? A. Regular forms are preferable to irregular ones.

9. Q. What is the simplest kind of regularity? A. Symmetry.

10. Q. What figure is in perfect symmetry in every direction? A. The circle.

11. Q. In what is another kind of regularity found? A. In a definite relation of height to breadth.

12. Q. By what are intense feelings accompanied? A. By actual sensations from parts of the body.

13. Q. What term is generally applied to the complex processes of thought and feeling combined? A. Emotions.

14. Q. What stages has the typical emotion? A. An initial feeling; a subsequent change in the train of ideas, intensifying and qualitatively modifying the initial feeling; and, if the emotion is distinct and well defined, a final feeling, of greater or less duration, which may possibly give rise to a new emotion of which it forms the initial feeling.

15. Q. In what does the principal difference between feeling and emotion consist? A. In the alteration in the train of ideas.

16. Q. Into what two classes are emotions divided? A. Excitant and inhibitory.

17. Q. To which class do intensive emotions properly belong? A. To the inhibitory.

18. Q. What are less intensive degrees of emotion called? A. Moods.

19. Q. What is the word "passion" often used to denote? A. A permanent condition which finds its expression in frequent outbursts of emotion.

20. Q. When does sorrow become care? A. When it is directed upon the external object which excites it.

21. Q. When do care and melancholy become anxiety and dejection? A. When they pass from emotions to permanent moods.

22. Q. What emotions are always personal? A. Those of joy and sorrow.

23. Q. If the emotion of repugnance becomes a permanent mood what is the result? A. Weariness and dissatisfaction.

24. Q. How are emotion and mood distinguishable from sensation? A. By their connection with a train of strongly emotional ideas.

25. Q. What is the most general of the emotions which refer to the future? A. Expectation.

26. Q. When there is a sudden relaxation of expectant attention what is the result? A. Emotions of satisfaction or disappointment.

27. Q. What elements compose the feeling of rhythm? A. Expectation and satisfaction.

28. Q. What varieties of intellectual feelings have been distinguished? A. The logical, ethical, religious, and æsthetic.

29. Q. What are logical emotions? A. They are those connected with our current of ordinary thought.

30. Q. How have the emotions of thought been classified? A. As confused, restrained, and unimpeded thought.

31. Q. In what do the feelings of agreement and contradiction originate? A. In the comparison of simultaneous ideas, which in one case are accordant, and in the other refuse to be connected.

32. Q. What is meant by memory? A. The relation between two ideas occurring at different times, whereby the second is intended to be like the first.

33. Q. In what two ways may memory be investigated? A. By measuring the difference of the repeated idea from the original, or by counting the number of successfully repeated ideas out of the total number.

34. Q. In memory what two changes occur? A. First, an actual change in the idea remembered; and, second, an increasing uncertainty.

35. Q. What fundamental law of memory has been deduced from experiments by the author of "Thinking, Feeling, Doing"? A. The average change is an individual matter depending on circumstances, but the average uncertainty increases in a definite relation to the time.

36. Q. What is a most curious fact about cross-memory? A. The memory for movements is symmetrical and not identical.

37. Q. How does the average uncertainty produced by cross-memory compare with that in memory without crossing? A. It is much greater and increases much more rapidly.

38. Q. What are the fundamental laws for the cultivation of memory? A. Intensifying the image by attention, and keeping it ready by conscious repetition.

39. Q. What principles are suggested for aids in memorizing facts? A. That of the ridiculous, of rhyme, of alliteration, and that of the puzzle.

40. Q. To retain facts in memory what is generally necessary? A. That they should be repeated a number of times.

41. Q. What is the great difficulty in the process of repetition? A. Making the repetition conscious.

42. Q. By what methods may repetition be made conscious? A. By the voluntary and involuntary methods.

43. Q. What has been accomplished by experimenting on suggestion? A. The suggestive effects of size on weight have been measured.

44. Q. When is the full significance of suggestibility apparent? A. When we remember that teaching, preaching, acting, public speaking, and pleading are forms of suggesting.

45. Q. According to Wundt, what was the earliest psychology? A. Materialism.

46. Q. What is the fundamental principle of the Aristotelian psychology? The soul is the principle of life.

47. Q. What two fundamental views in psychology have come into conflict in the field of science? A. Spiritualism and materialism.

48. Q. How did Descartes contribute to the development of modern materialism? A. By his strictly mechanical view of nature in general and by his treatment of animals as automats.

49. Q. For materialism, of what are all facts of thinking, feeling, and doing the products? A. Products of certain organs in the nervous system.

50. Q. In what does the difference between the old and the new psychology consist? A. In the carefulness with which the information in regard to the phenomena of mind is obtained.

51. Q. Who was the first to really start the new psychology? A. Gustav Theodor Fechner.

52. Q. Who is called the greatest genius in psychology since the time of Aristotle? A. Wundt.

53. Q. From what laboratories does almost all of the good work in psychology come? A. From the German laboratories.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—IX.

1. Name two American poets born in the same year which produced Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Darwin.

2. What humanitarian author, through the medium of one of his books, effected the organization of fifty thousand persons in all parts of the world into clubs devoted to charitable works?

3. What were Richard Malcolm Johnston's first stories?

4. Who is known as the "Hoosier poet"?

5. The success of what story by Wm. Dean Howells determined his career as a novelist?

6. At the head of what school of literature does Howells stand?

7. Who invented the international or "transatlantic" novel? To what school of novelists does he belong?

8. What story by Thomas Bailey Aldrich has been translated into French, German, Spanish, and Danish? What was Aldrich's most successful poem?

9. The author of what popular book was appointed minister to Turkey by President Garfield with the understanding that he was to write a novel dealing with the customs of that people? What book was the result of his researches in that country?

10. What did Phillips Brooks pronounce "the best short story ever written"?

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.—V.

1. Which vice-president of the United States resigned and why?

2. To which vice-president of the United States was the oath of office administered in Cuba?

3. When were the presidential candidates nominated in national convention for the first time?

4. What provision has been made by Congress for the presidential succession in case of the death, removal, resignation, or disability of both president and vice-president?

5. When was the postal card adopted by the United States? Where was the first factory for their manufacture located?

6. In whose charge is the factory? What is the fewest number of postal cards allowed to one office?

7. Where and what are the "Pictured Rocks"?

8. Which of the United States was once an independent republic?

9. Where is the Staked Plain and why so called?

10. What state is sometimes called the Switzerland of America?

PSYCHOLOGY.—IX.

1. What are emotions?

2. What effect has culture on the expression of feeling or emotion?

3. How is an emotion affected by constant repression?

4. How does attention affect our emotions?

5. When is a person really educated?

6. What distinction may be drawn between emotional reaction and instinctive reaction?

7. What two things are presupposed by the complete exercise of memory?

8. What is the secret of a good memory?

9. How may the memory be improved?

10. In the practical use of the intellect what function may be said to be quite as important as remembering?

CURRENT EVENTS.—IX.

1. Who is the British colonial secretary?

2. What European government has expressed a friendly feeling for Transvaal?

3. How did the British obtain possession of Buluwayo?

4. Where is Matabeleland?

5. What company is involved in the South African troubles?

6. For what purpose was it formed?

7. In whose honor and how often were the ancient Olympic games celebrated?

8. What were the five favorite exercises in these games?

9. What was the discus used by the ancient Greeks?

10. To what method of computing time did the Olympic games give rise?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MAY.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—VIII.

1. "The Lamplighter." 2. Shakespeare's works. 3. Short stories of great force and high literary merit. 4. Lucy Larcom. 5. Before abandoning the printer's trade for a literary career, he was one of the most expert compositors in the U. S. 6. Past forty-five years. 7. The public failed to appreciate his humor until he dressed it in phonetic spelling. 8. Benjamin P. Shillaber. 9. Mirabeau Lamar. 10. The affections.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.—IV.

1. New Wales. 2. From 1769 to 1775 in the Wyo-

ming Valley in northeastern Pennsylvania. 3. According to the original charter granted to Connecticut the Pacific Ocean was the western boundary of the colony and therefore Connecticut claimed possession of the Wyoming Valley which Pennsylvanians already occupied. 4. The small reach of land toward Lake Erie in the boundary line of Pennsylvania. 5. Northwest Territory; New York. 6. The Declaration of Independence was adopted, the Articles of Confederation were signed, and the Constitution of the United States was prepared in Philadelphia. 7. All the states east of the Mississippi River except Vermont, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee border on the sea or the Great Lakes. 8. They rise within the Appalachian system, passing through the eastern mountain chains in picturesque gaps. 9. Every fifth mile is marked by a stone bearing the coat of arms of Maryland on one side and that of Pennsylvania on the other. The mile stones between have the letters "P" and "M" cut on opposite sides. 10. Through the frequent use by John Randolph in congressional debates of the phrase "Mason and Dixon's line" as the line between these states.

PSYCHOLOGY.—VIII.

1. Complex. 2. What we know about a material object. 3. Subjective presentative faculties. 4. Necessary truths. 5. They are necessary to a complete and intelligent enjoyment of our environment. 6. To enable us to be prepared for contact with approaching bodies or to avoid such contact. 7. Touch proper, heat and cold, and pain. 8. At a line along the surface of the liquid where the immersed portion of the skin meets the part which is not immersed. 9. When the pressure is light. 10. It is without temperature sensation when touched by a pointed hot or cold object.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VIII.

1. New Mexico, September 9, 1850; Arizona, February 24, 1863. 2. A bill was passed by the House of Representatives in July, 1894, to admit New Mexico but no action was taken by the Senate; a bill was passed by the same body in December, 1893, admitting Arizona, which the Senate referred to the Committee on Territories, but it was never voted upon. 3. Santo Domingo, or Dominican Republic; republic. 4. Marquis di Rudini. 5. Through the diplomatic correspondence growing out of the New Orleans tragedy of 1891, when certain Italians supposed to be members of the Mafia were killed by citizens of the city. 6. An Italian silver coin worth about 19 cents of United States money. 7. Turkey. 8. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. 9. Negus Negusti; King of Kings. 10. Soudanese dervishes.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1899.

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS."

"Truth is eternal."

OFFICERS.

President—R. C. Browning, Orange, N. J.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, Arcade, N. Y.; Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cynthia I. Boyd, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Anna Hodgson, Athens, Ga.; F. G. Lewis, Manitoba; Oliver Ellsworth, Niles, Cal.; Mrs. Wheaton Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna J. Young, 237 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa

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CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.
CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.
CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

THE following important announcement should be read with care by every member of the Class of '96. A special report blank and final address is mailed to all members of the class during the month of May. These two circulars give all necessary information with regard to graduation, and any member of the Class of '96 who fails to receive them by the first of June should at once communicate this fact to the Chautauqua Office at Buffalo, N. Y. The report blank, in addition to other details, gives the list of Recognition Days which are held at the various Assemblies. It is hoped that every member of the Class of '96 who can plan to attend one of these summer gatherings will do so, in order to meet fellow workers and gain help and inspiration from contact with others who are interested in the same line of work.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. F. J. Miller, University of Chicago.

Vice Presidents—Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. A. A. Stagg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. E. Barber, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Miss.; Mrs. M. T. Gawthorp, Swarthmore, Pa.; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, O.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw Rice, Tacoma, Wash.; the Rev. James E Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, New South Wales; Charles E. Boyd, Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Dayton, O.

Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Meadville, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.
CLASS COLOR—OLD GOLD.

To the Class of '97 will fall the duty of decora-

ting the Hall of Philosophy for Recognition Day. The year before graduation usually finds a small representation of a given class at Chautauqua, but all '97's who may find it possible are invited to be present and to make themselves known at the class headquarters as early as convenient.

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"The humblest life that lives may be divine."

OFFICERS.

President—Walter L. Hervey, New York City.

Vice Presidents—Clifford Lanier, Montgomery, Ala.; Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.; Dr Richard T. Ely, Madison, Wis.; Dr. J. M Buckley, New York City; the Rev. Mr. Parker, New Orleans, La.; Miss J. Solomon, South Africa; Miss Eliot Henderson, Montreal, Can.; the Rev. Mr. Chalfont China; Dr. J. E. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Josephine R. Webber, Waltham, Mass.; Dr. J. W. Hartigan, Morgantown, W. Va.

Treasurer and Trustee—The Rev. Mr. Whistler, Kenton, O.

Secretary—Miss Elizabeth Brown, Janesville, Wis.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

CLASS COLOR—OLIVE.

THE new course for '96–7 is already announced, and members of the Class of '98, in common with other Chautauquans, will be greatly interested in the subjects of study for the coming year. As this class is already two years old, half of its four years' course has been completed, and it is to be hoped that all who have persevered thus far will continue to the end of the course and finish the work.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"Fidelity, Fraternity."

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York City.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, McKeesport, Pa.; Charles Barnard, New York City; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, Eng.; Miss Alice P. Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O.Wilson, Tiensin, China; Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

THE Class of '99 is steadily receiving additions to its membership. Among those recently reported is a circle of six members from Fort Wingate, New Mexico. The circle is composed entirely of members of the 2nd Cavalry at that post. It was organized by a member of the Class of '96 who has just finished the four years' course and who presented the subject at a meeting held in the Post Hall, Wednesday evening, March 4th. These new Chautauquans are very enthusiastic and propose to make up the year's work so as to be ready for the second year of study in the fall.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God." *"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
LINCOLN DAY—February 12.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
WASHINGTON DAY } —February 22.
LOWELL DAY }
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
MICHAEL ANGELO DAY—May 10.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
EMERSON DAY—May 25.
HUGH MILLER DAY—June 17.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

WHAT OUR SECRETARIES ARE DOING.

AN interesting report of county secretary work has been received from Mrs. Eva J. Coapman of Portage, Wisconsin, secretary for Columbia County. The county is very much alive on the subject of Chautauqua work. Portage is an enthusiastic community and a union Vesper Service was held last fall in the beautiful new Presbyterian Church, on which occasion the pastor of the Methodist Church assisted in the services.

SPECIAL attention is called to the announcement of a new C. L. S. C. day in the Chautauqua calendar. This is to be known as Rallying Day and will be held on Wednesday, July 29, of the present year. Every circle is invited to send one delegate to Chautauqua as its representative on Rallying Day, and it is hoped that many circles will be represented by more than one member. Reports have already come in from some of the circles, and any person who has failed to receive a printed notice with a blank for name of the delegate will find such a blank on one of the last pages of this magazine. Chautauquans who are not members of circles are cordially invited to be present and help to make this day an

appropriate opening of C. L. S. C. work for the season.

NEW CIRCLES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The circle at Plainville makes a good beginning. Thirty-one recruits join the ranks of the great Chautauquan army.

NEW YORK.—The Crescent Circle of the South Presbyterian Church in Buffalo attracts to itself many bright minds. The class numbers forty, having nineteen enrolled and twenty-one non-enrolled members. Although meetings are now held weekly at the homes of the members the prospects are that, as the membership is increasing, the parlors of the church will be the future home of the circle. The members of the Crescent have advanced and original ideas; they are writing a serial story entitled "A Romance of the Twenty-first Century," and the secretary says, "It would seem that each member in his or her chapter seeks to outdo the others by describing the most unheard-of wonders of the twenty-first century."——Forty enthusiastic students in St. Johnsville are so interested in Chautauqua work that they propose to take up this year's program at the present time and study through the summer, in order to begin the next year's work in October. Such energetic application is surely worthy of success.

PENNSYLVANIA.—"Hope on, hope ever" is the motto which keeps up the courage of the Drummond Circle at Stouchburgh through all times of discouragement. Out of a membership of twelve four are regularly enrolled. Being near Mt. Gretna the members visit the Assembly there and so keep in touch with the great circle at Chautauqua.——The meetings of the Longfellow Circle at Allegheny are made interesting by carefully prepared programs in which all the members take part in turn. The following program speaks for itself:

Devotional exercises.
Longfellow Circle Song.
Reading of minutes and roll call.
Chautauqua song.
Quotations from Hannibal or Milton, with short biography of each.
Piano solo.
Questions and answers as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on American History and Industrial Development.
Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."
Extract from Edward Everett Hale's lecture "The North American Indian."
Selections from "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
Round Table Talk—Current History and Question Box.
Adjournment and meeting of program committee.

——A Chautauqua circle of twenty members in Karns City owes its existence to the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, feeling that "the Chautauqua course is a wonderfully helpful field for intellectual development," gave much of his time and energy to its organization, for the sake of his people. The members hope to make their circle a grand success, and start in the work with much enthusiasm.

TEXAS.—The Presbyterian Chautauqua Circle of Houston is doing fine work. It boasts twenty members and is divided into two sections, one of which meets in the evening once a week, and the other has weekly afternoon meetings. The lessons are well learned and the papers show much study and research. The circle recently celebrated the anniversary of Texas' independence with a specially prepared program. Members responded to roll call with a short biography of Texas heroes. Brief sketches of the different resources of the country followed, and notices of the schools and prominent literary people of the state closed the two hours' session. The evening was much enjoyed by all present.

OHIO.—An interesting program of the first meeting of the Toledo C. L. S. C. Alumni Association is received.

MINNESOTA.—The Chautauqua circle of Jackson has lively meetings once a week. The circle was organized last October with twelve members, only five of whom are registered, although the others are doing a large portion of the work and take part in all the meetings. The president of the circle is in her fourth year of Chautauqua work.——The C. L. S. C. at Buffalo was organized last October with eleven regular and eight honorary members. Six of the latter are busy lawyers, who, although unable to do all the work, assist in discussions and prepare occasional papers. Besides the regular work the class has taken up Current History and Opinion, and each evening a list of twelve words is presented for correct pronunciation. Weekly meetings are held, and the regular attendance of members indicates the deep interest sustained in the work. Programs as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are followed, with occasional changes made by three instructors who plan the work in advance. The circle claims to be the pioneer club in Buffalo and the second to be organized in Wright County. It has applied for admission to the State Federation of Clubs.

IOWA.—The Pleasant Hour Circle of Des Moines has been officered and is busily at work. Ten names are on the membership roll.

KANSAS.—Kansas Chautauquans are increasing in number; new circles have been organized in Holton, Olathe, Hays City, and Ottawa.——Six members of the Chautauqua Reading Circle at Cawker City expect to make up back work during the summer. The secretary writes: "THE CHAUTAUQUAN is fine, and I shall always take it in the future whether I am reading the full course or not."——The colored people of Kansas City have a thriving C. L. S. C.

NEBRASKA.—Report of a new circle at Burwell is received.

OLD CIRCLES.

NEW YORK.—The circle at Utica is progressing ever onward and upward. Nine '98's hope in two years to wave aloft their banners on which shall be

written "Excelsior."——The C. L. S. C. connected with the Calvary chapter of the Epworth League in New York City gave to its friends last month a rare treat in the popular lecture "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell H. Conwell.——The Janes Chautauqua Circle of Brooklyn recently held a unique entertainment in the church parlor. The walls of the room were covered with advertisement cards, notable among which were "Scott's Emulsion," "Redfern's Fibre Chamois," "Baker's Cocoa," "Hecker's Buckwheat Baby," "Ivory Soap," and others too numerous to mention. Among them were twenty-five cards on which the names of the advertisers had been covered and a number placed at the top. After a delightful literary and musical program the advertisement game was announced. The members were supplied with paper and pencil and were given fifteen minutes in which to guess what advertisements were represented by the twenty-five numbered cards. Prizes were awarded to those guessing the largest number of advertisements. The game created much amusement and all were in a mood to enjoy the refreshments which were served at the close of the program.——The following letter is received from the secretary of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni: "The Chautauquans of Brooklyn have recently met with a deep loss in the death of Mr. Wm. F. Brown, which occurred April 17. Mr. Brown was a graduate of the Class of '90 and has been for many years prominently identified with the work in Brooklyn. He was for several years treasurer of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union, and at the time of his death was treasurer of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni, and president of the Kimball Circle. He was also a member of the Brooklyn excursion committee which arranges for the annual excursions to Chautauqua Lake. He has done so much valuable service in the work that he will be deeply missed in Brooklyn circles."

NEW JERSEY.—Favorable reports are received from the Jersey City circles. They are all energetically engaged in the work, and their programs, published weekly, evidence the deep interest and unflagging enthusiasm that are maintained. Representatives of the Beach, Centenary, Culver, Grace, and Una Chautauqua Circles were present at a reception and social recently given by the Round Table Circle in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. At a reception given by the Morgan Chautauqua Circle on March 31, all the circles were represented, and about one third of the Chautauquans of the county were present. Dr. Morgan and his circle of ladies gave a warm welcome to the visiting members and the event was one of the most delightful in the history of the circle. A very pleasing program was presented, consisting of musical selections of a high order, readings, papers, and an address by the county secretary, Mr. George H. Lincks. At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served by the ladies of the circle.—— The Chautauqua Union of New York City has extended an invitation to all the Chautauquans of Hudson County to participate in the annual excursion on Decoration Day. A steamboat has been chartered for the occasion and West Point will be the objective point of interest.——The Alpha Circle of Vineland is having rather more than its share of good things. Few circles can boast a wedding on their program, but the Alpha is "*fin de siècle*" and prepares all sorts of pleasant surprises for its members. At a recent meeting the usual program was carried out, after which a march was arranged, in which all took part. At a given signal the marching ceased and the last couple halted under an arch, where a minister who was present united them in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony. Refreshments were served and the happy couple departed in a shower of rice for their future home in Troy, taking with them the kindest wishes of the Chautauqua circle for their happiness and prosperity. Not content with a wedding, the circle gave an American Curio Social a few weeks later at Chosen Friends' Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and crowded with guests. A literary and musical program was presented and literary puzzles were prepared for the entertainment of the company. The chief interest was centered in the tables of American curios, the examination of which kept everybody busy until refreshments were served. The repast did credit to the reputation of Chautauquans in that line and was favorably commented upon by many epicures present. The menu cards were modeled after George Washington's hatchet. The circle numbers thirty and their interest and enthusiasm are evidenced by their work.

PENNSYLVANIA.—White Rock Circle of Fort London sends greetings to other C. L. S. C's, with hopes that the interest is as deep and genuine in other circles as in theirs. White Rock Circle is not large, but a more enthusiastic circle would be hard to find. The members meet every Friday evening and follow the programs as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, with a few extra selections in the line of music, recitations, and essays. Hopes are entertained for a larger circle next year.——Pioneer Circle, a Jewish circle of Philadelphia, held an open meeting under the auspices of the literary section of the Auxiliary Society of Rodeph Shalom congregation. The auditorium was crowded and the audience gave enthusiastic demonstration of its appreciation of the excellent program which was rendered. The leader of the meeting told of the earnest and faithful work which had been done

during the winter by the thirty members of the circle, who had met with him twice a month. The opening address was an able and fervent exposition of the aims of the Auxiliary Society with special reference to the educational work it was doing. Great stress was laid upon the fact that the department of Jewish studies in the Chautauqua system had its origination in that circle, and had spread far and wide into cities and towns of this land, and even beyond its borders. An interesting paper was read on "Some Jewish Writings in Early Christian Centuries," and the meeting closed with a debate in which much of the interest of the evening was centered, the question being, "Resolved that the destruction of the Jewish commonwealth and the dispersion of the Jewish people was a blessing and not a curse."——Chautauquans in the Montgomery Circle are up in their work and most of them expect to go out with the class of '97.——News is received of two Chautauqua circles in Greenville which are progressing finely.——Warren Chautauquans will in future miss from their gatherings an inspiring presence long familiar to them. Their oldest member, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Dale, died early in May, at eighty-five years of age. Mrs. Dale was an earnest and faithful worker and completed the course at the age of seventy-seven. She afterwards passed examinations which entitled her to eleven seals on her diploma.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Four faithful members of the Summerton Circle, originally numbering eleven, remain to tell the tale of discouragements, disappointments, and desertions. Their work has been successful and they will graduate with the class of '96. This persevering quartet, the members of which belong to one family, may receive encouragement by reflecting on the law of the survival of the fittest. The scribe says: "We regard the Chautauqua course as an advantage not to be slighted. With *nil desperandum* as a motto in our hearts and minds we have surmounted many obstacles and held fast to our Chautauqua circle."

KENTUCKY.—The Bellevue C. L. S. C. is at work on current magazines this year.

OHIO.—Six ambitious workers in the class at Springfield hope to finish the course and go out with the large army of successful Chautauquans of '96.

ILLINOIS.—The Audubon Chautauqua Circle of Chicago is a vigorous and enterprising one. Their first year being so profitable, the members were enthused with ambition to enlarge their boundaries and take in a greater number of members. Vesper Services were held in three different churches, which resulted in the acquisition of six new names. Meetings are held weekly at the homes of the members and programs are prepared one week in advance, excepting those for memorial days, which are published one month previous as they are made specially attractive and require more preparation. Washington Day was observed in "ye olde colonial" style at Gross Park Congregational church. "Ye gude people of ye peaceful village were taxed 1s 6d per head." After a literary program the Ladies' Missionary Circle served a colonial lunch which was much enjoyed by "ye gude people of ye olden time."

MINNESOTA.—Linnea Chautauqua Circle of Minneapolis is composed of seventeen enthusiastic members, who find the work interesting and instructive.

IOWA.—On April 18 the C. L. S. C. of Manchester gave a novel and interesting entertainment in the city hall in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Iowa's statehood. The following program was rendered:

INVOCATION.

Address.....Iowa as a State

Solo with clarionet obligato

Tableaux.....Uncle Sam's Vision of the Beautiful Iowa

Address.....Iowa's Part in the War

Piano solo

Oration.....The Pioneers of Iowa

Tableaux.....Our First Settlers

Vocal solo

Essay.....Panegyric on Iowa

Tableaux.....Statues on the Soldiers' Monument

Piano solo

Recitation.....What's the Matter with Iowa?

Paper.....The Literary Women of Iowa

Tableaux.....Iowa Fifty Years Hence

MISSOURI.—The Sedalia circles are accomplishing good work. The Hurlbut, organized in 1886 and named the Richardson Circle in honor of its first president, early in its career numbered forty members. In 1894 the circle was reorganized and renamed the Hurlbut. Aside from its regular work the circle enjoys many social functions, Recognition Days, and annual receptions. This year being its tenth year the Hurlbuts will have a decennial celebration, and it is hoped that not only all the present students but also all the alumni may participate. The Vernon was first organized in 1889 and has been reorganized every year since. This year it has an enrollment of twenty-two members. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Methodist Episcopal church and all agree that the American year's studies are deeply interesting. The outlined programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are usually followed. Roll call is responded to with quotations from an author assigned at the previous meeting, after which ten minutes are given to the Round Table exercise and an hour to lessons. During the year several social gatherings of the circle have been held at the home of the president. The Vernon claims the largest number of seal owners, several members boasting eleven seals on their diplomas. The Clara J. Marquis Circle was so named at its organization in 1882 in honor of a beloved member. This circle introduced the "merit system" and the

members are not only faithful in attendance but diligent in study. The Æolian Circle is composed of nine faithful students who are doing the work thoroughly. The club of Sedalia which towers above all others in perspective if not in accumulative is the Attic Club. Its most appropriate motto is "Ever since the habitations of man were reared two stories high has the attic been the nursery of genius." That the Atticas are exclusive is evidenced by the fact that the club is limited to five members; that it has genius its motto proclaims; that it is ambitious its name indicates, and that it is faithful we are willing to vouch for. The Plymouth Circle was organized in 1895 with ten members and the interest and enthusiasm manifested by the members have been unfailing since its organization. The Utopian Circle started out with nine members in 1895. One more Utopian has since been added to the number. Meetings are held weekly in the pastor's study and the regular program has been followed through the year.

KANSAS.—The Ninde Circle at Topeka is faithful in its work. Two circles at Winfield, the College Hill Circle and one other, are making rapid progress in the Chautauqua course. They number about a dozen members each.——The Leavenworth C. L. S. C. continues the work with unabated interest.—— The C. L. S. C. of Burlingame has been reorganized and is now called the Ladies' Literary Club.——The Minneapolis Atlantean Club has taken up the Current History course and all the members are deeply interested. On March 27 the members celebrated the tenth anniversary of the club with a delightful banquet.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The youngest student yet heard from is a member of the Redfield Chautauqua Circle. He began the readings in 1894 at eleven years of age, and his courage and energy have been unfailing. He has by industrious application nearly finished the second year of work. Although not an enrolled member he attends the meetings regularly and is assigned work and answers questions with the older members of the circle. He is deeply interested and promises to become one of the C. L. S. C's most faithful adherents. His mother is a graduate of '84.

NEW MEXICO.—The Las Vegas Circle gave another of its charming entertainments on March 24, at the home of one of the members. After a bright and entertaining program the members were given a mental test in the line of writing telegrams. The first letters of ten words were given, the remaining letters to be supplied so that when completed the words would compose a sensible telegram. A prize was awarded to the one completing the first two out of three telegrams. It being the birthday of two of the members an exception was made to the rule that no refreshments should be served, and the guests were treated to strawberries and cake. The midnight hour was near before the closing song, "God be with you," was sung. The Las Vegas claims to be the banner circle of the territory.

THE GEORGIA CHAUTAUQUA.

The eighth annual session of this growing Chautauqua was held at its home in Albany, Georgia, April 5–12, inclusive. It was largely patronized and the unanimous opinion seemed to be that it was the very best session of the Assembly yet held. Dr. W. A. Duncan, so well known in Chautauqua circles, was the superintendent of instruction, and managed the platform with great skill. He is exceedingly popular at Albany and throughout southwestern Georgia because of his years of faithful service in behalf of the Assembly. He was assisted in the work by the president of the Assembly, Mayor E. L. Wight, and the assistant superintendent, Mr. J. L. Davis, a prominent banker of Albany. The music was in charge of Mrs. T. J. Simmons, who organized a very large chorus and gave some delightful concerts.

The annual sermon was preached by Dr. J. T. Duryea, who also gave two valuable lectures, and conducted a number of morning studies along biblical lines. Dr. W. L. Davidson had charge of the Sunday-School Normal Class, conducted some Round Tables, and gave two of his delightful illustrated lectures. The Children's Class in Physical Training was in charge of Miss Helen Frothingham. Lectures were also delivered by Hon. Wallace Bruce, Mr. A. W. Bealer, Hon. Lucian L. Knight, and Dr. W. E. Evans. The high-water mark was reached on the sixth day of the Assembly, when the great concourse of people listened to a discussion of the silver question by two men of national reputation, Hon. Hoke Smith, the present secretary of the interior, who favored the gold standard, and Hon. Charles F. Crisp, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, who advocated the free coinage of silver. It was truly a battle of giants on one of the burning economic questions of the hour.

On Recognition Day the address to the four graduates was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dean, rector of the Episcopal Church of Albany, and also president of the Duncan C. L. S. C. Circle, of the same place.

Albany seems very much in love with her Chautauqua. The most influential men of the city devote their time and influence to the movement. Through the agency of this Assembly much valuable Chautauqua work is being done in this section of the South.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Warfare of Science with Theology.

The warfare which for several centuries tended to check the development and growth of scientific and religious thought, but which has resulted in the emancipation of the former and the liberation of the latter from the dogmatic tenets of the early centuries, has been admirably described by Andrew D. White, one of the founders of Cornell University, in a work entitled "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom."* The purpose of this history as stated in the preface is to aid in getting rid of the mass of unreason which dominated medieval conceptions of Christianity "that the stream of 'religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity." The tenacity with which ecclesiastics and churchmen in general held to dogmas and theories concerning the origin of the universe, the form of the earth, and the recognized principles of physical, medical, geological, and astronomical science, and the obstinacy with which they opposed the promulgation of new theories and doctrines are forcefully depicted and illustrated by many historical incidents. The results of the controversy from which has grown a conception of the Bible "as a sacred literature, ... an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the Eternal Law of Righteousness," furnish much food for thoughtful and careful consideration.

Methods of Teaching Gymnastics.

The now recognized value and indispensability of a good physical condition to the success of every life has called forth numerous articles and books on the subject of gymnastics, most of them giving exercises with explanations by which they may be successfully executed. In proportion to the realized importance of physical training a demand has grown for the same skilled and scientific instruction which has been accorded to other branches of learning. To give such instruction none can be more competent than he who has spent a quarter of a century in the work. Such an one is William Gilbert Anderson, M.D., associate director of the Yale gymnasium, than whom can be no higher authority, as is shown by the success of his work as dean of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, where in a single season one thousand students, themselves teachers from almost every state in the Union, have received inspiration from his instruction. The methods and principles used by him at these institutions of learning and also at the Anderson Normal School of Gymnastics, of which he is president, are embodied in a neat and substantially-bound volume entitled "Methods of Teaching Gymnastics."* From the work of the author in winter and summer normal classes in the United States and Canada, where he has been able to make a study of the methods employed by teachers, many of whom were specialists, he has discovered a lamentable lack of coherency in the application of the laws of pedagogy to gymnasium work, which has led him to prepare this volume especially for teachers and to prove that those principles which underlie the most highly approved methods of teaching in other branches of learning are also applicable to teaching gymnastics. By appropriate excerpts and quotations the opinions of ancient and modern educators on the value of mental and physical culture are shown, and their ethical value is plainly presented throughout the entire volume. Much stress is placed upon the necessity of arousing and maintaining the interest of the pupil, from which attention and good order follow as a natural consequence. As a means to this end the author has incorporated in a chapter on school government a long list of mistakes commonly made by even the best teachers. Particularly helpful are the hints on teaching a class of boys and the directions for giving commands in a manner to secure instant obedience. The outlines for lessons on parts of the body, the description of maneuvers in military gymnastics, and the explanations on the use of light apparatus, strengthened by the fine illustrations, are other excellent features of this book, which should be in the hands of every teacher of gymnastics.

Literary Criticism.

The inseparable connection between the history of a country and the development of its literature is admirably set forth by Greenough White in his "Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature."† After a short sketch of the literature preceding the twelfth century the author traces through the historical events of England and the Continent the causes which resulted in the literary expression of the Middle Ages.

* A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom. By Andrew Dickson White, LL. D. (Yale), L. H. D. (Columbia), Ph. Dr. (Jena). Two vols. 438—487 pp. $5.00. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

* Methods of Teaching Gymnastics. By William Gilbert Anderson, M.D., Dean of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education. 269 pp. $1.25. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

† Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature. By Greenough White, A.M., B. D. Part I. 295 pp. Boston: Ginn & Company.

In a series of letters written originally to a pupil for supplemental text-book work, the author of "Twenty-five Letters on English Authors"* introduces the reader to some of the finest writers in English literature. Such facts of their lives are given as show something of the character of each, and appropriate quotations abound throughout them. For the general reader, as well as the student, the letters must be an incentive to study more deeply into the writings and characters of the great authors.

That the Bible, written by men of high literary ability, should be studied for its literature as well as for its moral and religious teachings is no longer doubted by scholars of the broadest culture. The greatest obstacle to such study—the ordinary form in which the Bible is printed—is obviated by a comprehensive work† in which the author confines himself to "an account of the leading forms of literature represented in the Sacred Writings." Throughout the volume numerous examples are given of the various forms of composition described, which, with the introduction, an exhaustive literary analysis of the Book of Job, and the literary index of the Bible embodied in the appendix, will arouse the student to a higher appreciation of the beauties of the Bible.

A short, appreciative biographical sketch of André Chénier,‡ with excerpts from several of his poems and criticisms of his literary style form the introductory chapter of a memorial to this brilliant French poet. The remainder of the book contains translations from his prose and poetical works, including his masterpiece, "La jeune captive," and the pages are graced with a dozen or more fine illustrations.

A delightfully entertaining and instructive book is called "Art and Humanity in Homer."‖ It is a collection of seven bright and attractive lectures, prepared for University Extension work. By the aid of appropriate quotations the author acquaints the reader with the women of the Iliad, the plot of the Odyssey, the story of Odysseus and Nausicaa, the closing scenes of the Iliad, and the passages found in Homer referring to the state of the dead are discussed and quoted in an essay on the underworld. A guide to a more extended study of these Greek epics is the syllabus which forms a part of the appendix.

Nineteenth century literature has been admirably treated by the English literary historian and critic, George Saintsbury. In this history* the author has displayed the same discriminating judgment and acumen which characterize his other works. Beginning with the close of the preceding century and omitting with one exception all living authors, he deals with poetry and poets, history and historians, novels and novelists, philosophy and philosophers, dramas and dramatists, most judiciously, making a brief though comprehensive review and critique.

Social and Economic Studies.

A fairly rational discussion is that which Mr. William M. Salter conducts under the title "Anarchy or Government." † The word *anarchy* as used by the author is taken to mean the name for a "state of society without government." In the abstract it is conceded that the ideal social state is that wherein there is absolute freedom, if you please "anarchy." From this theoretical assumption the inquiry takes form as to what lengths organized society may go in affording protection to itself, in promoting the highest ends of life, and in participating in the industrial realm. Reasonable answers are supplied by the author. The existence of government is logically justified, and the necessity for the extension of its functions is emphasized and advocated. The author's conclusions are usually wholesome and sound.

A new edition of the "Science of Money" ‡ was fully justified and its publication at this time is probably in response to a real demand. Here we are carried back to first principles. The history of money is fully traced and a philosophical discussion is afforded which proceeds logically and in straightforward fashion within the limits of the field described by the title of the volume. A wide reading of this important book is assured by reason of its scope and timeliness.

The fourth volume of "Social England," ‖ covering the period from 1603 to 1714, makes an important addition to a most valuable work. The standard originally set by the editor of this coöperative history has been conscientiously maintained in this latest volume. The history of social England which the first three volumes brought down from earliest times to the accession of James I. is in the fourth volume completed to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The difficult task of classifying

* Twenty five Letters on English Authors. By Mary Fisher. 406 pp. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company.

† The Literary Study of the Bible. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. (Cambr.), Ph.D. (Penna.). 545 pp. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

‡ André Chénier: A Memorial. By Louie R. Heller. 165 pp. $1.25. New York: Home Book Company.

‖ Art and Humanity in Homer. By William Cranston Lawton. 300 pp. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan and Co.

* A History of Nineteenth Century Literature. (1780–1895.) By George Saintsbury. 489 pp. $1.50. New York: Macmillan and Co.

† Anarchy or Government. By William M. Salter. 176 pp. 75 cts. New York and Boston; T. Y. Crowell & Co.

‡ The Science of Money. By Alexander Del Mar. Second edition. 205 pp. $2.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‖ Social England. By various writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. Volume four. 632 pp. $3.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the large number of subjects for treatment has been performed intelligently and with great care, and it is apparent that the work of the specialists to whom the various departments have been entrusted is authoritative. The whole diversified mass of matter has been so coördinated as to leave little to be desired and the narrative progresses smoothly to the end. As the work grows in size, the reader is impressed with its comprehensive character, its widening scope, and practical utility. It is pleasurable to note the presence of Mr. George Saintsbury among the contributors to the fourth volume. His chapters on the Elizabethan and Stuart literature form one of the distinguishing features of the latest volume in this series. The publication of the remaining parts of this work will be awaited with interest.

Macmillan and Company have brought together in one volume twelve interesting essays and lectures by Professor Nicholson.* The relations of labor and capital are discussed in the first six and then follow, successively, chapters entitled, "A Plea for Industrial Liberty," "Political Economy and Journalism," "The Reaction in Favor of the Classical Political Economy," "Old Age Pensions," "A Voyage Around Africa," and "Slavery in Zanzibar." The author approaches ultra conservatism in the expression of his views upon social economics; especially is this apparent in the chapter entitled "A Plea for Industrial Liberty." The essence of the system of industrial liberty according to the author is, "that people are left free to make the best bargains they can, and to do with the fruits of their bargains what they please." In this connection it is observed that "the primary duty of government is simply to afford security against force or fraud." While these views may be well tempered to prevailing conditions in England, where radical social agitation is rife both within the government and among the people, it is extremely doubtful if they will be considered seriously by progressive Americans, who appear to regard with favor the forward movement among us which seeks the gradual and consistent enlargement of governmental functions in the industrial field. Nevertheless the book is interesting and especially so in that it reveals the attitude of a representative scholar whose support of the classical system of political economy is positive and uncompromising.

A popular "History of Money and Banking in the United States"† is a recent book by Mr. Horace White. What to many is a dry subject weighted down with technical and uninteresting facts is made inviting by the exercise of the author's historical acumen and a fluent literary style. We have therefore in this volume a very readable account of monetary and banking history in particular as it relates to the financial experience of the United States. As a historian the author's work is to be accounted in the main satisfactory, for it has been performed scientifically and with an appreciation of the popular demand for a clear and comprehensive treatise on this important subject. But Mr. White does not appear solely as a historian. The character of his advocacy of the gold standard places him among the extreme monometallists. Here it is, particularly in his treatment of the use of greenbacks and silver, that purely scientific reasoning appears to be sacrificed and the advocate instead of the historian speaks from the printed page. Thus the apparent lack of fairness in the main parts of the discussion is likely to detract from the otherwise admirable character of the book. As a history of the employment of the gold and silver standards the world over, and of the banking system of the United States, the book is important and thoroughly readable. Many illustrations of historic value add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Religious.

The revolutionary character of the doctrine of the immanence of Christ is shown in a clear, concise manner in a volume called "The Indwelling Christ."* The author says that the inward revelation of Christ, which is for the whole world, is most essential, for it is only by introducing into the soul a power strong enough to neutralize and supplant evil desires that sin may be destroyed, and Christ he designates as the center of unity, the spirit which unites the whole world into one great fraternal bond.

In chapters XL.–LV. of the Book of Isaiah the author of "Christ in Isaiah"† sees "the humiliation and suffering, sorrow and anguish of soul, substitution and death, exaltation and satisfaction of the Savior portrayed with the minuteness and accuracy of a contemporary." These ideas he has vividly presented in this exposition which furnishes much food for thought.

One of the problems of mission work‡ is how to enlist an ample number of workers to preach the Gospel to the whole world. To convert the colleges of foreign mission districts into centers of Christianity where leaders may be trained for an evangelizing crusade is the solution proposed by Luther D. Wishard, the feasibility of which he illustrates by the progress and success of students' Christian movements in the colleges of this and foreign countries.

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* Strikes and Social Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson. 238 pp. $1.25. New York: Macmillan and Co.

† History of Money and Banking. Illustrated by American History. By Horace White. 488 pp. $1.50. Boston: Ginn & Co.

* The Indwelling Christ. By James M. Campbell. 188 pp. 75 cts.——† Christ in Isaiah. Expositions of Isaiah XL.–LV. By F. B. Meyer, B. A. 243 pp. $1.00.——‡ A New Programme of Missions. By Luther D. Wishard. With an Introduction by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, DD. 97 pp. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

In the opening chapter of "A Hundred Years of Missions"* the assertion is made that it is the duty of every Christian to be well informed on the subject of missions and to be deeply and actively interested in the spread of the Gospel throughout the world. To aid the members of the various organizations of Christian young people to obtain information and to quicken their interest in the subject of missions this volume has been prepared, and in it the progress of missions since the time of Carey is told in an easy, graphic style, making a volume replete with interesting historical facts.

"My Brother and I"† is the title of a collection of interesting papers on social topics selected from books by such writers as Dean Farrar, Hugh Price Hughes, and George W. Cable. Among the subjects discussed are: the negro question, the drink problem, labor as a commodity, the relation of the church and the world, gambling, and Christian work in the slums. These are all live topics of the day, with which every Christian philanthropist needs to be familiar.

Helpful and beautiful thoughts are those which make up a volume called "The Hidden Life."‡ By the happy combination of scriptural and poetical quotations, and illustrations drawn from practical life, the importance of a hidden life made perfectly true and pure by the power of Christ is demonstrated, and the relation of the inner life, or character, to the outer life is clearly explained.

A collection of gems of thought‖ on eternal life is admirably suited to the purpose for which they were compiled—to cheer and comfort those who mourn. The selections represent the best literary talent of the age, and printed in clear type and neatly bound make a desirable volume.

Miscellaneous.

A volume artistically bound in blue and gold bears the title "The Spectator in London."§ It is a collection of fifty essays by Addison and Steele, satirizing city life and portraying London as it was in the first part of the seventeenth century. The illustrator, Ralph Cleaver, has made the essays highly realistic by the exercise of his art.

"Echoes of Battle"* is a book that will find admirers among our G. A. R. friends,—and as much, perhaps, for the fine half-tone cuts that face nearly every page as for its text, though the latter, while not the work of genius, is still very clear and intelligent prose and wholly vigorous and often effective verse. The book has a purpose aside from entertainment, and serves it well in the sentiment of patriotism aroused.

There is something seductive in the look of a six-inch volume with broad white margins; one concludes intuitively that it must be the outward expression of condensed excellence. Thus do Macmillan and Company entice us with a collection of seven little essays on different phases of American character†—essays which show discriminating if not profound thought, and will pleasurably and profitably beguile a leisure half-hour.

It may never have occurred to the student or general reader to use the "Britannica" for more than a reference book. But to limit it to such a purpose is to lose the benefit of a great educational factor. By following one of the many valuable courses of reading suggested by James Baldwin, Ph. D., in "A Guide to Systematic Reading in the Encyclopædia Britannica"‡ great profit and pleasure may be derived from reading this voluminous work. Accompanying each subject given in the guide are numbers referring to the page and volume of the cyclopedia where it is discussed, thus enabling the reader to readily find what he seeks.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Lees, Professor, University of Nebraska. The Claims of Greek. 25 cts.

COIN PUBLISHING COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Harvey, W. H. A Tale of Two Nations. 25 cts.

J. FITZGERALD & CO., NEW YORK,

Am Rhyn, Dr. Otto Henne. The Jesuits: Their History, Constitution, Moral Teaching, Political Principles, Religion, and Science. Paper, 15 cts.; cloth, 30 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Waldron, George B., A.M. A Handbook on Currency and Wealth, with Numerous Tables and Diagrams.

Bengough, J. W. The Up-to-Date Primer: A First Book of Lessons for Little Political Economists. 25 cts.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK. CRANSTON & CURTS, CINCINNATI.

Banks, Louis Albert, D.D. The Christ Dream. $1.20.

Merrill, Bishop S. M. The Crisis of this World; or The Dominion and Doom of the Devil. 60 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Spurgeon, C. H. The Soul Winner; or How to Lead Sinners to the Savior. $1.25.

Webb-Peploe, Rev. H. W., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The Life of Privilege, Possession, Peace, and Power. $1.00.

Torrey, R. A., Superintendent Chicago Bible Institute. How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. 50 cts.

Murray, Rev. Andrew. The Master's Indwelling. 75 cts.

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*A Hundred Years of Missions. By Rev. Delavan L. Leonard. Introduction by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. 432 pp. $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† My Brother and I: Selected Papers on Social Topics. By Farrar, Hughes, Gladden, Gustafson, Ely, Cable, Riis, Mitchell, and Behrends. With an Introduction by William Ingraham Haven. 313 pp. New York; Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts.

‡ The Hidden Life. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 126 pp. 75 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

‖ Beautiful Thoughts on Life Eternal. Compiled and arranged by Elizabeth Cureton. 313 pp. 75 cts. New York: The Merriam Company.

§ The Spectator in London Essays by Addison and Steele. With Illustrations by Ralph Cleaver. 334 pp. $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Echoes of Battle. By Bushrod Washington James 222 pp. $2.00. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

† Types of American Character. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. 210 pp. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica. By James Baldwin, Ph.D. 316 pp. Chicago and New York: The Werner Company.

THE PIER HOUSE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM MILLER PARK.

See the Chautauqua Program for 1896, pp. 497–528.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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A GROUP OF EMINENT AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

AMERICA has cause to be proud of her women. In every walk of life, in every human pursuit—in literature, science, and art, in society, on the stage—in every field of human endeavor, American women have shown themselves the peers of American men. Among the clever American women who have adorned the nineteenth century by their talents and helped to make it memorable by their achievements, I have selected a group who have distinguished themselves in various ways.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

One of the most interesting of these is Sarah Margaret Fuller, a woman whose masculine mind made her the intellectual companion of Emerson, Hawthorne, and other leading literary lights of New England, fifty or sixty years since. She was one of the editors of *The Dial*, which was published in Boston in 1842 as the organ of the Transcendental school of American literature. To this periodical Miss Fuller contributed some of the most original and forcible papers.

She was at one time an intimate friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his lovely wife, and was addressed by them as "dear Margaret." The latter once suggested to the Hawthornes that her sister, Mrs. Ellery Channing, and her husband should become boarders in the Hawthorne home. Hawthorne declined the proposition, in a letter couched in language worthy of the pen of Chesterfield for its exquisite urbanity and tact. In the course of the letter he said: "Had it been proposed to Adam and Eve to receive two angels into their paradise as boarders I doubt whether they would have been altogether pleased to consent. Certain I am that, whatever might have been the tact and sympathies of the heavenly guests,

the boundless freedom of paradise would, at once, have become finite and limited by their presence."

Neither Hawthorne nor his wife agreed with Margaret Fuller's advanced ideas upon the subject of woman's rights. Mrs. Hawthorne expressed herself upon this matter as follows: "Home, I think, is the great arena for woman, and there, I am sure, she can wield a power which no king or conqueror can cope with. I do not believe that any man who ever knew one noble woman could ever speak of her as if she were an inferior in any sense." Hawthorne said of Margaret Fuller that she set out in all sincerity to make herself the wisest, greatest, and best woman of her age; to that end she set to work, "putting here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polished each separate piece, and the whole altogether, until it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it."

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

In 1844 Margaret Fuller published "A Summer on the Lakes," which was pronounced a most remarkable assemblage of sketches. Edgar Allan Poe, who was the most severe, and at the same time the most discriminating critic of his time, said that Miss Fuller was always forcible and picturesque, and that her style was one of the very best with which he was acquainted, being nervous, piquant, vivid, terse, bold, and luminous; at the same time he condemned her "blind reverence" for Carlyle. Of her remarkable work "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," Poe said that it was a book which few women in this country could have written, and no woman in the country would have published, except Miss Fuller. He pronounced it energetic, thoughtful, suggestive, brilliant—thus proving the truth of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's remark that when Poe did praise he praised magnificently. Poe admitted, however, that the conclusions arrived at by Miss Fuller were only in part his own. Of one of her poems, somewhat in Coleridge's manner, Poe said that distinguished poet might have no great reason to be ashamed. For several years after *The Dial* ceased to be published Margaret Fuller was the literary editor of *The New York Tribune*, for which journal she furnished some notable criticisms. That on Longfellow's edition of his own works Poe said was one of the very few reviews of Longfellow's poems ever published in America of which the critics had not abundant reason to be ashamed.

In 1846 Margaret Fuller went abroad, and met many of the famous European celebrities. She acted as the correspondent of *The New York Tribune*, and described with great spirit her meeting with Carlyle, Brougham, Victor Hugo, and other distinguished men. George William Curtis, who met her in Rome, said he was very much pleased with her stories of the famous men she had met in England and France.

Her strong personality was said to be

greater than her writings. So deep was the impression which she made upon Nathaniel Hawthorne by her strong and masculine intellect that the brilliant Zenobia in "The Blithedale Romance" is generally supposed to have been taken from the character of Margaret Fuller. This celebrated woman spoke as she wrote, and wrote as she spoke. Her books were her conversations reduced to writing.

While in Rome she made the acquaintance of Count d' Ossoli, the scion of a noble but decayed Italian family. His elder brother was a bricklayer, and the count was extremely ignorant. Having some rude taste for sculpture, he was placed in the studio of a famous artist, and his first work was a model of the human foot, but, unfortunately, the great toe was put on the wrong side of the foot. Margaret Fuller's friends were at a loss to know what a woman of her superior intellect could find to admire in a man so absolutely illiterate, and the only solution of the mystery was that the count was the handsomest man in Italy. They were married, and in 1850 she

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

embarked with her husband and child for America. The vessel was wrecked off Fire Island on the coast of Long Island, and father, mother, and child perished within sight of land.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Margaret Fuller was of medium height; her eyes were of a bluish gray, glowing with intellectual fire; over her broad forehead fell a profusion of lustrous hair; her mouth was eloquent, intense, and when excited in conversation beautiful and expressive; her voice was high, but musical, with a deliberate and distinct enunciation. When engaged in coversation upon a subject which interested her she moved restlessly in her chair, and her eyes glowed with a luminous light.

Although Harriet Beecher Stowe is still living, she was a contemporary of Margaret Fuller, who died forty-six years ago. The latter was born in 1810, the former on the 14th of June, 1812. She is descended from an old Puritan ancestry. Her father, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was a distinguished Calvinistic clergyman of New England. Losing her mother when

scarcely four years old, the little Harriet was taken to the home of her grandmother, at Guilford, Conn. Here, living in a literary atmosphere, she soon began to revel in the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" and the poems of Scott and Burns. She read Byron's "Corsair" before she was ten years old. "I shall never forget how it electrified me and thrilled me," she said years afterward. "I went home absorbed and wondering about Byron, and after that listened to everything that father and mother said at table about him." The early death of the brilliant young poet, when she was twelve years old, made a solemn and enduring impression upon her youthful mind.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

In 1824 she went to Hartford to attend the school of her sister Catharine. Here she read Ovid and Virgil in Latin, and acquired a reading acquaintance with French and Italian. After finishing her education she became a teacher in her sister's school, until 1832, when they removed to Cincinnati, where their father assumed the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary and became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Harriet's first appearance in print was as the compiler of a school geography, which met with an extensive sale, chiefly in the West.

In January, 1836, she married Calvin Ellis Stowe. After her marriage she continued her literary work by contributions to various periodicals. These were collected into a book and published in 1849, under the name of "The Mayflower, or Short Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims." This contained her first story, "Uncle Lot," which she has called her best.

In 1850, her husband having been appointed to a professorship in Bowdoin College, they removed to Brunswick, Maine. The next year Mrs. Stowe wrote her world-famous novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly." It was first published in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery journal in Washington, D. C. The work did not attract much attention until its appearance in book

form in 1852. Mrs. Stowe was very despondent about its success, and was not prepared for the extraordinary *furore* it created. Five hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States within five years after its publication, and it has been translated into all the languages of the civilized world. The novel was dramatized, and met with great success on the stage. In 1853 Mrs. Stowe visited England with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher. The result of this trip was "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," which was published in Boston in 1854, followed in 1856 by her second novel, "Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp." In 1859 her "Minister's Wooing" was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This novel was highly praised by James Russell Lowell, William E. Gladstone, Henry Kingsley, and other distinguished men.

From 1852 to 1864 Mrs. Stowe's home was at Andover, Mass., where her husband occupied the chair of biblical literature. In the last mentioned year they removed to Hartford, Conn., which has since been her home. For about twelve years her winter residence was in Florida. In 1869 "Old Town Folks, a Tale of New England Life," was published, and in September of the same year she contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," in answer to the Countess Guiccioli's "Recollections of Lord Byron." This article drew upon Mrs. Stowe a storm of adverse criticism, and she published "Lady Byron Vindicated, a History of the Byron Controversy." In 1868, Mrs. Stowe was associated with Donald G. Mitchell in editing the clever but short-lived weekly, *Hearth and Home*, of New York.

In addition to the works of Mrs. Stowe already mentioned, she wrote "The Pearl of Orr's Island," a story of the coast of Maine, "Pink and White Tyranny," "We and Our Neighbors," "Palmetto Leaves," "The Face of the Master," "Poganuc People," and other books of more or less importance. Within the last ten years she has been in failing health, and her once busy pen has been idle. The accompanying portrait represents Mrs. Stowe at the time of the celebration of her seventieth birthday.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

In a letter from Lucy Stone, dated October 9, 1888, lying before me, she says: "I should most certainly vote, if I had the legal right to do so." That sentiment has been the keynote of her life. She was born in West Brookfield, Mass., August 13, 1818. She comes of an old stock of Puritan patriots, her grandfather having been a colonel in the American Revolution. Lucy Stone very early showed her interest in the rights of woman, and, inspired by this idea, she determined to have a college education in order that she might read the Bible in the original and discover whether the passages quoted against the equal rights of women were correctly translated. She entered Oberlin College, and graduated in 1847, and the same year made her first appearance as a public speaker at Gardiner, Me., her subject being woman's rights. The next year she became a lecturer for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and made a tour through New England, Canada, and the West. In 1855 she was married to Henry B. Blackwell, a merchant of Cincinnati, retaining her own name, with his consent. After the abolition of slavery she turned her attention to

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

the subject of woman suffrage, and took a leading part in the formation of the American Woman's Suffrage Association, in whose interest was established the *Woman's Journal*, in Boston, in 1870, of which she has been the editor since 1872, assisted by her husband and daughter.

One of the most active, untiring, and zeal-

LUCY STONE.

ous of American Women is Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore. She was born in Boston December 19, 1821. As a child she was remarkable both for her love of study and her proficiency in all outdoor exercises. After completing her education in the Charlestown, Mass., female seminary she became a teacher in the same institution. At the end of two years she resigned this position to become a governess in a family in Virginia. After remaining there about three years she returned north, and taught a school of her own during the next three years.

In 1845 she married the Rev. D. P. Livermore, a Universalist clergyman, and as her tastes were similar to those of her husband she drifted into literature, contributing to the *Galaxy*, *New York Tribune*, *National Era*, etc. When Mr. Livermore became editor of the *New Covenant* in Chicago, in 1857, she assisted him in his editorial work, and also contributed to other periodicals. During the Civil War Mrs Livermore was actively engaged in organizing branches of the United States Sanitary Commission in the West and Southwest. She took a leading part in organizing the great Northwestern Sanitary Fair in Chicago, in 1863, from which $100,000 was realized.

After the war Mrs. Livermore entered with her usual energy into the woman's suffrage and temperance movements, employing both pen and tongue in those causes. She was in constant demand on the platform. During several years she spoke five nights a week for five months in the year, traveling twenty-five thousand miles. One volume of her lectures has been published, entitled "What Shall we Do with Our Daughters, and Other Lectures." Her work "My Story of the War" was published in 1888, and has already reached a sale of sixty thousand copies. She has contributed notable articles to the *North American Review*, *The Arena*, THE CHAUTAUQUAN, *The Youth's Companion*, and the *Woman's Journal*.

In 1870 Mr. Livermore disposed of his Chicago paper, and the family returned to the East and made their home in Melrose, Mass., where Mrs. Livermore still resides. During the last few years she has been engaged in editorial work.

Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of the nineteenth president of the United States, was the daughter of Dr. James Webb, a well-known physician of Chillicothe, Ohio, where she was born August 28, 1831. At the time of her marriage her husband was practicing law in Cincinnati. When she became the mistress of the White House she refused to allow wine to be served on the table. This innovation was unfavorably criticised by the public press and by the politicians of both parties, but Mrs. Hayes had the courage of her convictions and firmly adhered to the stand she had taken. In some quarters, however, she received generous praise for the course she took in this matter, and the advocates of total abstinence, in admiration of her conduct, presented her with various testimonials of regard, among others an album filled with autograph expressions of approval from many prominent persons. After retiring from the White House, in 1881, Mrs. Hayes devoted much time and attention to the Woman's Relief Corps, and was for several years the president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In recognition of her services in the hospitals during the Civil War she was elected an honorary member of the Society of the Army of West Virginia. Mrs. Hayes died at Fremont, Ohio, June 25, 1889.

In the generation passing away, few American women possessed cleverer talents than Helen Hunt Jackson. This gifted woman was born in Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. She began to write soon after leaving school, but it was not until after her marriage to Captain Edward B. Hunt, in 1852, that the signature of H. H. attracted the attention of the reading public to her literary talents. After the death of her husband, in 1863, she continued to write. In October, 1875, she married William J. Jackson, and removed to Colorado Springs, Col., where her husband was engaged in the banking business. During her residence in the West she became deeply interested in the cause of the Indians, and wrote "A Century of Dishonor," in which she strongly criticised the treatment meted out to the red man by the people and government of the United States. This was followed in 1884 by "Ramona," a novel of California life, with a strong Indian background. Among her other books should be mentioned "Bits of Travel," "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," "Bits of Travel at Home," "Sonnets and Lyrics," "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and "Hetty's Strange History." The remarkable stories published under the pen-name Saxe Holm have been attributed to her, but she never acknowledged their authorship. Helen Hunt Jackson died in San Francisco on the 12th of August, 1885.

No woman of this century has charmed more young people than Louisa May Alcott, who was born at Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1832. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, was a distinguished educator and reformer. His daughter, living as she did among literary and scientific men, began early to write for the press. Her first book, "Flower Fables," was published in 1855. At the outbreak of the Civil War she volunteered as a nurse and was stationed at the Georgetown Hospital, near Washington. The result of her experience was given to the world in "Hospital Sketches," in 1863. Coming out at the time when the country

was deeply interested in everything relating to the war, it attracted wide attention. In 1867 her most popular book was published, "Little Women." This was followed by "Little Men," and the "Old Fashioned Girl." "Little Women" was a picture of her home life. It was a great success, and reached a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies. When her next book, "Little Men," was published the advanced orders amounted to fifty thousand copies. In 1885 she began a new series, "Lulu's Library," but died before it was completed, March 6, 1888, two days after the death of her father.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is a pronounced and interesting example of heredity, both of her parents having been authors. Her father, Austin Phelps, was for thirty-one years connected with Andover College, as professor and president, from 1848 to 1879. He wrote the "Solitude of Christ," "Studies in the Old Testament," etc. Her mother, Elizabeth Stuart, was a very gifted woman whose early death cut short a brilliant literary career. One of her books, "Sunny Side, the Story of Life in a Country Parsonage," reached a sale of one hundred thousand in one year. The daughter had scarcely entered her teens when she not only wrote, but published what she wrote. Precocious in all things, she became at an early age interested in the advance of woman and in the temperance cause. She wrote several years without attracting any marked attention, but she followed Thackeray's advice and kept on. At last "Gates Ajar" was published, and her reputation was made. In one year twenty editions were sold. This was followed in rapid succession by "Men, Women, and Ghosts," "The Silent Partner," "The Story of Avis," "An Old Maid's Paradise," "Gates Between," and "Doctor Zey," in which a woman doctor is the heroine.

In October, 1888, Miss Phelps married the Rev. Herbert D. Ward of New York, and in collaboration with him she has written "The Master of the Magicians" and "Come Forth." She has been a frequent contributor of short stories to the magazines, and in 1889 published "A Struggle for Immortality," a volume of thoughtful essays. She has also written two volumes of verse, "Songs of the Silent World" and "Poetical Studies." All her writings display a profound religious earnestness and a strong puritanical feeling. Most of her life has been passed in her native place, Andover, engaged in literary and philanthropic works.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY V. MALAMANI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE Piazzetta and the Mole were peopled with barracks of every sort and shape. Wild beasts, living curiosities, jugglers, Punch and Judy shows, all the unusual and strange things imagined by human zeal for money-making took up there their abode and temporary lodging. Sesquipedalian posters, gigantic canvases of monstrous paintings, monkeys, parrots, distracting sounds of fifes and trombones, and men attired in the queerest garb, vociferating without ceasing at the entrance of the booths and extolling to the crowd of gapers the wonders that were shown within.

In 1751 a company of Dutch boys represented in a most admirable way both comedies and ballets in one of the booths, alternating them with sword tricks and legerdemain, and with the performances of a trick pony, a most beautiful animal. Then came a rhinoceros, a beast wholly new to Venice and rare, indeed, in Europe, if that is true which has been said, that one like it had not been seen since the days of Emperor Titus, in our country at least. It came from Asia, weighed 5,000 pounds and in one day it would eat sixty pounds of hay and twenty pounds of bread, and would drink fourteen pails of water. So Gradenigo

tells us, and it is a fact that this rhinoceros became a celebrated character among the Venetians. Longhi immortalized it in one of his glorious pictures. Similar success awaited a hedgehog; and in 1772 a live elephant, a curiosity in those times and in that town, was reproduced in an engraving. The engraving gives on its lower edge a bit of natural history regarding the habits of the elephant, and underneath it adds in clear characters this notice: "The figure represents the animal alive."

Old letters further recount the prodigies performed by tight-rope walkers. Some of these, in 1756, gave entertainments in two adjacent booths, built almost directly back of the column which bears the winged lion in the Piazzetta. One evening these huts burned down. The fire damaged the column somewhat and melted off the right wing of the lion, which remained, however, on top of the column. This did not hinder the booths from being built again the very next day, and the performances being continued the same evening, as if nothing had happened. It was in that same year that a patrician woman, Caterina Borlini, wife of Marco Dandolo da San Fantin, "led on by youthful spirits," says Gradenigo, "and by exuberant condescension, wished to try her agility on a rope stretched by the tight-rope walkers in a booth of the Piazzetta of Saint Mark's." But inasmuch as she had chosen the early morning hours for her unusual experiment she found on duty a soldier of the state inquisitors, who begged her most mildly to go home and try her dexterity in some other way. You read of an Irish giant who was exhibited in a booth in 1757. He weighed 400 pounds, and was reputed the tallest man in Europe. You also read in 1759 of a Croatian woman, twenty-five years old, who was only half an arm's length high, weighed twenty-three pounds, ate only three ounces of meat, and slept but two hours a night. In 1760 the particular feature was a cask which sent out by the same spout two kinds of liquors, and from the bung gave forth a continual stream of white and red wine flowing together. The next year a great glass globe aroused universal astonishment, hermetically sealed, having within fishes swimming in water, birds on the wing, blazing flames, and budding plants—a strange compound of the four principal elements.

But the climax, the *ne plus ultra* of success, was reached in 1662 by a lion, tame as a lamb, sleek as a cat, which had figured in Metastasio's "Dido" on the stage of the Elector of Bavaria before making his appearance in a booth of the Piazzetta, and in Vienna had received the caresses of the court, together with a medal as a reward for his extraordinary docility, and the elegant title of "The Ladies' Lion." His owner, Carlo Duclos, revealed the secret of his gentleness by telling that he had saved the lion's life in a shipwreck which occurred on the coast of Sicily. All Venice went wild to see the prodigy, and it attracted people even from the mainland. "This beast," says Gradenigo, "is attended by many Maltese dogs. One of them often mounts on his back while the others stand on guard at his head. Then other dogs of a different species appear, which, dressed like soldiers, dance English dances as though to entertain the king of the forest." Other instances of the lion's mildness and obedience to his master are narrated by the same industrious chronicler, who also avers that the admission fees to see him "amount on the average to two hundred ducats a day." I will merely mention the wise canary of the year 1766 which, by means of alphabetical tables, solved geographical and historical questions and composed out of separate letters any name whatever which those present would ask of it, provided it was easy and simple in spelling. It knew how to count up to thirty, it could go through the four arithmetical processes, could distinguish colors, and tell the hour and minutes on a clock.

I will speak in preference of the dentists, those disorderly lovers of the human race who with great elegiac force and luxury of uniformed attendants extolled on parti-colored platforms the portentous effects of their specifics. To these was granted the strange privilege of settling in the square of St. Mark's, perhaps because the larger space allowed the people to crowd together and

listen to them without injuring the business traffic. The people had great faith in these colporteurs, and looked at them with the same awed simplicity with which they stood astonished before the lion and the magic cask. But simplicity implies sincerity, and we need not conceal the fact that the eighteenth century seemed especially made for adventurers, and that among the dentists, among the charlatans of the square, there were occasionally learned men, forsooth, and universally esteemed, driven to wandering by their strange and romantic disposition or by greed for gain and easily acquired fame. Indeed this is among the most noteworthy characteristics of that century, and it would be an error to confound universal esteem with the great credulity of the populace. Even then the common jugglers were pleasing subjects for satire. Goldoni imitated them most happily in his patrician scenes, plays written for an evening in private houses, and he left to posterity one of these caricatures in Rubicon of the "Market of Malmantile." Covered with medals from top to toe Rubicon thus presents himself in the Square of Malmantile:

> "Behold, gentlemen, the operator.
> I am a physician of great worth
> Who brings back health to all."

But Goldini had an infirmity cured by Buonafede Vitali, called the Anonymous, a native of Parma, a soldier, doctor, chemist, philosopher, head clown, professor, who in the carnivals of 1728 and 1739, standing on a lofty rostrum in the square of St. Mark's, expatiated, between four masks of the comedy of masks and the howling of the trombones, on his universal remedies, and answered with remarkable celerity the questions which were put to him touching on every branch of human learning. He was acquainted with all the tongues and all the countries of Europe and was the friend of princes and illustrious men whom he had restored to health. Having taken his degree in medicine at Parma and completed his course in Cambridge University, he took a second degree on being nominated at Palermo as public lecturer on chemistry and experimental philosophy and director of the laboratory. But loving a roaming and adventurous life, one fine day he gets down from his professor's chair and seeks the world. Then he accepts from the Venetians the superintendency of the mines of Tretto and Scio, but afterward travels again. In 1743 a plague broke out at Verona. He hastened thither, did wonders, and that town in token of its gratitude made him its head physician. Two years passed, the fever of traveling seized him again, and he was on the point of betaking himself to Prussia at the invitation of Frederick II. to teach in the University of Halle. But death overtook him and he was buried with great ceremony by Marshall Schulembourg, general-in-chief of the Venetian army.

Other notable men gathered in Venice for the carnival, and among them Trinsi, who traveled usually with a numerous train of carriages and domestics. He extracted teeth without pain, and struck the public dumb with wonder when he was in St. Mark's Square in the carnival of 1753. But having fallen desperately in love with a woman whom the police were looking for on account of crimes unknown to the narrator he disappeared suddenly with her, leaving carriages, servants, and customers in the lurch. Giovanni Greci, called the Cosmopolite, came six years after, heralded by a great blare of trumpets, and planted his barracks in Venice. Crowds thronged about him immediately. He also had a retinue of pages and retainers, and kept twelve horses. He claimed to have discovered wonderful balms. He who had recourse to him would never die. And many secrets did he sell. This did not please the health officers, who forbade the unlawful traffic and did such injury to the Cosmopolite that none of his remedies could cure him. So he departed hastily, leaving behind him in the lagoons the memory of his horses and of a marvelous cure. For he had healed of an infirmity, pronounced incurable by the Venetian disciples of Æsculapius, Don Antonio Sardelli of the Paulist fathers. It is true that the reverend father went into the other world a fortnight after the cure, but Gradenigo records the case as a miracle. Such

were the mighty men of that famous carnival of Venice that fascinated the strangers hurrying to it from many and distant lands, and which still palpitates with merry and voluptuous life in the verses of great poets, in the canvases of illustrious painters, and in the scintillating melodies of Paolo Brambilla.

At carnival time the decree which allowed masks on the streets was anxiously awaited, and when it came you could see among the booths and the mass of sight-seers an army of people, parti-colored, jocund, noisy, turning and twisting, mingling and confounding themselves with the common joy. Here were the pretty flower girls, the impertinent harlequins, the prudent Brighellas, the grave pantaloons, the talkative lawyers, peculiarly favored by the people. Likewise the elegant masked girl in fine waist and skirt, the gloomy domino, and the mysterious cloaked maskers, with their white masks and full black mantles of silk fringed with lace which concealed the figure so well that you could not tell the sex of the person who had put them on. Indeed the domino, of English importation, was but little used; but the cloak was essentially Venetian, and on account of its expense was worn only by patricians, even down to later times, when its richness increased to the point of being excessive.

A group of men would pass by, cloaked as women and called *gnaghe*, in the dialect of those days, from the croaking that they made, like frogs, in their efforts to imitate women's voices. When nurses, midwives, servants, or chambermaids came along the *gnaghe* would run up to embrace them and fraternize with them, believing that such masks concealed some beautiful girl, while more frequently it hid the hairy face of a rascal, or the shriveled up, parchment-like skin of an old woman, in gala attire for the occasion. Here a wife or a betrayed sweetheart would make public her disillusions, and would seek in the gay crowd around her the cruel one who had escaped her. There an elegant daughter of the sea with apron and buskins would circle about with baskets of fish and blackbirds, stopping every moment to bargain with pretended purchasers, to the shame of her acquaintances. Nor were the inhabitants of the different quarters of the town lacking, clothed most elegantly and speaking the dialect peculiar to that quarter. The only inhabitants who were not imitated by the maskers were the inhabitants of Murano, because these would not have tolerated it. And this justifies the reputation of pride and vainglory which the people of that district enjoyed at that time with the Venetians. Most original in his notion was Tonin Bonagrazia, a nobleman of Torcello, who would go about through the town making long speeches and taking people under his protection; sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by his most illustrious family.

Taking themselves and the population of the estuary off so well it was natural that the Venetians should represent in caricature the inhabitants of Friuli, Bergamo, and Padua, the Neapolitans and their Punch, the braggart Spaniards, the French, English, Turks, Germans, and so on. Certain women who inhabited San Petro di Castello made a profession of providing mask garments, and so great were their gains that they used to lend, after carnival, their new ducats at the rate of a hundred and fifty per cent to young noblemen reduced by gambling to their last farthing and incapable of drawing on their patrimony without the consent of their family. In no country could you see so great an abundance, so great a variety, of masks. In no country were there so many people capable of improvising and sustaining a character throughout a whole evening with the comic force of experienced actors, and with a constant and fresh stream of witty sayings which gave grace and tolerance to their jokes and their most cruel satires. We could fill a volume with the number of carnival jokes and sarcastic sayings. In the last days of the republic two young men, disguised as lawyers, presented themselves at the house of the illustrious jurist Alcaimi, who lived in the passage of Santa Maria. He was at dinner with some friends. The maskers were ceremoniously received and were made to sit down at the

table. One of them placed himself opposite to the master of the house and began to harangue the guests with a readiness of speech which was truly most astonishing. The other kept himself still in a corner, listening, immovable and silent. When the talker had finished Alcaimi turned to his taciturn companion and asked him to advance his ideas also. But the one thus questioned gravely replied, "I am not accustomed to speak, but put on paper," and seizing a roast chicken he wrapped it up in a sheet of paper he had in his hand and carried it off amid universal laughter and applause.

It would be difficult to find at Venice any one who had not masked himself at some time during the carnival, if only on account of the facility which masking offered to go about freely everywhere, even into the public offices, monasteries, and courts. Only on feast days masks could not enter either the square of St. Mark's nor the church until the hour of vespers. But pleasing dances were improvised in the Piazzetta and open spaces, and at night the merrymakers sealed their fraternal meetings among goblets, new dances, sounds and songs up to the break of day. Sometimes under the noble's cloak and domino or under the loose shirt of Punch gleamed in sinister fashion the dagger. The carnival of 1719 left a memory of blood behind it, so that on February 11 of the following year the Council of Ten had the principal streets of the city illuminated, and ordered the heads of police to circulate at night with eight armed men in the service of public security. Nevertheless, when we think of the peculiar topography of Venice, its area all cut up with narrow, long, and lonesome streets, and considering the great assemblage of masked people, we may wonder that crimes were not more frequent. The crimes, such as they were, had generally for their object private vengeance, never plunder. Rarely were strifes among the populace the outgrowth of disputes and lawsuits. So the counts of the North, marveling at the unusual docility of the masses, were wont to say most happily: "This people forms but one family."

Above all the many festivities of the carnival the people preferred bull-fights—bull-fights in which both bulls and cows were used, and which had nothing in common with the Spanish shows. When the desired permission had been obtained from the city authorities, the bull-fighters, almost all butchers by trade, would build in the square set aside for the combat a large board amphitheater, or a great balcony made in horse-shoe form, with many rows of steps around it and approached by a kind of triumphal arch, bearing on its top for a sign the head of a bull. On the day before the one fixed for the fight the performers would choose from the stockyards the cattle that were needed, eight, twelve, or twenty-four, according to the importance of the fight. The next day, the cattle being transported to the square, not without many amusing mishaps, the gallery being filled with eager spectators, the trumpet would sound. And behold advancing, amid loud plaudits, two, three, or four animals to whose horns were tied heavy ropes, held by stout fellows who would drag about the arena the placid cows, and would make all manner of gestures and gyrations to get them angry. This attempt succeeded but rarely. When the procession had ended, dogs, trained to this cruel sport, would set at them, and a sad struggle between cows and dogs would begin. The public in breathless attention would watch the unequal fight. If the dogs bit the cows, then the butchers would pound them off. If the cows became assailants, then casks would be rolled among their legs to hinder them from gaining headway. And so the spectacle would continue until the cattle, unresisting from weakness, would cease to afford further sport, and would be led back to the slaughterhouse whence they came.

Such were some of the sights attendant on the carnival of Venice. The public festivities, the simple sports of the people, the romantic aspect of the city, all combined to offer to strangers, *dilettanti*, and artists the dreamed-of paradise of happiness, pleasure, emotions, and new and unexpected fascinations. But this primitive state could not long endure. Soon laziness, over-refine-

ment, and skepticism, invading the ranks of the people as well as the educated classes, weakened and destroyed the whole-souled enjoyment which characterized this especial celebration. Already in 1767 Gradenigo noted a certain decadence, and when the republic, thirty years later, ceased to exist, the carnival, though perhaps as gay and wild in appearance as ever, had lost that undercurrent of contented independence which had been its principal source of excellence.

CHINESE LABOR UNIONS IN AMERICA.

BY WALTER N. FONG.

THE writer will now ask his reader to examine with him the Chinese labor unions on the Pacific coast. Of the unions on this coast the most important are the unions of the laundrymen, the cigar-makers, the shoemakers, the jean-clothes tailors, and the ladies' underwear manufacturers. There are many others of minor importance besides these mentioned here, but it seems unnecessary for us to go into details as to each one of them.

As to the organization of these unions, the Cigar-makers' Union has a president-secretary-treasurer, an interpreter, an agent in each cigar factory, and a headquarters keeper, or janitor. Each of the other unions has only a president-secretary-treasurer and a janitor.

The functions of the president-secretary-treasurer are about the same in all unions. He is to preside at all meetings, to keep all money accounts, record important transactions of his union, and collect all dues and fines. He is generally the chairman of the executive committee. The interpreter of the Cigar-makers' Union is to communicate between the Americans and the union in all transactions. The reason why this union has a permanent interpreter while others have not is because the majority of the cigar-makers work for American employers, while the members of the other unions work for their own countrymen. The agent in each cigar factory is to act as interpreter for the workmen and to superintend them. If any dispute arise either between the employer and workmen or between the workmen themselves, it is the duty of the interpreter to report the exact story to the union. The duty of the janitor of one union is the same as that of another. He takes care of the headquarters and the gods, he notifies the members of meetings, and he must have tea and tobacco ready in the hall while the meeting is in session. The term of each office is one year. All officers are elected by the members at large.

Each union has some wooden slats about eight inches long and two inches wide—as many as there are members in the union. Each slat contains the following words: "A meeting at 8 o'clock p. m. One dollar fine for delinquency or absence." When a meeting is to be called the janitor distributes these slats to the members, and when the time of the meeting comes they count the slats instead of calling a roll. It is not uncommon for a member who neither wishes to attend the meeting nor to pay the fine to ask some one to present his slat for him. Should any person have the idea that the Chinese strictly enforce parliamentary law, especially the rules of order, in their meetings, he will be sadly disappointed when he sees one of them.

It is customary among the Chinese in America to worship their dead at the grave twice or thrice a year, in spring, summer, and autumn. On such occasions each member is expected to contribute a small sum of money for the expenses. They always have one or more whole roasted pigs to feed the ghosts of their friends, and they apportion the roasted pork among the members afterward. The amount which a member contributes is according to his ability to give. This contribution is compulsory for those who are working at the

time when the festival occurs, but is voluntary for those who are not working at the time. Besides these they have other festivals to celebrate, such as New Year's and the days of birth and death of certain gods. To celebrate the day of birth or death of its particular god, each trade-union contributes money for a banquet.

The unions require every apprentice to become a member of the union for that particular trade. The Cigar-makers' Union charges five dollars as the admission fee of membership. The Laundrymen's Union formerly charged thirty dollars, but lowered this afterward to ten. Before the restriction of Chinese immigration, more Chinese wished to enter this union than any other, and there was no "white" laundry to compete with them. But since the Chinese Exclusion Bill of 1882 passed, fewer Chinamen have come from China, therefore fewer have wished to enter into the trade of washing. Soon after this period "white" laundries came into existence everywhere in California, and the Chinese could no longer have the monopoly of the trade.

As to the objects of the Chinese-American unions, one of the most important is to protect their members from being wronged by the white people. Indeed many of the "so-called" Americans took advantage of the fact that the Chinese were ignorant of the laws, customs, and language of this country, and cheated them in every possible way. The Chinese must therefore have some organization in order to bring suits at law against these wrongdoers. The next important object is to unite in a body against other Chinese who may take away their work. In regard to this object, they do about the same as the European or American labor unions, they go on a strike against an employer who employs non-union men to work with them, and resist the non-unionists with physical force, if necessary, while a strike is going on. A third object is to settle disputes among their own members. They sometimes have quarrels over the customs or rules of their union, or over the question of wages. In such cases the disagreements are to be settled by the union at a meeting, or if the matter is too trivial for calling a meeting, then the president may settle it for them. The fourth and last object is to keep up wages.

The administration of each of the unions differs from that of others, because each union has its own peculiar business intercourse with "white" people and they must adopt their methods to suit their purpose. The method which the Cigar-makers' Union uses to carry on a strike is typical. When there is any controversy between the employer (white) and the employees (Chinese), in any manufactory, the agent in that establishment will report the controversy to the headquarters of the union. Then the union will call a meeting to appoint a committee to investigate the case. If the committee find that the employer is in the wrong and will not recognize it, a strike will be declared. But if the case be otherwise, the dispute will be settled without unnecessary trouble. While a strike is going on, no member should go back to work before the controversy is settled. If the workmen in any factory go on a strike without reporting it to the union, they go at their own risk. The agent must report the true facts to the union according to his best knowledge of the case at the time of his report. And if it be proved to the contrary afterward, he will be punished accordingly.

Whenever there is a non-unionist working with the members of the union, the union men must leave their places until the non-unionist is expelled. If any member try to conceal a non-union man among the unionists on account of friendship or family ties, and if he be caught, he is to be fined ten dollars. Of the ten dollars, five go to the treasury of the union and five go to the one who caught him, as reward.

A member should not himself go around to the factories and ask for work. He must report to the union the fact that he is out of work, and depend on members who are working to bring intelligence from the factories where workmen are needed. Thus, the headquarters of the union is also an employment office for its members. If

the employer of a factory want those who are working there to get more men for him, the workmen must report this fact at the union's office before they introduce the new men. When an employer discharges any one, he must pay him for his work even on the day of discharge, if he has made as many as fifty cigars. In short, all actions must be reported at the headquarters of the union before they are taken.

The members of the Laundrymen's Union arrange so as to divide the territory for location of their laundries and for business. In San Francisco the laundries in that part of the city which the Chinese call "Spanish town" will not come into the city proper to get customers, nor those in the city proper go to "Spanish town" for their business. Thus they divide the territory for business.

The division of territory for the location of their shops is the most curious thing to one who is unaccustomed to the Chinese way of conducting business. The rules by which locations are made lawful in the eyes of the union are elaborately written in the constitution and by-laws. A laundry must be situated so that there shall be ten doors between it and any other laundry. When there is more than one house in the same yard and there is but one gate leading from the street into the yard, only one door is counted; but if there are two gates leading from the street into the yard, two doors are reckoned. A stable whose door faces the street and whose roof is gabled will be counted as one door or house, or if it has a swinging door and a level roof it is a door; but if it has a "shed-roof" and no swinging door, it counts nothing. There are many more such rules as these, but the space is too limited to write them all.

When a man wants to open a laundry and does not wish to join the union, because if he do join he cannot find a suitable location according to its rules, the unionists will combine to crush the new man out. There are instances of this description within the writer's knowledge. When the union men find out that a non-union laundry has been started (they call it an unlawful laundry), they first tell the owner to close up his laundry. If he does not listen to them, then they meet and arrange that each union laundry is to take the clothes of one of the new laundry's customers for half price or even for nothing for a month or so. By this method they often force the new laundryman to give up his business. Of course each of the old laundries can afford to take one customer for nothing for a time, while the new one cannot afford to work for all his customers for nothing for any length of time.

The rules of the union do not permit the laundries to keep non-unionists to work, except in cases where a permanent employee leaves his work for sickness or other causes, when a non-unionist can take his place for a short time. If any member is, without his knowledge, working for a laundry which does not belong to the union, he must leave the place by giving the employer a week's notice, as soon as he is informed of the fact that he is working for a non-unionist. Only the wives of the laundry-owners can help about mending, cooking, etc., in the laundry.

The unemployed unionists can always have their board and sometimes their lodging at any laundry. But whenever they do get their board and lodging from a laundry they generally help that laundry a little. Thus they sometimes actually earn what they receive from the laundry in which they live.

When the Chinese could come into the United States at will, many joined this laundry-worker's union annually, and the union's income was so great from admission fees that each member received a dividend at the end of each year.

Furthermore the constitution and by-laws of this union provide that among the members no one shall underbid another's business; if one laundry does a family's washing for three dollars, another can not come and do the work for two dollars and a half. The time of apprenticeship is three months, at the end of which period the apprentice receives thirty dollars from the laundry in which he serves his apprenticeship. And during these months the laundry also furnishes him board and lodging.

The Shoemakers' Union also aims to keep non-union men from working with its mem-

bers in the factories. Since a few years ago, when a factory has no work for any of its employees it must supply them board without charge until it has work for them to do.

The Jean-Clothes Makers' Union, whose members work somewhat on the tenement plan, that is, each doing the work in his own room, aims to keep the non-unionists from being able to get any work. Their wages are generally very high, but so very irregular that their average is quite low.

Now we may sum up the subject by noting a few important points as follows: The origin of the unions in China seems to have been strongly influenced by the clan system and the ever-present strife between labor and capital. The objects of their organization are to defend labor from imposition and competition and to render mutual aid among the members of the unions by giving each other intelligence of employment and material assistance. The most interesting characteristics of these unions are their extremely specialized nature, and their coöperative plan of life, wages, and work. The methods by which the unions defend their interests are, to employ force to fight against other unions, to strike against the employers, and to regulate the apprenticeship system.

In summing up the subject of the Chinese labor unions in America, we are to note the differences and the resemblances between the unions in China and those in America. In the United States they do not fight as they do in China. Of course the vigilance of the American law has everything to do with this. The modification of the apprenticeship is, without doubt, influenced by the fact that most of the Chinese coming to this country do not intend to live here permanently, and by the atmosphere of American individual independence. The union members in this country endeavor to compete under American laws, and they do not specialize so much as they do in China. The resemblances are to be found in the origin, objects, and coöperative nature of the unions in either country.

It is, perhaps, interesting to note how some points of the unions in America differ from those in China. The reason that they do not fight so much in this country as they do in China is because the Chinese notion of law and justice and their method of enforcing the law of the land are so radically different from those of the Anglo-Saxon race. In China, to go to law is looked upon with dread, and anything that reaches the court of a magistrate is considered as a very important matter. But in this country, if they have a loud quarrel in the street they will be arrested for disturbing the peace, while in China no one thinks anything of it. Having been, perhaps, arrested and fined for some of their doings which would have been regarded with indifference by the law and custom of China, they not only refrain from fighting so much, but also endeavor to compete in the industrial arena under the American law.

In this country the shortening of the term of apprenticeship, the modification of its whole system, and the small specialization of the unions, are due first to the fact that most of the Chinese expect to go back to China as soon as they can accumulate a small fortune, and next to the fact that they have gained the new idea from the Americans that each individual is only responsible to himself. If a Chinaman can find regular employment he can accumulate a small fortune of a few hundred dollars in a few years, so to require him to serve a three-years' term of apprenticeship is out of question. In China they literally compel an apprentice to do this and to do that, but in America, if they do not treat the apprentice well the latter will leave them, saying: "We are in a country where each individual is supposed to look after his own interest; even the parents have no control over their grown sons and daughters."

In closing, we might mention the fact that organization among the employers exists in China as well as in this country, though there are many employers belonging to the same union as their employees among the Chinese population in the United States.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*July 5.*]

He trusteth on God; let him deliver him now, if he desireth him: for he said, I am the Son of God. —Matt. xxvii., 43.

THE subject embraced in this text is that of mockery—one that all can understand as having been at some period or another brought close home to us. This seems to have been a favorite method used in all ages of the world to vanquish those who were seeking the right. Especially has it often been the last and chosen weapon used by those who have been thwarted in their evil designs in intimidating others from doing that which they believe to be in accord with the highest revelation of truth.

The arrows fired from this imaginary citadel often rebound against those using them to their convincement or destruction. Goliah scorned the efforts of a David, but he knew not of the armor in which David was clad. He wrought terror in the hearts of the hosts of Israel, but could not withstand the strength of a shepherd boy clothed with the power of Israel's King.

The Jews reviled Jesus but he reviled not again. They persecuted him but he resented not. Jesus declared that he came to bear witness to the truth, and having done this and completed the work laid upon him he was now willing to lay down his life as a seal to the testimonies he had borne and to the works he had done.

His crowning victory had been achieved some hours before, when in his favorite secluded haunts of Gethsemane he held through the spirit of prayer such sweet communion with his Father as enabled him to say, "not my will but thine be done."

The spirit of the divine in the human triumphed over the will of the human, making it one with the Father's will, and to the world was shown that a spirit thus clothed is insensible to the thrusts of the poisoned arrows of malice, hatred, scorn, or mockery.

This calm demeanor, this patient bearing of trials must ever have influence, and in the case of Jesus we find that one of the offenders crucified beside him, who, as Matthew tells us, reviled Jesus at first, according to Luke became penitent, perhaps from witnessing his patient suffering, and besought Jesus to remember him when coming into his kingdom—a most pointed instance of how entering into the suffering of another tenders the heart and brings us into a state of reconciliation with the Father.

A modern writer, referring to the suffering of Jesus, says: "It is true that his suffering saves us from sin and its penalties, if our hearts are so touched by the love which this suffering manifests that we come to God and are thus truly reconciled to him by the death of his Son." Being so reconciled, Paul says "we shall be saved by his life." Jesus lived as never man lived; he taught as never man taught; and when suffering the most excruciating torture on the cross he breathed an earnest prayer for the forgiveness of his wicked persecutors. A great revolution was introduced into the religious world by the humble earthly career, the sufferings and teachings of Jesus.

His was a noble work. His was a high and holy calling. His was a divine purpose. Hence he relied upon a divine power, and from this source sought strength to accomplish his mission. His earthly life was short, his career as a public minister seemed but a day; and now we are brought to a point where we are to see these close from the view of the outward eye. Anointed eyes had long before seen and pens had written that such a fearless teacher, living such a pure, unsullied life, could not long continue his ministration in a world so full of hard-hearted, sinful men. Now this

Scripture was to be fulfilled, not simply because it had been written as such, but as the result of the combined action of evil-designing men which the prophet foresaw.

God's plans were not to be thus thwarted, however. A traitor had betrayed, a weak, vacillating ruler had condemned on false accusations, and now the soldiery had almost completed their part in this horrible tragedy, but before life was extinct Jesus declared, "It is finished." The work laid upon him had been accomplished; the seed had been sown in hands prepared for its reception, and others had been anointed to carry on the work.

"The veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom" is an expression full of meaning and consolation to every earnest, seeking Christian, and whether we accept this as the record of a literal fact or as an entirely figurative expression, the lesson is the same.

When the old Jewish tabernacle was erected at Sinai and the Ark of the Covenant containing the law was deposited in the Holy of Holies, a curtain, or veil, was placed before it, and into the sanctuary no one was allowed to enter except the high priest. He retired here with much form and ceremony and held communion with God, delivering the messages thus received to the people, who looked upon him as the chosen messenger through whom they received the commands of God. This form was continued through several centuries, and when the temple was built on Moriah it was continued there, and so existed during the life and at the death of Jesus. This was to be done away with. The law as a schoolmaster was to bring men to Christ; then its power ceased. God in his abounding mercy made this wonderful revelation of himself through the medium of a human life, and it was thus clearly exemplified that no veil or hindrance stood between the Father and each seeking soul, but he was ever ready to reveal himself in the hearts of men.

So "the veil is done away in Christ," the power and wisdom of God. The power that spoke to Abraham at Ur in Chaldea, to Moses in the desert and on the mount, to Elisha at the mouth of Horeb's Cave, that supported Daniel in his trials, that anointed the spirit of Isaiah, that qualified John the Baptist, that spoke to Peter at the coasts of Cesarea Philippi and on the house-top, that met the spirit of John in Patmos and Paul on the road to Damascus, dwelt in its fullness in Jesus Christ, and in the trying hour in which we have found him he realized as David did that "in God's presence is fullness of joy," and it enabled him to utter those beautiful words of resignation, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

[*July 12.*]

And Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb and departed. —Matt. xxvii., 59–60.

The hour of final trial had driven from Jesus almost all those who were openly his friends, and had proved that their faith, however exalted it might be, as yet lacked one noble quality—that which was later to make many of them willing to suffer persecution and even death for their Master. There was one, however, who had not been openly a follower of Jesus—a man of high position who in the council had opposed the action by which Jesus was condemned—who now came forward to beg the body of Jesus and to lay it tenderly away in the tomb which, according to custom, he had prepared for himself. This action of Joseph involved great sacrifice; for it not only proclaimed him as a sympathizer with the Nazarene, seriously endangering his position and influence in the community, but to take part in a burial at any time made one unclean for seven days and defiled everything with which he came in contact, and therefore the burial of Jesus not only made it impossible for Joseph to take part in the great feast of the Passover, but involved his seclusion during the entire week. There is a lesson to be learned from the noble action of Joseph of Arimathea.

Human nature is so various, the imper-

fections as well as the excellences of individual character are so different, that they are manifested under wholly different circumstances. The Great Teacher found no difficulty in selecting twelve disciples to follow him closely and to be his ambassadors. Of these, eleven were faithful in the end, though we know of only one who followed his Master to the cross. The twelve would doubtless have been unwilling to count Joseph as one of them, but when the time of great trial came they all, except John, forsook their Lord, while Joseph was ready to use all his influence, to spend his wealth, to give the tomb he had prepared for himself—in short, to do all he could to perform the service which perhaps no one else could give. The lesson for us is that we must not judge those who do not come forward at the time or in the manner we would expect, but be sure we do not fail in the service which may be ours.

It was the custom in ancient times to embalm the bodies of the dead with aromatic spices, and notwithstanding the fact that Nicodemus shared with Joseph in these reverential offices, and brought a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes with which to embalm the body of Jesus, yet a few faithful women followers came early in the morning bringing additional spices with which to anoint the body. Chief among these, and the first mentioned in each of the four gospels, was Mary Magdalene—she who figured as prominently among the honorable women of her time as did Peter among the apostles.

On their way they had been wondering "Who shall roll away the stone?" and were surprised to "see the stone rolled back," and more surprised to see the empty tomb, and to hear an angel, whose appearance was as lightning, address them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" If like these faithful women with such saddened hearts we search for Christ, we shall surely find him. Although he will not appear to our physical eyes nor his voice be heard by the outward ear, yet we will be conscious of his presence and recognize within us the voice of the living Christ. It is only when we are alive to that quickening influence of the Divine Spirit that we are made conscious of the bright and shining presence which illumines our souls.

[*July 19.*]

Fear not; go tell my brethern that they depart into Galilee, and there shall they see me.—Matt. xxviii., 10.

Having done to the uttermost whatever lies in our power to minister to the sick or the sorrowing—even to the performing of the last sad duties for the bodies of our beloved—we shall find peace and joy enter the soul and the voice of the spirit shall be heard confirming our faith in its indestructibility. We have seen that the flesh is of earth and must die, and it remains for us to improve the life—the character—that passes eventually onward, beyond earthly vision. We can love and trust God and his blessed promises and strive to follow more closely the example of the Christ whose "lifting up" we fully believe points the way to an eternity of goodness.

In the afternoon of that first day of the week two of the disciples left Jerusalem to go to Emmaus, probably their home. The events of the three days had wearied and distracted the minds of the disciples, and the reports of his resurrection, of the empty grave, of his being seen of some—reports contradicted by others—all this with their disappointment, their sense of grievous loss and personal bereavement, and the confusion of the crowd, made these two anxious to escape from Jerusalem to the quiet of their own homes. Their talk could have but one subject and the stranger who joined them could not but notice the sorrow which burdened their hearts and made itself as audible in their tones as it was visible in their appearance and their manner. When they had explained to him the subject of their talk he reproached them with their lack of understanding, "and beginning at Moses and the Prophets" he took up the passages of the Hebrew scriptures which were understood to be prophecies of the Messiah and showed their application to the life and death of Jesus.

He showed them the nature of the kingdom of Christ and that their trust "that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel" was only mistaken as to what sort of redemption it was to be. If our Christianity were based upon miracle, if we believed that the resurrection of Jesus is the one great demonstration of his Messiahship, and that without it his mission would have failed, then the chief lesson to be drawn would be the manner of his revelation and the circumstances by which it was confirmed.

But we believe that the truth of Christianity is made evident by the witness of God in our own hearts, by the voice of the indwelling Christ. The great lesson to be learned here is that which the two disciples had been so slow to learn—which they had failed to gather even from the lips of the Great Teacher himself as he spoke to them in life, and which they learned imperfectly, no doubt, from the stranger as they walked to Emmaus. We have the experience of nineteen centuries to guide us, and yet do we not need the same lesson? Are we not slow to learn the nature of the heavenly kingdom?

To some few persons peculiar experiences have come, apparently according as their needs have made it necessary, or to prepare them for some difficult mission requiring great consecration. Paul says in Cor. II., 2, that such an experience came to him, but whether he was lifted out of himself and saw it only with his spiritual eye or whether he saw it in his natural body he could not tell, but he understood things which it was not possible for him to utter, and which he felt others would be loth to believe. He has left it on record that he deemed the revelations of unspeakable value and so clear and plain that he ever afterward believed he actually saw Jesus of Nazareth. Somewhat similar testimony has been borne at various times by scattered individuals. The intrinsic value of the experience lies in its power to convince beyond all possibility of doubting, and in this lies the value of their testimony to us.

We of to-day find our greatest help in the rich experiences which may come to each and all of us, convincing and strengthening us. That we know them to be purely spiritual—though often very distinct and real—does not in any degree lessen the value of the experience or its power to support and sustain under severe trial. We recognize the command just as plainly to "go forth and preach the Gospel" as though the words were spoken in the outward ear. Many times when we attempt to explain why we feel the call to be so binding upon us, others are at a loss to understand how we have heard the voice when they have not. The disciples especially stood in need of strong evidence to their minds that his crucifixion did not end all, but was in accordance with prophecy, because they were to be witnesses to all the world at a time when it required great courage to meet the trials that would beset their pathway.

Although he commanded them to go forth and labor, they were to "tarry at Jerusalem until they received the power from on high." This is the foundation for an important belief—that we receive the divine command now indicating when and where we are to work, and lest we do harm by running ahead of our guide we must wait for the divine anointing to qualify us for the service, whatever it may be. Only when the Holy Spirit has possession of us can we rightly do the Father's work.

[*July 26.*]

Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.—John xx., 29.

The character of Thomas is one not infrequently met with. Although he had been with the other disciples for a long time and was presumably in full accord with them, he seems to have questioned the truthfulness of their statement that they had seen Jesus. In great mercy Jesus gave him the desired proof without which he would not believe that the words of the Master whom he had devotedly loved were true and had been fulfilled in the sight of the remaining ten disciples. Jesus, with his accustomed gentleness and consideration for the feelings of those to whom it

was necessary to administer a rebuke, said, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

The history of all advancement has been the same. Some few persons have seen the first faint glimmer of truth before the majority. Progress has ever been marked by the suffering of the pioneers in the new movement, and this cannot be changed until those who "see the light" learn to be patient, remembering that those in the rear have no right to move forward until God, not man, gives them the signal, and those in the rear acknowledge that a perception of the truth comes to the few first, and candidly and fairly listen and consider when the earnest spirit of one who they know has ever sought to be faithful is seen to be deeply exercised. Let us neither undervalue conservatism nor yet uphold it beyond its proper limit.

The revelations of truth come to him who is lowly and sincere of heart. It is a significant fact that the disciples on this occasion did not recognize him by his outward form, for it is recorded that they "knew not that it was Jesus" when they first saw him. It was the manifestations of the power of the Spirit that dwelt in him which revealed him to them. It was also of great moment to them that he should have made them feel his presence after their return to Galilee, so far from the scene of his separation from them. Henceforth they would know that wherever they might be there was always opportunity for them, even when about their daily tasks, to hold communion with their Master and with their Father in Heaven.

The time had come for them to realize the force of his words, "neither on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father, but in spirit and in truth." The great temple at Jerusalem would no longer stand between them and the true worship of God. Jesus had always embraced the daily occurrences to teach most important spiritual truths, and the lesson impressed at this time was no exception to this rule. All night they had toiled and yet there were no fruits; their toil had been in vain. In the work he had bequeathed to them he knew there would be many times—indeed this would perhaps be their general experience—that there would be no apparent result from their labor. They must not depend alone on their own efforts or skill or knowledge, but remember whence all true wisdom comes. And when this divine wisdom is rightly understood and applied, the results are sure to follow. How many of his disciples to-day are cast down and discouraged because they cannot see any fruits—because they toil apparently to no purpose? If in the gray mists that surround us at such times we can dimly discern a Presence we know not, telling us to "cast the net on the other side," how often we are surprised at the result, and we know that it is the Master who has come to our assistance. It may be with us as with the disciples, the beloved Master will bid us break our fast and come dine with him. He will give us bread and fish, the symbols of that which gives strength and warmth to the soul, and from this nourishment which he gives in abundance to his true disciples will come the courage to continue our labors in faithfulness, thanksgiving, and praise, assured that all is well. In the work in which Jesus himself was engaged—"fishing for men"—may we take this lesson home, and ever cast the net according to the Master's bidding.—*Arranged by Ellen Teas from the Friends' Firstday-School Lessons.*

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

BY ELEANOR LAMBEC.

I.

NEARLY a quarter of a century before that frightful September when the prisons of Paris were being emptied by the guillotine, and a stream of blood was flowing wide and deep enough to color all subsequent French history, a child was born in Normandy. Of all the happy people in the world that morning the happiest were Honoré Olier and his wife Rosa; for the attainment of the heart's desire, after years of deferred hope, is the gladdest moment of life. Not once during the ten years since their marriage had Madame failed annually to decorate the statue of the Blessed Mother in the chapel at Havre, praying fervently for the accomplishment of an eager longing. And once, when hope had nearly forsaken her, she had taken the longer pilgrimage to Rouen to pray there for the Virgin's intercession. After this her faith was quickened, but it failed again as the time lengthened: had the Madonna lost sympathy with childless mothers? Never; and Rosa hastily crossed herself in exorcism of the devil suggesting such infidelity. But, nevertheless, her breast continued to fluctuate between hope and despair.

It would not be expected that Honoré would be equally importunate; yet many a time at confessions, when the fish had proven unusually plentiful and his earnings more than he expected, he had slipped an extra franc into the father's hand, with a half-uttered explanation that above all earthly blessings he craved a son. Honoré had more than ordinary reason for this desire. In addition to the wealth of paternity ready to be lavished upon his child, he had uncommon cause for wishing to perpetuate his blood. Fisherman though he was, could he not boast ancestors who came to Normandy with the first Northmen—one of them being chief henchman of Rollo the Bold himself? This brave Rudolf could not be happy even in Valhalla with none to inherit his name or prowess. So Honoré, with this twofold motive, shared his wife's disquiet and prayers.

But now—blessed be God!—the prayers were answered, for there lay on the bed beside its mother another Olier, large and well-formed, giving promise of rivaling the splendid physique of his forefathers.

"By Our Lady!" exclaimed the father, bending ecstatically above him, "he is too beautiful to be called by my name or thy brother's, wife. He shall be named for the great king.

"Louis he is then," Rosa answered smiling.

How Honoré and Rosa could be so ridiculously happy over the advent of a baby was a puzzle to their neighbors, whose houses were overflowing with mouths to feed. They even dared suggest it was a subject for mourning rather than rejoicing. One of plainer speech than the rest declared: "It is only another animal to be taxed or conscripted. You will have to work the harder now to furnish his keep, and when you are old and need his help, behold! he is hurried off to die fighting in Germany or the Low Countries. No, no"—the old peasant shook his head sorrowfully—"even our children are curses in these days of war and famine."

Such foreboding did not cast a shadow over the tiny home where the baby thrived and each day developed new graces to intoxicate his worshipers with the beauty of infancy. Honoré, all day away with his nets, had constantly in mind his child's face and golden head. And not seldom as the vesper bell sounded clear over the calming waters and he turned his eyes landward to repeat the evening prayer, that same face shut out heaven itself. Affrighted at his sacrilege he would anxiously hurry home, in fear that God had taken his boy, only to find him well and beautiful as when he left.

Rosa had no more lonely hours, for she sang and chattered continually to the baby if he waked; and if he slumbered she was busy fashioning his little garments, weaving in with every stitch a thousand fancies and ambitions.

For she was far more covetous and ambitious and worldly-wise than her husband. While he, reassured concerning the extinction of his race, loved the little Louis entirely for himself and the present, she looked to the future as well. They agreed he should learn all the village priest could teach, and if toil and self-denial made it possible should pursue his studies still further. And Rosa, peasant-bred to believe all things possible to the educated, could foresee no obstacle to his success. It was still told of Louis le Grand that he preferred statesmen of humble or middle birth; and if his successors did the same? Dreams *couleur de rose* and majestic castles in Spain sprang from her fertile imagination. Some day her boy might fill high posts, and—and— Thus her wishes fathered many fond hopes, and in planning his future she was transformed from a peasant to a princess.

But as Louis' character developed his mother had serious doubts of the realization of these hopes. Not that he was disobedient or unruly; she almost wished he would rebel against her authority, or in some way manifest the stubbornness she deemed essential to getting on in the world. She would not have expressed it thus. Indeed she could not analyze her feelings at all; but she was conscious of an undercurrent of dissatisfaction and disappointment impossible to be understood by those not in the secret of her unrestrained ambitions. The priest's unqualified praise would have delighted another mother, yet she had discernment enough to perceive the demand for other qualities if he would come off victor in the contest for worldly honors. Simple truthfulness and ability were no more requited then than now.

One summer day, on some holiday of the church, he went away early in the morning and did not return until the stars were out.

"And now where hast thou been?" Rosa asked impatiently, the anxiety she had suffered adding greatly to her irritation.

"Out in a boat Philippe loaned me, mother."

"Alone? Savior in heaven! thou wilt be drowned."

"I was not afraid. Father has taught me to manage the boat, and I hardly ventured beyond the river's mouth."

"Then thou wast not fishing?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Nothing. I started to follow father, but the sky and the water were so beautiful that I guided the boat into a tiny channel between the rocks, and lay there. Oh, mother, have you never noticed how beautiful the clouds are and what music the waves make lapping against the rocks? I never thought how late it was. I should like to be a sailor, as father says his people were long ago, and live on the sea."

"Yes, a pair of fools you and your father are, in your craze for water. Give me the land. Here is a chance to be something."

"Hush, hush, wife," interrupted Honoré good-naturedly; "thy tongue often wags unduly. Give the child his supper and put him to bed."

After he was asleep the mother reproached herself for her harsh words, and bent above him in an ecstasy of love. Had any other mother so beautiful a boy? With the yellow hair clustering about his forehead, his beautiful eyes, whose size and fullness she could note beneath the closed lids, and his shapely features he was like the picture of the boy Christ she had seen in the cathedral at Rouen. "My sweet child! how fair he is," she murmured.

But when the morrow and the morrow came she was just as impatient that she could not form his nature to meet her ends. Blithe as a bird when on the sea or in the forest, he grew diffident in the presence of humankind. He did not like other boys: they tormented the animals he loved, and laughed at his fancies. He was happier alone. Then all day he might dream of genii and heroes and valorous deeds.

But the time came when the positive in his nature awakened, and practicality succeeded visions.

One day he rushed down the narrow street and flung himself through his father's open door in a frenzy that amazed his mother. She looked aghast at his white face, the mouth drawn, and his gray eyes black with their fierce fire. Unconscious of her presence he walked the floor, crying, "It is so horrible! so horrible!"

"Calm thyself and tell me what is wrong, Louis," his mother commanded.

The impatience of her tones recalled him; he looked at her in a dazed manner as though trying to withdraw his faculties from the scene he had left. "What do you say, mother?"

"I say, what has happened that thou shouldst tear into the house in such fashion and frighten me out of my wits? Hast thou seen a ghost in thy daydreams?"

He was near manhood now, and the taunt went home. "My dreams are over. I know not how I shall sleep again, day or night."

"Do tell me quickly what is wrong."

"Oh, mother, it is so dreadful. This morning I strolled out into Monseigneur's woods with my book. Directly Jean Mathieu came along dragging a slain deer. 'What luck is this?' I said. 'Has the duke appointed you one of his keepers, Jean? And does he entertain the king to-day?'

"He turned on me fiercely: 'Hold your tongue, boy! I and mine will dine on king's meat to-day. My children are crying for bread. My wife is starving. We have eaten nothing to-day. I went to the *chateau* to plead for work, but the servants ran me away. Coming through the forest I saw this hind. It was gentle and came close enough for me to strike it. *Sacre!* I had to turn my head as I did so.' 'Because it was not yours to kill?' 'No! I was sorry for the poor brute. But my children are starving.' 'If you are caught, what then?' 'I shall be beaten, but my children will have full stomachs. Hush, fool! You have never been a father nor gone hungry.' 'Forgive me,' I cried, 'and hurry on with your meal.'

"I could not read afterward—little children starving! Remembering the service father had rendered the duke I resolved to go to him boldly and ask work for Jean. But I was too late. Oh, my God! my God! already they were preparing to hang him."

"Hang him?"

"Yes, and no man dared resist. Just as he reached home one of Monseigneur's men saw him and hurried him away. They met the duke out driving. 'Who is this?' he asked. 'One of your people my lord' the man answered; 'I caught him carrying a deer into his house, and recognized your favorite Sappho.' 'Dead?' 'Yes, my lord, he had slain her.' The duke was pale with rage. 'Take him away,' he cried; 'let him be hanged within an hour.'

"Even the keeper was astonished, and poor Jean threw himself at his seignior's feet: 'Not that—oh, God!—not that! Let me be beaten. I did not wish to kill the hind, but it came so close, and my children are starving. For Christ's sake, don't kill me! What would become of my wife and children?'

"Monseigneur looked at him scornfully: 'There are too many such rabble now; let them die. My pretty Sappho!' Then angrily to the keeper, 'If he be alive in an hour, you pay for it, villain.'

"I went with one of the men to tell his wife. Oh, mother! mother! such misery. We must help them. Send them my share of food now. It will do me good to go hungry; I shall know how to sympathize with the very poor.'

This tragedy revolutionized Louis' life. Similar scenes were not unknown before, but they had not penetrated his dreamland. Now the hideousness of the situation was disclosed in full, and his whole soul was afire with indignation and abhorrence.

The primary result was the frustration of his parents' plans for his education. He had just reached the limit of what the *curé* could teach, and was shortly to go to Rouen to pursue his studies. With the revelation of the squalor and wretchedness about him he declared he would not go, he could not go. Perhaps the very suddenness of the

revelation made his sense of responsibility keener. "No, father," he said, "hereafter there will be four arms to manage the boat and the nets. I am sorry to disappoint you and my mother and myself, but scholarship is not for me. Time is too precious to be thus used."

The sheer delight of having his son with him tempered Honoré's disappointment, but Rosa's chagrin was unbounded.

"So Louis is going to be nothing but a fisherman after all, Rosa?" sneered one of her neighbors.

"Why not? Could he do better than follow his father and holy St. Peter?" Rosa answered insolently.

Yet for all her bold tongue the thrust pierced deep, and hurt the more because of the soreness already there. But entreaty and scolding and lamentation had no effect in changing Louis' determination. His mother was discovering that the mind whose docility once grieved her was as resolute as her own. If only he had a few grains of worldly ambition!

So he plied his trade diligently, sometimes with good fortune, sometimes with ill. He had taken the place of an older son to Jean Matthieu's widow, and every sou he could conscientiously withdraw from his father's hoard went to her. But with time the number of his dependents grew. One night he brought home to his mother a child, its little life nearly spent. "There were only the father and this child. The father has died on the wheel in the duke's dungeon," he explained briefly and grimly.

But however strenuous his efforts his arm was impotent to lighten the gloom of a single parish. He chafed and groaned under his inability. The very patience of the people vexed him. If one were hardy enough to assert his freedom, he hurried off to Paris to join other discontented ones; but few were thus daring. The many endured, moaned, relapsed into silence, and endured again. Thus the cycle went round, and under the tension to which it roused him Louis grew stern and desperate.

"If only thou wouldst be like other youths!" his mother lamented. "Armand and François and Felix are gay and happy with their sweethearts, but thou art always *distrait* and looking for misery."

"My dear mother," he answered, "it is too bad thy only child is not more to thy liking, but I fear I am a sad creature, too far gone to amend."

"Thy heart is well enough; it is thy ways that grieve me," she rejoined. "Thou couldst be happy too if thou wouldst engage in young people's amusements. There is Anne Isnard; she looks at thee kindly, and there is not a prettier girl in the parish. Take her to the dance to-night. Thy legs were built for dancing as well as other lads'."

He shook his head. "I would that I could take the world lightly as thou dost, but I cannot. I think you do not understand, mother. Dancing and sweethearts are not for me."

"Never mind, sir, thy sweetheart is waiting for thee somewhere; take care for thy heart when she comes. Love will go all the harder because it came not early and often."

With this spirit animating him the transition for Louis from the laity to the priesthood was natural. Yet he objected strongly when the old *curé* first urged it upon him. Already, because of his many kindly offices, the people had begun to call him the good father. But before he was aware of it the old priest took note, and begged him to take regular vows of the secular priesthood and assume the duties his own age would soon compel him to lay down. His mother, scenting social promotion, anxiously pleaded for the same. He might have still resisted, but the death of his father and the certainty of enlarged opportunities to relieve the suffering of his poor decided him. With prayerful and humble spirit he entered the holy office, but he was so wholly consecrated before that the aims of the old life and the new were well-nigh identical. Too nearly so for his mother, tormented with visions of bishoprics, cardinals' hats, and even the papal chair itself.

Following close upon Louis' assumption of his new obligations that mammoth holocaust the French Revolution burst upon the world. The worm turned; the Third Estate,

as though an electric cord connected breast with breast, asserted its rights, and forever vindicated the strength of the *sansculotte.* The temper of the malcontents at Paris had spread until the ferment had to be clarified. The revolution was the clarifier.

With its aims and measures Louis was in perfect attune. It could not be otherwise when he was a revolutionist before the revolution. Its leaders became his heroes and demigods. Just as a key on a musical instrument vibrates to a corresponding tone and produces melody, so every note of joy and indignation from Paris found its response in him, and excited the innermost springs of his being to an activity hitherto unknown. He hailed with rapture the successive steps of the first days; he did not hesitate about taking the oath of allegiance to the constitution, though he was unswerving in his fidelity to the church. His churchism was too broad to conflict with the patriotism then demanded; but had he been of narrower mold, the Olympus to which the divine fire raging in his veins exalted him would have promoted him above the fog of isms and superstitions.

II.

On the left bank of the Seine, not far from its mouth, there stood in the eighteenth century the convent of the Mater Dolorosa, of the order of Sisters of Mercy. In government, however, it was irregular, differing considerably from the methods of the order. This irregularity was due to the foundress, a noble lady of the province who was left widowed and childless in her old age. Worn out with misfortune she converted her *chateau* into a convent, conforming in general to the regulations of the Sisters of Mercy but with the privilege of enacting certain laws at variance with those of the order. Thus the inmates were divided into sisters, novices, and recluses. The first took their vows annually, and could go back to the world at the expiration of the time; though it was a matter of pride that not one in all the fifty years since its founding had availed herself of the privilege. The novitiate covered two years, at the end of which the novice could take vows or renounce her holy desire at will. The recluses were not bound by any time obligation whatever, being required only to conform to the general discipline while inmates of the house, and even in this some latitude was permitted. The foundress herself was a recluse, and many others had found in the Mater Dolorosa an asylum from life's perplexities. Being women of high degree they had enriched the treasury, as the destitute for miles around could bear witness.

The dress was the usual style, black for the sisters, white for the novices, and either, according to age, for a recluse. The duties chiefly concerned caring for the sick and relief of the destitute. An air of wholesome cheerfulness and good humor pervaded the whole sisterhood, indicative of genuine piety and clean consciences, and tending to strengthen the opinion of those who came under their ministrations that the sisters were veritable beings of light.

The convent building was most interesting, a stone structure with countless angles, turrets, and battlements, part of it fallen to decay and overgrown with ivy. The front of the grounds, which were most beautifully kept and furnished many a choice blossom and vegetable to gladden the hearts of the parishioners, bordered the highway to Paris, while the back sloped nearly to the river's edge, still protected on that side by the wall which once had inclosed the entire grounds.

One evening shortly after a day forever memorable, the day of the proclamation of the First French Republic, Louis lay in his favorite nook on the bank of the Seine, just behind the convent. The west was still alternating between the crimson and rose and gold the setting sun leaves as its harbinger of another dawn; the stone walls of the convent glowed with a rosy tint; a bell in the distance tinkled musically; the soft, confused, murmuring sound incident to a country thickly populated filled the air, while close at hand the river fretted and rippled with notes of pure music. Altogether it was just the scene one would wish to seek for rest in the twilight after an arduous day's toil.

For this purpose and for solitariness Louis had come. That day he had learned the proclamation of the republic and the first moment possible he had withdrawn from the village to exult over the glorious news. At this moment he would not have exchanged his French heritage for a crown—to be a Frenchman was to wear a crown. A holy rapture animated his breast, and his excited fancy prefigured transcendent visions of the future. Forgetful of his gown and shaven head, he sprang to his feet and waving his hand above his head echoed the cry which at that moment was resounding through the streets of Paris, "*Vive la Republique!*"

The sound of his voice recalled him, and instinctively he looked about to see whether he was observed. In front of him close to the wall stood a female figure, motionless, gazing at him with wide-open, wondering eyes and slightly parted lips that gave her an expression of childlike simplicity and innocence. Clothed in white from head to foot, she looked a white statue summoned from the invisible.

"Holy Virgin!" Louis ejaculated, "hast thou sent me a vision?" The next moment he too was under a spell, transfixed by the light of her dark eyes, soft and gentle as a spirit's.

She lingered only a moment, then glided away with a grace and suppleness of movement that attracted even his attention. He stood gazing at her, longing, yet not daring, to hurry after. Once she looked back; next moment she disappeared in a clump of trees.

Again he breathed, but his thoughts ran in a different channel; the republic ceased to engross his mind. He had never seen the face before; he doubted whether it belonged to earth. Was it a vision? If he had lived in an earlier day he would have accepted it as such without hesitation, but since Voltaire and the Encyclopedists the most devout churchman has weakened faith in the supernatural. Yet the puzzle kept him awake far into the night, and in his troubled sleep the face was continually before him.

The next day's sun, that destroyer of illusions, served him not; for in spite of determined effort he could not banish the haunting gleam of the lustrous eyes whose light seemed burned into his soul. He reached one conclusion: he would go again to his retreat that evening, and perhaps a second sight would be granted him.

Accordingly at the hour of sunset he was in waiting, with a feverish impatience never experienced before. And as the time passed without bringing any beautiful vision with it the desolation of a tempestuous midnight swept over him. He was just on the point of leaving when she appeared. She was farther away, nearer the convent inclosure than before. Nor did she stop, but gave him one swift, hardly discernible glance, and then with hastened step but the same graceful, undulating movement disappeared among the trees.

His interest and excitement were now almost painful, for while he had before considered her as a vision—if she were a vision—of light, he was now tortured with the thought that it might be a temptation the devil had prepared for his allurement. Surely no temptation was ever clothed in more seductive form.

For all that, the following evening found him again at his post. But no angelic face, with lissom figure clothed in soft robes whose gentle swish he imagined he could hear, appeared to gladden and yet torment him.

The next morning he began his duties with stern resolve to purge his mind of any sinful deflection and devote himself to his work with a zeal that would not permit deviation. And when night came he had the hardly-bought satisfaction of having, after a fierce struggle, resisted the temptation of going again to the riverside.

This victory, and the partial effacement of the image from his mind, encouraged him unduly. To prove that he had conquered himself he again sought the river the next evening, determined to await her coming with unquickened pulse and patient carelessness. Yet when she came his heart throbbed as though it would burst from his body. Though not looking at Louis, seemingly, it was evident she saw him, for she

quickened her step as before. She held a crimson rose, and as she hurried away she nervously tore it to pieces, scattering the leaves. When she disappeared among the trees Louis hurried after, and guided by the rose petals, barely distinguishable in the late twilight, followed her to a side entrance to the convent lawn. As she closed the gate he caught the gleam of her dress. He uttered a slight exclamation and breathed a sigh of relief. The mystery was solved! She was a resident of the Mater Dolorosa.

The next day, the Sabbath, Louis, as he was accustomed, repaired to the convent to celebrate high mass; on ordinary week days his curate officiated at low mass. He approached the building with confused emotions. The sublime service, which satisfied his æsthetic and spiritual craving to the full, and the anticipation of which had always filled him with holy awe, was now forgotten in the agitating query whether she would be present with the sisters to receive the eucharist. Since he had discovered her identity he had foretasted the bliss of participating with her in the solemn ordinance; yet now in his intense desire to see her again a thousand doubts of her coming filled him.

When she did file in and take her seat with the novices a singular calm and peace enveloped his soul. He could not explain it; perhaps it was a contagion emanating from the holy uplift of her countenance.

The singing that day was unlike any he had ever heard at the Mater Dolorosa. One voice led and dominated it, and of this voice only was he sensible. Whether it sank in solemn cadence or soared aloft as on a lark's wings, it was exquisitely beautiful. The "Gloria" pierced and thrilled chords of his being he did not know existed. It led him out of and above himself even to the very throne of God. Unconsciously the others paused to listen. What divine creature was this who had come among them? With her eyes lifted heavenward and peals of delicious melody issuing from her lips, she looked the incarnation of a celestial spirit.

At the conclusion of the service Louis hastened to the private oratory of the prioress. A discussion between them of matters connected with the parish always followed the Sunday mass. But to-day business affairs were hastily dispatched, for his mind was absorbed with a subject of far different import.

Finally with studied unconsciousness he asked, "Who is your new novice, mother?"

"She is not a novice, only a recluse," the superior answered. "Her name is Heléne d'Auvergne. Her mother and I were schoolmates, and regularly exchanged letters until her death last year. Her father was the rich, dissolute Count d'Auvergne. He too has died. Heléne wrote to me at once, requesting admission to our house. Though so young she has seen enough of the cruelty and injustice of the class to which she belongs to flee from the world. The revolution also makes retirement advisable. She contemplates spending her life for the poor and unfortunate. What remains of her fortune will assist us in many benevolent enterprises. Praise to the Holy Virgin for inclining this heart to our order!"

Louis was struck with his and Heléne's coincident sentiments. How exalted was her abnegation! It was not singular that he, from the outside, should be sensible of the flagrant conduct of the upper classes; but that she, belonging to the aristocracy, should understand it fully enough to sacrifice her fortune and prospects was heroic. Her face and character then were equally beautiful. He exulted in the sympathetic tie that united them. He had been told that every heart has its mate—was hers then ——? He stopped short. What right had he to think of such things?

The succeeding months were a tangled skein. Louis was thoroughly out of harmony with his surroundings and knew it. Heléne had grown to be the passion of his life. He had scoffed at his mother's warning that he would ever succumb to such frenzy, yet when the right woman crossed his path the viking blood of his ancestors, so noticeable in his giant stature and blond

beauty, showed itself most inconsistently mingled with the southern race of his mother. One glance of Heléne's wondrous eyes and his soul was at her feet. She was an enchantress who with one wave of her wand had transformed the universe.

Sometimes he rebelled hotly against his fate: an evil genius had pursued him, blinding his eyes to womanly charms till it was too late. But his own consciousness refuted this. No matter when Heléne came the result would have been the same, and if she had not come his heart would have slumbered on. If only he had seen her sooner!

Only once had he spoken with her. He had persistently avoided the spot back of the convent, but one evening an irresistible attraction drew him thither. Heléne, not subject to severe discipline, was taking her usual evening walk by the riverside. When Louis saw her he went straight to meet her. He could not withstand the temptation of hearing her speak.

His words came without thought: "I wish to thank you for all your kindness to my poor people. Wherever I go I hear of you as an angel of goodness and mercy."

"It is nothing, father," she replied. "I fear sometimes that my charity is selfish; it is a delight to me to relieve suffering."

"I cannot believe that it is selfish. The prioress has told me something of your history. Are you still resolved to renounce the world and devote your life to the cross?"

"Yes."

"Have you counted the cost?"

"Yes."

"You are young for that. You do not know what the world has in store for you?"

"Others have been as young; perhaps you yourself."

"But I was driven to it."

"And I also."

At another moment he might have seen the inconsistency of attempting to change her pious resolution, but just then the havoc wrought in his own life by pledges made in his immaturity weighed upon him so heavily that his anomalous position did not occur to him.

She lingered for a moment after he had spoken, but, seeing him silent, inclined her head in a farewell obeisance and moved away. He stood gazing after her in despair. The peri looking into paradise with longing eyes is not half so desolate as he. After she was gone he threw himself prostrate upon the ground, crying for pity and forgiveness.

(To be continued.)

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

BY PROFESSOR BYRON D. HALSTED, SC.D.

OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

LET the imagination play and we are seated under an old, time-honored apple tree, one that grandfather set out when most of us were unborn. In short he was at work in the orchard when his good wife was making "grandmother's garden." This is a companion picture to the paper in the June issue, and deals with another side of plant life.

The apple tree started upon its individual existence by the seed undergoing the process of sprouting, or germination. A mature seed if kept dry and at ordinary temperature will remain inactive for an indefinite period. But should the favoring conditions of moisture, heat, and air all be present great changes soon take place and what was once a seed becomes transformed into a seedling.

Any one can supply apple or other seeds with these conditions by placing them between layers of moist cloth, blotting paper, or cotton. When thus situated upon a plate on the window sill the seeds may be watched through all their changes. The first thing

observed is the swelling of the seed due to the absorption of a large percentage of water. This absorption continues until the tough brown coats can no longer remain whole, and then they crack along the edges and the two halves separate from each other, exposing the swollen, light-colored contents. Next the root end of the stem protrudes and seeks a vertical position, while at the same time the seed leaves have continued to increase in size and push the coats farther from their original position.

During this time the seedling has been drawing its nourishment from the storehouse of food deposited in the large seed leaves, and while this is becoming exhausted the young plant gets its roots in position to take up nourishment and the stem and leaves so placed that the sun can act upon the substances absorbed by the roots. It therefore follows that while seeds may be successfully germinated, so far as the study of the process is concerned, in cotton or between folds of paper, it holds true that soil is soon essential for the life of the young apple tree. It is therefore well for the study of this part of our subject to plant some seeds in earth in a flower pot, so that after those in moisture only, on the clean plate, have served their purpose of illustrating the behavior of seeds in germination there may be other samples to show how the young seedling gets a foothold while using up the substance provided for it by the mother plant.

By this time we will suppose that the apple seedlings are in the middle of their first summer. There is a single stem above ground with its leaves and below is a branching system of roots. The embryo, in short, has enlarged in all its parts, and in place of the two seed leaves, or cotyledons, which spread out opposite each other at the tip of the stem, there are a dozen leaves which are one at a joint and arranged in a spiral manner. The stem has taken upon itself first a green and afterward a reddish or chestnut color, and becomes much more complicated in structure.

All parts of a plant like the apple are made up of three members, and by a multiplication of these the largest tree is produced. These plant members are stem, leaf, and root. It is our purpose to take each member up in detail.

From what has been seen in the study of the seedlings in the moist cotton and the flower pot and the old tree in the yard, it is clear that the stem of the apple from first to last is an upright plant axis. It may be horizontal or inclined at some angle, especially when first issuing from the seed or after old age and the weight of years is upon it; but in youth and the vigor of middle life the apple stem stands between the system of roots below ground and the system of branches which bear the leaves and fruit successively from year to year.

In the seed the stem is one of the smallest parts, far smaller than either of the two seed leaves. These seed leaves after germination soon fall away and are seen no more, while the tiny stem, having steadily absorbed the nourishment stored in the seed leaves, grows possibly a number of feet in length during the first year.

While in the seed the stem was a small bit of substance that was almost uniform in structure. In order to observe this structure it is necessary to view it through a microscope. In this way the small parts seem large to the eye and the otherwise unseen portions become observable. In order, however, to see the structure thin slices need to be taken so that light can come through the layer and the particles be seen.

The whole space is occupied by small bodies that are known as cells. They are like exceedingly small flour sacks packed closely together, and each cell is filled with a variety of substances. By changing the eye-piece of the microscope the section or a portion of it can be still more highly magnified. In order that the reader may get a good knowledge of the structure of the whole apple tree it is necessary to dwell upon the elements of the cell as we find it in the young stem before it begins to germinate, for out of these cells are to be formed all the parts to be afterward seen. The cell is the unit of structure in all plants. As we see it in the young apple stem the

globular cell consists of the wall, or sac, and its contents. This cell wall is a thin membrane, but elsewhere it becomes greatly thickened, or the whole cell much elongated and otherwise modified to suit the necessities of each case. The contents are various and may not be identical in any two cells. There is starch for one thing, oil for another, and a peculiar substance known as protoplasm for a third. This latter is always present in living cells and has been called the vehicle of life. It is the substance out of which the cell wall is made, and from or in which all other compounds originate.

It would be interesting to study by sections the development of the young apple stem through each week or month of its growth; but our purpose will be sufficiently served to pass to the end of the first year. It is now a twig large enough for a boy's whip, and leaves are arranged along its sides, with the oldest lowermost and new ones forming at the top. If the two halves of the seed, namely the cotyledons, are laid open there is found at their base or point of union and pressed between them a minute structure called the plumule. This is the bud of the embryo, and from it develops the stem as it proceeds upward. There is always a bud at the tip of every perfect stem, and while leaves are being given off from it during the growing season the bud is small and overtopped by the young leaves. The buds are most prominent when the leaves are absent and are best studied from late autumn to early spring.

Besides the end, or terminal, bud there are other and smaller ones forming along the side of the stem and in the angle which the leaf makes with the stem above their union. These are the side, or lateral, buds, from some of which side branches are produced the second season. These buds, as also the leaves, are arranged in a regular manner. Starting with any bud or leaf, the next one above it is two fifths around the stem, the third is four fifths, the fourth six fifths, the fifth eight fifths, and the sixth ten fifths, or directly over number one, with which we started. In other words the stem has been gone around twice in getting to the one that is in the same vertical line with the first. This will be fully considered under the head of leaf arrangement and is only mentioned here to connect the disposition of the side buds with that of the leaves. On account of the lateral buds growing in the angle (axil) of the leaves it follows that the arrangement of the leaves, of course, determines that of the buds, which are of later development. A knowledge of the arrangement of the leaves of a single twig gives sure information as to the disposition of the branches throughout the whole tree.

The buds are the growing points of the plant. There was but one point of growth in the embryo, namely the plumule, or minute bud lying between the seed leaves. All other parts of the seedling plant undergo growth, but the bud is the central point so far as the stem is concerned. If there is a main stem from the start the bud that terminates it is the plumule continued indefinitely. In the apple this first shoot presses on upward for a few years, and then becomes lost among the many branches of equal height and vigor springing from lateral buds. In other trees there is always one main stem and from it are given off side shoots that do not compete with the main one, which continues and constitutes the long, usually straight and tall main stem. The two types might well be represented by the spruce tree and the apple, the former having a spire top and the latter one that is broad and round.

Buds are among the most important parts of stems; they are in fact undeveloped stems, and therefore a knowledge of them lies at the foundation of an understanding of stems. The terminal bud as before stated is a small and obscure structure during the growing season, because it is kept from view by the great size and importance of its product, the young forming leaves. But when taken in the winter the conditions are very different. The foliage has all disappeared from the twig and the end bud is prominent because it has prepared for the severe weather by providing

itself with a number of thick scales laid closely over the tender parts and the whole is more or less completely enveloped in a varnish and coating of hairs.

There are two types of growth for stems; first where the amount of elongation is determined by the plant, and secondly where it is determined by the surrounding conditions. The first is a definite and the second an indefinite annual growth. The apple stands somewhat midway between the two extremes.

Buds, as has been shown, are divided as to position into tip and side, or terminal and lateral. As to the nature of their contents, they are again grouped into leaf buds, that is, those which grow into an ordinary leafy shoot, and flower buds and fruit buds, which as the name indicates are to produce flowers and finally the fruit.

The young seedling apple tree bears several leaves during its first year. These are produced from the terminal buds and borne upon the sides of the twig in a very orderly manner. The oldest is the lowermost, and stands next above the two seed leaves, and differs from them in shape and in bearing only one at a joint of the twig. The first two apple leaves, if they may be called such, are the only ones that stand opposite each other upon the stem. They may be omitted from further consideration as they differ in so many ways from true foliage.

The apple leaf consists of two leading parts; namely, the wide upper portion, called the blade, and the stalk that unites it to the stem. When young there are two other parts which are like narrow ears that stand one on each side of the base of the leaf stalk, or petiole. These are the stipules, and soon fall away. In some plants the stipules are the largest part of the leaf, but in the apple they play no important rôle. The apple leaf as compared with those of other plants is perhaps an average one in size. Some are very much larger, as those of the rheubarb of the garden, the petioles of which are the edible portion, and such tropical plants as the banana and many of the palms; on the other hand the number that have smaller leaves is large. It is a simple leaf, that is, the blade consists of a single piece. The clover leaf has three parts, called leaflets, the horse-chestnut seven, and many other plants have compound leaves consisting of hundreds of leaflets. The oak has a simple leaf, but the hickory a compound one, the maple has a simple leaf, the ash a compound one, the morning-glory has a simple, the bean a compound leaf. The difference is in the number of parts to the blade of the leaf. All these parts and the stalk that bears them fall away from the stem. The leaflets may drop separately, but finally the petiole, common to them all, disappears.

The apple leaf is made up structurally of two portions; namely, the framework and the green pulp. The framework is sometimes called veins and consists of woody tissue which is strong for holding the soft portion in place. The veining of the apple leaf is quite simple, consisting of the main axis, or continuation of the petiole, running from base to apex. From this are given off right and left the ribs, and secondary ribs arise from these until the whole network is complete.

The apple leaf is a type of the venation of a large number of leaves. Another type may be represented by plants like the lilies, of which there is a vast number. Here the veins all run nearly in the same direction and the type is called parallel venation, while that of the apple is netted venation.

All the grasses and grains have parallel-veined leaves, the corn being one of the largest of our plants in the Northern States with long leaves having the veins all running from the base to the tip, or apex. There are other parallel-veined leaves a modification of the above in having the petiole prolonged through the leaf as a main rib and then from this the veins leading off at right angles on each side and running parallel or nearly so to the outside edge.

The edge, or margin, of parallel-veined leaves is entire, that is, not notched. Many of those with netted venation are likewise entire, but a large percentage show some form of irregularity of outline.

There are various terms used for express-

ing the condition of margin. Thus when the teeth are small and point toward the apex, like the teeth of a saw, the margin is serrate, as in the apple. When the indentures are deeper the leaf is lobed, as in many kinds of oak, cleft when cut sharply, parted when still more deeply separated, and divided when the parts of the simple leaf are united only by the main vein which supports them all.

When there is but one leading vein, as in the apple, called the midrib, and the smaller ribs are given off from this like the parts of a feather from the quill, the leaf is called feather-veined, or pinnately veined. The other type is where there are three or more nearly equal main veins all arising from the base of the leaf and radiating as the parts of a palm-leaf fan. This form takes its name from the resemblance to the hand, or palm, the veins corresponding to fingers, and the term palmately veined is applied to such. The maple is a good illustration of the palmately-veined simple leaf. Others of the same type will occur to the reader or he may find them.

Following out these two types of arrangement of main ribs, the compound leaves fall into the same two groups. Then there are the pinnately compound, as in the ash and pea, and the palmately compound, illustrated by the horse-chestnut. The leaflets of the former are arranged along an axis, while in the latter they are all grouped at the upper end of the petiole.

With the naked eye we have divided the substance of the leaf into the framework and the pulp. The framework consists largely of the long fibrous tissue common to wood and need not be further considered here. The petiole, for example, is like a half stem, the upper portion being wanting. It is the blade that is of most importance and the other portions are to support it in the air and sunshine. They may be absent, and then the blade rests upon the twig and the term sessile, meaning sitting, is applied. Occasionally sessile leaves are arranged in pairs upon opposite sides of the stem with their lower portions united, making it almost appear as if the stem grew through the middle of a single leaf. There are many strange shapes which leaves assume for special purposes. Thus some are reduced to slender threads, called tendrils, capable of coiling around and holding the stem to a support. Others are like small pitchers for holding water and trapping insects which feed the plants, and some are veritable traps which spring quickly and catch their prey. The floral parts, elsewhere treated, are disguised leaves. Our apple leaf, while a thin expansion, is quite complex in structure. Upon the outside of all is a thin layer of cells closely attached to each other so that this epidermis can be pulled off. Thus removed and placed under the microscope the skin of the leaf is resolved into a plate a single layer of cells in thickness. It is colorless and abounds in minute holes that are known as *stomata*, sometimes spoken of as breathing pores. These are much more numerous in the epidermis of the lower than the upper side of the leaf. It has been computed that there are about one hundred thousand pores upon the underside of an average apple leaf. The layer of cells which makes up the epidermis is colorless and each fits closely by irregular edges into the sides of its neighbors, thus making a comparatively tough skin. It is important that the reader bear in mind the peculiar structure of the leaf epidermis, its firmness and porosity, as likewise the absence of the green coloring matter that abounds in the cells just beneath.

Leaves are generally noticeably of a deeper green when seen from the upper side and this is due to the denser tissue upon this side and consequently a larger amount of the green substance within any given amount of space.

The *stomata* have the capacity of opening and closing, the movements depending upon the conditions of the plant and the circumstances of heat, humidity, etc., which surround the leaf. But it is not our purpose to go into the details of the action of such minute structures.

We now come to the third and last plant-member, namely, the root. In the seedling before germination the root can be seen as

a minute projection from the short stem. As the seedling grows this tip increases in length and soon points downward. A little later it begins to send out side projections at a short distance from the tip. These are the root-hairs and correspond in nature to the hairs upon the underside of the leaf. The young root is made up mostly of cells of the simpler sorts and the surface is without a covering of bark. The hairs are prolongations of the outer side of the superficial cells of the root. They extend for a considerable distance and by passing between the minute particles of soil become much distorted and at the same time in close contact with them. If a young plant is pulled up from the soil the earth will be removed with the hairs along that portion where they abound, while above and below they are absent and the roots appear comparatively clean. It is evident that these root-hairs greatly increase the surface exposed by the roots to the soil. As the root advances day by day new root-hairs are thrown out, so that there is constantly a new area of the soil brought in contact with the fresh roots.

The tip of the growing root as found in the soil is a structure peculiar to itself. It is in the same position as a bud, namely at the end of a growing axis, but its structure is very different and not altogether easy to make clear without the aid of a figure. If the reader will imagine this cap removed then it may be easy to consider the growth of the root, which takes place in length entirely at the apex. Here is located that fine tissue that is capable of forming new cells. As the mason builds the brick chimney at the end, so here the new cells like bricks are laid down. But there are many differences between the growth, so-to-speak, of the chimney and of the root. The bricks are full size when first put in place, but not so with the cells at the tip of the root. They grow in their places and shortly gain full dimensions. The vital bricks of the root and the mortar are all one and very delicate, therefore easily injured if brought in contact with the sharp angles of the particles of soil. The need of the cap is easily seen. It is not unlike in service the guard or "stall" that one places upon his finger when its tip is tender from some injury. A root has been defined as an outgrowth of a plant the tip of which is protected by a cap.

As the root continues to grow, new outgrowths are formed from it at some distance back from the tip, which take a direction at right angles from it. These are all protected at the tip by a cap and observe the same laws of growth. These in turn produce other roots until the root system as found beneath the stem of a tree is formed. Each succeeding year adds new lengths to the roots and a new crop of side ones.

The importance of roots growing in length near their tips, and not throughout their whole length as is true of young twigs, is easily seen when one considers what might happen if it were otherwise. The substance in which roots grow is very different from that surrounding stems. The soil is heavy and compact; the air in these particulars is as nothing compared with it. If the roots of a much-branched system elongated through the whole length there would be either a breaking of the roots or an upheaval of the soil, or both. A long root with a score of such roots would carry or tend to carry them all forward in its onward movement through the soil, while the side roots having their own younger ones would lead to still greater complications. As it is the roots all elongate at a point about a sixteenth of an inch from the end, and back of that zone there is no stretching. The old root remains where it was found with the exception that the new layers of substance are placed upon its outside so that it increases steadily in size to give a firm anchorage to the plant as its stems and branches enlarge. There is also a covering placed over all that remains of the bark of the stems which serves the same purpose of protection.

Our little yearling apple tree is well started in life, but there are several succeeding chapters before the full-grown tree is produced, that is, a veteran similar to the one under which in imagination we have been sitting.

SCOTTISH BARDS.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

WHILE England had her poets laureate from Edmund Spenser (1591) down to the union, and the office has since been continued as a fancy appendage to the British government (the present poet laureate, Austin, being the sixteenth in succession from Spenser), Scotland has always had her popular poet, and if not officially recognized and pensioned, still laureated by public appreciation, and cherished as the national bard of Scotland.

Blind Harry and Barbour, the first writing of Wallace and the other of Bruce, long held their place as minstrels among the Scotch. A century or two afterward Sir David Lyndsay appeared, and may be said to be the first of the modern laureates of Scotland. And for two hundred years his poems held their place in public esteem—though we now hardly know why. There is little in them that appeals to our modern sense of beauty, sublimity, or sweetness. He was an uncompromising enemy of the monks and priests of that day, lashing them unmercifully with his caustic verses; and it is doubtless only the fact that the populace considered him a doughty champion of the Reformed views that must account for the continued popularity of his poems. It was certainly good for Sir David that he flourished under James V., and not under Victoria; for even if we could get over his oft indelicacy—a fault, largely, of his age, but which he did nothing to reform—we should fail to recognize that delicate aroma of poetry without which caustic verses become mere scolding and truth itself only very dull preaching.

No one seriously disputed Lyndsay's laurels till Allan Ramsay arose, two hundred years later. Ramsay was exceptionally happy in that he enjoyed during his lifetime much popularity and appreciation. And his memory was happy in having Burns to laud him as his exemplar and master. Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral drama of the simplest type of humble life, became popular at once, and he became the representative poet of Scotland during his lifetime. The "Gentle Shepherd" still holds its place among the classics of the common people. His songs have too much mannerism, compared with those of Burns; but some thirty good Scottish songs, some of them adaptations and reconstructions of older songs—most of which needed pruning to remove indelicacies and extravagances—evidenced and enforced his claim to the laureateship of Scotland. And in addition there were the other songs in his "Tea Table Miscellany" (1724), by many old and unknown authors, some by Robert Crawford, William Hamilton of Bangour, and other contemporary writers—edited and often retouched by himself. Ramsay died in 1758.

After his death came Robert Fergusson, who by no means took Ramsay's place in public estimation. He too profited by the admiration and praise of Burns. And if Burns had a conspicuous literary weakness it was in the unstinted praise he often gave to mediocrity, in men and poetry. Fergusson had some bright things about him, which sometimes showed themselves in his Scotch verse. But no man can be accepted by Scottish people as a "Scottish poet" who does not give them songs they can admire and sing, and Fergusson failed in doing this. Not over one or two of his are ever found in any good collection of Scottish songs.

And this brings us to Robert Burns. By the year 1786 he was locally known as a wit and a poet, his poems largely taking the form of satires and epistles, with some unusually good dialect love songs. After his Kilmarnock publication of that year, and the larger volume the next year in Edinburgh, his fame was fully established in Scotland as her representative poet. His influence on the manners, language, songs,

and general literature of his country is difficult to overestimate. He fixed the language: Burns' Scotch is now the only generally-accepted dialect. His songs are preëminent among those of Scottish authorship, and unapproached by those of any other poet whatever. His remodeling of old songs restored them to use again—he using whatever good was in them and deftly weaving out everything objectionable. His shining, patriotic Scottish fervor reminded Scotsmen (what they were in danger of forgetting) that they were not a mere province of the British Empire, but a nation, with a proud history and a glorious future. Whatever good, to the world and to themselves, has resulted from this modern national patriotism among the Scottish people, has come, more than from any other one thing, from the writings of Burns.

Burns died (1796), and before his time, leaving a blank it was hopeless quite to fill.

James Hogg, herding sheep on the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow, never heard of Burns till after the Bard of Ayr was dead. But no sooner had he devoured Burns' poems than he resolved to "succeed" him! And, what is much more remarkable, he kept his resolution and promise. He was already hard at work forging Scottish songs out of the raw material before Walter Scott began his researches into Border minstrelsy or tuned his own harp to song.

Of all men who ever lived in any land, Hogg was the keenest to analyze and the sweetest to sing the weird and fairylike, dwelling among spirits and fairies, lovely and enchanting, as if he himself were native to fairyland. The people of Scotland will never tire of singing "When the kye comes hame," "Bird of the Wilderness," and "Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg?"

During the lives of Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg (Sir Walter died in 1832 and Hogg in 1835) Scotland claimed two contemporaneous national poets. Scott with "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" and Hogg with "The Queen's Wake" fully satisfied their countrymen with narrative and romantic poems; and both of them made valuable additions to the already unapproached volume of native song possessed by the Scottish people. Some of Scott's Songs, as "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Lochinvar," and "Hail to the Chief!" have not only sweetness, motion, *verve*, but carry the mind back to those days of chivalry and romance the glow of which was ever present with Scott.

After the death of "the Ettrick Shepherd," in 1835, the laureateship might be said to be "in commission" for some years. Tannahill was gone, and Motherwell was gone, who might have claimed it had they lived. There were many poets, but none of them preëminent in the eyes of their countrymen. In those years, I can remember, in my father's house the question was oft discussed, "What poet has Scotland now?" And the verdict always was that she had none now, in succession to Burns and Scott and Hogg. And the little Scotch boy who heard this unwelcome conclusion would creep sad-hearted to his bed, grieving that Scotland had fallen upon such evil days and wondering if he himself could not do something to repair the loss.

But, popularly speaking, the next laureate was James Ballantine. As early as 1824 he contributed to "Whistle Binkie" (the whimsical title to a composite publication of Scottish song), but it was not till 1843 that he came properly before the public, in an illustrated monthly publication he called *The Gaberlunzie's Wallet*. From this time his fame grew; and such songs as "Castles in the Air," "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," and "Wifie come hame" assured his position as Scottish laureate.

"Wifie, come hame! my couthie[1] wee dame!
Oh, but ye're far awa; wifie come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,
Come wi' the lown[2] star o' love in thine ee,[3]
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou,[4]
A' glist[5] wi' balm like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd[6] tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee;
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
Oh, quickly come, and shed blessings on me!"

Ballantine's hold on Scottish admiration

1. Kind, loving. 2. Calm. 3. Eye. 4. Mouth. 5. Glistening. 6. Gold.

was firm and lasting. People felt that Scotland had a poet. He said to me in a letter a couple of years before his death that his countrymen still continued to read his books; for which no doubt he felt, as any true man would, pleased and thankful.

James Ballantine died in 1877. This time the interregnum was more apparent than real. Professor John Stuart Blackie was "to the fore," though it was still a little space after Ballantine's death before the public realized and fully acknowledged his position. In so far as a genius is different from other men, Blackie was a genius; for he was unlike everybody else in the world. In his estimation there seemed only to be two things worth living for: anything that was Greek and anything that was Scottish. "All the rest," as Pope said, "was leather and prunella." I heard him, one year, give his introductory lecture to his Greek class in Edinburgh University, and he broke out into a flight on Greek poetry. "Oh," said he, "we should be out on the hills, among the sunshine and the heather, to study Greek! Under these dim skies and among these gray walls we miss the aroma of Greek literature!" At which the class applauded. But he added, "Greek is the language of theology; and the reason we have no profound theologians in Scotland is because we have no profound Greek scholars." At this they hissed. "Oh, hiss away lads," he returned calmly, "the truth tells!"

Blackie was an enthusiast about Scotch songs. And it must be said that his lecturing, in season and out of season, the Scottish people about preferring German, Italian, and English "classical airs" and "fashionable twaddle" to the superb and ever-increasing volume of Scottish music and song did have much of the desired result. And if, at this moment, Scotch airs and Scotch songs take a high and unique place in the cottages of the poor and the drawing-rooms of the rich, not only in Scotland but over the world, a large share of the credit for this state of things belongs to John Stuart Blackie.

A characteristic achievement of Blackie's was the translation of Homer's Iliad in ballad measure, which he considered the greatest work of his life. Some of his own songs are much admired, such as "A Sprig of White Heather," "Hail, Land of My Fathers!" and "Farewell, ye braes of broad Braemar!"

Blackie died early in 1895; and now the laureateship of Scotland is again in commission. The first feeling is that there is no one to take the succession to Burns and Blackie. But nature is ever living. Thought never dies—nor the expression of it. There is a number of candidates for the honor. A year or two will probably decide which of them is to be invested with the robes and crowned with the laurel of "Scotland's poet."

I have said nothing of Charles Mackay, born in Perth in 1814, who spent all his life in London and wrote only in English (though his English was to some purpose, as "Cheer, boys, cheer" and "I've a guinea I can spend" testify); nor of Thomas Campbell ("Pleasures of Hope," Edinburgh, 1799), whose writings were British, but not Scotch; nor of some of those who, under other circumstances, might have been laurel-crowned, but who were overshadowed by contemporary poets. One of these was Robert Tannahill, of Paisley (1774–1810), whose "Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," "The Bonnie Wood o' Craigie Lea," "Braes o' Balquidder," "Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," and "Clean Pease-Strae," are sung wherever a son of Scotland is found. Another was William Motherwell (1797–1835), whose memory we will always revere for "Jeanie Morrison":

> "I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
> Through mony a weary way,
> But never, never can forget
> The luve o' life's young day.
> The fire that's blawn on Beltane[1] E'en
> May weel be black gin Yule;[2]
> But blacker fa'[3] awaits the heart
> Where first fond luve grows cule.[4]"

Had he lived longer he might have done as much for us as James Ballantine.

1. First of May. 2. Christmas. 3. Fate. 4. Cool.

Another worthy of mention was Lady Nairne (1766–1845), whose "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin," and many Jacobite songs were sung all over the world for thirty or forty years before their authorship was known. When at last her identity was revealed Scotland could only crown her tomb.

A fourth was Allan Cunningham (1784–1842). "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" is sung wherever the English language is known. More distinctively Scottish songs are "The Lovely Lass o' Inverness" and "It's hame, and it's hame":

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree;
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree."

And I would not omit James Smith, the inimitable writer of children's songs, or George Macdonald, the novelist, who has written much less poetry than Scott but more dialect songs and rhymes and many queer old Scottish snatches. These all, had we not already had a laureate in the chair, could worthily have filled the place.

Others of quick and virile genius have expatriated themselves, and thus lost the opportunity of "harping in the hearing" of their own countrymen. One of these, who challenged public attention during 1895 by the publication of a comely volume through the press of Gardiner, Paisley, Scotland, is Robert Reid of Montreal. Mr. Reid has only to write (as he *can* write) a few more Scottish songs—distinctively such—to be ready to aspire to the honor now waiting for a worthy claimant. I make no apology for introducing this new (cisatlantic) name—no more than the scientist does for discovering a new star. To benefit humanity by telling them something they ought to know is reward enough. Reid's poem on "Blackie and Edinboro," published last spring, after Blackie's death (and not in his volume), is one of the finest things of the kind ever written. I give a stanza or two:

"There 's dule[1] i' the auld mither's heart at tynin'[2] o' her bairn,
Though like her ain his winsome heid had lang been sillar-grey;
And but an' ben[3] her wee bit hoose she hirples[4] sair forfairn,[5]
And ferlies[6] wha 'll up-haud[7] her at the doonfa' o' the day?
For ane by ane they 've dwined[8] awa—the blythe lads and the bauld—
In mony a clime ayont her ken hae they been stricken doon;
And noo the blythest o' them a' lies streikit[9] stiff and cauld,
Across her knees, against her heart, in Edinboro toon.

. . . . . .

"Wheesht! for I hear them comin! they 're trampin' up the street,
The bonnie street he aften trod, and likit aye sae weel;
And eh! the bagpipe's wailin' note amaist wad gar[10] ane greet,[11]
Sae eithly[12] as it airts[13] him to the dear 'Land o' the Leal.'[14]
O safely may his boatie sail to that far shadowy shore,
And kindly be his welcome i' the port to whilk[15] it 's boun';
For lang we 'll miss that face and form—the hinmaist[16] o' the core
That held the causey-heid[17] sae lang in Edinboro toon!"

Burns was the poet of the hills and streams, and never opened his eyes but he saw a lark above him or a flower at his feet; but Reid is the poet of the moors. Every feature he reproduces; he understands the language of the whaups (curlews) crying in the distance, and the wee linties singing, the scanty foggage, and the wild drear slopes of the hills—all are vocal to him. The best piece in his book is a Covenanter poem, "Kirkbride," of which I give the first three stanzas:

"Bury me in Kirkbride,
Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie;
The auld kirkyard on the grey hillside,
Under the open sky;
Under the open sky,
On the breist o' the brae sae steep,

1. Grief. 2. Losing. 3. "But and ben," outer and inner rooms. 4. Limps. 5. Worn out. 6. Wonders. 7. Uphold. 8. Faded. 9. Stretched. 10. Make. 11. Weep. 12. Easily, softly. 13. Points. 14. True-hearted. 15. Which. 16. Last. 17. Causeway, street.

And side by side wi' the banes that lie
Streik't there in their hinmaist sleep;
This puir dune body maun[1] sune be dust,
But it thrills wi' a stoun'[2] o' pride,
To ken[3] it may mix wi' the great and just
That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

"Little o' peace or rest
Had we, that hae aften stude
Wi' oor face to the foe on the mountain's crest,
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude;
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude,
For the richts[4] that the Covenant claimed,
And ready wi' life to mak language gude
Gin the king or his kirk we blamed;
And aften I thocht[5] in the dismal day
We 'd never see gloamin' tide,
But melt like the cranreuch's[1] rime that lay
I' the dawin,[2] abune Kirkbride.

"But gloamin' fa 's at last
On the dour,[3] dreich,[4] dinsome[5] day,
And the trouble through whilk we hae safely past
Has left us weary and wae;
Has left us weary and wae,
And fain to be laid, limb-free,
In a dreamless dwawm[6] to be airtit away
To the shores o' the crystal sea;
Far frae the toil, and the moil, and the murk,[7]
And the tyrant's cursèd pride,
Row 't[8] in the wreath o' the mists that lurk,
Heaven-sent, about auld Kirkbride."

1. Must. 2. Pang, sudden pain. 3. Know. 4. Rights. 5. Thought.

1. Hoar-frost. 2. Dawning. 3. Contrary. 4. Tedious. 5. Noisy. 6. Swoon. 7. Gloom. 8. Wrapped.

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.*

BY MARY PROCTOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE night of the visit to the observatory was one of those glorious starlit evenings when the heavens seem resplendent with gems of richest hue. Beyond the silvery mist of the Pleiades shone the ruddy Aldebaran. In the southeastern horizon glowed the glorious constellation of Orion:

"First next the Twins, see great Orion rise,
His arms extended stretch o'er half the skies.
His stride as large, and with a steady pace
He marches on, and measures a vast space;
On each broad shoulder a bright star displayed,
And three obliquely grace his hanging blade.
In his vast head, immersed in boundless spheres,
Three stars, less bright, but yet as great, he bears,
But farther off removed, their splendors lost;
Thus graced and armed he leads the starry host."

The telescope was first turned toward the ruddy Aldebaran, which was compared with the brilliant Betelguese, in the shoulder of Orion, and is also remarkable on account of its color and brilliancy. The rich topaz hue formed a marked contrast with the glowing light of Aldebaran. The twin stars Castor and Pollux were next observed, and the fine cluster Præsepe, in Cancer, was easily found as it was distinctly visible that night. There is a belief among sailors that when this cluster can be seen with the unaided eye it means fair weather, but when it cannot be seen the captain may look out for squalls.

But the lesson the professor wished to convey that evening was more directly concerned with the glorious star Sirius, the king of suns. The professor invited Caroline to look at it, and as she did so she gave an exclamation of surprise:

"The star is every color of the rainbow," she exclaimed—"green, and red, and blue! It is flashing with wonderful brilliancy and looks like a huge diamond."

"That may be very beautiful," the professor said smiling, "but it shows that the telescope is not well focused. As soon as it is, these light-flashes diminish, until, on such a night as this, you will see the star still flashing, it is true, but appearing much brighter than to the unaided eye. It will then be reduced to a small disk of light, surrounded in the case of so bright a star as Sirius with a slight glare. The astronomer's object is to get rid of all these flames and sprays of colored light, so that he has very little sympathy with the admiration which Wordsworth is said to have expressed for out-of-focus views of stars."

After he had focused the telescope and all the pupils in turn had had a look at

* Copyright, 1896, by Theodore L. Flood.

Sirius, he addressed the class as follows:

"In the presence of the glorious king of suns, surpassing our own sun, at the very least, one thousand times in volume, we are, as it were, in the presence of some unseen power. How very insignificant our own earth appears, especially when we remember that it would take more than one million globes such as ours to equal in volume that of the sun. We are but animalculæ on this small planet, which planet in itself is but an atom compared with the orbs which people space. Astronomy teaches us to learn our true value, to look upward and to have nobler aspirations, as we strive to grasp the meaning of the wonders and the extent of God's universe. Insignificant as we are in the great scheme of creation, we dare to raise our eyes to the heavens, to weigh the planets, to gauge the star-depths, and yet we cannot approach nearer than the border land of the infinite. 'In observing Sirius we gaze upon a mighty globe instinct with fiery energy, glowing with intense luster, possibly the center of a scheme of circling worlds far more important than that over which our sun holds sway! Can you imagine how vast must be the scale of the planetary system over which Sirius rules? Indeed it must be vast for the mere security of its inhabitants. An orb placed as far from Sirius as the earth is from the sun would be scorched by a heat so intense that life would be impossible upon its surface. The distance of Jupiter would be better, but even then the supply of heat would be six times as great as that which we receive from the sun. At Saturn's distance a world would be illuminated and warmed half as much again as our earth, and at a distance about one fifth greater than that of Saturn would an attendant on Sirius receive the same supply of light and heat as we have from the sun. In short, a scheme of planets bearing the same relation to Sirius as respects the supply of life and heat which the planetary system bears to the sun would have to be constructed on a scale twelve times vaster.'* After all, however, the most wonderful circumstance is that of which alone we are certain. We know of only one attendant over which Sirius bears sway; but we are well assured as to his own splendor and surpassing volume, and these are the features which afford the most surprising evidence of the wonders of the star-depths."

The circumpolar constellations were next observed, and as the evening was too chilly for further observations the pupils went to the professor's study with Miss Inart and the rest of the lesson was devoted to an account of the invention of telescopes and their history.

"The history of the discovery of telescopes is as follows," said the professor, when the members of the class had taken their places in his study. "In the year 1606 a concave and a convex lens were first used in combination, to render objects less distant in appearance. 'In that year the children of an optician named Jean Lippershey, of Middleburg, in Zealand, were playing with his lenses and happened to hold one before the other to look at a distant clock. Their great surprise in seeing how near it seemed attracted their father's attention, and he made several experiments with the glasses, at last fixing them as in the modern telescope—in draw tubes. On the 2nd of October, 1606, he made a petition to the States General of Holland for a patent. The alderman, however, saw no advantage in it, as you could look with only one eye instead of two. They refused the patent, and though the discovery was soon found of value Lippershey reaped no benefit. In 1609 Galileo, hearing of this new invention, resolved to make a telescope for himself and turn it toward the heavens. Its magnifying power was increased from three to thirty, and with this he discovered the spots on the sun, the rugged surface of the moon, the phases of Venus, and the four satellites of Jupiter. In 1611 Kepler made the first astronomical telescope with two concave glasses. Cassini, the first director of the Paris Observatory increased the power of the telescope to one hundred and fifty, and observed the rotation of Jupiter, that of Venus and Mars, and the fifth and third satellites of Saturn. The earliest telescopes which were reflectors were made by Gregory in 1663 and Newton in 1672. The great-

*"The Expanse of Heaven," p. 245. R. A. Proctor.

est instruments of our century are that of Herschel, which magnified 3,000 times, and and Lord Rosse's, magnifying 6,000 times, the Foucault telescope at Marseilles, of 4,000, the reflector at Melbourne, of 7,000, and the Newell refractor. The exact knowledge of the heavens, which makes so grand a feature in modern science, is due, however, not only to the existence of instruments but also to the establishment of observatories especially devoted to their use. The first astronomical observatory that was constructed was at Paris. In 1667 Colbert submitted the designs of it to Louis XIV., and four years afterward it was completed. The Greenwich Observatory was established in 1676, that of Berlin in 1710, and that of St. Petersburg in 1725. Since then many others have been erected, private as well as public, in all parts of the world, and no night passes without numerous observations being taken as part of the ordinary duty of the astronomers attached to them.'"*

"I wish you would tell us something more about the Lick Observatory telescope," said Marion.

"The great Lick telescope," replied the professor, "was mounted in 1888, and is the largest in the world. The object-glass is three feet in diameter, and the tube is fifty-seven feet long. The telescope and the mounting weigh thirty-seven tons, and the parts that move weigh nearly four tons. The highest magnifying power used on stars is about five thousand times. It is so arranged that photographs can be taken with it also. When we wish to examine stars for a long time we point a telescope at them, shortly after they rise in the east, and study their appearance during the whole night, until they have sunk low in the west. To do this we must contrive a suitable mounting for our telescope. The small telescope-stand with three legs, such as every one has seen, will do for this purpose, but a much better form is the equatorial mounting, as it is shown in the pictures of the great telescope at Mount Hamilton. In an account of the Lick telescope Professor Holden wrote as follows:

"'The telescope is attached directly to the latitude axis. Near the end of this axis is a divided circle, and the latitude of the star you wish to find is set off on this circle by moving the telescope. You are now pointed to the right latitude. The inclined axis just above the heavy iron stand is the longitude axis, and it is also provided with a circle. By turning the whole telescope, latitude axis and all, around this, the right longitude can be reached and the star is seen in the eye-piece. But the star is constantly moving from east to west, from rising to setting, and the telescope must also be moved to follow it.'

"Provision for so moving the telescope is made in the clockwork contrivance which I recently described to you," the professor concluded.

"I do wish you would tell me the meaning of the words *eye-piece*, *object-glass*, and *finder*," said Caroline.

"Your question has been so well answered by others that I will read their words," replied the professor:

"'A telescope can, like the microscope, be made only of two glasses, an object-glass to form an image in the tube and a magnifying eye-piece to enlarge it. In the telescope the thing we look at is far off, so that the rays of light fall on the object-glass at such a very narrow angle as to be practically parallel, and the image in the tube is of course very much smaller than the planet or star it pictures. What the object-glass of the telescope does for us is to bring a small *real image* of an object very far off close to us in the tube of the telescope, so that we can examine it. Think for a moment what this means. Imagine a distant star, whose light travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand five hundred miles in one second, still takes sixty-five years in reaching us, as in the case of the star Canopus in the southern hemisphere. Picture the tiny waves of light crossing the countless billions of miles of space during that space of time, and reaching us so widely spread out that the few faint rays which strike our eye are quite useless, and for us that star has no existence. But let us question the giant telescope by turning the object-glass in the direction where the star lies in infinite space. The widespread rays are collected and come to a minute bright image in the dark tube. You put the eye-piece to this image, and there, under your eye, is a shining point. This is the image of the star, which would otherwise be lost to you in the mighty distance. Can any magic tube be more marvelous or any thought grander or more sublime than this? By making use of the laws of light, which are the same wherever we turn, we can penetrate into depths so vast that we are not able even to measure them and bring back unseen stars to tell us the secrets of the mighty

*"Astronomical Myths," pp. 229-230. C. Flammarion.

universe. As far as the stars are concerned, whether we see them or not depends entirely upon the number of rays collected by the object-glass; for at such enormous distances the rays have no angle that we can measure, and, magnify as you will, the brightest star only remains a point of light. It is in order to collect enough rays that astronomers have tried to have larger and larger object-glasses; so that while a small good hand telescope may have an object-glass measuring only one inch and a quarter across, some of the giant telescopes have lenses of two and a half feet, or thirty inches diameter. These enormous lenses are very difficult to make and manage, and have many faults, therefore astronomical telescopes are often made with curved mirrors to reflect the rays and bring them to a focus instead of reflecting them as curved lenses do. We see then that one very important use of the telescope is to bring objects into view which otherwise we would never see, for although we bring the stars into sight we cannot magnify them. But whenever an object is near enough for the rays to fall even at a very small perceptible angle on the object-glass, then we can magnify them, and the longer the telescope and the stronger the eye-piece the more the object is magnified. By going to the proper end of the telescope you can get quite near the image and can see and magnify it if you put a strong lens to collect the rays from it to a focus. This is the use of the eye-piece.'*

"'The object-glass of the telescope is up at one end of the tube, and an eye-piece at the other. The chief use of the tube is to keep these two glasses at exactly the right distance apart. The object-glass makes a picture of the star we are observing close down by the eye-piece, and the eye-piece is a microscope with which we examine the picture. In the Lick telescope there is a whole set of magnifying glasses, some magnifying as much as five thousand times, and some only two hundred times, and they are used as occasion requires.'†

"In large telescopes," continued the professor, "where the difference between the focal length of the object-glass and that of the eye-glass is so great, the magnifying power is quite startling, simply because the object-glass is large enough to collect a greater number of rays. Says another writer:

"'Even with a small telescope, with a focus of eighteen inches, and an object-glass measuring one and a quarter inches across, we can put on a quarter-of-an-inch eye-piece and so magnify seventy-two times. So we can go on lengthening the focus of the object-glass and shortening the focus of the eye-piece till in Lord Rosse's gigantic fifty-six foot telescope, in which the image is fifty-four feet behind the object-glass, an eye-piece one eighth of an inch from the image magnifies five thousand one hundred and eighty-four times! These giant telescopes, however, require an enormous object-glass, or mirror, for the points of light are so spread out in making the large image that it is very faint unless an enormous number of rays are collected. Lord Rosse's telescope has a reflecting mirror measuring six feet across, and a man can walk upright in the telescope tube, which is six feet in diameter and sixty feet in length.'"*

"What is a reflecting telescope?" asked Lydia, who had been listening intently to the professor's remarks.

"A reflecting telescope is one which depends entirely for its power upon a bright mirror at the lower end," continued the professor, "and when using this telescope you look at the reflection of the stars in this mirror. 'Lord Rosse's telescope has a light-gathering power so enormous that even by day the stars seen through it shine like miniature suns. The object of reflectors is to bring into view those outlying regions of space which are hidden in the twilight of vast distance. The tiny cloudlets which shine from beyond the great depths of space are changed into glorious galaxies of stars, blazing with a splendor which cannot be imagined by those who have not themselves looked upon the magic scene.'† To span the vast abysses of space, to exhibit streams and rows of stars as yet unseen and but barely visible in other telescopes—such is the kind of work done by this great reflector.

"A question asked by Miss Sturgis a few moments ago," said the professor, "still remains unanswered. I have explained the use of the eye-piece and the object-glass of the telescope, but I have not yet told you what a finder is. This passage from a reliable work will, I think, make that point clear:

"'In observing the planets, for instance, one meets with a difficulty which exists more or less in every case where a small object has to be found at night—it is not easy to direct the telescope upon the planet because the observer cannot look through the telescope and outside of the tube at the same time. In large telescopes a finder is added—a small telescope with a large field of view, in which field the object is sure to be seen, if the main tube has been directed

*"Through Magic Glasses," p. 46. Arabella Buckley.
†Professor Holden in *The Youth's Companion*, Oct. 10. 1894.

*"Through Magic Glasses," pp. 48. Arabella Buckley.
†"The Orbs Around Us," pp. 67–68. R. A. Proctor.

pretty exactly toward the object. With small telescopes the difficulty may be removed by using the lowest power when directing the telescope, because the lower the power the larger is the field, and afterward carefully changing eye-pieces without shifting the telescope. But if this fails, remove the eye-piece altogether, then on looking into the telescope, directed as nearly as possible toward the object, a slight glare will be seen. Carefully shift the tube until this glare fills the whole object-glass; then gently insert the eye-piece, and the object will be found in the field of view.'"*

"How do they polish the mirrors for telescopes?" asked Marion Cleveland.

"First the surface has to be ground with coarse sand," replied the professor, "and then with emery, which has gradually to be finer and finer. The grinding continues until the mirror is very slightly basin-shaped. In Ball's 'Starland' he has given us the following account of the mirror:

"'In a mirror six inches across the depression at the center would perhaps be not more than the twentieth of an inch. Small though this depression is, yet it has to be given with exactness. In fact, if it were wrong at any point by so much as the tenth of the thickness of a sheet of paper the telescope would not perform accurately. The tool that is used for grinding is made of iron, and has been turned in the lathe to the right shape. It is divided into squares, and after the grinding is over comes the polishing, and this is effected with a tool like the grinder in shape. This has to be covered over with little squares of pitch so that when warmed and put down on the mirror it is soft enough to receive the right shape. The beeswax or pitch is smeared with a preparation called "rouge," which is red oxide of iron. Water is poured on the glass, and the work begins, the polishing tool with its beeswax surface being moved in a slowly rotatary motion by two wooden arms connected with a shaft. Day after day and week after week the workman stands and attends to the polishing, adding water when needed, and watching the glass carefully to see that no dust or other damaging substance reaches it.'

"For an object lesson in patience the work of a tapestry weaver is not to be compared with that of a lens grinder. The tapestry weaver can see that he is getting ahead, but the lens grinder cannot. He just grinds away for a year or so and then makes a test to see what he has accomplished. It took two years and a half to grind and polish the Chicago University lens for the Yerkes telescope. Every lens is made up of two parts: the crown, or convex glass, which goes in the outer end of the telescope, and the flat glass, which is placed directly behind it. For grinding the crown glass a concave polishing tool is used. It covers the glass and works on the same principle as the flat tool.

"Professor Holden gives the following account of the most important work which is now in operation at Mount Hamilton, viz., photographing the spectra of the stars:

"'In visual observations we let the object-glass form a picture of the object, and we examine this picture with a microscope, an eye-piece. In spectrum observations we let the light from the object-glass pass through one or more prisms, and change the image from a picture into a rainbow-tinted streak of light, red at one end and violet at the other, and crossed by several very fine, narrow, dark lines. Every star has a set of such lines peculiar to itself. Every chemical substance —as hydrogen, sodium, quicksilver, etc.—also has a set of lines peculiar to itself. We find out lines which belong to hydrogen, for example, by experiments in a laboratory. Observations on a star sometimes show us these same lines in the star-spectrum. Hence it follows that the star is partly composed of hydrogen. In the same way we can identify other substances in the stars, and finally can give a pretty complete list of the elements which are present in this star. In this way the composition of stars which are almost infinitely distant are determined. We can also tell by the shifting of the lines in the spectrum from their true position the earth's motion to and from a star. If the lines are shifted one way, toward the blue end of the spectrum, we are approaching the star, if they are shifted the other way, toward the red, we are receding. The amount of the displacement can be measured and tells us how great our motion is.

"'When you are on a train rapidly passing another one you have noticed the peculiar shriek of the bell of the other engine. The sound of that bell is shifted to a higher note as you approach the train, and to a lower note as you gradually pass away from it. Nothing is more certain than that the bell itself always gives out one and the same sound. The shift of the tone is caused by your motion, and the amount of the shift depends on the velocity of the motion. The case is similar for light. Hence this device enables us to solve this amazing problem: Given a star bright enough to be seen, but so distant that it is hopeless even to guess how far off it is; required to find out how fast we are approaching this star in miles per second! Here is another one: Given that such determinations can be made, required to know how fast the whole solar system is moving through space, and in what direction. This, in fact, is the chief problem at Mount Hamilton to-

* "Elementary Astronomy," p. 140. R. A. Proctor.

day. These are some of the astonishing questions which can be solved by modern scientific methods, using modern scientific instruments.'"*

"What is a spectroscope?" now inquired Caroline.

"The hour for the lesson has slipped by so fast," said the professor, "that I have little time left to speak of the spectroscope. However, I will try to do so in a few words.

"'When we pass sunlight through a three-sided piece of glass called a prism, we break up the ray of white light into a line of beautiful colors gradually passing from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to violet, and these follow in the same order as we see them in the rainbow or in the thin film of a soap-bubble. By various experiments it has been proved that these colors are separated from each other because the many waves which make up the white light are different sizes, so that because the waves of red light are slow and heavy they lag behind when bent in the three-sided glass, while the rapid violet waves are bent more out of their road and run to the farther end of the line, the other colors ranging themselves between. Now when the light passes through the prism, each colored wave overlaps the next wave a very little. By using several prisms one after the other these waves are separated more and more till we get a very long band, or spectrum. The work, then, of our magic glass, the spectroscope, is simply to sift the waves of light, and these waves, from their color and their position in the long spectrum, actually tell us what glowing gases have started on their road. Is not this like magic? I take a substance made of I know not what, I break it up, and, melting it in the intense heat of an electric spark, throw its light into the spectroscope. Then, as I examine this light after it has been spread out by the prisms, I can actually read by unmistakable lines what metals or non-metals it contains. Nay, more; when I catch the light of a star, or even of a faint nebula, in my telescope and pass it through these prisms, there, written upon the magic-colored band I read off the gases which are glowing in the star-sun or star-dust billions of miles away. With a spectroscope and the help of chemistry you can peer into the vast universe which we can never visit so long as our bodies hold us down to our little earth. With celestial photography you can make the unseen stars print their spots of light on the square of glass by means of light-waves which left them hundreds of years ago, or you can sift this light in your spectroscope and make it tell you what substances were glowing in that star when they were started on their road. All this you can do on one condition, namely, that you seek patiently to know the truth. If you make careless, inaccurate experiments, and draw hasty conclusions, you will only do bad work, which it may take you years to undo; but if you question the telescope and spectroscope honestly and carefully they will answer you truly and faithfully. You may make many mistakes, but one experiment will correct the other, and while you are storing up in your own mind knowledge which lifts you far above this little world you may add your own little group of facts to the general store, and help to pave the way to such grand discoveries as those of Newton in astronomy, Bunsen and Kirchhoff in spectrum analysis, and Darwin in the world of life.'"*

CHAPTER XV.

THE professor now expressed a hope that the class would have many such evenings in the observatory and that in this way a renewed interest would be felt in astronomy.

"I am very well pleased with the result of my work so far," continued the professor, "and I cannot help realizing that you have improved very much since I first had charge of this class. I am not only pleased but encouraged, and I hope the results will be excellent at the end of the year."

As it was nearly nine o'clock Miss Inart and the young ladies took their departure, thanking the professor for the delightful evening they had spent. As the girls went down the steps they could not resist giving timid glances at the haunted terrace, to see if perchance the legend would come true. All went well until they had passed down the steps, when Marion Cleveland noticed that she had dropped her handkerchief, and looking back saw it on the last of the steps leading to the observatory. She asked Miss Inart's permission to return for it, and in a few minutes had reached the steps and picked up the handkerchief. Just as she did so, she heard or fancied she heard a faint scream from the terrace above, and looking up she saw for a moment distinctly outlined against the dark wall of the Grange a white figure, apparently waving its hands in distress. Next moment it had disappeared. Trembling with fear Marion hastily rejoined her companions, and slipping her arm through Caroline's she whispered,

*"A Modern Observatory." Professor Holden, in *The Youth's Companion*, October 11, 1894.

*"Through Magic Glasses." Chap. II. Arabella Buckley.

"Oh, Caroline, I have seen the ghost!"

"Marion, what are you saying!" said Caroline in surprise. "Do you mean that you have seen Pamela Wentworth?"

"I have," said Marion, still overcome with terror. "Do not tell the girls, as they have not seen it and it will spoil their visits to the observatory—and perhaps I was mistaken after all."

"Do tell me all about it," begged Caroline, and Marion described the apparition.

"How terrified you must have been!" said Caroline. "I wonder that you did not scream."

"I never scream when I am very much frightened," said Marion; "terror seems to make me speechless. I wonder if the legend will come true—that is about my betrothed dying on the eve of our wedding day. I suppose the best way to avoid this fate is not to become engaged."

"I should imagine so," said Caroline laughing. "You are not obliged to fall in love with any one, but some one is very likely to fall in love with you, and then what will you do?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," said Marion laughing. "It is no use borrowing trouble, and it may have been my imagination after all that made me fancy I saw the ghost. I had forgotten about Pamela Wentworth till I reached the foot of the steps, and then I remembered her and it seemed to me that I heard a scream and looking up I saw the apparition. But do not let us think of it any more, she has given us enough trouble already."

"Yes indeed," said Caroline, "you were nearly expelled through her, and altogether I think we have taken entirely too much notice of the fair maiden. Let us try never to think of her again, nor to speak of her, for there is no use in doing so. Let us hope no one else will see her though or else they will not care to go to the observatory again."

But apparently the spirit of Pamela intended to vindicate her rights, for before the next Friday, owing to a smoldering pipe carelessly dropped by one of the carpenters who were working at the building, the west wing was burned to the ground, together with the observatory. The fire occurred just about noon, and as the professor hurried from the class room to the scene of the catastrophe he found that he was too late to save any of his books and papers, the result of years of hard study.

Miss Inart sympathized with him in his loss, and placed a liberal sum of money at his command with which he could replace his books, and she ordered a fine telescope to replace the one that had given the astronomy class so much pleasure the evening before. Professor Douglas bravely continued the good work he had begun in making the science of the stars interesting to his pupils, and by the end of the year his most sanguine expectations were realized. Miss Inart was delighted with his success, and her only regret was that owing to a most promising financial arrangement for a course of lectures in America she was not able to reëngage the professor for the following year.

Three years later many changes had taken place in the lives of Marion and her companions, while the professor had become a well-known and popular lecturer. He had been invited to give a course of lectures in England, at the London Institution, and had engaged his passage on the *City of Rome*. Arriving but a moment before the ship was ready to start he hurried up the plank walk and stepped on board, and the vessel started on its way amid the cheering of the crowds on the wharf. The professor gazed upon the receding shores for some time, and then hastened to his cabin to dispose of his satchel and a heavy case filled with lantern-slides for his lectures. He then returned to the deck, taking a passenger list with him, hoping that he might see some familiar name—some one who would help to relieve the monotony of the voyage. With surprise and pleasure he saw the name of Marion Cleveland. It was the very last name on the list, since she had engaged her passage only a week or so before. She too in look-

ing over her list was surprised to find the professor's name. She wondered if he would remember her, and whether he would care to speak to her if he did.

A few hours after the ship had started on its way Marion seated herself on the deck and prepared to enjoy the delightful sensation of rest. Her life had been a busy one during the past few weeks, while she was making arrangements to go to England by selling her old home in New York, which her mother's death had left desolate. Left an orphan and alone in the world, Marion had resolved to return to England and make her home there. Miss Inart, who had always remained her loyal friend, had invited her to come to the Grange and remain for the rest of her life if she cared to do so, and Marion had resolved to accept the invitation for a few weeks at least. She was no longer wealthy, much of her fortune having been swamped in an unwise speculation made by her mother a year previous to her death, but she had enough to enable her to live comfortably. Still she longed for some employment to keep her from brooding over her mother's death, which had come as a great shock. It seemed to Marion as though she would never forget that terrible moment when she found her mother, who but one short hour before had been full of life and energy, lying lifeless on the floor. She was thinking of this now as she gazed at the sea and watched the waves dancing in the sunlight. The sky overhead was blue, with soft, fleecy clouds hurrying on their way, and all nature seemed to smile with gladness, while she alone was unhappy. She sighed, and the tears came unbidden to her eyes.

At that moment she heard some one addressing her, and turning round she saw Professor Douglas extending his hand in friendly greeting. He had observed that she wore mourning and now saw the pathetic look in her eyes.

"Miss Cleveland," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I scarcely hoped to meet any one I knew on board, and when I came across your name on the passenger list I was rather curious to know if it were the same Miss Cleveland I knew at Miss Inart's. So you are crossing the wide Atlantic also, I see."

He then by tactful inquiries learned of her sad bereavement, and his delicately expressed sympathy was a balm to the girl's stricken heart. In the course of their further conversation Marion recalled the old days at the Grange and spoke of the great pleasure and profit she had derived from his class-room lectures. This emboldened the professor to suggest a continuation of the talks during their voyage, to which Marion assented with delight.

"We may as well begin these talks this evening," said the professor. "We have only five evenings and we may as well make the most of the opportunity. As this is the month of July we can admire the constellations seen in the summer time, and besides that on the fifth evening we shall have the full moon to delight us."

"That is charming," said Marion. "I am so glad we happened to take passage on the same ship; and if it will not weary you I wish you would tell me something about the legends of the stars, for they are exceedingly interesting to me."

"Very well, then," replied the professor smiling, "we will combine mythology and astronomy, and they blend together well, let me assure you. What are you reading?" he continued, glancing at the book Marion had in her hand.

"'The Poet at the Breakfast Table,'" she replied, "and I have just come to the account of Scheherezade's visit to the observatory. I was reading the description of the observatory and it recalled to me our last and only lesson on the western terrace of Grange, and I closed the book for awhile letting my thoughts wander back to that happy time. I shall never forget that evening. You remember our legend about Pamela Wentworth, and the supposition that her ghost haunted that terrace, I suppose?"

"I remember well," replied the professor, "and I wonder if any of you saw her ghost that eventful evening."

"I was the only one," replied Marion.

"You saw the ghost!" exclaimed the professor in surprise.

"Yes," replied Marion, smiling at the expression on the professor's face, "I saw the ghost. After we had descended the steps leading from the terrace we had only gone a short distance when I missed my handkerchief. I asked Miss Inart if I might return and look for it, and I found it on the last step. Just at that moment I fancied I heard a faint scream, and looking up at the terrace I saw an apparition in white waving its hands in distress. That must have been Pamela."

Professor Douglas was silent for a moment, and then as an idea occurred to him to Marion's great surprise he gave a hearty laugh. Then hastening to explain he said:

"Miss Cleveland, I see it all. Your ghost with the waving hands was a sheet I was shaking out over the balustrade surrounding the terrace preparatory to wrapping it around my precious telescope. As for the scream, that I can also easily account for as there was an owl that had established itself amid the branches of a large oak near the west wing of the Grange. After the fire its screams were heard no more. Doubtless it perished in the flames."

"I am so glad you have explained that away," said Marion, "because—well, because—Do you remember the rest of the legend?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied the professor, as he tried to recall it to his mind.

"Whoever saw the ghost," said Marion laughing, "was fated never to wed, as her betrothed would die on the eve of their wedding day. But that would not trouble me at present, since I am not engaged."

"But you may be some day," said the professor reflectively, "and for the sake of your future *fiancé* it would be just as well if you had not seen the ghost."

"Yes, that is true," said Marion. "By the way," she continued, thinking it best to change the subject, which was becoming somewhat personal, "there is an excellent account of an observatory in 'The Poet at the Breakfast Table.'"

"I would like to hear it," said the professor, "if you do not mind reading it, for I am especially interested since I have been told that the young astronomer depicted in this book was suggested by Richard A. Proctor, who at one time was an intimate friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The verses 'Wind-clouds and Star-drifts' were inspired by him, and embodied his own ideas on the subject."

"How interesting," said Marion, "and how much more enjoyable the book will be now that you have told me this!"

She turned over the pages of the book till she came to the account referred to and then read as follows:

"'A deep and solid stone foundation for the observatory is laid in the earth, and a massive pier of masonry is built upon it. A heavy block of granite forms the summit of this pier, and on this block rests the equatorial telescope. Around this structure a circular tower is built, with two or more floors which come close up to the pier, but do not touch it at any point. It is crowned with a hemispherical dome. . . . This dome is cleft from its base to its summit by a narrow ribbon-like opening, through which is seen the naked sky. It revolves on cannon-balls, so easily that a single hand can move it, and thus the opening may be turned toward any point of the compass. As the telescope can be raised or depressed so as to be directed to any elevation from the horizon to the zenith, and turned around the entire circle with the dome, it can be pointed to any part of the heavens. But as the star or other celestial object is always apparently moving, in consequence of the real rotary movement of the earth, the telescope is made to follow it automatically by an ingenious clockwork contrivance. No place, short of the temple of the living God, can be more solemn. The jars of the restless life around it do not disturb the serene intelligence of the half-reasoning apparatus. Nothing can stir the massive pier but the shocks that shake the solid earth itself. When an earthquake thrills the planet, the massive turret shudders with the shuddering rocks on which it rests, but it pays no heed to the wildest tempest, and while the heavens are convulsed and shut from the eye of the far-seeing instrument it waits without a tremor for the blue sky to come back. It is the type of the true and steadfast man of the Roman poet, whose soul remains unmoved while the firmament cracks and tumbles about him. It is the material image of the Christian: his heart resting on the Rock of Ages, his eye fixed on the brighter world above.'"

"That is a beautiful sentiment finely expressed," said the professor as Marion finished reading the paragraph, "and a few

pages further on you will find that reference is made to double stars. Let me see if I can find the passage.

"Here it is," he continued. "The young girl Scheherezade is asking the young astronomer to show her the double star."

"Do read it to me," said Marion, and the professor read:

"'The Young Girl quite astonished the Young Astronomer with her vivacity. All at once she turned to him.

"'"Will you show me the double star you said I should see?"

"'"With the greatest pleasure," he said, and proceeded to wheel the ponderous dome, and then to adjust the instrument, I think to the one in Andromeda, or that in Cygnus, but I should not know one of them from the other.

"'"How beautiful!" she said, as she looked at the wonderful object. "One is orange red and one is emerald green."

"'The young man made an explanation in which he said something about complementary colors.

"'"And the two revolve around each other?" said the Young Girl.

"'"Yes," he answered, "two suns, a greater and a less, each shining, but with a different light, for the other."

"'"How charming! It must be so much pleasanter than to be alone in such a great empty space! I should think one would hardly care to shine if its light wasted itself in the monstrous solitude of the sky. Does not a single star seem very lonely to you up there?"

"'"Not more lonely than I am myself," answered the Young Astronomer.

"'I don't know what there was in those few words, but I noticed that for a minute or two after they were uttered I heard the ticking of the clockwork that moved the telescope as clearly as if we had all been holding our breath, and listening for the music of the spheres.

"'The Young Girl kept her eye closely applied to the eye-piece of the telescope a very long time, it seemed to me. Those double stars interested her a good deal, no doubt. When she looked off from the glass I thought both her eyes appeared very much as if they had been a little strained, for they were suffused and glistening. It may be that she pitied the lonely young man.

"'I know nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely.'"

The professor paused here; it seemed to him that he was treading on dangerous ground—had perhaps read a little too far. This passage applied so directly to his own case; he was so lonely—but did Marion pity him? Did she even dream that he cared for her? He did not dare to look at her just then, and busied himself turning the pages of the book, as he remarked:

"Further on in the book there are some remarks about 'star-dust whirling about in the infinite expanse of ether' and the poetical selections about 'Wind-clouds and Star-drifts,' which you will doubtless enjoy."

"Would you not like to read them to me?" said Marion. "You can help me to understand them so much better than if I tried to puzzle them out by myself."

"I shall be most happy to do so," replied the professor; and this was the first of many pleasant hours during a journey which passed all too swiftly for him.

(*To be concluded.*)

A GREAT ELECTRICAL EXHIBIT.

BY ROBERT JAMISON.

EXHIBITIONS have one value quite distinct from their value as "shows" or advertisements. They do entertain and they certainly advertise the exhibits and exhibitors—which is useful. They are far more valuable as milestones in the world's progress and as points of view from which can be obtained wider outlooks over the fields of science and industry. In this connection the Electrical Exhibition recently held in New York is interesting because it showed how manifold are the uses of electricity and how largely it has entered into the public and domestic life of the people.

No startling and vitally important discovery or invention, like Franklin's kite or Morse's telegraph, has been made in the past few years (excepting the Roentgen

experiments) and the exhibition seemed to show that the progress of electrical science had been more like the spread of a great conquest over a vast domain than a march into a new country. Twenty-five years ago telegraphy was the one important field of electrical application. To-day the practical fields of its usefulness are the five great districts of light, heat, power, telegraphy, and telephony. A sixth and much smaller field might be traced in the chemical applications of the electric current. The New York exhibition was specially interesting as showing the countless and often minute subdivision of these great fields and as showing how the one electric current might be useful in giving light and heat and in conveying power.

To catalogue the useful applications of the incandescent light would be useless. It was shown in the exhibition in every imaginable variety of sign, ornament, architectural detail, and in hundreds of novel forms of lamps. The most promising feature of this part of the exhibition seemed to be in the artistic use of the incandescent bulb in lighting interiors. To merely hang a lamp in a gas bracket is to follow a tradition, and at first it seemed natural that the new lamp should hold the same place as the candle and gas jet. Now it has fairly broken away from these limitations and in the hands of the artist and architect appears in countless new and beautiful forms. Color appears as a new element in lighting, and rooms may glow with any tint desired. One of the most curious phases of this part of the exhibition was the use of the incandescent light to illuminate scenery or scenic pictures and in the use of fanciful and unusual combinations of light as signs and advertisements. Some of these were composed of gigantic letters, one of which would light a street; others were delicate traceries of colored sparks or humorous devices for catching the eye. Minute lights amid flowers and dress ornaments showed the extreme to which the light may be divided. Some of these smaller decorative lights were portable and were supplied with current from small dry batteries. The most useful application of small portable batteries shown at the exhibition is an oil lamp with a small battery placed inside the lamp stand. Turning up the wick starts the current and a minute carbon glows and lights the lamp. The same movement shuts off the current and the lamp may be extinguished by pressure on a button. It is just these minor electric appliances that are most valuable, because they show the direction in which science becomes a servant in the household. Many a home has disappeared in smoke because of a match used in lighting the evening lamp or in attempting to blow out the flame. Smaller applications were shown in tiny lights for illuminating the face of a watch on the bureau or in a carriage and for dentists' and surgeons' use and for pocket lanterns.

In arc lighting the most important improvement shown was improved lamps for inclosing the arc and prolonging the life of the carbons. A small glass bulb closed at the bottom incloses the two carbons, the lower carbon being secured to the base of the bulb. At the top is a loosely fitting cover or a cover having an escape valve, the upper carbon passing through the cover and meeting the lower carbon in the usual manner. When the light is started the arc flame quickly burns out the oxygen of the air inclosed in the bulb and soon fills the whole space with the products of combustion. The excess slowly escapes at the top and the lamp burns, as it were, in its own self-created (partial) vacuum. The result is a larger flame, burning with great steadiness and almost wholly free from shadows, and a very slow consumption of the carbons. Carbons in such lamps live a hundred hours, those in the air eight hours. There is no possible escape of dangerous sparks, ash, or dust, thus adding greatly to the safety of the arc light and making it useful inside as well as out of doors.

Another novel form of arc light employs two flat carbons placed side by side, the arc burning between them at the ends. The arc is kept in position at the ends (lower) of the carbons by a magnetic coil placed outside the glass cylinder in which the carbons burn. This novel form of light appears to have the advantage of very few working

parts, an inclosed air space in which the arc burns, and freedom from shadows. It occupies much less room than the ordinary arc lamp.

The most interesting new electric light at the exhibition was the vacuum-tube light. It is the outgrowth of the familiar laboratory experiments so much used lately in the study of the new X rays. For many years the Geissler tube has remained in the position of an interesting laboratory appliance useful in scientific research. Its faint light seemed to have no practical value except as a subject for study. In the exhibition the great Geissler, or vacuum tubes shone with bright white light as if they were charged with sunshine. The glow of a Geissler tube depends upon the rapid opening and closing of an electric current that passes through the high vacuum within the tube. In these new vacuum tubes the vibrations in the current are of high frequency, each vibration producing a bright flash of light. Blended together through their rapid succession they give to the eye the appearance of a continuous stream of light—practically the tube shines with brilliant white light without the heat that accompanies all other forms of electric light. The glass tubes are six feet long, and while apparently full of white light are practically cold, and it is only natural that this beautiful white light should be called "the cold light." The appliances whereby a number of these large Geissler tubes are made to shine with light could not be here explained without the use of diagrams and much technical language. It is enough to observe that this display was the most interesting in the whole exhibition, because it showed a wonderful adaptation of old and familiar appliances to a new and useful method of illumination. Such glowing tubes placed in the cornice of a room or upon the ceiling or treated as a part of the ornamentation of columns or arches would add a wholly new field for the study of artistic electric lighting. This "cold light" exhibit promises to become in the near future the starting point for a wide field of scientific study, and undoubtedly it is the beginning of a new industry. So far the data concerning the actual cost of the light is not sufficient to enable the electric-light industry to enter upon its manufacture. A large room has been successfully lighted for a few hours by these light tubes, and a great number of the tubes, bent into a variety of shapes and apparently charged with lights of different colors, were shown nightly at the exhibition. This is all that has yet been accomplished, but it is so much that the subject is clearly full of promise for the future.

Next to the use of the electric current is the production of light in the smaller but most promising field of heating. That resistance means heat is the basis of the incandescent light. Resistance may be so adjusted that the heat may be comparatively low and the same wire that lights the evening lamp may boil the tea kettle; it is merely a question of temperature. Electric cooking has been a sort of reporters' dream in the domestic columns of the papers for a long time. At the exhibition the tea urn, the coffee pot, and the chafing dish advertised the new domestic fine art by means of convincing and appetizing sights and odors. Here, as in all electrical exhibits to-day, the surprise is not so much at the new use of the current as at the immense variety of heating appliances for the kitchen, tea table, sick room, and workshop that are now in daily use. My lady may curl her wayward locks with curling-irons warmed by the same current that lights the crystal globe over her mirror, may brew the five o'clock tea or make dainty dishes steam upon the supper table all without match, alcohol, gas, or coal. The cook may bake, broil, or fry a roast, the tin-man heat his soldering-iron, the carpenter melt his glue, the tailor heat his goose, or the trained nurse warm her patients' pillows by the same current. It is merely a question of a resistance coil properly arranged in the proper appliance. The water-bag of the hospital gives place to a soft flannel pad that may be kept for hours at a fixed temperature, and the awful cooking range, enemy of cleanliness and comfort, gives place to an electric cooker that may stand upon the

kitchen table, free from dust, ashes, light, noise, and excessive heat. In an electric kitchen the fairest cook may keep her complexion and her temper and create a new and finer art of cooking. Every domestic appliance using heat, from the flatiron to the coffee pot, was shown at the exhibition in practical operation, and naturally attracted more attention than any other display excepting the X rays and the cold-light installation.

Naturally the first question asked by all who saw this great display of cooking and heating appliances was the matter of cost of maintenance. The cost of a chafing dish suitable for alcohol or for electric current may not vary materially. The alcohol at twenty cents a pint or gas at a dollar and fifty cents a thousand is and must be very much cheaper than the cost of electricity. Electric cooking is far more expensive than coal or gas, but the actual cost of the heat is not the real question. The elements of cleanliness, safety, convenience, and time-saving have a real money value and must be considered, and, just as it is found in all large cities actually cheaper to cook with high-priced gas, so it may be, all things considered, relatively cheaper to use a very high-priced current than to use wood or coal. The fact may be regarded as definitely settled that fine cooking can be done with speed, neatness, safety, and personal comfort with electricity; the question of relative cost must be settled by the cook or her mistress. Many a carpenter's shop has been burned down, many a house destroyed by the upsetting of a gluepot or roofers' charcoal soldering fire that might have been saved by the electric soldering iron or gluepot. It is a question whether it is better to use a high-priced heat or to lose home or shop. It is very much like Charles Lamb's roast pig. Is the dish worth the house? Hunt up the old essay and smile at genial Lamb's wit and wisdom—it fits the electric cook stove exactly.

Naturally electric heating has other fields besides boiling the tea urn, and a variety of room and car heaters are already in use. Electric radiators were shown at the exhibition in a variety of forms, and all that has been said in regard to electric cooking apparatus applies also to heating the air of a room. It can be done; its use depends largely on its cost and the relative value of safety, cleanliness, and convenience.

In the field of power the exhibition was most interesting as showing the countless methods by which the motor has become of value on the road, on the water, and in the shop. The electric launch and the electric carriage would be to-day as common as the electric street car were it not for the fact that the car picks up its current as it goes while the boat and carriage must carry a storage battery. The improvements in the storage battery now seem likely to immensely widen the portable use of power, and electric boats and carriages at the exposition clearly indicated a wonderful advance in the use of electric power. As for the stationary use of power it is simply impossible to say where the applications will stop. Every variety of machine-tool and domestic or shop appliance using power was exhibited in operation, so that it is safe to say that the exhibition marked the complete covering of all industries by the electric motor. Even the self-playing piano, appalling invention as it is, marked another use for the electric motor.

In electric signaling the display of bells, calls, and signals of all kinds plainly showed great improvements, chiefly in matters of detail. This was specially interesting in the class of hotel signal systems. In the ordinary methods the guest on the nineteenth floor signals to the office that he wants something and the call boy must climb to that floor to find out what it is. In improved signal systems the guest touches a button to attract the attention of the office and moves a pointer to the "want" printed on a dial. His message is thus recorded or fixed and remains "stored" till read in the office. The signal, by an ingenious use of a chemical signal recorder, prints the call in the office. The office clerk may then correct his dial at any time with the guest's dial when the pointer moves to the same position as the

distant pointer and the actual message, even if sent the day before, is read. The movement of the pointer recording the suspended message also restores the whole system to its normal condition, ready for the next call. The chemically recorded call is also erased by a simple pressure on a bulb. The system as exhibited seemed to be the most complete call system that has yet come under the writer's observation.

One of the most curious features of the electric current is its adaptation to uses that appear to be in no way related to its ordinary manifestations as light and heat. This is seen in the ordinary plating bath and all the work of electrolysis. At the exhibition this branch of electrical science was represented by a model plant illustrating a comparatively new method of producing disinfectants. Common sea water treated by electrolysis gives a series of compounds resulting from the decomposition of the bromides, chlorides, and other elements of sea water that are of value in arresting fermentation and decay. The process is valuable because it makes out of the most common liquid in nature a valuable germ destroyer, useful in disinfecting ships, houses, or cities, and for various other purposes which readily occur to the mind.

These are some of the most striking features of this exhibition, and they serve to show the enormous industry that has sprung from the dynamo and the wonderful and permanent changes that have sprung from the useful applications of its current. It is impossible to say what the next great exhibition will bring forth. It may show unexpected developments of the science, perhaps new discoveries in nature. It can hardly show a wider appreciation of the value and usefulness of the facts already gained in that field of science we call electricity.

BEVERAGES.

BY THOMAS GRANT ALLEN, M. A.
OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

BEVERAGES are those pleasant, refreshing drinks which we take to relieve thirst, fatigue, or languor, or to supply some demand of the system either real or fancied. If we drank sufficient water and ate only wholesome food in quantities proportionate to our needs, the craving for stimulants would doubtless be much less than it is. If we performed our work regularly, avoiding worry, undue excitement, and fatigue, and if in the intervals of work we enjoyed a proper amount of rest and recreation, it would seem that water would supply all that the body demands in the way of drink. But since these ideal conditions rarely obtain it is not difficult to see that there are many instances in which the system needs something that will quickly invigorate, refresh, or stimulate.

Nearly all beverages relieve thirst, but in addition to this property which all have in common most liquids perform one or more special services for the body.

Those which are largely composed of water pass rapidly into the circulation and increase the volume of blood. When taken with food they dilute it and in this way aid digestion. Such fluids also aid in the elimination of waste matter from the body through all the avenues of escape. Some beverages have a soothing effect on irritated surfaces, as in fevers, coughs, and colds, while others are used as irritants or tonics to promote digestion, strengthen the heart, or stimulate the nervous system. A few liquids besides possessing one or more of these properties have a nutritive value as well.

The beverages which best serve the purpose of relieving thirst are the sour liquids, lemonade, raspberry vinegar, and other fruit juices, or those which though not acid in themselves have been rendered acid in taste by being charged with carbon dioxide.

The carbonated and mineral waters are the best for the elimination of waste material. Hot drinks, as tea, coffee and hot water, while aiding in the washing out of waste material, particularly through the kidneys and skin, tend to cool the body by increasing the perspiration, though the first effect is usually to raise the temperature. It is not necessary for me to explain that the body is cooled by the loss of heat required to evaporate the perspired liquid.

The liquids given to soothe irritated or inflamed surfaces in coughs and fevers are mucilaginous like flaxseed tea, gruel, barley water, and arrowroot, or gelatinous like Iceland moss and solutions of gelatin.

Those liquids which act as tonics and promote digestion are the alkaline and mineral waters, malt extract, ale, and light wines. The nervine stimulants are tea, coffee, cocoa, and the milder alcoholic beverages.

The nutrient beverages are cocoa, chocolate, malt extracts, and, because of the milk and sugar added, tea and coffee.

If we except the soothing drinks which are not used under ordinary circumstances, we can group all these beverages in four classes—acid beverages and effervescing waters; alkaline and mineral waters; beverages containing alkaloids, and beverages containing alcohol.

Let us now consider each of these classes somewhat in detail.

1. *Acid beverages.* Besides the sour lemonade, raspberry vinegar, and orangeade, whose pleasant taste and thirst-relieving properties are well known, many other essences and fruit juices containing more or less acid are used to relieve thirst. Unfermented California grape juice is recommended as an excellent beverage for invalids, being wholly free from alcohol. Root beer, sarsaparilla, and ginger ale are wholesome when pure, but colic is apt to follow the use of impure ginger ale. If not already acid these latter are given an acid taste and sparkling appearance by being charged with carbon dioxide. All these acid liquids have a cooling, refreshing effect. Some waters from springs or artesian wells have the slight acid taste and the sparkling appearance due to the presence of carbon dioxide, and the same effects are produced on plain water by forcing carbon dioxide into it under cold and pressure, as is done in the preparation of soda water.

In addition to the properties of plain water these exert a mildly tonic effect on the mucous lining of the stomach; but the needless practice of drinking large quantities of these effervescing waters is productive of more harm than good since it gives rise to flatulency and, if persisted in, debility or dyspepsia. This is especially true of those waters which, like soda water, are combined with sweet fruit syrups.

2. *Alkaline and mineral waters.* The so-called alkaline waters owe their alkalinity to the preponderance of the carbonate and bicarbonate of sodium (washing and baking soda) and also, though to a smaller extent, to the carbonates of potassium, lithium, calcium, and magnesium. The celebrated Vichy of France and Ems of Germany may be taken as types of this class.

These alkaline waters are used extensively in dietetic treatments. When taken before meals they promote digestion by cleansing the mucous membrane of the stomach and stimulating the flow of gastric juice; when taken after meals they correct any hyperacidity of the stomach. They act as alkalinizers of the blood and bile and lessen the acidity of the urine. They have a medicinal value, therefore, wherever there is a tendency to gout or rheumatism, or in catarrhal conditions of the stomach (dyspepsia) or liver (constipation, gall stones, etc.). They are also of service in the reduction of obesity.

When added to milk these waters make it more easy of digestion for some persons, and tend to overcome the constipation which milk is apt to cause in adults.

Most of these alkaline waters contain some carbon dioxide, but can be made to absorb more when the gas is forced in under pressure. This considerably enhances their value by rendering them more palatable, disguising the alkaline taste so unpleasant to many by an agreeable acidity.

There are not many well-known alkaline waters in this country; the Saratoga Springs

Vichy, the St. Louis, Michigan, and the Waukesha, Wisconsin, are perhaps best known. Alkaline waters are of course mineral waters, but their importance seems to me to justify their separate mention.

The mineral waters discussed in this article include (1) those which, like Poland and Buffalo lithia, contain in considerable variety small quantities of mineral matter, (2) those like Apollinaris, which though they may contain alkalies and other minerals owe their chief virtue to the presence of carbon dioxide, and (3) those in which the principal active agent is iron. The first two groups are recommended chiefly by their appearance and flavor. The carbonic acid waters are agreeable both to the palate and to the eye. Their sparkling appearance and agreeable, refreshing effect constantly encourage their use, and in this way sufficient fluid is taken into the system by persons who would not drink enough plain water.

The iron waters are tonic to the blood and nerves. When in addition they contain alkalies they are particularly valuable as blood builders, but if too long or too freely used they may cause dyspepsia and anæmia.

3. *Beverages containing alkaloids.* Under this head let us consider the beverages made from tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate. The virtues of these depend principally upon the presence of certain alkaloids which differ from one another very little in either their chemical or physical effects.

That these are the popular beverages is shown by the fact that about 500 million people drink coffee, 100 million drink tea, and 60 million drink chocolate or cocoa. In the United States between 80 and 90 million pounds of tea, 500 million pounds of coffee, and 20 million pounds of cocoa and its preparations are consumed annually.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa are alike in that each contains a stimulating principle. The theine of tea and caffeine of coffee are identical, while the theobromine of cocoa and chocolate is closely related to them. Tea and coffee are alike in other respects, each containing a bitter principle, tannin, and an essential oil which gives them their characteristic odor and flavor. Cocoa contains starch and fat, and is thus possessed of considerable nutritive value.

a. Tea. The two varieties, green and black, are not obtained from different species of the plant *Thea*, but the distinction is due to different methods of preparation. Both varieties may be made from the same plant. Green tea is made by steaming the leaves before they are rolled and dried, and, besides differing in color, differs also from black tea in containing a relatively larger quantity of bitter, astringent tannin. For this reason it is less wholesome than black tea, and for the same reason Indian teas are less wholesome than China teas, and the cheaper varieties than the higher-priced teas.

The flavor of tea is produced by the development of volatile oils during the fermentation of the leaves; but the aroma and flavor may be improved artificially by the addition of the leaves of roses, jasmine, or orange flowers. The flavor and aroma of the beverage depend not only on the character of the leaves but to some extent upon the water in which they are infused, and to a larger extent upon the method of infusion. The water should neither be too soft nor too hard, but hard waters should be softened by boiling fifteen to twenty minutes or by adding a pinch of soda. When poured upon the leaves the water should be boiling, but the infusion should be continued at a lower temperature, and if a delicate flavor is desired the time should not exceed three minutes. The liquid should then be poured immediately into a clean porcelain vessel in which it can be kept hot until served. If the infusion lasts for a longer time more of the astringent tannin is extracted, and this besides being unpleasant interferes with digestion. Infusion for a longer time, while it may extract a little more of the valuable portion of the tea, the theine, destroys the wholesomeness of the beverage and the delicacy of its flavor by the large amount of tannin extracted and by driving off too much of the volatile oil which gives to tea its flavor and aroma, as well as a portion of its stimulating properties.

What are the beneficial effects of tea? Tea is a mild stimulant and restorative to the nervous system. It quickens the pulse and deepens the respiration. It is refreshing and relieves bodily fatigue, and is believed to rouse and clear the mind, promoting intellectual energy. Tea diminishes the tendency to sleep, but this effect is oftener injurious than beneficial. It enables a person to withstand cold, hunger, and weariness, and a cup of hot tea will often relieve headache. Tea is particularly grateful to aged persons when the functional activities are getting feeble and need stimulation. The refreshing effect of tea lasts longer than that of coffee or light wine, and the stimulation is not, as in the case of alcohol, followed by depression. In itself tea contains but very small quantities of nutritive material, but when taken with milk and sugar it may be considered a food. Its use is believed to increase the waste of tissue and it therefore liberates force by hastening the oxidation, or burning, of other substances in the body. Tea cools the body when hot, probably by promoting perspiration, and by its action on the heart warms the body when cold.

What are the injurious effects of tea? The tannin of tea interferes with digestion by precipitating and rendering inert both the salivary and gastric digestants. It is better therefore to drink the tea after than during the meal. If taken too freely tea may so irritate the stomach as to bring on a troublesome catarrh which can only be relieved by entire abstinence for a considerable time. If the stomach is at all irritable tea should not be used, as its astringency increases the irritation. The ill effects on the nervous system are largely if not altogether due to the theine, which when tea is taken in excess overstimulates, causing restlessness, insomnia, nervous headaches, and finally palpitation and general nervous worry.

b. Coffee. The fruit of the coffee tree resembles a red cherry and contains two of the so-called coffee beans. When these are roasted they assume a dark brown color, the sugar in the bean is changed to caramel, and volatile products are developed which give to coffee its aroma.

In preparing the beverage the freshly roasted and ground beans should not be boiled in water, as this would drive off the aroma, but should be placed in water previously boiled and allowed to infuse for about ten minutes at a temperature a little below the boiling point. Coffee does not contain as much tannin as tea nor does it yield it so readily to water, hence the longer infusion is not objectionable, but if boiled or left standing over the fire for some time it becomes more and more indigestible from extraction of tannin.

What are its good effects? Coffee acts as a stimulant to the muscles, heart, and nerves. It removes the sensation of fatigue, allays hunger to a limited extent, and strengthens the heart action so that it is a valuable cardiac stimulant, particularly for children who are suffering collapse from any cause. Its effect on the nervous system is such as to counteract exhaustion and stimulate the nerve centers. It is used by many to sustain prolonged mental strain and relieve the attendant worry. The tannin in coffee is so much smaller in quantity than in tea and in such different form that it cannot do the same damage. Partly for this reason the effect of coffee on the digestive system is in marked contrast to that of tea. Coffee is a mild stimulant to gastric digestion and in most persons produces a laxative effect. Its nutrient value is insignificant, but the large amount of cream and sugar added gives it considerable value as a food.

The ill effects of coffee are referable almost entirely to the nervous system and are similar to those of tea.

As to the relative value of tea and coffee little can be said. Coffee is perhaps more digestible and useful than tea, but there are persons who drink tea without suffering any inconvenience who could not drink coffee, while to others coffee is more agreeable than tea.

c. Cocoa and chocolate. In addition to the theobromine which these contain, starch and fat are present in considerable quanti-

ties. They are thus valuable foods. They are wholesome, stimulating, and do not produce wakefulness. When not too rich in fat, chocolate is a wholesome food for growing children and is better for them than the more stimulating beverages, tea and coffee.

4. *Beverages containing alcohol.* Beer, ale, wine, cider, and spirituous liquors contain alcohol as their active principle. Some of the wines contain tannin; sweet wines and beer contain sugar; while beer and some wines contain carbon dioxide and other acid substances. The acidity, the bitterness, or the sweetness, or all together may contribute to the pleasantness of the beverage.

With regard to alcohol itself the best authorities agree that (1) for persons in health it is wholly unnecessary; (2) most persons, regardless of their state of health, do better without it; (3) there are some diseases in which the temporary use of alcohol is of service and there are crises in which it becomes a necessity in order to prolong life; (4) its habitual use even in moderation is to be condemned, for although it may never produce disease or shorten life it generally tends to so weaken the vital organs as to impair the resistance which the system could otherwise offer to any severe disease; (5) contrary to the popular belief alcohol does not enable one to bear fatigue better than when no alcohol is used; (6) neither in hot or cold weather nor in hot or cold climates is alcohol necessary for health, and even its moderate use is productive of more harm than good; (7) the predisposition to many diseases is greatly increased by the habitual use of alcohol, as sunstroke, acute infectious diseases, heart and other organic affections; (8) the average expectation of life for users and venders of alcoholic liquors is much shorter than for those who neither use nor handle them.

The moderate use of alcoholic beverages we have seen is productive of more injury than benefit. The effects of their large or excessive use are unfortunately too well known to need discussion here.

If drink is the cause of poverty it is equally true that poverty and ill feeding are causes of drink. I am fully persuaded that a better knowledge of foods and their nutritive values and a better knowledge of the best methods of preparation and cooking of foods will do much to lessen the craving for alcoholic beverages.

FIRESIDE TALKS WITH GREAT MEN.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WITHIN a stone's throw of each other in one of the most artistic parks in London live two men who have made themselves famous in widely different fields. I refer to Canon Farrar, the famous archdeacon who prays for the Houses of Parliament and presides over Westminster Abbey, and Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated newspaper correspondent whose explorations have opened up the continent of Africa to the world. I met these two men in their homes one afternoon not long ago and had interesting chats with them.

Canon Farrar lives in a little stone house of three stories just back of Westminster Abbey. The house is No. 17 Dean's Yard. I announced myself by pounding on the door with the iron knocker and was led into an uncarpeted hall over the door of which hangs a helmet and arrows and on the walls of which are old firearms. Rare etchings and fine engravings hang here and there, and the walls of the staircase which leads to the second floor are covered with pictures. At the head of this staircase is the library, a vast room the woodwork of which has been mellowed with age and the walls of which are covered with musty old books. Sitting at a desk within this room was a broad-shouldered, big-headed man of sixty, who rose as I entered and shook

hands with me in a dignified way. It was Canon Farrar, with whom I had made an appointment by letter the day before, and who, though he hesitated to give a written interview, was willing to say a few words for American readers.

Before I report our conversation let me give you some idea of the man. Canon Farrar is at least six feet in height, and he has one of the most magnificent heads I have ever seen. His forehead is very high and full. His eyes are dead blue and deep set and they look out over a large Grecian nose. He has light gray side whiskers but his lips and chin are shaven.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

He spoke slowly at first, but as he grew interested he became more easy in his talk, and as I listened I found that every word he uttered meant something. He spoke to me of his work and told me that his "Life of Christ" was still having a large sale and that it had already gone through three editions. He said that his time was fully occupied now with his preaching in Westminster Abbey and his work in connection with Parliament and that for years he had been able to do no literary work except during his vacations.

I asked him whether he thought we would ever have a universal religion and whether all nations and all people would eventually worship the same God. He replied:

"I have no doubt of it. Christianity will be the only religion of the far future and we are fast coming toward a universal religion. Have you ever thought how rapidly the Christian religion is growing? Three centuries after Christ, of all the people in the world only one in every one hundred and fifty was a Christian. Now one third of the world's population bows down to the Christian God. Our missionaries to-day are in every part of the globe. They are beginning to make themselves felt in places where for years they have labored under the greatest disadvantages. In Hindoostan there is a vast number of Christian churches. The Fiji Islands have become Christian and a great work is now going on in New Zealand and elsewhere. The opening up of the interior of Africa means that Christianity will follow the explorers, and I can see the time coming when a great corps of Christian workers will be pushing the standard of Christ into the most remote corners of the globe."

"But how about the spread of infidelity?" I asked. "We have in America many infidels. England and the other parts of Europe are full of unbelievers, and it is said that the Japanese and the Hindoos when they give up their own religion through missionary teaching often become agnostics and lose faith in everything."

"I don't believe infidelity is increasing," Canon Farrar replied. "One unbeliever makes, as a rule, more fuss than a number of believers and he becomes conspicuous by the fewness of his kind. Why, in Eng-

land the people believe more and more intelligently every year; and as for the theosophists and Buddhists of this country —you could get them all in this room and have some space to spare about the corners. It is not true that the majority of Hindoos or Japanese who are converted become infidels. The most of them who give up their own religion at the teaching of the missionaries become Christians, and many of our best and most faithful workers are found among those of the so-called heathen nations."

"Then, archdeacon, you think that the world is on the whole growing better from year to year."

"I think there is no doubt of it," was the reply. "Vice and crime are to be found almost everywhere, but many of the vices of the past are disappearing and we have a higher standard of morality than ever before. Take the matter of drinking; it was nothing uncommon in the high society of England a century ago for a man to get drunk, and at every dinner party some of the guests were liable to drop down under the table. Now such an act would degrade any respectable man in England, and drinking to excess among the better classes grows less and less common. In our lower strata here our greatest vice is drunkenness and it is the one which all Christians are fighting the hardest."

Leaving Archdeacon Farrar I went to No. 2 Richmond Terrace and called upon Henry M. Stanley. His home is on a quiet little street just off the bank of the Thames and not more than one hundred steps from the entrance to the House of Commons. It is a little stone house with an English basement and the words "Knock and ring" on the lintels of its door. As you enter the wide hall you find yourself in a very museum. The walls are covered with curios from every part of the world and rare articles from Africa are interspersed with photographs of Stanley's friends in Europe and America. As I looked at these the great explorer entered and led me into his library. This was a large square room looking out upon the Terrace; the walls were covered with books and the desks in the center were littered with manuscripts. A grate fire burned at one side of the room and Mr. Stanley and myself toasted our toes in front of this as we talked.

The first subject of conversation suggested by my questions was Mr. Stanley's work. He told me that he was doing nothing in a literary way just now and that he had no explorations in view for the future. He said that he was taking a rest and was doing just as little as he could. I asked him as to his methods of literary labor. He replied that it was his habit to write right along after he began the composition of a book and that he could not rest until his work appeared to be nearing completion. Said he:

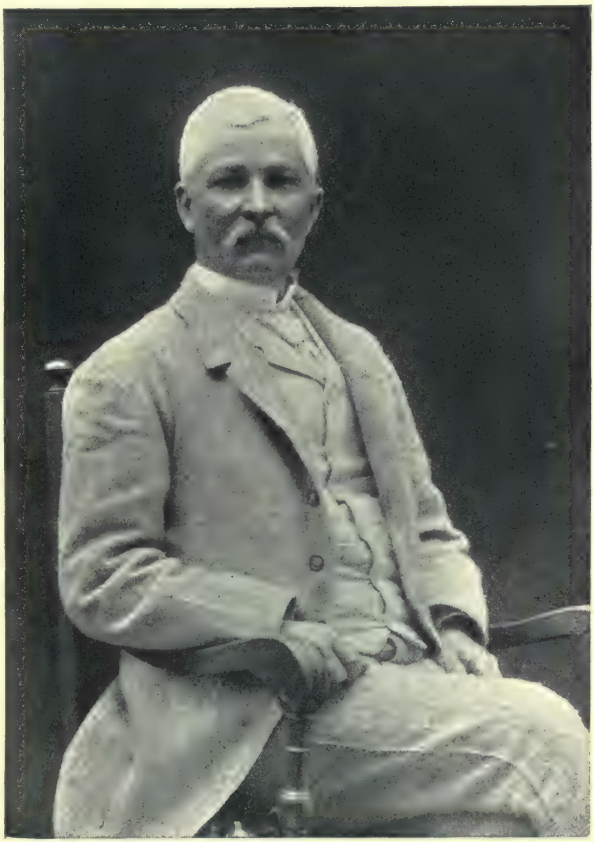
"When I begin I must go through, and my work seems to stick to me. I commence writing in the morning and continue just as long as I possibly can, devoting every moment that I can spare to it until the book is completed. I remember the last chapter of my book entitled 'In the Dark Continent.' I was visiting at Mrs. Burdett-Coutes' during the composition of the latter part of it and the work hung over me like a pall. I had been writing during a great part of the day, but as I got nearer the end I had to rob the night as well, and it was at eleven o'clock one evening that I excused myself from the party in the drawing-room and said I must go to work. I sat down at my desk and wrote on and on until I had finished the manuscript. It was at this time very nearly morning, and you can imagine the satisfaction that I felt when the job was done. I have to write everything myself. I cannot dictate hastily, and compose more easily with my pen in my hand."

"What has been your best selling book, Mr. Stanley?" I asked.

"'In Darkest Africa' has sold better than anything else I have ever written. Seventy-five thousand copies of it were sold in the United States, twenty-five thousand were sold in England, and the book had a large circulation in other parts of Europe."

"How about the future of Africa, Mr. Stanley? Is it to be developed with the aid of the blacks as laborers?"

"I think so to a very large extent," was the reply. "Many of the blacks are very intelligent and some of the best men that I have known have had black skins. One of the brightest servants I ever had was a black. This was a boy who was with me during a great part of my last tour. He had considerable inventive genius and he was as brave as a lion. At one time I remember I had a very fine steel boat. This boat was a very expensive article originally, and in the heart of Africa it was almost worth its weight in gold. One day one of the officers borrowed it. When I let him have it I told him to be very careful to pull it up on shore when he returned it, as the river might rise and carry it away. The officer said he would not forget, but he did forget and the boat floated off. We finally found it in the midst of the stream further down, about fifty yards from the great cataract. It had caught on a rock and when the river had fallen it had been left there by the receding waters. It was about 1,500 feet from one shore and a long distance away from the other. Above it the river boiled and below it was the great cataract. As I looked at the boat I saw that there was one chance of its recovery, but that the slightest misstep would cause the death of the man who went after it. I called my boy to me and showed him the situation. I told him that if he did not follow my exact directions he would be swept off into the cataract, but that if he would do just as I told him he would recover the boat and that I would in this case pay him the value of the boat, which was a great sum to him. I asked him to think calmly over the matter and if after doing so he was not perfectly willing to go not to do so, but that if he did go he must follow my instructions. He told me he would go, and the result was that he recovered the boat and brought her back to land. I don't believe there was any other man in my troop who could have saved the boat."



HENRY M. STANLEY.

"How about the railroads of Africa? I understand they are building new ones."

"That is true," said Mr. Stanley. "The roads are being rapidly extended into the interior. Some miles of the road up the Congo have been already built and we will soon be able to go across Africa by steam. As it is, along this line which is now building, 75,000 porters are carrying goods up into the interior, and these cost about £75,000, or $225,000 for every trip they make. The road will open up a vast amount of territory and will bring in much valuable merchandise."

"How about the field for the future explorer, Mr. Stanley? I suppose the world

is now pretty well known," I remarked.

"As far as the opening up of unknown countries is concerned I think it is," replied Mr. Stanley. "The continent of Africa is now divided up like Europe. England, France, Germany, and Holland each have their sections, and you have to have passports to go from one country to another. If you were starting to travel across Africa the officers of those countries would ask you where you were going, and the results of your explorations would belong to them. There are large districts which have not yet been entered, and in a scientific way there is a vast field for explorers. For the botanist and the metallurgist the country is still open, and no one knows what may be found in other ways. As it is now, the different governments have divided up Africa for their scientists. They have expeditions out exploring the country and a revolution may be made in the different branches of knowledge by the results of their work. Africa, scientifically considered, is still an unknown world, and it is full of wonders for the student and the scientist."

LIFE IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY, B.A. OXON., LL.B.

DISTANT about five weeks by sailing vessel from San Francisco is Butaritari, the "touching island," or port of call, of the Kingsmills, or Gilberts, a seldom-visited but very interesting group in the Western Pacific Ocean. The group consists of sixteen islands lying on or just south of the equator, and between 172° and 177° of east longitude, and has an area of 170 square miles. The islands are exclusively of coral formation, many of the atolls inclosing lagoons ten or fifteen miles wide and twenty or thirty miles long.

A SOUTH SEA ISLAND BOY.

On first approaching an atoll one sees, when about ten miles off, tall trees apparently growing out of the water; as the ship draws nearer a white coral beach is discerned at the roots of the trees, which are chiefly the *Pandanus* and cocoa palms, thriving in a wonderfully scanty soil. Upon the outer side of the reef the great rollers break constantly with a sullen roar and a white line of foam, but a natural opening in the barrier of rocks admits to the safe and calm harbor of the lagoon. Though the sea is clear and free from shoals right up to the reef, once inside it the shipmaster must be very wary or he will assuredly run his vessel aground or on a sunken reef. On the inner beach of the lagoon the canoes of the natives are drawn up, and clusters of houses appear under the trees. Gazing down into the pellucid waters of the lagoon we observe shells of every shape and tint, and countless brilliant-hued fishes darting in and out of their vari-colored coral-line lurking places.

The soil of the Kingsmills is composed of coral and vegetable mold, which, being only a few inches deep, produces spontaneously scarcely anything except the *Pandanus* and the cocoa palm. The bread-fruit tree, so valuable as a food producer, grows on all the Micronesian islands except the Kingsmills. The *Pandanus*, or screw pine, is native to almost all the Pacific islands, and is of much value. It is the earliest plant to appear upon a newly-formed island,

A PACIFIC ISLAND VILLAGE.

where its roots serve as a barrier against the waves, gathering and retaining the drift and *débris* that help the early growth of the island to establish itself. The leaves grow at the ends of the branches, which spread out from the trunk. The tree is from twelve to fifteen feet high. Its bark, timber, and the fiber of its leaves are very useful; it also bears a large bunch of juicy fruit. An edible root called *taro* is grown with some difficulty, it being necessary to trench up the scanty soil and to tend the plant with great care to bring it to maturity. The cocoa palm flourishes, but is mainly used to produce copra and oil, the most important articles of merchandise. In dry seasons the supply of nuts runs short and the natives are often reduced to great straits.

To obtain the oil of the cocoanut the nuts are gathered and after the fibrous covering has been stripped off are piled on platforms raised about a foot above the ground. Here they remain for several months, being frequently turned. When they are sufficiently dried the nuts are broken open and the copra, or dried meat of the nut, is ready for shipment. Great quantities of it are used in Europe, where the oil is extracted from it in much the same manner as from linseed. The residuum after the oil has been expressed makes a good food for cattle. In a cocoanut grove the trees are planted about twenty feet apart, and sixty-four to an acre; each tree produces an average crop of a hundred nuts. A thousand nuts produce five hundred pounds of copra, from which twenty-five gallons of cocoanut oil, worth about sixty cents a gallon, can be extracted. The oil is used in the manufacture of fine soaps and for other purposes. The fiber of the nut is of great utility, many articles of common use being made from it. Then the fruit is an ingredient in several varieties of candy and confectionary. Nor are these all the uses of the cocoa palm. When the tree is tapped it yields a wholesome, agreeable beverage called cocoanut toddy. Man with his usual perverse ingenuity has developed a process for converting this harmless and refreshing liquid into a strong spirit, which has most disastrous effect upon the brains of those who drink it.

Birds are not found in any great variety on the atolls, the few there are being chiefly aquatic. Pigs have been introduced, and the ordinary fowl, both in a wild and tame

condition, is common, but the natives rarely eat either chicken or pork, though why they abstain is by no means clear. Fish are abundant, and constitute an important item of the food supply.

Yet, though the Kingsmill group is on the

A CANNIBAL OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

whole barren, and the sustentation of life requires a constant expenditure of labor and skill, nowhere in the Pacific is the population denser or hardier than in these comparatively sterile islands. Some of the islands seem to be but one continuous village; and the very smallest of the atolls, though only two miles wide, has a population of from 1,500 to 2,000, and Taputeonea has from 7,000 to 8,000 inhabitants. Though many of the islands are uninhabited, or only temporarily inhabited, the whole group is estimated to contain 36,800 persons, or an average of 216 to the square mile. Some of the islands have 400 persons to the square mile, or a denser population than is found in almost any place in the world where the people depend for food upon their own labor alone. The group thus affords one of the most remarkable social phenomena on the globe, having an almost barbarous population, living where food is hard to obtain, and yet as dense as in the most civilized portions of the world.

Ethnologically the Kingsmill Islanders are Polynesians, as are the natives of the innumerable islands scattered all over the vast Pacific Ocean. The Polynesians fall into two main divisions, the brown and the black races. The brown, or Indo-Pacific race comprises two principal subdivisions, the Mahori and the Micronesian. The Micronesian subdivision embraces four groups of islands, the Kingsmills, the Marshalls, the Carolines, and the Ladrones. The brown men are less fierce and more open to the influences of civilization than the black men.

The Kingsmill Islanders probably belong to one of the most hybrid races on the face of the globe. Their language presents no clearly-marked type and is of very mixed origin. The bases of their tongue are Malayan and Mahori, but there are also infusions of Negrito, Papuan, Chinese, and Japanese elements, the last two being obtained from the crews of junks driven on their shores. The grammatical structure of their own language is on the whole the same as that of the Mahori group, though there are clear traces of the influence exercised by the Malayan, or dark elements. The use of the Mahori article *te*, both definitely and indefinitely, shows a closer affinity to the Mahori than to the Malayan type.

In appearance the Kingsmill Islanders are darker and have coarser features than the natives of Tahiti, Hawaii, Fiji, and Samoa, who are purer examples of the Polynesian type. They have had a harder struggle for existence than the inhabitants of those fortunate islands, and have grown stronger and tougher. They are of a solid build, and on an average about five feet eight or nine inches in height. The natives of the island of Taputeonea are more slender and better proportioned than those of the other Kingsmill islands. Their hair is fine, black, and glossy; they have projecting cheek bones and are believed to be more nearly akin to the Malays than to the Polynesians.

The religious myths current among the Kingsmill Islanders at the time of the arrival of the first missionaries were similar to those found among the Polynesians generally. The natives believed in the existence of spiritual beings, whose anger they tried

to propitiate; but they do not seem to have reached the conception of a supreme deity, nor to have had any idea of sacrifice. They worshiped the spirits of their forefathers and other spirits, but they had no idols. They used, however, to set up near their houses blocks of coral surrounded by circles of smaller stones, and they believed that these blocks were at certain times occupied by the spirits of their departed ancestors. Oil was poured on the blocks, and prayers were offered before them. The islanders entertained a belief that the spirits of men lived after death in a place of happiness or of pain, though the state of the dead was not clearly traceable to their moral deserts. The Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls into the bodies of certain birds and fishes was believed; and no family would catch or eat the particular varieties of birds or fishes supposed to be animated by the spirits of their forefathers: they were *tabu*. The first missionaries found on some of the islands a regular priesthood and defined rites of worship, but on others they found only certain superstitious observances. These priests practiced incantations and pretended to hold converse with the dead. The traditions and mythologies of the islanders are very confused, and seem to have had little influence upon their character and daily life. Nowadays almost all the Kingsmill Islanders are Protestants, and the missionaries, who are persons of great influence and consideration, enforce regular attendance at the services of the churches.

WARRIORS IN FULL DRESS.

For missionary work the Kingsmill Islands are divided between the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the London Missionary Society. On the northern islands of the group there are several Hawaiians, emissaries of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association; in the southern islands several Samoan converts are working. The training school for the natives of the Kingsmill Islands is on Kusaic, the easternmost island of the Caroline group. The first missionary station on the Kingsmills was established by the Rev. Hiram Bingham, a graduate of Yale, at Apiang in 1857. The people then numbered about 30,000, and were entirely ignorant of reading and writing. Mr. Bingham at once set to work to learn the language, and in fifteen months had progressed enough to begin to translate the New Testament into the islanders' tongue. After laboring for five years the failure of his health caused the interruption of the work; but it was resumed, and a portion of the New Testament was published in 1871. Returning to Honolulu (where his parents had been missionaries) in April,

1873, he was able to present to the Hawaiian Board of Missions the first printed copy of the complete New Testament in the Kingsmill tongue. A second and revised edition was printed at Honolulu in 1878 and a third edition at New York in 1881. Wishing to translate the Old Testament also and believing himself to be the only man qualified for the work, in 1883 he bravely began the study of Hebrew again, and translated the poetical books of the Old Testament. In 1890 he completed the translation of the whole Bible, having begun the work more than thirty-one years before. The resident missionary now in the Kingsmills is the Rev. A. C. Walkup, who visits the various islands in a vessel named the *Hiram Bingham*. She is a sailing vessel, but has an auxiliary gasoline engine and serves the missionary as church, home, and means of transportation.

But let us turn to the people themselves, and see how they "live, move, and have their being." One of the primary needs of mankind being shelter, let us begin with their houses. These are not so elaborate and well built as those on many other Pacific islands. They consist merely of platforms raised on blocks of coral to a height of three or four feet above the ground, and thatched roofs. The roofs are supported on short posts of cocoanut tree, the inside poles upholding them being from twenty to twenty-five feet high. Layers of cocoanut leaves form the thatch, which is quite proof against rain. The houses are open on all sides, there being no doors or windows. The floor underneath the platform is of white coral covered with coarse mats, upon which one can sit down in tolerable comfort. In dry weather the natives sleep on the ground with a wooden pillow and a covering of mat; in wet weather they sleep on the platform above. A family generally has a small house to itself, but some large houses contain as many as twenty families.

A FIJIAN BRAVE.

The first missionaries found the Kingsmill Island men wearing little or no clothing and the women clad only in a short grass skirt. Both men and women were tattooed in elaborate designs, but this practice is dying out. There was no marriage rite, though when a man and a woman lived together the relationship was respected. Children were treated with kindness, but old people met with but scant consideration. Fishing and canoe-making were the chief occupations of the men, and mat-making the principal employment of the women, as is the case at the present day. The natives were turbulent, and there were constant feuds between villages.

Nowadays children until they are five years of age go about in a state of complete nudity, and for several years afterward are clad in exceedingly scant raiment. As they grow older they wear an article of dress called an *areedy*. This is made of grass or leaves cut into fine strips and tied to a string plaited from human hair, and is worn very far down on the hips. A man may and often does wear a woman's clothes, but a single man may not array himself in the *areedy* of a married woman, for this is *tabu*.

Occasionally one sees a native wearing an old-fashioned calico dress, or perhaps a coat or other garment picked up from a

trading vessel in exchange for fowls and pigs. A coat may cost ten or twelve chickens or a large pig. The steward of the steamer *Montserrat*, which visited all the islands of the Kingsmill group in 1892, bought hundreds of chickens at the rate of four sticks of tobacco each, and pigs at a price according to size of ten to twenty sticks.

The traders on a South Sea island have but a poor opinion of the natives, who are, they will tell you, like dogs: if their food is tossed to them they will never get up for anything, but will live and die where they lie. This may be as the traders say, but as a matter of fact a good deal of hard work is necessary to procure food, especially when the cocoanut crop fails.

A PACIFIC ISLAND BELLE.

In spite, too, of the indolence of which they are accused, the natives are clean in their personal habits; for they are passionately fond of bathing. They bathe almost every night, the young people making the air ring with their laughter as they sport and tumble in the waves. Every islander can swim, and almost the only trouble that a mother gives herself about her young children is to keep them away from the water until they are old enough to take care of themselves. Hence, when cooped up in narrow quarters on a "blackbirder"—as the vessels engaged in deporting laborers from the islands to the sugar states of Queensland or Guatemala are called—they suffer very much from the scarcity of fresh water for washing, and resort to devices of all sorts to store up enough of the precious liquid to enable them to enjoy the luxury of a bath.

The Kingsmill Island youngster is very precocious, for from the earliest age children are permitted to do anything and everything that they wish, scarcely any parental restraint being exercised over them. The speech and behavior of children are decidedly vulgar, for it is apparently a mother's wish to make her young offspring imitate her in every particular. When a child first begins to lisp indistinctly a filthy expression the mother is delighted and calls her neighbors to listen. While a child is yet at the breast the mother puffs clouds of tobacco smoke into its tiny mouth, causing it at first to cough and sputter. But soon the child gets so used to tobacco smoke that before it can walk it holds a pipe in its little hands and tries its best to puff as it has seen its mother do. If a

child when scolded by its parents applies vulgar words to them it is never rebuked.

Children are constantly carried about by their mothers in a manner that can hardly fail to be very uncomfortable for the child. The mother raises it from the ground by one hand and slings it on her side as though it were a sack of flour. As the child is lifted up it spreads out its legs and takes a firm grip of the mother's waist, holding on to her neck with its arms. If it lets go it falls to the ground—a catastrophe that causes the mother no concern whatever.

When a South Sea island mother wishes to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping, and slippers of course she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothers she pulls the child's hair or bites some part of the body, generally the fleshy part of the arm. In wandering about the villages one sees many children having on their bodies scars produced by wounds inflicted by their mothers' teeth. When a mother wishes to caress her child she deftly draws her thumb across its eyebrow or cheek or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubbing of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingsmill Islanders, as it is among the Maoris of New Zealand and probably other kindred tribes.

Even before a child leaves its mother's breast its ears are pierced with a sharp fish

A SAMOAN CHIEF.

bone, a piece of wood or bone being put into the hole to prevent it from closing up. When the soreness is healed a larger bone is inserted, and after an interval another still larger. Thus when the children have grown to adolescence the holes are so large that the four fingers of the hand can be thrust into them, and it is quite a common thing to see the lobe of the ear torn from the side of the head by forcing too much into the hole at once. As the natives have no pockets in their dress the ears are used as general receptacles for small articles. When a native has finished smoking, the stem of the tobacco pipe is passed into the hole in the ear, which is often too

THREE SAMOAN "SWELLS."

large to retain it; in that case the bowl of the pipe is turned round so as to rest against the cheek. Things of all sorts are put into these curious pockets, which are indeed "carryalls." Sometimes women pull their hair through these holes and knot it. Children play peekaboo with each other through the holes in their mothers' ears. There are no toys for children to amuse themselves with; and taking it all in all child life in the Kingsmills can scarcely be called either happy or innocent.

Buying and selling between the natives of a South Sea island and the white traders resident there are conducted according to agreements entered into by the native king with the storekeepers. In consideration of the payment by the trader of a certain license fee the king agrees to sell his own produce at a rate fixed by a schedule of prices and not to interfere with the business of the trader in any way. The principal articles exchanged by the natives are nuts and copra, for which they receive tobacco, matches, prints, etc., at prices uniformly to the advantage of the trader.

The traders generally wish the labor agents to understand that the natives are starving; and when we consider the exactions to which they are subjected can we wonder that this is so? If a native has only a few cocoanut trees and wants some tobacco he perhaps offers a mat in exchange. For this the trader tenders six sticks of tobacco (twenty-six sticks making a pound), and raises his offer to ten sticks, when the poor native seeing that he can get no more hands the mat over, takes his tobacco, and goes home. If a native takes fish to a trader the latter helps himself to a basketful and tosses a single stick of tobacco to the native in payment. Whether the native accepts the tobacco or not he does not get his fish back. Yet high as is the value put by the trader upon his goods, it is fair as compared with the prices that prevailed a few years ago.

In April, 1892, the Kingsmills were annexed by the British, being of importance as stages on the proposed telegraph route from the Pacific coast of the United States to Australia and New Zealand, and as coaling stations for men-of-war. They are now under the jurisdiction of the governor of Fiji, who is high commissioner of the Western Pacific. He exercises his authority in accordance with an Order in Council of 1877 for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the Pacific Islanders' Protection Acts of 1872 and 1875. He has power to settle disputes between British subjects living in the islands. His jurisdiction as high commissioner extends over all parts of the West-

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

ern Pacific which are not included within the limits of Fiji, Queensland, New South Wales, or do not fall under the control of any civilized power. It applies to the southern Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, the Samoan group, the Tonga Islands, and the various groups in Melanesia. The high commissioner is assisted by deputy commissioners and by judicial commissioners. The former possess powers similar to those exercised in England by stipendiary magistrates and county-court judges. The judicial commissioners have powers like those of the justices of the Supreme Court of a British colony. In certain cases there is a right of appeal to the Supreme Court of Fiji. The expenses of the high commissioner and his deputies are paid from imperial funds. The deputy commissioner for the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands was until recently Mr. Hugh Hastings Romilly, who had previously been deputy commissioner for the Western Pacific and acting special commissioner for New Guinea. For his services in connection with the islands he has received the companionship of the order of St. Michael and St. George, a decoration reserved for men who have deserved well of the colonies or dependencies of Great Britain. He is the author of a very interesting book entitled "The Western Pacific and New Guinea," and is one of the few educated white men who have had the luck to be eye-witnesses of a pitched battle between two native tribes, and of the cannibal feast with which the conquerors celebrate their victory.

A MANSION IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

MUSIC FROM THE STANDPOINT OF SOCIOLOGY.

BY CAMILLE BALLAIGNE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

MUSIC is the most sociological of the arts. It is such because sound is the social agent *par excellence*. The social and sympathetic instincts are the foundation of all the enjoyments of the ear. For the living being, the greatest charm of sound is that it is essentially expressive. It makes him share the joys and especially the sorrows of other living beings. Pain expressed by the voice moves us generally in a moral way more than that expressed by the features of the face or by gestures. Of this social value of sound, nature and art equally bear witness. More than motion and more that light, sound reveals and expresses existence. If deaf people are generally sadder than blind people, it is because hearing is still more necessary than sight for the perception of external life. Under the brilliant sun the desert seems dead because it is motionless no doubt, but above all because it is silent. And on the threshold of infinite space Pascal was terrified, not by its darkness but by its silence. Passing from the material to the æsthetic, we will recognize again that music is the most effective method for calling forth or for representing life. Go and hear the *finale* of Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" and then tell us from what loftiest painting of Rubens flows such boundless joy.

This faculty of creating life and of thus arousing our sympathies music owes to its analogy with language. Music, as has been justly observed, has absorbed all the realistic part of instinctive language. It has therefore remained, and will always remain, a language—a language of the sensibilities and not of the understanding; natural and not manufactured or conventional; more similar to, and more adequate to, the sentiments that it expresses than is the language of words. The modern development of music has responded to a need profoundly felt by humanity, and despite the obscurity of its language, according to the laws of logic, it makes itself understood by man with a victorious power which these laws themselves do not know. Not only between men, but between man and animals and between animals themselves music establishes relations; rather vague no doubt, but such as it alone is able to create. An animal perceives in language only the musical elements, the quality, the pitch, and the intensity of the sound. The intonation and not the sense of our words rejoices or saddens him. He does not obey our words, but our voice. Brutes are not insensible even to instruments. The serpent of the charmer listens to and perhaps understands the sigh of the reed flute. When the bull in the ring has stubbornly refused to fight there are sent toward him some oxen wearing bells on their necks, and the bells by reminding him of his pastures entice the animal outside of the arena.

The sociological nature of music appears notably in the undoubted fact that music is the most popular art of all. There is a popular music while there does not exist a popular architecture, painting, or sculpture. Music is the only art in which the impersonal genius and anonymous soul of the crowd takes part. This is because the perception of the sentiments is quicker by the ear than by the eye.

Music is, further, the only art which is associated with most of the acts of our collective or social life. It follows us from birth to death. It sings near our cradle. It sings again by our tomb. We know how much it is mingled with our religion and our war, with our dance and our banquets; and in the most elementary yet most essential of the social relations, love, music is not a stranger.

It is blended with the life of the lowly more than with that of the lofty. It is the

cobbler and not the financier who sings from morning till night; and to all those who toil and suffer, music always becomes the companion and the consoler. There are songs of ploughing and songs of sowing; washerwomen's songs and spinners' songs; songs of flails beating the air and making rhythm with the dance of the golden grain. What an interpreter of international unity music may be!—especially popular music, since, where there is need of innumerable systems of words, a single system of sounds often suffices to translate some of the elementary sentiments that are universal to man.

Wherever you ransack the past of music you always find the popular song. It is the substratum upon which has been accumulated everything from the first beginning of music up to its most advanced epochs. The popular melody is everywhere. As early as the Middle Ages it was found in the songs of the Latin Church, and outside of the church it represented at that period the only form of poetry and music then known. From the popular song has come the whole art of the *trouvères*. From it, too, was born later the vocal polyphony of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Upon motives that were popular the greatest masters of counterpoint have built up their structures. No one is ignorant what advantage Mendelssohn derived from Luther's choral of "Eine feste Burg" for his "Symphony of the Reformation." Weber and Schubert were great musicians of the people; greater in this respect than Wagner himself. Thus through history the individual genius and the genius of the multitude go side by side and sometimes cross each other. The one lends to the other the simplest, the purest, the truest that it has. It confides to him its indefinite thought, its vague passions, its desires, and its dreams. It brings its lowly joys and its secret pains. From this primitive and sacred material the other genius—the personal genius—composes works of superior and definite art. It chooses and develops. It arranges and organizes. It elevates instinct to the level of consciousness and strengthens sentiment with reason. In a word, it returns a hundred fold what it has received. And by this constant communication, by this perpetual exchange of service and of favors the sociological idea is realized, because solidarity is established between the *élite* and the masses, between the great man and humanity.

Music is often called a social art, and the expression is no less significant because it is common. More than the other arts, in fact, music is a cause or an excuse for association. People come together more willingly and in greater numbers to listen to music than to observe paintings, statues, or buildings. It is not before the statues but around the military orchestras that the people crowd in our parks, and on account of the Sunday concerts the Louvre is more and more forsaken.

We know what place music held in society of old, being present at all the ceremonies and all festivals, religious or civil, national or private, as well as at theatrical representations. It competed with poetry and the dance in the formation of a superior art, the lyrical chorus of which our oratorios and our cantatas give only a faint idea. The musical art was at that time recognized as of public utility. It had a part in education and even in the state. The young people were subjected to certain exercises of gymnastics with music called *gymnopædia*.

The Renaissance came later for music than for the other arts, but it came in the same way. For the principle of association it substituted everywhere the principle of individualism. A music which for a long time, like man himself, had existed only under the collective form, reappeared under the particular and individual form. But in the pride of its recovered beauty it turned away from the common people that it formerly loved so much, and the most popular of arts became the most aristocratic and the most worldly. The lyrical drama was born in the seventeenth century in Florence in the salon of Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, and for a long time not only in Italy but even in France and Germany it smacked of its origin. It was the age of the opera concert, of the

cantata, of the kinds best adapted to charm a select society. In the palaces of great Italian families private theaters were opened and the common people were at that time excluded.

In a century more under the robust hands of Handel and of Bach music developed itself magnificently. To the Italian principle of individualism was opposed first of all in the fugue, before the symphony came, the German principle of plurality. With Bach and Handel the most beautiful phrases are perhaps the most representative of number and of multitude. Without thinking much about it we see well enough what there is of sociological and universal in the "Hallelujah of the Messiah," for example, in this song, or rather this cry of joy, bursting from all parts as if from the four corners of the world. When the double choruses of Bach with four parts each rise up before us like gigantic cathedrals which are built under our eyes, the "Gloria," the "Credo" of the "Mass in B Minor," or the epilogue of the "Passion according to St. Matthew," then indeed we have to recognize that all prayer, all piety, all joy, all sorrow, all faith, all hope, and all love are contained in these pages and that there are no sovereign masterpieces but those embracing all humanity.

Was not Haydn in his turn largely human—the Haydn of the "Seasons"—the master always smiling and sometimes sublime? In vain did he live in the pay of princes. He belonged to the people and did not forget it. He was one of the first to take the German Muse by the hand and lead her out of the sanctuary where Bach had kept her shut up. He pointed out to her the fields, the meadows, the woods, and he made a friend of those peasants whom he loved best—hunters, ploughmen, and vinedressers.

If the Beethoven of the "Heroic Symphony" sympathizes with all humanity, he of the "Pastoral Symphony" sympathizes with all nature. It is related that the master one day led his friend Schindler on the outskirts of Vienna into a retired valley. Having sat down in the shade near a brook he asked sadly of his companion if the birds were singing; because for a long time he had not been able to hear them. "It is here," said he, "that I once wrote the 'Scene at the Edge of the Brook.' The orioles, the quails, the nightingales, and the cuckoos composed with me." And when Schindler observed that the oriole does not play any part in the "Pastoral Symphony" the master drew his notebook from his pocket and marking down an arpeggio which goes off at a certain moment in the orchestra like a sounding musket he rendered to the bird what belonged to the bird in order that no voice might be forgotten or misunderstood in the concert in which all voices had sung.

From Beethoven to our day, that is to Wagner, the evolution of the sociological idea has not been interrupted. To the aristocratic opera of Italy, Germany at least opposed its first national and popular masterpiece "Freischütz." To the cantata of the salon, to the noble recitatives, to the vocal efforts of virtuosos responded the German *Lied*, and the great master Schubert did not deem unworthy of his genius the small and the lowly—the shepherd, the hunter, the miller girl, the woman spinning at her wheel, and the trout fisher at the edge of the water.

Berlioz appeared as one of the two great modern masters through whom the collective principle was to rise above the individual. The other master was Richard Wagner. He transferred the symphony to the theater in his works and still more in his æsthetics. Wagner flattered himself that he was the most sociological of musicians. The art, according to Wagner, is sociological and first in the sense that it is, or ought to be, an association of all arts.

One of the fundamental principles of Wagner is that art comes from the people and must return to them. All superior art is necessarily general art, responding to common artistic needs. "In order that the artist," writes Wagner, "may create a work truly great, it is necessary that all of us be fellow-laborers on it with him. However sublime the genius of an artist may be, a thousand bonds connect him always with the

society that surrounds him." That which expresses the essence of humanity as such, that alone is for Wagner the element and the material of art. From that moment the Wagnerian opera could necessarily be nothing but legendary or mythical, nor was it anything else; and such, in the art of Wagner, is the first effect of theory upon practice—of doctrinal sociology upon the sociology of his work.

"All the disorders, all the wars, that one sees in the world come only from not having learned music." Thus spoke Mr. Jourdain's music teacher, and no doubt he himself believed it. But two centuries later a very different music teacher was to use about the same language. For Wagner had scarcely a less notion of his art. From it he hoped everything, claimed everything, promised everything to everybody. Everything, even to the solution of the enigma of the world, even to the answering of the universal and eternal "why." With Schopenhauer, Wagner held artistic knowledge to be the only sort by which the human mind can attain to the essence of things and understand them. He proclaimed that life cannot be endurable for man except in a society of which art constitutes the highest function. His dearest dream was to re-establish between art and life the relations that ancient civilization had created and that our civilization has destroyed, or at least changed.

From these generous doctrines and from these grandiose imaginings we must at least retain one principle—that of the social duty of art. Art will never be everything for the people, but it must be something. In the domain of the æsthetic life there are few chosen; may there be at least many called. A young preacher said generously last year to some young hearers, "There are so many social wounds which demand hands, even the hands of writers and artists, to dress them." And he added, "In multiplying beauty, in giving to the world of the humble the sense of sincere beauty, you will have done the most exquisite, perhaps the most useful of charities." Since musical beauty is more sociological than any other, it may be charitable. May it be so everywhere and for all.

In the church no less than in the school it is proper that the children of the people sing. They used to sing there in other times, and for musical culture—that of the masses—the church chorister did what no conservatory will ever do again. Consider that before the Revolution France had fifteen thousand church singers, of whom five thousand were choir boys. Then the house of the people was the house of God.

The common people will find in music no less a sympathetic interest than an example of conduct. But all music is not worthy of giving these high salutary lessons to the masses. Of the works of Wagner there are some, such as "Tanhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal," that the people will never know too well. There are others which ought to be concealed from the people or forbidden. The first of these will perhaps be "Tristan and Isolde," because the ideal of this opera is death.

Each of the works of Beethoven is one and manifold at the same time. It is for this that Beethoven is the master of masters. He proposes to us the double idea of a universal partnership and of a sovereign author.

Blessed then be music, because it moves us, because it consoles us, because it teaches us, because it sheds beauty not only upon our souls but upon our minds. Let all those who love her strive to make her shed her beauty upon the intellects and upon the souls of the multitudes. Let those who suffer be less unhappy for her. Let the ignorant also become wiser through her. Let Apollo, as in the times of Pindar, again pour into the heart the peaceable love of law. "Æsthetics," said Flaubert, "is only a superior justice." Yes, art, and particularly music, gives us lessons of justice as much as of charity. It is the ideal of superior justice that is realized by the genius of Beethoven; for it is the ideal of order, of a society better than ours, where the discord between the masses and the individual is forever harmonized.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

A HEROINE IN EBONY.

BY ROSA BELLE HOLT.

THE historical characters active in our late Civil War are passing from us. Few now are left of those who bravely fought for the right as they saw it. To recall the bitterness of the strife, the sadness in home circles, and the great losses on both sides is not necessary, but when a strong and noble character in our nation has been shown it should not be forgotten. The deeds which Harriet Tubman, a negro slave, did for her own people in the days of the Rebellion should be treasured and handed down from one generation to another. So truly as Jeanne d'Arc believed in her visions did this brave colored woman of the South. From her point of view she executed her God-given mission, and accomplished her life work with all seriousness and courage.

HARRIET TUBMAN.

Who is Harriet Tubman, and what is known of her? Many distinguished men now gone would speak if it were possible and tell of her achievements and great heart. Among many who testified during their lifetime of Harriet's nobility and faithful services to the cause of our country were Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, William H. Seward, William Lloyd Garrison, and Oliver Johnson. Born with the deepest of African blood flowing in her veins, Harriet Tubman has done, without a thought or hope of gain, what a man or woman of any nationality might be proud to have achieved.

She was born a slave on a Maryland plantation over seventy years ago. When she was a young child her master, who possessed a fiery temper, struck her a hard blow on the head with a heavy weight, which caused a serious pressure upon the brain. From that period until now she has had times of suddenly falling into a doze, but there are long intervals when her brain is active and busied with thought for others.

Owing to this severe blow the once bright girl passed for half-witted, and as she herself said in a recent chat, "I wasn't worth six cents." But time went on, and as Harriet grew in years her brain cleared. She was engaged from her master by several slave owners, all of whom returned her after trial with the ejaculation, "She isn't worth her salt." Many a time was she beaten, and her neck still bears scars of the whip lashes. Two of her sisters were sold and taken furthur south. After her master died the plantation on which she was raised passed into other hands, and Harriet was to be sold. About this time one of her wonderful visions came to her. She says she saw horsemen coming, and heard distinctly the weeping and groaning of the slaves as they were torn from their children to be sold into perhaps worse bondage. A voice seemed to speak loudly to Harriet and cry: "Arise, flee for your life."

In the vision she saw a line stretched across a deep abyss. On one side were beautiful women dressed in white robes, holding out their hands to her. On the

other side were slaves, weary and worn, longing to cross but fearful of the chasm. What did it all mean? Harriet revolved this vision over and over in her mind, and when the day came on which she was to be sold and sent to the far South she put her vision into action. Not being able, for fear of detection, to communicate by speech her intention of running away, she decided to sing lines that would convey to her companions in bondage her idea. With glances toward them which were perhaps more expressive than words Harriet sang her farewell:

"When dat ar ole chariot comes,
I'm gwine to lebe you;
I'm boun' for de promise' land;
Frien's, I'm gwine to lebe you.

"I'm sorry, frien's, to lebe you,
Farewell! oh, farewell!
But I'll meet you in de mornin',
Farewell! oh, farewell!

"I'll meet you in de mornin',
When you reach de promise' land,
On de oder side of Jordan,
For I'm boun' for de promise' land."

That night Harriet started with two of her brothers for the North, but after a short time she went on her way alone, her brothers preferring slavery rather than the capture they feared. Harriet possessed a deep religious nature and at this time placed herself entirely, and with perfect faith, in God's hands. She walked on in the silence and darkness of the nights, and during the day was in hiding. At last she came to the dividing line—the border land of freedom. But where were the beautiful women dressed in white, with hands outstretched to welcome her? The sun was shining in all his glory and resting like a crown of gold upon the hilltops, while the brightness of his rays bathed the fields in radiant light. How lovely it was! Here was the land of promise, but no friend came forward to welcome Harriet. Her heart was heavy. She thought of her brothers and sisters yet in bondage, and immediately there came the idea of liberating her companions of the past. Crossing the line she knelt down in a free land and prayed for guidance. Then and there the resolve came to her to free her people, and for years she worked, accomplishing this purpose. Her wages were hoarded, and so soon as she had enough money she would start for the South and return with a band of followers.

She worked so cautiously and sagaciously, prompted by her love of her people, that nineteen times did she go to the South, and in all brought out of slavery over three hundred slaves.

She was so adroit that although a reward of forty thousand dollars was offered by slave-owners for her head she was never captured. Many and many a time was she in the greatest danger, and it is thrilling to hear of her marvelous escapes. Sometimes the people she was guiding would become overpowered by the journey and insist they could go no further; then Harriet would point at their heads the revolver she always carried and exclaim, "Dead niggers tell no tales; you go on or die!" Then for a time they would pursue their weary way, and at last reach the land of promise.

After the enforcement of Mason's Fugitive Slave Bill she could not take her fugitives to Philadelphia or Boston, but was obliged to take them to Canada, and naturally the perils to which they were exposed were even greater than when the distance into the free country was shorter. Once when she was leading a band of runaways she felt a strange presentiment of danger. They were then on the banks of a river. "Chillen," Harriet exclaimed, "we must stop here and cross dis ribber." As the stream was quite wide and looked deep the men were disposed to argue the point. But Harriet would not be deterred and marched boldly into the current. There was nothing to do but follow, and instead of the apparent depth the people found it grew shallower, the water not coming above their chins, and they were soon in safety on the other side. They found afterward, however, that Harriet's premonition was correct, for officers were just in advance of them in the roadway, and had they not waded through the stream they would have been taken captive.

Harriet was known among her people as "Moses," and in conversation she says: "I felt like Moses. De Lord tole me to do dis. I said, 'O Lord, I can't—don't ask me—take somebody else.' Den I could hear de Lord answer, 'It's you I want, Harriet Tubman'—jess as clar I heard him speak—an' den I'd go agen down South an' bring up my brudders and sisters."

And so the years went on. Then came on the Civil War. Three years before the emancipation Harriet had a vision. At that time she was visiting in New York and came to the breakfast table one morning exclaiming jubilantly, "My people are free, my people are free!" The clergyman at whose house she was staying said to her, after hearing her dream, that neither in her day nor his would her people be emancipated; but Harriet insisted, crying out, "You 'll see it, you 'll see it soon. My people are free."

At the beginning of the war Harriet was sent by Governor Andrews of Massachusetts as a scout and spy for the northern troops and to act as nurse in the hospitals if necessary. As a scout she proved invaluable; her services in the hospital were of the highest importance and she was often dubbed "General" by the northern troops.

A most interesting experience was the dream or vision she had of John Brown and his two sons before she had ever met them. In her dream she saw a wilderness. Out from the rocks which abounded in this place a serpent raised its head. As she looked upon it she saw it gradually change into the head of an aged man, with a long white beard. It seemed as if he tried to speak with her, and just then two other heads, younger looking, rose on either side of this one. As Harriet gazed upon these three heads a crowd of men came rushing along and they struck down first the younger heads and then the head of the aged man. At this time Harriet did not understand her vision, but a little later she met John Brown and exclaimed that his face was the same as that of the aged man in her vision.

On the day when the terrible tragedy took place at Harper's Ferry, Harriet, who was visiting in New York, had a presentiment of some evil. She told her hostess that she knew John Brown was in danger, and the following day came the news of the slaughter of John Brown and his two sons, and Harriet feels sure that the three heads she saw in her vision were of these men.

It has been my pleasure to have three long talks with Harriet Tubman. The last one was during the past month, when my hostess invited her to spend the day with us. Modest and quiet in demeanor, a stranger would never guess what depths there are to her nature. I have given but a brief outline of her life, which has been published in book form by Sarah H. Bradford under the title, "Harriet, the Moses of Her People," and for the benefit of the brave woman, who is indeed a heroine. Harriet was married about 1844 to a free colored man named John Tubman. She had no children, and her husband has been dead many years. Her home is in Auburn—a very plain little house which is an asylum for the poor people of her own color. Sometimes she has three or four invalids at a time for whom she is caring. She never begs, and her faith in a kind, protecting Providence is very strong. Several prominent women in Auburn bear her in mind, and one said a day or two ago, "I often pack up a basket and send it down to Harriet, thinking her larder may be nearly empty." It seems strange that one who has done so much for her country and been in the thickest of the battles, with shot falling all about her, should never have had recognition from the government in a substantial way, but such is the fact.

Occasionally some one remonstrates with her for giving to others what has been sent to supply her own needs. On a recent occasion, in reply to such a remark she said: "Long 'go when de Lord tole me to go free my people I said, 'No, Lord! I can't go—don't ask me.' But he come anoder time. I saw him jes as plain. Den I said again, 'Lord, go way—get some better eddicated person—get a person wid more cultur dan I have; go way, Lord.' But he came back de third time, and speaks to me jess as he did to Moses, and he says: 'Harriet,

I wants *you*,' and I knew den I must do what he bid me. Now do you s'pose he wanted me to do dis jess for a day, or a week? No! de Lord who tole me take care of my people meant me to do it jess so long as I live, and so I do what he tole me to."

When asked if she had ever met Lincoln she replied, "No, I 'm sorry now, but I didn't like Lincoln in dem days. I us 'd go see Missus Lincoln but I never wanted to see him. You see we colored people didn't understand den he was our frien'. All we knew was dat de first colored troops sent south from Massachusetts only got seven dollars a month, while de white regiment got fifteen. We didn't like dat. But now I know all 'bout it, an' I 'se sorry I didn't go to see Massa Lincoln.

"'Twas Sojourner Truth tole me Massa Lincoln was our frien'. Den she went to see him, and she tanked him for all he had done for our peoples. Massa Lincoln was kind to her, and she had a nice visit with him, but he tole her he had done nuffin' himself; he was only a servant of de country. Yes, I 'se sorry now I didn't see Massa Lincoln and tank him."

After the first meeting with John Brown he became a great friend of hers, and the last meeting he held before starting for Harper's Ferry was at her house, and hers the last hand he grasped in farewell.

In a letter written by the late Frederick Douglass to Harriet in 1868 are the following words:

"Most that I have done and suffered in the service of our country has been in public, and I have received much encouragement at every step of the way. You, on the other hand, have labored in a private way. I have wrought in the day—you in the night. I have had the applause of the crowd and the satisfaction that comes of being approved by the multitude, while the most that you have done has been witnessed by a few trembling, scarred, and foot-sore bondmen and women, whom you have led out of the house of bondage, and whose heart-felt 'God bless you' has been your only reward.

"The midnight sky and the silent stars have been the witnesses of your devotion to freedom and of your heroism. Excepting John Brown—of sacred memory—I know of no one who has willingly encountered more perils and hardships to serve our enslaved people than you have. Much that you have done would seem improbable to those who do not know you as I know you."

In the natural order of things Harriet will not live many years longer. Soon she will cross the border and enter the land of promise, where loving arms will be waiting to receive her and where she will hear the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

SLANG AND METAPHOR.

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

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WHAT is slang? Any one who tries to give a definite answer to this question will soon find that he has undertaken no easy task, for that mob of contraband words which we call slang holds fellowship with so many forms of linguistic outlawry that it can be properly assigned to no particular one of them. "Slang is vulgar," you say; yes, but with a qualification; there is a slang of high life as well as of low life and middle life, and it is just as much the part of a finished swell to understand the fashionable jargon of his set as for the "hobo" and the pickpocket to understand the peculiar dialect of theirs. "Slang is made up of new and unauthorized words," you add; "of shifting cant and ephemeral phrases that change with the fashion of every season." Yes, but some of them are as old as the Parthenon. When Agesilaus boasted that the walls of Sparta were her citizens and every man "a brick," he didn't know it, but he was talking current nineteenth-century slang; and when old Thomas Nash tells us that his friend Robert Greene "in a night and a day would have *yarked* up a pamphlet," he comes very near anticipating by three

hundred years our modern flower of rhetoric "to yank up." Bernard de Mandeville nearly two hundred years ago talked about "cits" and "dabsters," and the state of the impecunious young man who finds himself short of "tin" was foreshadowed by the translators of the English Bible in rendering Jehovah's threat against Israel, "I will take away all thy tin."

Many people make the mistake of confounding certain vigorous, racy metaphors with slang, and the two have such a tendency to run into each other that it is often impossible to draw the line between them. For instance "to get your steam up" to do a thing is metaphor, and a very expressive one, suggestive of the puffing and blowing and snorting of a locomotive preparatory to making a start. On the other hand the expression "to come up to the scratch," meaning nearly the same thing, is pure slang with no sense nor substance in it, unless you first translate "scratch" from the language of pugilists into its legitimate English equivalent line, or mark, and then render the phrase "to come up to the line," or "toe the mark."

And this puts us upon the track of one important distinction between pure, unmitigated slang and those more or less dubious idioms and figures of speech which we are all tempted to fall into now and then, and which it would be as foolish as it is false to deny do sometimes give to conversation a raciness and vigor that goes far to condone their inelegance. Slang proper—or improper would perhaps be the more suitable word—consists for the most part of meaningless catchwords and phrases, snatches of popular songs, quotations from plays, and the chance utterances of noted or notorious persons in which the closest analysis fails to detect a vestige of sense or reason. Happily their inanity renders these linguistic vermin as short-lived as they are widespread, and our language is in no danger of suffering permanent deterioration from them. Like toadstools they spring up in a night, but having no root in the solid subsoil of our speech they wither in a day. They express no thought, they supply no need, they serve no purpose, except to conceal the poverty of empty brains, and so the common sense of our race leaves them to die like harmless idiots, when they have capered out their little day, and crowns with their cap and bells the next poor fool that comes along. They are supposed to be inexpressibly funny while their vogue lasts, and in certain circles to drag into conversation under any pretext some such choice quotation as "Just tell 'em that you saw me," "There are others," or "The band played on" is sufficient to set up the speaker as a wit for life. "Pull down your vest" and "Here's your mule" are samples of departed favorites of the same kind. The latter originated somewhere in the Southern Army during the war and spread over the land like an epidemic of measles. Soldiers on the march, negroes at work, children at play were continually greeting each other with cries of "Here's your mule," and the imbecile phrase, like poor Harlequin's painted cheeks, never failed to raise a laugh among the ragged veterans of the South, under circumstances in which the capacity to laugh, even at so poor a joke, must be regarded as a merit. Now the phrase is so completely dead that I doubt whether any of the present generation have ever heard it.*

A more recent example of this senseless gabble is the employment of the word "chestnut," so much in vogue a few years ago to describe anything a little antiquated or out of date, and now, happily, as much of a "chestnut" itself as anything to which it was ever applied. What possible connection there could exist between the thorny nut in question and a joke, for instance, that had lost its freshness it would take a vivid imagination to discover. The latest expedient for expressing the same idea, "a back number," which I have sometimes heard classed as slang, is, on

* Of the many accounts that have been given of the origin of this once popular catch phrase the following seems to me one of the most plausible: During one of Stonewall Jackson's rapid marches the wagons in fording a stream encumbered with ice became so impeded that the mules could not draw them out, and the men were ordered to assist. One of them, as he leaped into the stream and took his place beside the tired animals, cried out laughing, "Here's your mule, general!"

the contrary, a peculiarly apt and telling figure of speech. In this day of the enormous development of the magazine, when the current number is hardly out before we are all on a strain to know what the next month will bring forth; nay, when the Sunday newspaper supplies the only reading of a large number of people, and literature a week old is already out of date, what more expressive figure could be employed than to liken anything that has outlived its day to "a back number"? The figure is, moreover, entirely unobjectionable on moral and æsthetic grounds, containing not the remotest suggestion of anything coarse or vulgar.

And right here we come upon the surest of all tests for separating the sheep from the goats in our linguistic fold. After casting out all the imbecile brood of empty catchwords that no self-respecting speaker would for a moment think of admitting into his vocabulary, we shall find that by far the greater part of the so-called slang of the day contains a figurative element, as already remarked, that makes it difficult to decide at once whether a given expression is to be regarded as partaking more of the nature of slang or of metaphor. In such cases our best plan is to consider the source of the metaphor, and if it be based upon anything essentially coarse or vulgar reject it at once. We must not make the mistake, however, of confounding mere homeliness and plain speaking with vulgarity, for this would exclude some of our raciest and most expressive figures. The fitness of such bold and vigorous language to any given occasion is, of course, a matter of taste and judgment, and what would be slang in the pulpit may be perfectly appropriate in a stump speech during a heated political campaign. I was a little shocked the other day at hearing a minister in one of our leading churches say, in the course of a religious exhortation, "I don't propose to run this meeting on any such principles." Now if he had been the president of a bank or the manager of an insurance company talking about his business there would have been no impropriety in the expression, but I think most readers will agree with me that to talk about "running" God's business is not treating the subject with just the degree of respect that it demands; it is not a question here of slang, however, but of good taste.

When the idea underlying a colloquial figure of speech is essentially low or vulgar there will never be any difficulty in detecting and condemning it, but our social distinctions have created an artificial vulgarity that constitutes a rock upon which the unwary are very apt to run aground. Strangely enough the English language, the speech of the greatest trading and commercial peoples in the world, brands as the quintessence of vulgarity any allusion to the vocabulary of trade and commerce. In all times and among all peoples the aristocratic and influential classes have been those who are raised above the necessity of labor. Whether these classes are represented by a plutocracy as in America, or by a hereditary aristocracy as in England, the result is the same; they shun the thought of the humble foundation upon which the fabric of their greatness rests and try to shut it out from view. Precisely because among a great commercial people like ourselves trade and commerce, in some of their many branches, seem especially to typify that vulgar sweat of the brow which has somehow or somewhere bedewed the bread of even the proudest, therefore, upon the principle, I suppose, upon which we are warned not to speak of halters in the presence of a man whose father has been hanged, nought that savors of trade and commerce shall come betwixt the wind and our nobility.

It is true a change is gradually coming over the spirit of our language in this respect. The enormous development of industrial enterprises within the last half century that has made their leaders princes and given to their transactions almost the dignity of affairs of state is causing the vocabulary of modern industry, like its captains, to penetrate into the strongholds of the most exclusive linguistic and social aristocracy. The most blue-blooded diplomat might, without

derogating in the least from his dignity, borrow an effective metaphor from the glossary of railroad men and talk about "sidetracking" an issue. Even the labor unions by their vastness and significance have given to their phraseology an ascendency that cannot be ignored, and a royal dyspeptic, if disposed like Mark Tapley to be humorous under adverse circumstances, need not hesitate to describe his stomach as having "gone on a strike."

But for all this it is not to be denied that as a rule whatever smacks of the shop is tabooed in good society, and it is on this account, and not for any inherent coarseness in the figures themselves, that such expressions as "to keep posted," "the balance"—of the company, "your esteemed favor," "party," in the sense of person, and other such counting-house phrases are branded as "shoppy" and excluded from the vocabulary of good society. On the other hand field sports and fashionable amusements of all kinds, coming as they do within the special province of the privileged idlers who set the fashion for us in speech as well as in dress and manners, may be freely drawn upon to enlarge our colloquial vocabulary, and it is quite correct to "run down a metaphor," to "unearth" a secret, to "bag your game," to "beat about the bush," to "have your innings," to "checkmate" or "euchre" a rival, to "play your cards" well or ill, to be "handicapped" with an incumbrance, etc., etc. It may at first strike the reader as odd that expressions drawn from the nomenclature of the card table and the race track should be included in the category of "polite slang," but I am not arguing as to what ought to be; I am merely stating the fact as it is. Racing and gaming have long been among the recognized amusements of the English aristocracy, and as the latter set the pace, either directly or indirectly, to the "smart set" throughout the English-speaking world, their usage affixes the stamp of respectability to forms of speech as well as to the other social forms of high life. Hence, while to "put a spoke in your enemy's wheel" would be but a base, mechanical way of getting even with him, you might "block his game" with impunity, and society will not seriously object to your getting "the whip hand" or "the inside track" of him, if you can.

There is a large class of words generally placed in the vocabulary of slang which owe both their expressiveness and their bad reputation to a certain descriptive vividness and energy of sound that give them the effect of a kick or a box on the ear, a stamp of the foot or a dig in the ribs, as the case may be. Take, for instance, such words as "slump," "scalawag," "bulldoze," "dead-beat," "mugwump," "jingo," "rot" (in the printer's sense of the word), "carpet-bagger," "disgruntled," etc.; they are like some people we have all known, whose bad countenance condemns them at a glance and we are inclined to suspect them, without further inquiry, of keeping bad company. And yet some of these words at least, like their human congeners, are the victims of appearances. "Slump," for example, a word of most disreputable aspect, is in reality only a harmless New England provincialism for soft mud or melting snow, and a "slump in prices" is merely a vigorous and highly expressive metaphor suggestive of the sudden catastrophe that is likely to follow an unwary step under certain conditions of the roads in spring. "Carpet-bagger" is a bit of inspired slang so apt, so suggestive, so brimful of meaning that but for the—happily—speedy obsolescence of the thing it represented it would no doubt be to-day as current a word as Whig or Tory. "Scalawag," the most graceless word of the whole brood, was invented or adopted by an indignant people to characterize the most odious object known to their experience, and hence, like a pug dog, its chief beauty lay in its ugliness.

With regard to this class of words in general, it is their very strength that constitutes their weakness, and while their vigor and expressiveness cannot be denied, their employment can be justified only on those rare occasions which call for a verbal kick, or blow, or dig in the ribs. As the energetic physical demonstrations to which they have been compared are universally regarded as "bad form" except under very extraordi-

nary circumstances, so we should have strong provocation before we denounce a piece of newspaper trash as "rot" or an impecunious acquaintance as a "deadbeat," and the necessity for action must be very obvious indeed that would warrant us in "jumping on" an offender.

I have said nothing in this paper about the degraded argot of vagrancy and crime, because it is not properly to be classed as mere slang, but rather as a distinct and separate language. "To tank up with bracers and go on a jag" is just as much an unknown tongue to most of us as "*O, matre pulchra filia pulchrior.*"

And yet even from this kennel of filth an occasional straggler like "crook" and "shadow," "skip out," etc., finds its way up into that border land of newspaper and street-corner English which often leads the way to adoption into the full rights of linguistic citizenship; and it must be confessed that some of them at least possess an element of picturesque descriptiveness that goes far to justify their adoption. A "crook" is morally what a "crank" is intellectually, and the word itself is as unobjectionable as the thing it stands for is the reverse. The figure upon which it is founded is the same that underlies our full-blooded Anglo-Saxon *wrong*, or "wrung"—the antithesis of straight or right. And would it be possible to find a more expressive word for describing the state of a man under police surveillance than *shadowed*—that is, followed by another as silently and persistently as by his own shadow? And by what word or combination of words in our language could the lightness and looseness with which moral obligations rest upon some people be so vividly represented as by the idea of "skipping" them, as we would a dull paragraph, or "skipping out" from them, as a child skips out of the schoolroom at play time? The word *abscond*, assisted by all its respectable synonyms in the dictionary, could not supply the place of "skip" in the following sentence which I found in my paper this morning: "The sheriff of Monroe County arrived here yesterday with a warrant for Albert Jones, wanted in Forsyth on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Jones has skipped."

The temptation to use expressions of this kind, which save so much circumlocution, is especially great to newspaper men, but very few reporters, unfortunately, have the taste and judgment to be trusted with the free use of such dangerous tools. My advice with regard to all unauthorized words or phrases is to treat them as you would a man who comes to seek your acquaintance without proper credentials—keep them at a distance till they have proved their right to recognition. In articles intended for mere current reading, such as newspaper reports and correspondence, almost the same latitude in the choice of words is permissible as in our daily speech, but a writer that aims at producing a work of permanent value should build the foundations of his literary structure on the solid bed rock of pure, undefiled English. The current slang of each generation is so ephemeral that any writer who deals in it largely must necessarily very soon become "a back number."

WONDERS OF BIRD MIGRATION.

BY COLETTE SMILEY.

AMONG the wonders of bird life of which even the dullest observers of nature take note is the migrating habit. Birds come in spring and go in the fall and everybody knows it. And everybody knows that some birds do not go and come but remain with us the year around. Among people with any country training it is a matter of common knowledge that the bluebirds and the robins are in the order named "the sweet harbingers of spring." The man with a gun knows that ducks, geese, and snipe follow the robin as the waters are uncovered and he knows that at

a certain time in the fall these birds will return in increased numbers. There are people too who know, and wonder at the fact, that some birds come in the fall instead of leaving and that they disappear with the return of warm weather. But although this fact excites a little wonder the facts of migration so far mentioned may be called matters of almost universal knowledge, and so they may seem at first thought scarcely worth mentioning, even though one may ask questions about these well-known habits of well-known birds which no one can answer.

However, there are other facts about bird migration that are known only to those who have made some study of the matter and these are in some cases so very remarkable that to tell about them may incite the reader to a study of bird life for himself and teach him in a new way that life is worth living. For instance there is a class of birds called shore birds that usually frequent the sea beaches only. They are seen coming south in the fall when the weather is fair in scant flocks, but when a northeast gale rages, in uncounted thousands. The gunners at Carrituck Sound see them after they pass Long Island and those on Indian River in Florida see them next, but their course is still south. And yet they do not abound on the Mosquito shore nor at the mouth of either the Orinoco or the Amazon. Where then is this winter resort? The answer comes from the desert beaches of Patagonia. At least thirteen varieties of waders that rear their young under the shadow of arctic glaciers hasten away when their summer there is done, to a winter resort that is from five to seven thousand miles away to the south. That is a distance beside which even the journey of the wild goose is insignificant. But the wonder of the flight is not in the remoteness of the terminus from the initial point of the journey. Of what texture are the wings of the young made that they are able to sustain themselves in air while crossing the vast stretches of water that lie in their path? And how is it possible for birds that were reared among ice cakes to stand the torrid heat as well as the fatigue during the long flight from the coast of Florida across the Carribean Sea and across the mighty forests of Brazil that lie beyond the sea? For there is no known resting place for these birds between Florida and the sea-shore sands of temperate South America. And waders are not the only birds making such long journeys, for several tiny warblers from the far North cross the equator and go hundreds of miles south of it in winter.

Wonder of a different kind must be excited in the mind of every novice in bird lore when he comes to observe the training the young of migrating birds get. Some birds—the kingbird is one kind—have a peculiar note that may be called the migrating rallying cry. Almost from the day of the first flight of the young kingbirds this may be heard, and at its sound the young invariably rise and follow the old ones. The crow blackbirds do not have such a cry, so far as I have observed, but as soon as the young leave the nest the old ones gather in flocks and train the young ones to stick together. It takes time to accomplish this, too, for the young are lazy and do not readily take wing when called. I have seen a blackbird mother alight near her young with food in her mouth and call the young one to her. But when it came she flew a short way further and called it again. The youngster protested in baby fashion but he did not get the luncheon until he had completed his lesson.

Barn swallows, white-breasted swallows, and, no doubt, bank swallows, train their young for the fall flight in precisely the same way. I once saw a fork-tailed swallow do more. A young one from a nest under a neighbor's barn roof was sitting on the top board of a fence when the mother flew by and called it. The youngster replied but did not follow. The mother bird circled around quickly, at that, and swooped down so closely on the young one that either the air from her wings or the wings themselves dragged the youngster from his perch. If the reader will watch the swallows as they begin to perch on telegraph wires in the country after the young have been brought from their nests he will see many beautiful doings of mother birds with their big babies.

Not only are the swallows interesting when they are in training but when they make the final start they are, perhaps, still more so, for they gather in immense flocks at some favorite place and leave by day. Bradford Torrey tells of such a starting of tree swallows—white-breasted—among the sand dunes at Nahant—tells how they gathered by the thousand and for several days all but made a filmy, fluttering cover for the whole face of nature there. Then when all had gathered and all had become acquainted with each other—at least when all had been trained into moving in unison—the leaders went swooping around over the desert expanse calling in cheerful voices the others gathered in a lengthened train, and then up they went, around and up in a swirling spiral whose top disappeared in the blue sky ere yet the last had cleared the scant herbage of the dunes, and so, at last, they all fled away.

It is said that not all swallows migrate. There are records of plenty of swallows found hibernating in hollow trees and in holes in old walls and steeples, and even in the mud at the bottom of ponds of water. The ornithologists as a rule fight shy of the subject, but Dr. Elliott Coues, who is second to none as an authority, says, "I cannot consider the evidence as inadmissible and must admit that the alleged facts are as well attested as any in ornithology." In connection with this statement it is well worth noting that on one occasion when a study of bird migration from South to North in the Mississippi Valley was made under the direction of the American Ornithologists' Union three kinds of swallows were observed at Burlington several days sooner than they were seen at St. Louis, one hundred and fifty miles south. The white-bellied swallows were seen ten days sooner at Burlington.

The manner of travel differs greatly among the birds. Nearly everybody has seen or heard the flocks of wild geese passing over in the night, making tremendous leaps, so to speak, across the country on their way south. That the shore birds bound to Patagonia travel in like fashion has already been told. Probably the great majority of birds travel south in great flocks at tremendous height from the earth. They are thus able in pleasant weather at least to see the landscape and so direct their way unvaryingly. In storms and fogs they lose their way, became confused, plunge about among the tree tops, fly through the streets of cities, and dash themselves to death against the windows of lighthouses. To my mind this gathering of timid birds like the thrushes—birds that live the summer through close to the ground and are never seen one hundred feet above the soil—the gathering, I say, of birds like these in great flocks that go careening high in air for vast distances over the land by night is the greatest marvel of migration. It seems a matter of course that swallows should do so, for they are tireless.

On the other hand there are birds that are seen by day in "a ceaseless tide of migration." "They pass leisurely from tree to tree, gleaning as they go," says one observer writing on the characteristics of warblers. It is worth noting that the birds who migrate in this fashion are peculiar in their habits as workers—they never waste any time in play. The robins, the orioles, the bobolinks make a picnic excursion of their annual flight, but the plodders of the feathered race must needs carry their knitting to camp meeting. It has been supposed that the birds who migrate by night do so to escape the attacks of predatory birds, but these plodding migrants are quite as subject to attacks as any. Besides, on the clear nights when the night flyers go they are certainly subject to attacks from owls. There are so many things we do not know about the habits of birds that it seems worth while to call attention to points that may be disputed in the hope that some of the many readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN who seek knowledge out of a pure love of it may turn their attention to this most interesting part of life in nature.

The distance covered by birds in a day's travel is a matter of great interest, but it has not been studied as it ought to be. We know, however, in a general way that under favoring circumstances geese and

ducks cover from 300 miles up to 600 in a day of 24 hours. The hardworking insect eaters that travel by day probably average five or six miles. The gorgeous Baltimore oriole, being easily traced by both plumage and voice, has been noted all the way from Rodney, Miss., to Oak Point, Manitoba, a distance of 1298 miles, and he covered it in 48 days—a speed of 27 miles per day. A lot of other birds were lumped together and an average of 23 miles a day obtained. But the observers were few. And then it may be that the birds flew a hundred miles in a night and rested for three days thereafter. They averaged so many miles a day, but what was their actual speed a wing? Gätke, a German observer who has devoted fifty years to the study of birds in migration on the little island called Heligoland, concludes that the Virginia plover travels 225 miles per hour and that the average altitude of migrants in fine weather is at least 10,000 feet. Will we ever learn about these things definitely?

That the time of a bird's arrival in the spring varies with the weather is known to all, but to this rule there are some marvelous exceptions. On May 18, 1887, a Wilson's black-cap warbler was seen in a certain bush by an observer who took especial note of the fact because it was a new bird to him, and for other reasons. It was seen at 1:30 p. m. A year later the observer happened to remember the fact and went to the shrubbery to see if by chance a black-cap had arrived, and found one in the same bush at the same hour. And this thing happened again the third year. It doubtless just happened so and yet the birds that start north late in the season, as the black-cap does, move with much greater regularity than the early travelers do.

That individuals remain behind while the main hosts of a tribe migrate is very well known. It is worth noting because it emphasizes the assertion that eccentric people are found among birds as among men. And some travel far from accustomed haunts. The Swainson's hawk from the Rocky Mountains has been found in the Adirondacks, and the horned lark of the plains in Massachusetts. I should not be astonished to find an Idaho magpie hovering around the capitol at Washington.

The reason why birds migrate has not been considered here, but the allotted space is already full. Many reasons are offered, of which the chief is homesickness—a longing for the old birthplace,—but none is entirely satisfactory. Perhaps one must go back to the old days when palm trees grew in Siberia and monkeys ran wild on the Cape Horn archipelago to find the reason. It is a matter still under investigation and it is, as was said, in the hope that some may be incited to join in the investigation that this and other wonders and mysteries of bird life have been related.

CALIFORNIA'S FRUIT EXCHANGE.

BY MARGARET A. SUDDUTH.

THE average California tourist sees in this golden state a wonderful climate, "hot, splendid sun," rare growth of tropical plants, profusion of blossoms, and an apparently happy, care-free life, from which the harsh conditions of a northern winter are all removed. He looks upon the orange groves as so many spots of picturesque beauty redeemed from the arid desert for his own especial delight. It is seldom that he stays long enough or investigates thoroughly enough to ascertain the practical business principles which underlie the cultivation and marketing of the principal product of the state—oranges.

The cultivation of the orange has grown into a science with California fruit growers. The marketing is not yet arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, but it looks now as though the best possible scheme were being evolved. Through the blessings of coöperation there has been

created the Southern California Fruit Exchange System, an industry which combines the practical and ethical so successfully that all students of history should be conversant with it.

The original marketing of the orange crop was all accomplished through commission firms. The quantity of fruit being limited in the early days it brought such a good price that the grower frequently realized five hundred and even one thousand dollars an acre. Then it was that the California "boom" began and that thousands of acres were set out in trees and nursery stock.

As fruit became more abundant prices naturally decreased, but out of all proportion to the production. Instead of three dollars a box on the trees the highest price offered by the commission agents was sixty or seventy cents a box, picked, and that for the choicest fruit, which would sell in New York or Boston for five or six dollars a box. This condition was appalling enough, for anything less than one dollar a box on the trees is unprofitable, but an even more disastrous situation followed, when the commission merchants finally refused to buy outright at any price, and in order to escape all risks and realize all the profits offered to sell upon consignment only.

It soon became apparent that after paying all the charges (picking, packing, commission, etc.) there was nothing but debt left for the grower. Something had to be done if the cultivation of oranges was to be continued as an industry. Fortunately there was a plan already carefully thought out. This plan was to establish an exchange system for packing, shipping, and marketing the entire orange crop, the growers themselves to organize, officer, and control the system. Let me tell as near as possible in the words of the founder, Mr. T. H. B. Chamblin of Riverside, the origin of the idea:

"In the early days of the California orange industry there was no difficulty in marketing the fruit, as the home and near-by consumption equalled the production; but as the output increased conditions changed. The grower was at the mercy of those who understood the market better than he.

"I saw that while fruit was moving freely from certain orchards none at all was going from others. Naturally the owners of the latter became impatient and rushed their fruit into late markets, completely breaking them down, and, as a consequence, receiving for their entire crop, sometimes, only a handful of postage stamps.

"I reasoned that every grower is entitled to his share of the market, that is, he is entitled to as much as his neighbor for the same grade and quantity of fruit. I began to study this problem as early as 1890, but it was not until August, 1893, that the exchange system as we now have it was organized."

The growers endorsed Mr. Chamblin's logical deductions and were ready for his proposition to organize an exchange system. The situation was desperate. Two and three thousand miles remote from the large markets, they could not dispose of their own products, independently, as transportation rates alone would more than consume the profits. There were some existing difficulties in this plan for coöperation, such as the local jealousies which had grown out of the "boom," but these all melted away like frost before the sun when it became manifest that the growers' interests were identical—and that was the first blessing of the exchange system.

Local associations were first formed. Every orange region of southern California was visited, one after another, until ten general districts and about sixty local exchanges were organized. Then the state or central exchange was effected, with headquarters at Los Angeles. The state exchange is controlled by a manager and board of directors, elected from the various district exchanges in proportion to one director for every one thousand car loads of oranges. Each district and local exchange is governed by a secretary and board of directors. The general manager and district secretaries receive salaries, the directors do not. They are not supposed to give all their time, and their services are as much for their own interests as for the general good, since they are all orange growers.

Each local exchange has its own packing

house and is responsible for the packing and shipping of its own fruit; it also receives direct returns for its own shipment, hence a loss in one exchange does not affect the revenues of another exchange, unless it be the result of a default on the part of a purchaser or from an effort to protect the interests of the extire exchange system. The expenses of the general management are borne *pro rata* by each exchange.

The system is a perfect one, a circle within a circle. The *modus operandi* is this:

An order comes from an eastern market direct to the state exchange headquarters at Los Angeles. That order, if large enough, is divided among the ten district exchanges. Each district exchange redivides its own order among its local exchanges. The superintendent of the local exchange notifies each local grower how many and what kinds of fruit to deliver to the exchange packing house, proportioning the order to the size of the various orchards that belong to the exchange. The grower then fills the assigned number of "field" boxes (so called to distinguish them from packed boxes) and delivers them to the packing house. There his responsibility ends.

As the fruit is delivered it is carefully weighed and stacked by itself, then passed through the "grader," where the "culls" (damaged fruit) are thrown out and the oranges of various sizes distributed in different bins from which they are wrapped and packed. The culls are sold to local dealers for about twenty-five cents a box. They are not spoiled fruit by any means, but have perhaps lost their short green stems or have a small blemish on the rind. The culling process is extremely thorough, for the exchange is very exacting as to the quality and appearance of its product.

After packing, the fruit is again weighed and scientifically placed in refrigerator cars. (A practical suggestion to buyers—always "heft" an orange.) As a rule the fruit is consigned to a representative in the East, who either receives it or directs its destination while *en route*. There are twenty such representatives of the Southern California Fruit Exchange, each one controlling exclusively his own territory. In other words, the United States is divided into twenty districts with exchange representatives in the large cities as follows: New York, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis, Houston, Denver, Kansas City, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Salt Lake, Spokane, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Omaha, St. Paul, Buffalo, Atlanta, Des Moines, Louisville, Montreal, and Winnipeg.

These representatives estimate the amount of fruit likely to be required from time to time in their own territory and send their estimate to the central exchange at Los Angeles. Aside from these estimates the central exchange receives direct orders from wholesale dealers and distributes them as afore mentioned. Even with careful estimates certain markets may become overstocked. The central exchange then directs that the fruit be shipped to some near-by large city and sold at auction. The exchange has adopted the good business axiom that it is better to sacrifice the surplus of its fruit than to "bear the market" with its own product.

New markets are being constantly opened by these alert representatives, guided by the central exchange, and the crop is forwarded from the grower's orchard to the actual consumers as rapidly and inexpensively as possible. Of course this transfer is made by means of the wholesale and retail merchant. It is not the desire of the exchange to ignore the established forms of the business world. It is the "middle man" alone who does not receive any encouragement from the coöperative system.

All disinterested observers wish success to the fruit exchange system of southern California, as failure to profitably market the crop means a failure of the business interests of the state, since the orange industry is the base of values on this sunset coast.

AN EVENING SONG.

BY WILSON C. DIBBLE.

A LITTLE bird on a laurel bough,
Singing as the sun goes down,
Garmented in gray and brown,
Throat a-tremble with bliss of now.

O'erarching tints grow dull and drear,
The song goes floating on;
To the day that is coming, the one just gone,
Melodious tribute of cheer.

It tells of the plunge by the river's brim,
Whirr of wings and scamper of feet,
The joys that attend when comrades meet,
The grateful shade of a friendly limb.

The long walk where the willows droop,
Far away friends in the Southland dear,
The little home in the thicket near—
In choral procession these quickly troop.

He flew away, my minstrel brown;
The slender bough a moment swayed,
Then silence—and I silent prayed
That I too might sing when the sun goes down.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.*

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

OH! come where the lanterns, a multitude, glow,
Making gay and resplendent the landscape below.
Constellations scintillant and brilliant that vie
With siderial emblems hung out in the sky;
And lanterns above with their far-reaching light
Help the lanterns below to illumine the night.

The glitter and glimmer and twinkle and gleam
Make the flame-bedecked grove like fairyland seem;
While children intent on enjoying themselves
May pass for an army of pixies and elves;
And waves of Chautauqua shine, sparkle, and glow,
Reflecting the lanterns above and below.

The lights of the lanterns die out, one by one;
Their candles burn down and their mission is done;
And when at an end is this luminous feast,
When the last dying flame has flickered and ceased,
I turn, where like beacons of undying love
The lanterns of heaven are shining above.

* The Feast of Lanterns is a characteristic Chautauqua entertainment held at Chautauqua, N. Y., on the evening preceding Recognition Day. The grounds and main buildings are profusely decorated with Chinese lanterns.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

THE coronation of the czar of Russia in Moscow, the ancient capital of the empire, on the 26th of May last, arrested the attention of mankind as no other ceremonial event has done for a century. Of itself the costly splendor of festivals protracted through several weeks—the barbaric and oriental grandeur of the public displays—has exceeded all modern experience. But the displays have a significance which commands general attention not unmixed with apprehension. Russia is the greatest power on the face of the globe. The coronation has made that fact plain to mankind.

The procession which entered Moscow on the 22d of May represented eighteen nations which were separate at the beginning of this century and are now firmly knit together into one vast Russian Empire. The czars have steadily extended their dominions; and this despotic power has had a singular success in reconciling conquered or annexed provinces. Prophecies of the disintegration of this vast mass were freely offered by spectators of the process of massing until perhaps ten years ago; but for a decade past the prophets of a catastrophe have been silent.

The anarchist has failed, the reformer has failed, foreign influence has failed, to awaken or check the power of the czar of all the Russias. Perhaps there is no better explanation than the epigram that "nothing succeeds like success." We may add to it that Russia has a wonderful gift of economizing success, and of the self-restraint in success which Napoleon, who rapidly built a greater power, did not exercise. Witness the long patience of the Russian movement on Constantinople and the waiting which has followed the victory of Plevna when the czar's army fell back though almost in sight of the Bosporus.

This ostentatious display of wealth and power arouses the pride and represses the discontents and increases the patriotism of the millions over whom the czar's will is the supreme law. That is much; the memory of his coronation day will strengthen the czar's hands through his whole reign. And it will aid his government in those plans for expansion which are filling Europe with apprehension. It was plain during the last year that Russia was able to veto the interference of Western Europe in behalf of Armenia. It is plain now that Russia is master in fact at Constantinople. Persia is slowly being prepared for absorption into the empire. China may in ten years become a province ruled from St. Petersburg. Japan, deftly deprived of the fruits of her victory in China, falls back upon her islands, builds fleets with feverish haste, and hopes to be the England of the Pacific and an ally of the Russian bear. Perhaps the turn of India will come; many Englishmen fear it.

This persistence and growth of a power whose methods are an absolute negation of all our modern ideas seems so little short of a miracle that the jubilant religious feeling of the coronation ceremonies commands our respect. What if providence has some great use for this vast anachronism, this oriental despotism sitting astride of Europe and Asia at the end of the nineteenth century? Any essayist can prove that Russia must fall to pieces—must modernize her institutions. But he could have proved the same propositions in any year of this century; and yet neither dissolution nor republicanization has overtaken Russia. Some great change may come and Russia may cease to spread out toward all seas. But the best reason to be given for this hope is: "It is the unexpected that happens."

THE ART MANIA.

WE hear of "hard-worked" words in this day of literary slang, and it is safe to say that there is no harder-worked word in our language than "art," which is oftenest found

in the phrase "art for art's sake," and used apparently for the purpose of calling attention to mere cleverness in conventional construction or to some trick of style.

Literature is, perhaps, suffering more than any other output of intellectual activity from this mistaken view of art. The old masters had something to say; this was their chief concern. The art of saying it was of secondary importance. A thought had first place, and it was a fresh thought.

Taken literally and seriously, art for art's sake means no more, no less, than form for form's sake, without granting any value or any desirability to original conception of what the form stands for. The thing to be expressed may be trivial, commonplace, uninteresting; but no matter so that the style of expression be new and fine. Good literature, in this light, stands for clever phrasing, an empty form built of close-fitting words.

Doubtless the study of language from the mere philological point of view has something to do with what seems to be a growing irreverence for the strong and thoughtful masters who made literature mean so much more than artistic diction can by itself signify. It may be that many of our English teachers, in their zeal for correct writing and speaking, press too far in the direction of setting language above thought. At all events the tone of current criticism seems to indicate that the standard of measurement for literary art is more and more becoming a gauge of verbal style, which points certainly to serious decadence in all that can be of permanent value in any art, namely, original thought-substance.

Recently there has been a reaction against the "tyranny of style," as some one names it, and the usual result, of course, is apparent in a rush to an opposite extreme. Certain young writers have made themselves conspicuous by assuming that good style cannot go with good art; or, in other words, they act upon the theory that both poetry and prose can be fertilized into vigor by slang, vulgarity, and picturesque carelessness of diction and composition. Authorship, more than all other artistic vocations taken together, is to-day the object of almost maniacal ambition in the minds of thousands who are totally unqualified for even its lightest duties. This competition naturally drives writers to desperate shifts of experiment. In the midst of so much production it is almost impossible to attract sudden attention with any work not meretriciously sensational or strikingly irregular.

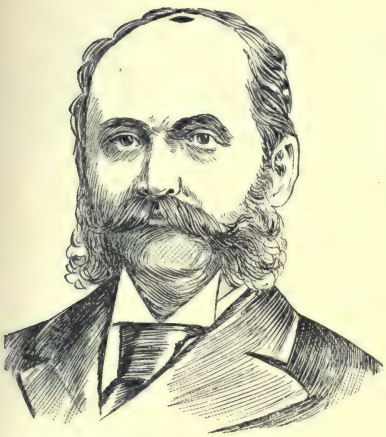
The sound-minded student of literature is often amazed at the critical noise made in favor of a novel, a play, or a story in which he can find nothing whatever appealing to good taste or a healthy imagination. The style may be good, it may be notably bad; but the substance nearly always proves to be of trivial and commonplace import, or too shockingly repulsive for open discussion. There seems to be no high ideal lift, no strongly marked original aspiration toward a lofty heroism, such as has made the great masterpieces of the past stand out separately, imperishable monuments of true art.

We could not feel it fair to ourselves to say that we have no genius for art. The trouble seems not to lie in want of power; nor is taste lacking. An irresistible commercial spirit dominates us, and we think past art to the dollar. It is not what will endure that we aim at, but what will sell. The author dreams of an income from his pen, rather than of a sound literary product; a "boom" is more dear to him than a consciousness of having touched the high-water mark of true artistic excellence. This commercial spirit has always gone apace with decadence. Genius once set to the yoke of avarice soon becomes a very tame ox.

It would be well if our schools and colleges were careful to impress upon young minds the folly of dreaming that art can be made a paying vocation; especially is this true of literary art, whose every nook and corner is crowded to suffocation with disappointed aspirants. Literature is not and cannot be a paying profession, and the sooner young people are made to see the impossibility of getting a competent living from literary art the earlier will be the return to a healthy regard for what art really means.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE PROHIBITION NATIONAL CONVENTION.



JOSHUA LEVERING.
The Prohibition Candidate for President.

THE national convention of the Prohibition party, held in Pittsburg May 27–29, was attended by about 850 delegates from forty states of the Union. The gathering proved a stormy one. Trouble began over the selection of a permanent chairman and reached a climax when the convention adopted a "narrow gauge" platform, ruling out every issue excepting prohibition. At this juncture about 350 delegates representing 24 states withdrew, organized what they named a "National" party, adopted a platform favoring, among other things, the free coinage of silver and woman suffrage, and nominated separate candidates for president and vice president. The bolters included ex-Governor John P. St. John of Kansas, Helen M. Gougar of Indiana, R. S. Thompson of Ohio, editor of the *Era*, and L. P. Logan of Ohio. The nominees of the main wing of the party are Joshua Levering of Baltimore, Md., for president and Hale Johnson of Newton, Ill., for vice president.

HALE JOHNSON.
The Prohibition Candidate for Vice President.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Theoretically the Prohibition party exists solely for the accomplishment of a single well-defined purpose. That being the case, it necessarily follows that a split upon any other question leaves the bolting faction in the queer position of belonging to a party for one purpose and quitting it for an entirely different purpose. At the same time the Prohibitionists have evidently been acting from conviction and their action is only symptomatic of the general dissension through all parties and factions. The action of the bolting faction may be expected to add strength to whatever party adopts the free-silver platform. The Prohibitionists have also served the good purpose of helping to force the other parties to a clear declaration on the finance question.

(Rep.) The Kansas Capital. (Topeka.)

The split in the Prohibition party is a sad blow to its friends. The Prohibition party has been gaining steadily from each national campaign to its successor. From 1888 to 1892 it gained no less than 27,000 votes, over and above losses by death. At that rate it had been estimated that it might carry the country by the year 2000. But the split in the party has dashed this hope to the ground. Nobody can fail to sympathize with the Prohibition party in this misfortune.

(Pro.) The Daily Pilot. (Norfolk, Va.)

This trouble at Pittsburg was fully anticipated however, as the diversity of opinion among leading Prohibitionists and Prohibition journals on this subject had been hotly exhibited long before the convention met. It is more or less to be regretted, nevertheless, that this lack of harmony on a side issue should endanger unanimous coöperation among our forces on the main issue, that of Prohibition. To fight the liquor traffic is our special business; we should prosecute that tirelessly and as a united body at all times; and if we cannot agree on other subjects we should agree to disagree, and push on against the main enemy, the liquor traffic.

(W. C. T. U.) The Union Signal. (Chicago, Ill.)

We are grieved beyond measure that the pioneer Prohibition party, whose splendid record has up to this time kept loyal to its ranks the women of the W. C. T. U., should, upon the ground of ex-

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

pediency, have seen fit to drop the woman suffrage plank and the other divisive issues. As a question of inherent right—a question involving one of the fundamental principles of justice and liberty—woman suffrage is not to be classed with the pension, convict labor, immigration, initiative and referendum, nor even with the money question, important as that is. Not even in bidding for the Christian vote . . . . should the party of moral reform sacrifice right to expediency. A home protection policy without woman suffrage has no sure foundation. It is a house built upon the sand. The rum power has little to fear from prohibition which is not reinforced by woman's ballot.

FOUR NATIONAL APPROPRIATION BILLS.

FOUR bills appropriating money passed through Congress between May 20 and June 9 under a storm of discussion in and out of Congress. They were as follows: (1) The Naval Appropriation Bill. Much partisan discussion was tacked to this bill in the Senate, but the chief difference was that the House wanted four new battle ships, and the Senate only two. They compromised, after parleying in conference committees, upon three. (2) The Fortification Bill provides about eleven millions for the defense of seaboard cities, as it finally passed. (3) The River and Harbor Bill appropriates fourteen millions to be expended in twelve months and adds authority to make contracts for forty-eight millions more to be spent in subsequent years. The president vetoed this bill. His objections, in substance, were, (*a*) money is by the bill appropriated for the benefit of private persons and favoritism marks many other items; (*b*) the amount is excessively large; (*c*) the treasury is already depleted by extravagance and hard times. The bill was passed over the veto; in the House by a vote of 220 yeas to 56 nays, in the Senate 56 yeas and five nays. (4) The fourth bill under fire was the General Deficiency Bill. This the president vetoed on the ground that it provided for the payment of some old and doubtful "French spoliation claims." Congress in this case amended the bill to meet the objections of the president.

(Dem.) The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Senator Gorman is opposed to building four battle ships. He thinks that two will be enough. If a war should break out with a foreign nation Maryland would be more exposed in proportion to area than any other state, and Senator Gorman would quickly change his opinion. If all our ships that have been built, contracted for, or provided for by appropriation were now afloat, we would have only the third navy in the world. What reason is there why we should not have the first? What good would it do? It would guarantee peace forever. Our coast would be protected.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Because this is "a time when we are at peace with the world," the Fifty-third Congress is censured for having "voted $20,000,000 for war ships without a speck of war on the horizon." The theory that battle ships can be extemporized in all needed quantities, about as a juggler pulls ribbons out of a hat, is the modern wisdom which we are invited to substitute for Washington's memorable declaration to Congress in 1790: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

(Ind.) The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

It is fortunate for the country that the warlike spirit of Congress found its outlet in this direction instead of some other. There is a need for coast defenses.

(Rep.) The Standard-Union. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

There is a good deal of demagogy and extravagance about river and harbor appropriations, but, as we have two oceans, the great lakes, the Gulf of Mexico, and river navigation vastly in excess of our coast line, we ought not to be paltry, picayunish and semi-barbarous about appropriations.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

If all the nations were willing to arbitrate all questions in dispute there might not be need of so many vessels, but the very peace that is so desirable is obtained in these days by a showing of force. We should have had war with Spain before this had it not been for the fact that we are amply able to protect ourselves.

(Ind.) The Herald. (Boston, Mass.)

President Cleveland has vetoed the River and Harbor Bill, and the reasons which he gives for his action fully justify the refusal of his signature.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

We presume we ought to be thankful for small favors, and therefore we think Mr. Cleveland deserves credit for refusing to affix his signature to the River and Harbor Bill.

(Dem.) The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

It is a good thing for us in the West that Mr. Cleveland has called a halt in this dishonest and unsatisfactory way of making our great internal improvements. Under the log-rolling plan hitherto pursued the Missouri River has never received an adequate appropriation. The miserable pittance doled out to us as our share of the swag has been in effect like pouring water into a rat hole.

(Ind.) The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is probably true that no president before Mr. Cleveland ever received so many bills deserving of vetoes.

CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

NICHOLAS II.
Czar of Russia.

AN occasion specially eventful for assembling in peaceful coöperation diplomatic representatives of nearly every nation was the coronation of the czar* and czarina of Russia on April 26 at the old Russian capital, Moscow. The coronal ceremony was semi-religious in character, as the czar is head of the Grecian Church. It took place in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin, and was pronounced the most notable occurrence of the kind both for its superior splendor and from the fact that the crowns were placed on the imperial heads by the czar himself instead of by the metropolitan of St. Peter. The chief grants made in the czar's proclamation to his subjects on this day were the remission of taxes in European Russia and Poland and the reduction by one half of all land tax for ten years; the great reduction in the sentences of Siberian exiles, especially of political prisoners; the authorizing of ministers of the interior and of justice to submit to the czar deserving cases of those undergoing penalties imposed after a regular trial; and the exemption of non-criminal partakers in the Polish rebellion from police supervision, giving them full freedom of residence provided they take the oath of allegiance. Among the distinguished guests were Field Marshal Yamagata of Japan and Li Hung Chang of China. The festivities incident to the event opened May 18 with the celebration of the czar's birthday and lasted until the departure of the royal suite from Moscow on June 7. The grim old town had been transformed into a scene of garish splendor, and all went well till May 30, the day of the czar's free feast provided on the Hodynsky Plain for about 500,000 persons. Then a general stampede occurred in which, late dispatches say, 3,600 persons were trampled to death and 1,200 were injured so that their recovery is doubtful.

ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA.
Czarina of Russia.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The czar's coronation is looked upon in Russia as a blessing; and so it was, not merely in the sentimental sense in which the loyal Russians regard it, but also in the sense of increasing their prosperity by distributing a vast sum of money among them.

Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

The crowning of the czar with such magnificent ceremonies should blind nobody to the nature of the event. It is the servile testimony of the people to their own slavery. It means a gorgeous recognition of imperial despotism. It means the apotheosis of a titanic crime. There is nothing about Nicholas which should fill the world with awe or awaken any decent man's respect. He is a youth of no ability and no character. When he mounted the throne he was accused of having some amiable intentions; but he is accused of these no more. He was to recognize the freedom of the press and to permit the formation of a representative parliament. He has done neither and he will do neither until a force greater than his own compels him.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The czar put the crown on his wife's head, and yet four ladies-in-waiting had to fix it straight after he had got through. His majesty had better understand that there are some things a man cannot do, even if he should be ruler of all the Russias.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

Had the czar enlarged the civil rights of his people or given them any rights worth the having it would have cost him less by many millions of dollars than this barbaric display, and it would have saved and made useful and valuable lives by the million instead of filling up the cemeteries in the vicinity of Moscow.

The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Among his other presents to his ever-faithful subjects the czar remits all arrears of taxes in European Russia and Poland. This sounds nice, but the faithful and honest who have paid up will be kicking themselves around the block for their shortsightedness! It is tough on them. The terms of Siberian exiles are materially reduced, but those who have not yet been elected for residence in that country have no assurance that they will not be.

* See the article "How Will the Czar Wear His Crown?" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February, 1896.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD died May 23 at his home in Madison, Wisconsin, having suffered several months from the grip. Lucius Fairchild was born at Kent, Ohio, in 1831. He was educated in the Cleveland public schools and in Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis. At the age of eighteen, with several friends, he journeyed to the California gold fields with a four-yoke ox team. After six years of hardship as digger, miner, and prospector he returned to Wisconsin penniless. He had had a taste of politics in California, having been elected delegate to a convention for nominating a governor, and on his way home he was elected clerk of the circuit court on the Democratic ticket. In 1860 he was admitted to the bar. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the Governor's Guard of Madison. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him captain in the Sixteenth Regulars. About this time he was made a major in the Second Wisconsin Regiment. He accepted both commissions, and shortly after was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Second Wisconsin Regiment. At Bull Run he consolidated the Second and Seventh Wisconsin Regiments, which formed part of the "iron brigade" and fought in nearly all the great battles of the eastern army except those in the peninsular campaign under McClellan. At Gettysburg Colonel Fairchild lost his left arm. While at home recuperating he was made brigadier general. This honor he resigned and also his rank in the regular army to become secretary of state of Wisconsin. After two years' service in this capacity he was nominated for governor of Wisconsin in the Republican Union Convention and in 1865 elected. For three successive terms he was elected governor. In 1872-78 he was United States consul at Liverpool, in 1878-80 consul general at Paris, in 1880-82 minister to Spain. Resigning the last post he returned to Madison. In 1886 he was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and afterward of the Loyal Legion. He leaves a widow and four daughters.

Cleveland Herald. (Ohio.)

He was a progressive citizen, a born leader of men, an excellent soldier, and an able attorney. . . . . General Fairchild was utterly devoid of cant and affectation. He was a man of direct and positive speech, a man who believed in giving to all men the best possible opportunities, and one who despised the demagogue.

THE CYCLONES OF MAY, 1896.

THE most destructive wind storms ever known raged in eight states in the last half of May. On the 15th at Sherman, Texas, and in the vicinity, 120 persons were killed. Two days later cyclones killed 33 persons in Kansas and Kentucky. On the 18th, 44 deaths were caused by a cyclone in Nebraska; and 10 were added to the list in Oklahoma on the 21st, 5 in Missouri on the 22d, and 40 in Iowa on the 24th; Michigan and Oklahoma added 42 the next day; and 11 were killed at Cairo, Illinois, on the 26th. Adding fatal injuries and deaths caused by less deadly storms, we have a death list of 325 made up in eleven days. All these storms caused large losses of property. But on the 28th a wind storm struck St. Louis, Mo., and passed over the river to East St. Louis, which passes all records of the kind in fatality and destruction. The killed and fatally injured in the two cities numbered about 500, and the wounded twice as many. The loss of property is variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000. The storm was most destructive in East St. Louis. The calamity deprived many families of their homes and all their means of living. The demand for charitable work and gifts exceeded the ability of the afflicted towns, and other cities came to the rescue in generous measure.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

Forests are not a panacea for the ills of a disjointed universe. It is well to remember this just now, when there is so much discussion as to the probable effect large masses of timber would have had in mitigating the force of the hurricane at St. Louis. . . . Taking the St. Louis tragedy as an illustration, it is exceedingly clear that no body of trees could have stood before that storm. . . . About half a century ago a tornado swept through

several of the counties in the northern half of this state, and left behind it a mass of fallen trees which for years afterward was designated as the "big windfall." The entire country at that time was heavily timbered. That storm was a narrow one—not over one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards wide.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

Although Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota have escaped any storms of this character, they have made their appearance in nearly every other section of the great valley of the Mississippi. . . . There is no telling when or where the next of these destructive storms will burst from the clouds. . . . So little is known about the conditions which generate and determine the character of these storms that it will not do to rely too much on precedent as a guarantee of immunity from them.

The Evangelist. (New York, N. Y.)

The city has responded nobly to the call upon its resources. Memorial Day was a day of indescribable pathos: the burial day of the majority of those who lost their lives in the tornado. The calamity has only been equaled by the Charleston earthquake, the Johnstown flood, and the terrific destruction along the southern coast in 1893.

Northwestern Christian Advocate. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is unlikely that the tornado that struck St. Louis was more violent than such storms usually are, but the fact that it attacked a densely populated city augmented its effects. St. Louis and East St. Louis have won the admiration of the world by the pluck and energy with which they have set out to retrieve this disaster.

KATE FIELD.

KATE FIELD.

A WOMAN whose death has called forth expressions of sorrow throughout the United States is Miss Kate Field, the talented lecturer and journalist. She died May 19 at Honolulu, H. I., from pneumonia induced by overfatigue from a long horseback journey taken in the interest of her journalistic duties. Born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1840, she was the daughter of the dramatist and critic Jos. M. Field, an Englishman of Irish descent, and the popular actress once known as Eliza Riddle. Kate Field was educated in the St. Louis public schools, a Massachusetts seminary, and finally in Italy, where she studied music and languages, and where she made friends with W. S. Landor, George Eliot, and the Brownings. Her ambition to sing in opera was frustrated by the temporary loss of her voice, and she turned to newspaper work. In 1874 she made her *début* in Booth's Theater, New York, but without marked success and, her voice returning, she left the theater for singing and recitation. In 1882 she organized the Coöperative Dress Association for Women, which soon crashed financially. She then began her investigations of the Mormon question, and by lecturing and writing agitated the subject throughout the Union. A number of times she was called before congressional committees to impart her views and knowledge on Mormonism. On her several trips to Europe she acted as correspondent for the leading newspapers of America and wrote for various periodicals. In 1889 she established *Kate Field's Washington*. About a year ago she suspended its publication and at the time of her death, as newspaper correspondent, was writing up the Hawaiian Islands with a view to showing the desirability of their annexation. Her fugitive writings would fill many volumes. Some of her works are, "Planchett's Diary," "Adelaide Ristori," "Mad on Purpose," a comedy, "Pen Photographs from Charles Dickens' Readings," "Haphazard," "Ten Days in Spain," and a "History of Bell's Telephone."

The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

A wonderfully versatile, brilliant woman was Kate Field.

The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

She was one of the "new women" who in every departure from the old customs vindicated her right to the rôle she assumed and never by any unwomanliness shocked the proprieties or gave reason for her sincere friends and admirers to feel the need of apologizing for her. She was a capable, self-respecting and excellent woman and demonstrated that it is possible for any woman who has the ability to do all that she did without losing the respect and admiration of those whose good opinion it is desirable to retain.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

Miss Field represented the very best type of the American newspaper woman. She was clever and

daring, but she was also dignified and womanly. She never had recourse to the sensational methods which have brought a certain kind of newspaper woman into prominence, finding her own brains an excellent substitute for that sort of thing. On the other hand, she was a striking and prominent figure, stamping her individuality on all that she did and making herself a familiar name, not only in the newspaper world, but outside of it, as a successful and admirable newspaper woman.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

She was endowed with a multiplicity of gifts, but seems to have had none of them in such large measure as to become successful, or else she had such an embarrassment of riches that she could not, or did not, apply any of them to the best advantage.

THE RAINES LIQUOR LAW CONSTITUTIONAL.

THE Court of Appeals of the state of New York on May 26 affirmed the constitutionality of the Raines Liquor Law by a unanimous vote. The points raised and decided were technical and did not express the real reasons for the opposition to the law. Some of these reasons were, (1) that the law shifts to the cities an increased taxation, (2) that it was passed under the pressure of a political machine, (3) that it creates a new office-holding class with peculiar facilities for manipulating elections, and (4) that it will, it is alleged, increase the number of drinking places. On these and other grounds, agitation for its repeal and political punishment of those who enacted it are threatened. Governor Morton has placed the sixty confidential excise commissioners under the civil service rules against the wish of the machine managers.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Now that it is formally declared the law of the state, there is keen reason to regret that it was not more carefully considered in the legislature and pruned of obvious crudities and inconsistencies. The fact that it is determined to be constitutional does not atone for the fact that it was forced through by methods that could not commend themselves to the judicious. The law has good features, and much will depend on the way in which it is enforced. It is an encouraging circumstance that the political machine which it was intended to create is in a fair way of early dissolution.

(Rep.) The Burlington Hawkeye. (Iowa.)

The Raines Liquor Law, so vigorously denounced by the big New York dailies as unconstitutional and altogether bad, is growing in popular favor, as *The Hawkeye* predicted at the time of it enactment. It diminishes the number of drinking places by increasing the tax. The regulations of the Raines Law are better than those of the excise laws that preceded it and the machinery for the execution of the law is superior. Furthermore, it removes the saloon from its political "pull" and puts traffic on a basis of its own.

(Dem.) The Brooklyn Eagle. (N. Y.)

The decision must be accepted because the men officially appointed to have the last guess on the subject have reported their guess. But that which is contrary to logic should not be law and that which is against justice should not be legislation, and that which is obnoxious to both should not be constitutional—and will not long be.

(Dem.) The News. (Syracuse, N. Y.)

The day will come when the people will wipe this infamous law off the statute book, and consign the party which placed it there to well-earned oblivion.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Legalized robbery is nothing new. The taking of portions of the people's money under forms of law has been a familiar spectacle. Mediæval kings of England regularly plundered the Jews. . . . And if the Raines Law is constitutional in its chief restrictive features, it has already been punched full of holes; it is effective only as a means of still further increasing the proportion of state taxation already borne by the cities and large towns, and as an engine and instrument of factional politics, through the creation of the traffic into an arm of Mr. Platt's machine. These features did not come before the courts for their determination, but it is upon these features that the people have already condemned the law, and are waiting only the opportunity to enter final judgment whence no appeal may lie.

(Rep.) The New York Recorder. (N. Y.)

The Court of Appeals says the Raines Liquor-Tax Law is perfectly constitutional, and says it unanimously. This leaves one less troublesome question to dispute about during the hot weather.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals disposes finally of this question, and brings us down to the duty of enforcing the law most rigorously in order that its weaknesses and absurdities may be clearly set forth in time to claim the attention of the next legislature. It should be remembered that a law may be utterly objectionable, and involve the greatest hardships, yet be constitutional. Therefore every loophole for evasion should be carefully watched and guarded, in order that the showing made by the opponents of the law next year may be fortified with the results of an honest test in every case, thus forming a cumulative arraignment that will be unanswerable.

THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA.

THE most important event of the month is Captain General Weyler's order prohibiting the export of tobacco, and his subsequent permission to export tobacco which had been contracted for. The pretext for the order was to furnish labor to the native cigar-makers. The real object was, probably, to deprive Cubans in Florida of employment. General Weyler has also required farmers in the western provinces to deliver all the corn and other grain they have in store to the Spanish quartermasters. The object of this order is to remove the grain from the reach of the rebel army. But it is said that the rebels control most of the country to which the order applies. The Cuban rebels are accused of using explosive bullets which international law forbids. President Cleveland has declined to furnish Congress with the correspondence over the *Competitor's* prisoners, but it is understood that Spain conceded our claim for delay until we could investigate the charge that they were captured with arms in their hands. General Weyler has suspended the collection of debts for one year. The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision in the *Horsa* case that the placing of men and arms—carried to sea by a tug—on board the *Horsa* thirty miles from our coast was a breach of our neutrality laws. Yellow fever and smallpox are decimating the Spanish army.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

A state of war has at last been officially proclaimed in Cuba. That is the only rational interpretation of General Weyler's latest decree. If correctly reported, the Spanish commander has suspended for one year all judicial proceedings against planters with regard to their property. Creditors will be debarred from the courts and prevented from foreclosing mortgages, from suing for payment of debts, or even of interest thereon, and from enforcing in any way the execution of contracts. . . . International law sanctions no such suspension of contracts except in time of war. But that is not all. This order of General Weyler is not directed merely against the collection of debts from Spanish planters by Cuban insurgents. It is operative against such action by foreigners, by United States citizens, and by British subjects as well. The natural, and, indeed, the only rational interpretation of that is that Cuba—or the Spanish part of it—is at war with the United States and all the world.

The Philadelphia Press. (Pa.)

Abroad the decision of the Supreme Court [in the *Horsa* case] will be universally accepted as proving the just anxiety of the United States to enforce neutral obligations while insisting on neutral privileges. It cannot fail to do its share to add force to the representations which the United States must before long address to Spain against a war which has wrecked our trade, destroyed civilization in Cuba, and shows no prospect of restoring Spanish authority, never nearer overthrow than to-day.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The reported butchery of noncombatants by Colonel Landa, a Spanish leader, operating near Quivican, Cuba, is so closely in line with the previous policy of General Weyler that it will be generally believed. The victims were not in any sense insurgents. They were peaceful farmers who, for prudential reasons, had declined to take sides with either party and who were quietly pursuing their vocation when sent to their final account. It is not by such methods that the Spanish forces can create sympathy for themselves or suppress the enthusiasm of the insurgents.

The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

Weyler has ordered all Cuban farmers to turn their grain over to the Spaniards on penalty of being tried for sympathizing with the insurgents. Judging from the extremely limited area occupied by the Spaniards this cruel measure is likely to affect very few at present.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

If the Madrid government were to give to the Spanish people the statistics of mortality in Cuba in these times, there would probably be a determined popular protest against sending further reenforcements to Weyler for the replenishment of the graveyards of Cuba. The only knowledge of the mortality that is possessed by the people of Spain reaches them through the letters of friends in the army and through advices of the death of members of their families in service in Cuba. There was some surprise last week when Weyler, after leaving Havana for the *trocha*, where he was expected to take the field against the revolutionists, suddenly returned to his palace at Havana. He left Havana with his staff on Friday last and was on his way back there the next day. The truth is, that he learned upon landing from the steamboat that it would be unsafe for him to make a tour of inspection, or to attempt to reorganize the army, or to lead any body of his men against General Maceo. There was epidemic disease in every regiment; the new hospital barracks were already crowded with sufferers, and the destroying malaria pervaded the hot and humid atmosphere of the *trocha*.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

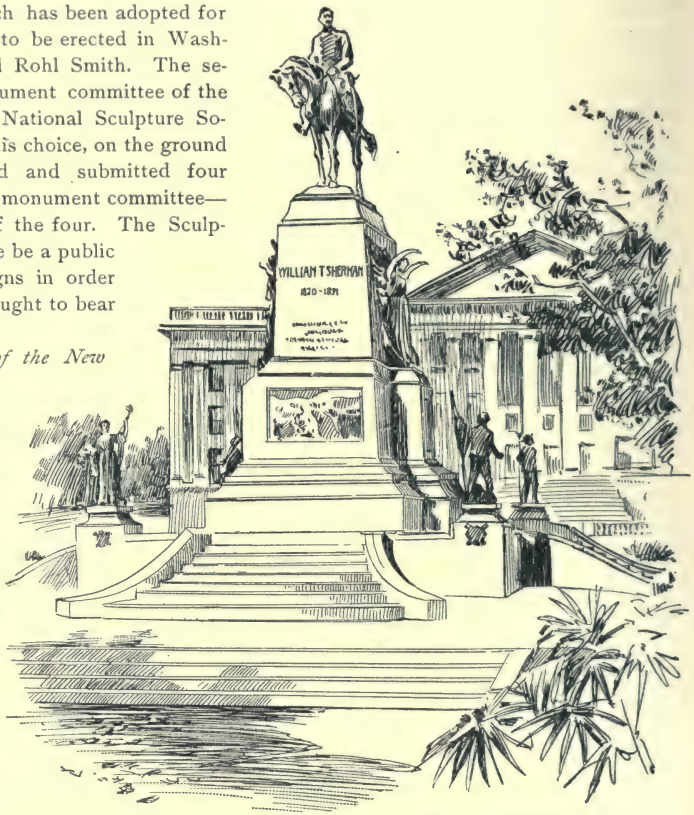
General Weyler's edict suspending for one year all judicial proceedings against planters amounts to

a confiscation of American credits in Cuba. Under the terms of this promulgation the owners of Cuban mortgages will be unable to collect interest or begin foreclosure proceedings. In short, he has adopted the course which the *New York Herald* absurdly urged toward English creditors during our Civil War and which drew a familiar "Roundabout" paper from the pen of Thackeray. The protest of the state department is swift and decisive; the business public will look to Mr. Olney to protect American interests from this unwarranted abuse of autocratic power.

THE SHERMAN STATUE.

We present the design which has been adopted for the statue of General Sherman to be erected in Washington. This design is by Carl Rohl Smith. The selection was made by the monument committee of the Army of the Tennessee. The National Sculpture Society has protested against this choice, on the ground that their committee selected and submitted four designs—at the request of the monument committee—but Mr. Smith's was not one of the four. The Sculpture Society demands that there be a public exhibition of the several designs in order that public opinion may be brought to bear upon the subject.

Washington Correspondence of the New York Tribune. (N. Y.)



CARL ROHL SMITH'S DESIGN OF THE SHERMAN MONUMENT.

The design of Carl Rohl Smith preserves the general outline of his first sketch model which has been elaborated, he says, by adding both architectural and sculptural features. He has two models of the general on horseback, one being an exact enlargement of his first, and the other representing General Sherman studying the field of action and looking intently at some distant object. The main pedestal carries the equestrian statue, and two groups, "War" and "Victorious Peace," also symbolize mankind horrified in war and happy enjoying life in time of peace. There are four basreliefs, representing first, the march through Georgia, second, the battle of Atlanta, July 22, General Sherman overlooking part of the battle. To the right is Loggett Hill, to the left the forest and the Confederate lines repulsed by the Sixteenth Corps. In the right foreground is the porch of the Howard House, in the left corner General McPherson's body on an ambulance conveyed to the Howard House. Third, there is General Sherman planning while the army sleeps. "We often saw a tall form near the camp fire at night while the men rested—he did not seem to need sleep." Fourth is Missionary Ridge, November 24, with General Sherman and staff in the middle ground directing the attack on Missionary Ridge at dawn of day. On the hills in the background are General Corse and his brigade gaining the crest; in the foreground moving troops. On the base are the badge of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and the coat of arms of the United States. All these incidents are most appealing to the old soldiers. There are four statues on the corner pedestals, representing a soldier ready to defend the flag, a cavalryman rejoicing over victory, artillerymen on the watch, and a young woman adorning General Sherman's sword. There are eight portrait medallions of Sherman's corps commanders on the corner pedestals. The dimensions of this statue are: height of the equestrian statue, 17 feet 6 inches; height of the pedestal, 30 feet 6 inches; height of the whole monument, 48 feet.

AUSTIN CORBIN.

THE loss of a notably successful business man and one who has made a favorable impress on his generation by pushing into practical operation his wise plans to promote the public good is suffered in the sudden death of Austin Corbin. On June 4 he received fatal injuries in a runaway accident near his home at Newport, N. H. Austin Corbin was born in 1827 at Newport, N. H. He was educated for the law, and worked his own way through the Harvard Law School, which graduated him with honor in 1849. He practiced law at Newport two years and then moved to Davenport, Ia. There in 1853 he married Miss Hannah M. Wheeler. In 1854 he became a partner in the banking house of Mr. Macklot. Later he organized in Davenport the first national bank in the United States to be opened for business. In 1865 he sold out his interest in this bank and moved to New York, where in a little back room on Broadway he established the Corbin Banking Company. He now loaned money on western farm mortgages and became interested in railroads. He first won publicity by developing the western half of Coney Island into a popular summer resort. Inspired by his success there, he converted Long Island into a market garden and place of residence for New York. This he effected by consolidating the railroads on the island into one system, with himself as president, and by erecting buildings. Mr. Corbin has been connected with many railroads and has been president of the Elmira, Courtland and Northern, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the New England Railroad. He also engaged in numberless other business enterprises. He was fond of hunting and his game preserve at Newport, N. H., including about thirty thousand acres, is famous. His wife, two daughters, and a son survive him.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

In the death of Austin Corbin the country has lost one of its most resourceful captains of industry.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

A most unhappy accident has carried him off from the whirlpool of great affairs and far-reaching enterprises, over which he presided with the unequaled mastery of men and matters that was the admiration of all who knew him. He was first of all an American, and as stalwart a type of the race as New Hampshire has produced, Considered as an enemy, there might not be a poorer choice of a man than the choice of Austin Corbin; as a friend, there could none be found more stanch, more true.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Mr. Corbin was a man of great push and enterprise, and he had ideas. Some of his ideas may have been visionary, but more of them were practical; if he had lived long enough to carry them out, perhaps all of them would have proved so. In the development of Long Island he has done more than any other man, and his death will be a blow from which that region will not soon recover.

The Chicago Times-Herald. (Ill.)

His great intellectual qualities were foresight and the instantaneous power to act. The firstlings of his heart were the firstlings of his hand. . . . Of aggressive temperament and of strict business habits, Mr. Corbin was a man who could not go through life without making enemies, but he just as truly had hosts and hosts of friends and admirers, who will long mourn his sad and untimely death.

THE TURKISH SITUATION.

MUSTAPHA TACHSIN BEY has been appointed Turkish minister at Washington. This change can have no importance since all questions of Turkish diplomacy are settled at Constantinople. There are some indications that the situation is slightly improved in Armenia. Miss Barton reports that her relief work is going forward unhindered. American missionaries are no longer in danger, apparently. We have 172 of these American missionaries in Turkey. Some of them have been persecuted, but none have been killed, though French and Italian priests have lost their lives. The assassination of the shah of Persia threw the sultan into a fright and he is said to have caused the arrest and torture of 200 Armenians in Constantinople. Arrests of students and "young Turks" continue to be reported. A delegation headed by William E. Dodge of New York had an interview with President Cleveland May 15 in the interest of the Armenians. The president did not commit himself to any policy of interference in behalf of the Armenian Christians. In a letter to the *New York Tribune* Miss Barton says: "Our American officials have from the first taken a courageous and beneficient stand, honoring our nation and serving humanity. Sir Philip Currie of Great Britain has been a tower of strength for justice and mercy." The dark side of things is made darker by the report of a terrible massacre at Orfa, about the middle of May, by Kurds. For some weeks there has been more or less fighting in the island of Crete, the Greek population having taken up arms and obtained some temporary success. But the revolt is sure to be suppressed and the Cretans cannot expect any assistance.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The information received by the Armenian relief committee in New York in regard to the situation of affairs in Armenia indicates that there is little hope of lasting or effectual reform in that unhappy country. The fact is that the Turkish government is weak and probably also unwilling to take effective measures against the Kurds who are guilty of the outrages perpetrated upon the Armenians. For such a country there is no hope except in a radical change in the government, and of that there is at present little prospect in Turkey.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Accounts of the massacre of Armenians at Urfa, or Oorfa, represent it as surpassing all previous butcheries in atrocity, and as being conducted under orders from Constantinople. Very probably. If the sultan has decided to extirpate the Christians among his subjects, he must know by this time that there is nothing to prevent his doing so in any manner he pleases. The so-called Christian powers of Europe, which have made great pretense of checking his bloodthirsty fanaticism, have shown that they do not intend anything beyond a formal protest, which he is perfectly secure in disregarding, and he can push the bloody work as rapidly as he chooses, with as little fear of foreign interference as Nero had when Rome was burned. Unfortunately there is no longer room to doubt that the sultan is fully responsible for the murders of Armenians, and very little that they [the murders] are directly by his orders.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Minister Terrell, who is home from Turkey on leave, believes that the Armenian troubles are nearly ended. He probably bases this conclusion upon the fact that the Armenians themselves are nearly ended, also.

"BRICK" POMEROY.

MARK M. POMEROY.

AFTER a protracted illness, Mark M. Pomeroy died peacefully on May 30, at his home in Brooklyn. He was born at Elmira, N. Y., in 1833. Not content with his duties as farmer boy and blacksmith apprentice, at the age of seventeen years he enlisted in the printing trade as an apprentice at thirty dollars a year. He saved money and in 1854 started *The Corning Sun*. The next year he sold this paper at a profit and invested in the *Athens Gazette*, which proved a failure, and in 1857 he went to Horicon, Wis. Here he started *The Argus*. In this paper he published his "Brick-Dust Sketches," which fastened on him the nickname "Brick." His vigorous political editorials led the Democratic party leaders to appoint him a deputy United States marshal, but Mr. Pomeroy became a stanch admirer of Stephen A. Douglas, and for supporting him lost the deputy marshalship. He went to La Crosse and as editor and part owner of Governor Swinford's *Union and Democrat* controlled the outside pages of that paper. After a fierce rivalry between the two editors Mr. Pomeroy gained control of the paper, which he made a Douglas organ. At the first of the Rebellion Mr. Pomeroy championed the side of the Union and as a newspaper correspondent went to the front. His patriotic reports soon gave way to carpings at the northern commanders and on this account he was expelled from the lines. Returning to La Crosse he continued his attacks against northern leaders, especially against President Lincoln, with such venom that he barely escaped lynching. After the war Mr. Pomeroy started the *Daily Democrat* in New York, but returned to La Crosse, where he made the *Democrat* the national organ of the Greenback party. In 1876 he took another start in journalism, in Chicago; he wrote books on Greenback currency and established eight thousand Greenback clubs over the country. His last big scheme was to tunnel the Rocky Mountains. This venture failed after seven million dollars had been sunk in it. Mr. Pomeroy was thrice married. His wife and four children survive him.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

The death of "Brick" Promeroy removes a man who for more than ten years filled a large place in the public eye. He was an aggressive writer, and he had very decided views on many public questions, but it is doubtful whether he reached as many people by his red-hot political editorials as by the sentimental essays which he wrote for his paper. He dropped almost out of sight ten years ago, and his occasional utterances sounded like a voice from the tombs. His influence was not enduring, for he often changed his policy and he had a mania for running after new fads.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

MRS. ELLEN HENROTIN.
President of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

THE third biennial session of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was held in Louisville, Ky., beginning May 27. Though only members and delegates were admitted, Macauley's Theater was crowded. The official report of the president, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, shows that in February last there were more than 1,000 clubs in the federation. The figures by states present some contrasts. Pennsylvania had only eleven, while Colorado had 44; and Iowa had 116 and New York only 100. Since February there has been a rapid growth and the number is now nearly 1,500. Many of the clubs embraced in the federation are not strictly social; such as the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, of Buffalo, N. Y., which has more than 1,000 members. There are also college clubs and graduates' clubs. There is a Vassar aid association with 2,700 members. In fact every kind of women's association seems to be represented. The subjects discussed at Louisville show that the federation has a wide view of women's activity; we note a few: "University Extension," "Public and Traveling Libraries," "The Place of Art in the Woman's Club."

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The movement toward a combination of women's forces and interests is gaining momentum. At last year's convention it became apparent that the women had perfected an organization which was destined for success. The one year has seen the federation grow in numbers and increase in activity. It would be idle to deny that this binding together of the thinking women of the country is destined to have a great effect on society in this nation during the coming years. Through the organization the club women in widely remote towns and in rural regions are brought into association and inspired with some common purpose. In just what way they are to give practical effect to this extensive power is not at present apparent, but no doubt the right means will be discovered.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The convention did not take official action [on the theater hat], but every one of the prominent delegates put herself squarely on record in favor of reform. At one of the evening sessions every woman's daughter of the delegates appeared bareheaded and sat without her bonnet during the entire session.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The development of these clubs is profoundly illustrative both of the activity of women in affairs and of the direction of their activities. Thirty years ago women in this country were taking their first real steps for work in unity. Their efforts during the war had taught them how to come together, and placed ideals before thousands which had before been seen only by a few. The struggle awakened a new interest in public affairs, and brought a new sense of political inequality, which was aggravated by the new rights conferred on the recent slaves yet withheld from women. Therefore it was not unnatural that the first manifestation of organized feminine effort should have been in the direction of woman suffrage. The reserve power among women then turned itself in various directions, and has accomplished great good in coöperation with the most enlightened masculine sentiment. . . . The women doing other work have accomplished many of the things suffrage was expected to give. Education for women has come, the professions are open to them, every year they have new avenues of work and nearer an equality of pay with men, the laws have been changed with regard to property so that women instead of men are in some states now the favored sex, and the feminine influence on the morals of individuals and communities has grown steadily. Women's coöperation has done all this, and has done it with the approval of masculine public opinion.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

The idyllic character of the Federation of Woman's Clubs was excellently illustrated by dissolution of the entire body into tears at Louisville over the awful proposal that a woman should not be known by her husband's initials or Christian name, but by her own. Should she be Artemisia Euphemia Polyhymnia Jones or just Mrs. John Jones? After much reflection, and realization perhaps of the fact that, while the federation was considering whether it should wipe out the uxorious prefix, husbands were generally toiling for the wherewith to pay divers bills contracted by Artemisia Euphemia Polyhymnia while away from home, the proposal failed, and there was universal weeping at the thought of it.

H. C. BUNNER, EDITOR OF "PUCK."

H. C. BUNNER.

THE death from consumption, on May 11, of Henry Cuyler Bunner, editor of *Puck* since 1877, bereaves the reading public of a humorist, poet, and story writer of high merit. Born in Oswego in 1855, early in the seventies Mr. Bunner became a clerk in a New York commercial house. His first literary attempts appeared in the *Arcadian*. He then became a reporter on a daily newspaper and shortly afterward joined the editorial force of *Puck* upon its establishment in 1877. A few months later he became editor of *Puck*. Aside from his work on this publication his writings include many magazine articles, poems, and novels. Among his books are "Airs from Arcady" (poems), "Studies in Story Telling" (written in collaboration with Brander Matthews), "The Midge, a Story of New York Life," "The Story of a New York House," "Made in France," and "Zadoc Pine and Other Stories." His most popular works are "Short Sixes" (a collection of stories), published in 1890, and "More Short Sixes," in 1894. Mr. Bunner was a close worker. Two years ago he went for rest on a six months' vacation to Europe. His health failing again he went to southern California last January but on April 8 returned unbenefited to his home in Nutley, N. J., where he died. In 1895 Yale conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. About ten years ago Mr. Bunner married Miss Larned, sister of the writer Walter Larned, and she and their three children survive him.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

Henry C. Bunner made the world brighter and happier by his presence and work in it, and a large number of his fellow-countrymen who have enjoyed his graceful and funny writings will deplore his early death.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

The work that Mr. Bunner did was not, as we have said, the work of genius, but it was the work of great and in some points unique talent; and it is hard to repress a feeling of indignation at the reflection that during all the time of his illness the so-called "literary" journals of this country were too much occupied in discovering new Davises and Cranes and Hartes and Hubbards to pay any attention to him or his work, or to soften his dying hours by even the slightest and most modest tribute to the usefulness of his career.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

THE death of Madame Clara Schumann, the pianist and wife of the noted composer Robert Schumann, occurred at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, on May 20. Madame Schumann, *née* Clara Josephine Wieck, born in Leipsic in 1819, was the daughter of Friedrich Wieck, a distinguished piano teacher, and hence was fortunate in having her musical ability early discovered and carefully trained. Her first public appearance was made in Leipsic when she was only nine; her first concert at the Gewandhaus was given two years later. During the next two years she appeared in public repeatedly, and in 1832 made her *début* in the regular series of Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic. At this date she was playing with Mendelssohn and Rakemann Bach's triple concerto for piano and appeared about the same time in trios by Beethoven and Schubert. In 1836 the emperor of Austria conferred upon her the honorary title of Royal and Imperial Chamber Musician. Miss Wieck married Robert Schumann in 1840. Their life together was happy and their influence upon each other's musical development mutually beneficial. Schumann died in 1856. After that event Madame Schumann continued as a concert pianist in Germany and Austria to within a few years of her death. She appeared frequently in England and became very popular there. For several years subsequent to 1878 she was the principal teacher of the pianoforte in a Frankfort conservatory. Her death resulted from paralysis.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The death of Mme. Schumann takes away one more of the few remaining links that have bound the musical world of the present to the great era of the first half of the present century and have brought down to its closing years personal memories of the immortal musicians to whose life and work the art of music to-day owes many of its present tendencies and some of its greatest inspirations. As a pianist she has been in the intervening period one of the

foremost of executive musicians, whose high ideals and great accomplishments have been an ennobling influence in her art. She did especially valuable service in making known and compelling admiration for the music of the romantic school whose chief representative was her husband, Robert Schumann. Mme. Schumann was said to be a pianist of high intellectual gifts, as well as of warm feeling and great technical accomplishment; her power of compelling a beautiful tone from the pianoforte was especially admired. Her repertory was large and comprehensive, comprising works of many schools. Those of her husband, not unnaturally, she played with especial predilection. She was also a composer, although her works are at this day as good as unknown.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

FOR the sixth time this body convened at Saratoga, N. Y. Nearly seven hundred commissioners, half ministers and half elders, were in session from May 21 to 30. Much of the time was devoted to hearing reports of committees, those on young peoples' societies and theological seminaries claiming greatest attention. A special committee was appointed last year to consider the young peoples' interests, as a feeling had arisen that the Society of Christian Endeavor was not training them sufficiently in church history and doctrine. On hearing this committee's report, the Assembly by a large majority rejected that part which looked toward the organization of a denominational society. The report of the committee on seminary control showed that four seminaries, Lincoln, Omaha, Dubuque, and Princeton, have complied with the Assembly's request that the seminaries should make sure to the church control of their property and administration. A resolution, moderate in tone, was adopted urging the remaining seminaries to take steps to the same end. Upon receiving the report of the Committee on Home and Foreign Missions, it was proposed, for the sake of economy, to sell the new property at No. 56 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and remove the office of the boards to the old headquarters in the Lenox mansion, at No. 53 Fifth Avenue. A committee appointed to look into this matter includes the names of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Hon. James A. Beaver, and Hon. John Wanamaker. The Assembly before adjourning passed resolutions appealing to the United States government to protect missionaries in Turkey, also resolutions favoring international arbitration. The next session of the Assembly will be held at Winona, Indiana.

(Meth.) Zion's Herald. (Boston, Mass.)

The General Assembly of 1896 will be remembered for the tolerance and harmony which marked its proceedings.

(Cong.) The Congregationalist. (Boston, Mass.)

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga appears to have been turned into something of a love feast, largely by the postponement of burning and divisive questions. But next year's docket will have these postponed and divisive questions to settle, with the addition of at least one heresy trial.

(Nonsec.) The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

It is hard work for Christian men to keep up the tension of suspicious watchfulness against the heresy of their brethren more than five or six years at a time; after that they want peace. The church was utterly tired of belligerent orthodoxy, and was ready to experiment a while with placable orthodoxy. So the committee which has for these years been hetcheling the theological seminaries was discharged with thanks, and can do no more mischief.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

While the Presbyterian Church is one of the most, if not the most, conservative body of Christians in theology, it is at the same time one of the most progressive and active in every department of practical Christian endeavor. It is the bulwark of all that is venerable and sacred in matters of faith, and the pioneer in every new and helpful adaptation of means to end in the evangelization and salvation of the world.

(Pres.) The Presbyterian. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

At the beginning of the General Assembly there were signs of grit in the tempers of many of the delegates, but after the organization of the body this wore out, and the members came to understand each other better and to fellowship without fear of betrayal, and as the days came to their sunsetting peace prevailed—the result of restored confidence. The moderator gave general satisfaction.

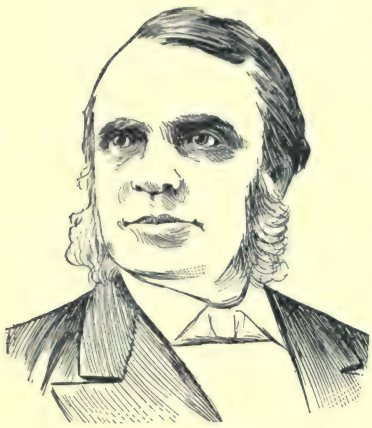
The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The long discussion over doctrine, which began with an attempt to revise the Westminster Confession so as to make it agreeable to all sides, has ended in nothing. The Presbyterian Church is to get along hereafter without a fixed and definite faith until the time comes when the party of Dr. Briggs obtains the mastery; and then will succeed a period during which it will be without faith altogether.

Union Signal. (Chicago, Ill.)

The Presbyterian General Assembly, after a stormy debate of two hours, decided against denominational organization of young people. The Assembly is to be congratulated on the result. While we do not advocate the taking down of all denominational fences, we welcome every movement of the Christian church which tends to remove the barb from the wire.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.



BISHOP McCABE.

THIS body met in Cleveland, O., May 1. On May 14 Bishop Bowman of St. Louis and Bishop Foster of Boston were declared non-effective on account of their advanced age. On May 19, on the sixteenth ballot, Dr. Charles C. McCabe of New York and Dr. Earl Cranston of Cincinnati were elected bishops. On May 23 Bishop Taylor was declared non-effective because of his advanced years. Dr. Joseph Crane Hartzell of New Orleans was elected missionary bishop for Africa. The consecration of the new bishops took place May 26 at Central Armory. The balloting for bishops showed one hundred and seventy-five votes, out of more than five hundred that were cast, for Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, a colored man. It was a strong expression of the sentiment of the Conference in favor of a colored man for the episcopacy. There was literally no new legislation for the church. With the usual election of General Conference officers the body adjourned. It was a harmonious and profitable session.

BISHOP CRANSTON.

The Religious Herald. (Hartford, Conn.)

It is odd that both Bishops McCabe and Cranston are natives of Athens, O., and both veterans of the war, but their ambition kept the 260,000 colored Methodists from having a bishop of their own color.

The Congregationalist. (Boston, Mass.)

Bishops Bowman, Foster, and Taylor must surely find much solace in thinking of the high esteem in which they are held, not only by the Methodist Church but by Christians generally throughout the country. May they live many years to bless the church which still loves and honors them.

(Cong.) The Advance. (Chicago, Ill.)

The spectacle presented by the sessions of the Methodist Conference thus far has not been edifying. The eager struggle for official position, the exultation of the victors, and the chagrin of the defeated, have presented this honored denomination at its worst and must have given pain to all its friends. . . . A notable feature of the balloting for bishop was the casting of 175 votes for Dr. Bowen, a colored man. This brought the possibility of a colored bishop very near and doubtless widened the closing breach between the Methodist Episcopal Church North and South.

The Washington Post. (D. C.)

The election of a bishop is simply a matter of business. It is not worship, and it is not performed on a day that is held sacred. There is always active competition for the place, and this is natural and proper. Why, then, should there be a repression of joy? Why long faces and owl-like demeanor when the friends of a candidate have secured his election?

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

Bishop Taylor's work in Africa will live forever and doubtless hundreds will rise up in the judgment and call him blessed.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

This is the kind of spirit which leads men to die in the ranks. The regret of the two bishops to lay down their tasks speaks eloquently of their past devotion and sacrifice. Now that the time has come for them to retire they find that the greatest sacrifice of all is to give up the work so long carried on. . . . It is easy to appreciate and applaud the policy of the Methodist Church, which seeks to take care of its venerable and retired ministers and protect their old age from wants and cares.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The decision to retire these two men seems somewhat harsh and will doubtless arouse criticism, but in reality there is no sound reason for continuing men in places of grave responsibility when they are no longer able to perform their duties. A new precedent has been established which may lead to a rule requiring all bishops to step aside when they have reached a certain age.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

May 6. The Southern Baptist Editorial Association opens its annual convention in Chattanooga, Tenn.

May 7. The Peffer bond-sale investigation resolution is passed in the Senate by a vote of 51 to 6.

May 8. President Cleveland extends the civil service rules to the hundred and forty persons included in the Interstate Commerce Commission.

May 10. Dispatches from Tombstone, Ariz., report some renegade Apaches, led by "The Kid" to be on the warpath near the Mexican line.

May 12. The Nicaraugua Canal Bill is favorably reported by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

May 15. Pension Commissioner Lochren is nominated by President Cleveland for United States judge of the Minnesota district and Deputy Commissioner Murphy as commissioner of pensions.

May 19. The twenty-first annual session of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers opens at Detroit.

May 20. The House passes the educational test bill for immigrants and the Corliss Bill for protecting the lake cities from Canadian competition.

May 25. The United States Supreme Court upholds the validity of the sugar bounty appropriations by Congress.

May 26. President Cleveland signs a bill requiring one year's residence in a territory in order to secure a divorce.

May 29. The bill to repeal the free alcohol section of the present tariff law passes the Senate, having passed the House May 26.

June 1. The bill for the incorporation of the National University receives President Cleveland's signature.

June 2. The Senate passes the Butler Bond Bill by a vote of 32 to 25.

June 4. The Filled Cheese Bill passes the Senate.

June 5. The Arbitration Conference, at Lake Mohonk, declares in favor of a permanent international arbitration tribunal.——The Niagara Falls hydraulic power plant and franchises are purchased by Morton, Bliss & Co., of New York City, for $4,000,000.——Equestrian statues of Generals Meade and Hancock are unveiled at Gettysburg.

FOREIGN.

May 7. The Italian forces in Abyssinia abandon Adigrat.

May 8. The Italian government decides to retain Kassala.

May 9. Cholera is increasing in Alexandria, Egypt.

May 10. Joaquin Bernardo Calve, *chargé d'affaires* at Costa Rica, is appointed minister resident at Washington.——Traders and missionaries are massacred wholesale by the natives of Manning Straits and the Solomons.

May 12. A Shanghai dispatch confirms the report that a tract of foreshore in Chifu claimed by an English firm has been taken by the Russians.

May 13. A mob destroys the British Protestant Mission at Kiang-Yin.

May 16. Six thousand dock laborers in Rotterdam strike because their wages are reduced.

May 18. The Venezuela government decides to pay England the £1,600 indemnity demanded for the Uruan affair (the arrest and imprisonment of a British police officer) on condition that it will not be considered to affect the boundary dispute.

May 27. Captain Plumer defeats an army of Matabeles with great slaughter near Buluwayo.

May 30. The Transvaal government pardons all the convicted members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee except the four leaders.

May 31. The Turkish garrison at Vamos, Crete, beseiged by 2,000 insurgents is relieved by Abdullah Pasha, the new governor of Crete.

June 3. The Derby race was won by the Prince of Wales' Persimmon.——The Chinese army sent to quell the Kan-Soo rebels is defeated with great loss.

June 4. The trial of the deposed Italian general, Baratieri, begins at Asmara, Abyssinia.——The emperor of Germany's new cutter *Meteor* wins at the Royal London Regatta.——The town of Andrinabe, Madagascar, is burned by a party of rebels.

June 5. The French Niger expedition is routed by the natives with great loss of life from poisoned arrows.

NECROLOGY.

May 6. Jacob Ozelde, sculptor.

May 7. Vice-Admiral Sir Robert O'Brien Fitzroy, K. C. B., of the British navy.

May 13. Germain Sée, renowned French physician and medical writer.

May 15. Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens, U. S. N., retired.

May 19. Archduke Charles Louis, brother of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

May 21. General Silverio Martinez, one of Mexico's most celebrated generals.

May 22. Ex-U. S. Senator William A. Wallace. Born 1828.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1896-1897.

AN important change has been made in this year's course of reading. Instead of being, as heretofore, wholly a "Greek year," the subjects of French history and institutions have been introduced, thus meeting the demand for accurate knowledge of contemporary life and thought. While the dissimilarity of these two nations will be very obvious, the thoughtful reader will find a stimulating study in tracing out the many points of resemblance which exist and in comparing their effect on the history of each. Into the five books have gone the mature thought and technical knowledge of the best intellects it was possible to secure, and they are presented to the great Chautauqua Circle with the confidence that they will command unusual interest and wide appreciation.

The first book of the course is the third in the illustrated "Growth of the Nation" series, "The Growth of the French Nation," written by Prof. George B. Adams, of Yale University. Without entering into minor details, Professor Adams makes interesting reading of what is less familiar to the student and vastly more important—a skillfully drawn bird's-eye view of the whole subject, in which every period retains its true proportion and every national movement its correct interpretation.

The French nation is given further study under the leadership of Mr. W. C. Brownell, whose "French Traits" shows an extensive knowledge of the inward life of the people and unusual acumen in its analysis. The various "traits" are discussed from an absolutely new point of view, and the work will do much toward correcting unjust prejudices.

The department of science represented in the series is astronomy, which is made as lucid as interesting by Prof. H. A. Howe, Director of the Chamberlin Observatory, University of Denver, under the title "A Study of the Sky." The book will contain numerous diagrams and illustrations, and will be ennobling as well as educative in its influence.

The Greek portion of the course is introduced by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, in "A Survey of Greek Civilization." The subject could not have received more masterly treatment than this eminent Greek scholar, who has spent a long life in the study of ancient Greece, has given it. His survey is a philosophical exposition of a race of philosophers, a literary study of the greatest of all literatures, a practical commentary on a most matter-of-fact people.

Prof. F. B. Tarbell, of the University of Chicago, ably completes the study of old Greek life in "A History of Greek Art," which outlines in a scholarly manner the whole field, accentuating the most important periods and delineating the great masterpieces, making the subject one of living interest. An attractive and valuable feature of the book is the reproduction of two hundred Greek works of architecture, sculpture, and painting.

The plans for the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are well formulated, and will afford valuable articles in great variety, most of them supplementary to the subject-matter of the books. A new feature will be four special numbers, in which some one subject will receive the most scholarly and exhaustive treatment its foremost specialists can give. The first will be a Molière number; the second will be devoted to French literature, particularly the French Academy. In addition, there will be eight distinct series of articles, two of which, the Sunday Readings, selected as always by Bishop Vincent, and the French translations, will run through nine numbers. The remaining six series will have five articles each and will comprise the following subjects: Greek and French Architecture, Painting, and Costumes, all illustrated; Political and Social France; French Biography; Practical Science; Modern Greece; and French-American topics. Each series will be written by prominent scholars and will be authoritative.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

THE *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* has created for itself so wide a demand and has become so firmly established in its peculiar province as to make almost unnecessary at this stage of its history any proclamation of its merits. A condensed but comprehensive chronicle of all that is done and said during a two-months' session of one of the greatest representative gatherings of the world, it preserves for the sober second thought, and for the future pleasure and profit of those who have been in attendance at the Chautauqua Assembly much that would else have escaped the memory.

The daily issues of the twenty-first volume of this paper will begin at Chautauqua Tuesday morning, July 21, and continue for thirty days, Sundays excepted, ending Monday morning, August 24.

The *Assembly Daily Herald* has been a continuous record of the rise and progress of the famous summer town of Chautauqua, and the idea upon which its widening influence is based. It is an eight-page newspaper, whose aim is to keep all, both far and near, in touch with the life and spirit of Chautauqua, to record its daily doings, to report the many good things laid before its citizens in the admirable program of public events—in short, to be the mirror of Chautauqua. A special feature of this paper is the full stenographic reports of more than one hundred of the brilliant lectures, sermons, and addresses delivered on the Chautauqua platform. Much attention is given to the musical features of the season, and to the many schools and classes that fill such an important and interesting place in the life of the summer town. Much space is devoted to reports of the "Special Days," and popular, discriminating writers frequently discuss what might be called the personal aspect of Chautauqua, its home life, its social aspects, its infectious good nature and comradeship, and its out-of-door life along the lake and under the shade of its whispering trees.

Of special interest to women is the daily record of woman's activity at Chautauqua. Every department of Chautauqua activity—and the number is legion—the *Assembly Daily Herald* tells about. If one is a resident of Chautauqua for a day, a week, or for the whole season, the *Herald* is absolutely necessary, because it is a companion and guide and much of an instructor. If one is not privileged to visit Chautauqua at all it is even more than necessary, for next to being there is the privilege of having the *Assembly Herald*, and through its pages to be enabled to follow the program and enjoy its best features.

The terms are reasonable, single subscriptions for the entire time of publication, covering thirty numbers of the paper, being only $1.00; in clubs of five or more to one post office address, 90 cents each.

To any one subscribing for THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the coming year, beginning with October, and the *Assembly Herald* for the season, to be sent to the same address, the terms for both will be $2.70. This offer will be withdrawn after August 1, 1896.

Address Dr. T. L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR JUNE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—IX.

1. O. W. Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe. 2. Edward Everett Hale through his "Ten Times One is Ten." 3. Character sketches of the rural districts of Georgia, entitled "Dukesborough Tales." 4. James Whitcomb Riley. 5. "Their Wedding Journey." 6. The realistic school of novels. 7. Henry James, Jr. He is classed with Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William Dean Howells as a representative of the analytical and metaphysical school of novels. 8. "Marjorie Daw." "Babie Bell." 9. Lew Wallace; author of "Ben Hur." "The Prince of India." 10. "A Humble Romance" by Mary E. Wilkins.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.—V.

1. John C. Calhoun resigned because of an alienation between himself and President Jackson arising from the tariff and free-trade controversy. 2. William Rufus King. 3. In 1832. 4. According to an act of Congress passed in 1886 the succession passes to the members of the president's cabinet in the following order: secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, attorney-general, postmaster-general, secretary of the navy, and secretary of the interior. 5. In May, 1873. At Springfield, Mass. 6. Of the third assistant postmaster-general. 500. 7. A perpendicular wall from 200 to 300 feet high in Michigan along the shore of Lake Superior. They are exposed to severe storms from the north the effect of which is seen in their irregular shape. 8. Texas. 9. In northwestern Texas and southeastern New Mexico; on account of the large number of *Yucca* stems, which resemble stakes. 10. New Hampshire.

PSYCHOLOGY.—IX.

1. Feelings resulting from ideas. 2. It teaches self-control, which causes a suppression of a frank display of feelings. 3. It becomes weaker. 4. It intensifies them. 5. When there is a harmonious development of the emotions, the will, and the intellect. 6. The reaction caused by emotion usually ceases in the body of the subject, while that caused by instinct may have practical relations with the object producing it. 7. The retention of the fact remembered and its reproduction or recall. 8. The habit of forming many and varied associations with every fact we care to retain. 9. By increasing the associates of each of the facts to be remembered. 10. Forgetting.

CURRENT EVENTS.—IX.

1. Joseph Chamberlain. 2. Germany. 3. The British South Africa Company obtained from the king of the Matabeles permission to settle in Ma-

shonaland and exploit gold mines, for which privilege arms and ammunition were paid. Dissatisfaction soon after arose among the natives and a war followed in 1893, in which their capital, Buluwayo, was taken. 4. North of Transvaal between the Zambezi and Limpopo Rivers. 5. The British South Africa Company. 6. For the purpose of arranging mining and other concessions and for developing the commercial resources of Zambezia. 7. Zeus; once every four years. 8. Leaping, foot-race, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling. 9. A circular piece of stone or metal about twelve inches in diameter. 10. To the method of computing time by periods of four years each called Olympiads.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.

It is often the unexpected and seemingly most improbable that happens, and this time it came in the form of a literary production, "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,"* by the Sieur Louis de Conte, which aroused the curiosity of the literary world in regard to the identity of the translator, Jean François Alden. When it was positively asserted that America's great humorist was really the author of the historical narrative then was it proven that at least one writer is gifted with a versatile genius which can successfully produce two widely dissimilar styles of literature. With a fine appreciation of the difficulties of the task, Mark Twain selected for a subject the French national heroine, the details of whose life, according to the translator, "form a biography which is unique among the world's biographies in one respect: it is the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath." The three parts of this excellent and most readable narrative—In Domremy, In Court and Camp, and Trial and Martyrdom—read like a romance, though we are assured by the translator that the main facts as related by the Sieur Louis de Conte do not differ from the official history and are, therefore, reliable. But, that the reader may not be too much deluded, he also says that the Sieur has added a mass of particulars "which must depend for credit upon his own word alone." The large number of fine illustrations from original drawings by F. V. Du Mond and from reproductions of ancient paintings and statues, the excellent paper, and the clear type combine to make the book a fine example of the printer's art.

Adam Johnstone's Son.

Love, suffering, disappointment, and final happiness are the emotions most emphasized by novelists, and Marion Crawford has made no exception in a recent work entitled "Adam Johnstone's Son."† Unlike other novels by the same author it is not the action in the story which rivets the attention of the reader. It is, rather, its introspective character, for it deals with hearts and their motives. Less than a month is required for the little action necessary for the development of the unique plot which, though a simple one, is so deftly worked out that the reader must possess a lively imagination to anticipate the final *dénouement*. The scene of the story is the once prosperous but now old and decayed city of Amalfi, Italy. Its picturesque situation, on the rocky hills with summits crowned with ruined towers and embattled walls and bases washed by the waters of the Gulf of Salermo, is an appropriate setting for the characters. It is here that a lady and her daughter are staying when a yachting party comes and goes, leaving behind a handsome young man. He soon becomes acquainted with the two ladies and falls in love with the younger, who has previously determined to dislike him because of a conversation between him and a lady of the yachting party which she has involuntarily heard. The arrival of the young man's parents, Adam Johnstone and his wife, results in a discovery which might have caused the continued unhappiness of two lives but which does not. The niceties of feeling which the author knows well how to bring out are displayed by the young people on several occasions, and all of the characters, though few, are real and intensely interesting.

Fiction.

The consummate conceit of Brigadier Gerard, whose exploits he himself relates, is only excusable when we learn of the wonderfully exciting, and if we are to believe all that the brigadier says, helpful achievements which his bravery and intrepidity were able to accomplish. Intense interest and breathless expectation are the emotions which impel the reader to hurry on to learn what next will happen, and how the brigadier will extricate himself from the most difficult situations. All his exploits form a series of eight stories placed in the realm of probability by the realistic pen of A. Conan Doyle.*

* Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By the Sieur Louis de Conte (Her Page and Secretary). Freely translated by Jean François Alden. Illustrated by F. V. Du Mond. 475 pp. $2.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. With Illustrations. 289 pp. $1.50. New York: Macmillan and Co.

* The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 361 pp. $1.50.

"The Reds of the Midi"* is a story of that year of the French Revolution in which the Marseilles Battalion marched into Paris. The story is told by Pascalet, an old shoemaker, who, when a peasant lad fourteen years old, joined the regiment with a vague hope of being able to avenge the wrongs to which his father had been subjected. In simple language admirably adapted to the character of the old cobbler the horrible events of that fearful march are vividly brought out.

Mrs. Everard Cotes in "His Honour and a Lady"† has admirably depicted Anglo-Indian political and official life and the picturesqueness of the country about Calcutta. The chief characters, the lieutenant-governor and his wife, the chief secretary, his *fiancée* and her mother, and a middle-aged barrister, are well drawn, and the plot, by no means a deep one, is very satisfactory in its *dénouement*, since one who has been practicing a little double dealing receives his just deserts.

Gratitude to a benefactor, or love for the lover, which shall conquer, is the theme of "False Coin or True?"‡ In Linda, the heroine, the author shows to what length gratitude will carry one who has a high perception of honor—even to the sacrifice of her own happiness and that of her lover. But through the unexpected kindness of the prestidigitator who had befriended her when a child and who had used her as a medium in public entertainments, bringing him large financial returns, the sacrifice was not made but a happy union with her sturdy Scotch lover was consummated.

The contrast between the wild life of the mountaineers of North Carolina and the ordinarily quiet, humdrum existence of a New England spinster is incidentally brought out in a story entitled "Against Human Nature."‖ How a young woman who thought it was contrary to the nature of woman to experience the tender feeling of love and that "friendship and respect are enough to make a woman marry a man" was convinced of the fallacy of her views is the subject of this strong story. The characters are well drawn and attractive and through it all runs a vein of pathos with here and there a glint of humor—a style which pleases every reader.

Exactly one hundred chapters of matter printed in fine type are required in which to tell of the adventures of three principal actors, "A Scholar, a Gypsy, and a Priest," in a dream by George Borrow.* "Amongst the many things attempted in this book is the encouragement of charity, and free and genial manners, and the exposure of humbug, of which there are various kinds." A certain charm of style there is in the composition which bears the reader along and produces the impression that the author must himself have figured in the adventures, so real are they made to seem.

"Summer in Arcady,"† the author tells us in the preface, was written as a protest against the unwholesomeness of what is called the new fiction. So his principal characters are two young people who have inherited weak moral natures; they are almost wholly unguided by their natural guardians, and though left to follow their wills in the midst of tempting environments they win a moral victory.

Two characters more widely opposite in their natures than Persis Yorke ‡ and and her sister could scarcely be conceived. The author has made Persis the personification of truth, honor, and loyalty, though somewhat stern and unforgiving. But we are led to see that the circumstances which surrounded her early life were the cause of the austerity which disappeared when the unfavorable conditions were removed. The sister is a silly, selfish girl, willing to follow any scheme for the luxury which money will purchase. The plot skillfully managed makes a most interesting story.

"The Dream-Charlotte,"‖ by M. Betham-Edwards, is a story founded on events which transpired in France in 1789. It presents a picture of peasant life in the ancient district of Bessin. Protestant and Catholic play parts in the story, which is full of the life of the time with which it deals.

A heart-breaking story of heredity, superstition, and sin is "Mammy Mystic."§ Its teaching is unmistakable: "Buy the truth and sell it not."

There are some of us who welcome an invitation to Bohemia whenever and from whomsoever it comes. We are so sure of the one essential thing, that we shall be amused, and so delightfully uncertain of everything else! Asking that guaranty only it is not strange, perhaps, that we sometimes enter that alluring domain to find ourselves suddenly shocked at the scene confronting us. Something such a jar to our moral nerves do we receive from the appropriated jewelry, jingling glasses, and hand-painted poker chips freely dispensed in the little book

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*The Reds of the Midi: An Episode of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Felix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. 383 pp. $1.50.——† His Honour and a Lady. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). 321 pp. $1.50.——‡ False Coin or True? By F. F. Montrésor. 296 pp. New York D. Appleton and Company.

‖ Against Human Nature. By Maria Louise Pool. 361 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Lavengro. The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest. By George Borrow. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. With an Introduction by Augustine Binell, Q.C., M.P. 632 pp. $1.25.——† Summer in Arcady: A Tale of Nature. By James Lane Allen. 183 pp. $1.25.——‡ Persis Yorke. By Sydney Christian. 426 pp. $1.25. ——‖ The Dream-Charlotte. A Story of Echoes. By M. Betham-Edwards. 384 pp. $1.25. New York: Macmillan and Co.

§ Mammy Mystic. By M. G. McClelland. 242 pp. 75 cts New York: The Merriam Company.

"Bohemia Invaded."* Fortunately for Bohemia's reputation, the reader soon comes to realize that he has been gradually led out of that ill-defined realm into back alleys and fifth-floor flats he had no thought of visiting, and, that discovery made, whether he continues the rounds or not depends on his tastes and mood.

Thoroughly German is the book "Miss Träumerei,"† and, like all true Germans, imbued with music and the things that pertain thereto. Best of all the great *Meister* Liszt lends his patriarchal grace to its pages and glorifies the simple incidents as his symphonies and oratorios have so often glorified our humdrum lives.

History and Biography.

Numerous as are the histories of England none can be more attractive than one prepared by Charles Oman,‡ lecturer in history at New College, Oxford. In a single volume of convenient size he has told the story of Great Britain and her colonies from the period of Celtic and Roman domination to 1885, in a bright, lucid style which holds the attention of the reader from the first to the last page. Side notes, maps, and genealogical tables are excellent features of this volume, which will suit the needs of the student as well as those of the general reader.

A volume of the Cambridge Historical Series is entitled "The United States of America 1765–1865."‖ During this century of America's history occurred the events which decided the fate of the nation. By a detailed account of these decisive events the author of the history has shown how this particular type of federal government has developed from the widely dissimilar elements of which the population was composed in 1760. In treating of the wars all unnecessary detail of battles and campaigns has been omitted, particular attention being given to cause and effect. A comprehensive bibliography is included in the appendix, and three important maps compiled by the author illustrate the text of the book.

In a series of eight volumes called "Periods of European History" that which treats of historical events in Europe in the eighteenth century has for its title "The Balance of Power."§ The condition of Europe during the time immediately preceding the French Revolution, the effect on France of her policy in aiding the American colonies in the conflict against Great Britain, the political relation of the various sections of Europe, and the rise and fall of different powers are some of the topics dealt with in a clear, entertaining style. The appendices contain valuable information relating to European sovereigns and their dominions.

An interesting account of the life of Cardinal Richelieu* has been written by Richard Lodge, M. A.,§ professor of history in the University of Glasgow. The career of this politician was so closely connected with political events in France in the seventeenth century that his biography is necessarily a graphic account also of the history of that country for a period of almost twenty years. How much the cardinal contributed to the greatness of France is made very evident by this plain, simple narrative.

Through numerous excellent books, young readers have become familiar with famous men of the world, and it would be surprising indeed if they had not aroused curiosity in regard to the career of the sons of these men. A means of gratifying any latent desire for information along this line has been supplied by Elbridge S. Brooks in a volume which gives the reader a glimpse at the sons of seventeen of the world's great men from Socrates to Napoleon. Their personality, their actions, and how they succeeded in life are related in an easy, flowing style suited to young readers, and the large number of illustrations will help to fix the facts stated in the minds of the readers.†

"Boys' Life of General Grant"‡ is the work of Thomas W. Knox, who has made a very complete and entertaining biography which will delight the boys. The stirring events which are inseparably connected with the life of this illustrious general are a part of our national history which every youth likes to read, and the style of the author—simple, and graceful—has made a most attractive setting for the facts he gives to the readers.

Books and Their Makers.

How books were produced in Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century and the conditions which regulated their production and distribution during the Middle Ages is the theme of "Books and their Makers,"‖ by George Haven Putnam, A.M. In the first volume the author, as he states in the preface, shows by

* Bohemia Invaded and Other Stories. By James L. Ford. 176 pp. 50 cts. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

† Miss Träumerei: A Weimar Idyl. By Albert Morris Bagby. 292 pp. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe and Company.

‡ A History of England. By Charles Oman. 767 pp. London: Edward Arnold.

‖ The United States of America 1765–1865. By Edward Channing, Ph.D. 361 pp. $1.50.——§ The Balance of Power 1715–1789. By Arthur Hassall, M. A. Period VI. 441 pp. $1.60.

* Richelieu. By Richard Lodge, M. A. 245 pp. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† Great Men's Sons: Who They Were, What They Did, and How They Turned Out. By Elbridge S. Brooks. 313 pp. $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ Boys' Life of General Grant. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. 420 pp. $1.50. New York: The Merriam Company.

‖ Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages. By Geo. Haven Putnam, A.M. Vol. I. 486 pp. $2.50. New York: G. P Putnam's Sons.

what means the classic literature now accessible to modern readers was preserved and what agencies were instrumental in preserving and encouraging literary activity. Part I. of this volume gives an extended account of books in manuscript form, describing the efforts of the monastic scribes to make and preserve them. The libraries of the monasteries and their literary exchanges, the production of books in the ancient universities, and the book-trade in the various countries of Europe are also subjects treated. The three chapters of Part II. contain the history of the earlier printed books. It shows the influence of the Renaissance upon the art of book-making and includes an account of the invention of printing, the work of the early printers of Holland and Germany, and a business history of old-time Italian publishers. Using the plain, concise language very appropriate to the class of books to which this belongs, the author has compacted a vast amount of valuable information into a comparatively small space. The fine typographical work and neat red covers also aid in making it a desirable addition to the library.

Poetry.

One volume of the Athenæum Press Series which, when complete, will be a library of English literature, contains nearly fifty poems by John Keats,* edited by Arlo Bates. A change has been made in the usual arrangement of the poems for the purpose of giving prominence to the best works. The orthography and punctuation have also been revised. The well-written introduction is biographical and critical in nature, and it also points out the position of the poet in English literature. Explanatory notes are appended to the text, which, with the size of the book, make it a handy volume for the student's library.

The goodness, nobility of character, and moral greatness of Alfred the Great are the personal qualities which appealed to the poetic instinct of England's poet laureate, resulting in a dramatic poem which he denominates "England's Darling."† The most important events of King Alfred's life are the ones with which the drama deals, closing with his victory over Guthrum in 878. The wise speeches put into the mouth of the king and the words of the other principal personages, most of whom are historical, are, in spite of the occasional lack of spontaneity, in harmony with their characters.

"The Pilgrim and Other Poems"‡ is the title of a collection of sonnets, rondeaus, songs, and other lyrics, by Sophie Jewett. Thoughts of love, friendship, nature, and the seasons predominate in the sweet rhythmical songs which the author has put into a variety of meters. The verses are of the rhyming variety, and they express pure sentiments in a delicate manner highly pleasing to lovers of poetry.

The poems which fairly represent the work of Nathan Haskell Dole and which have previously appeared in periodicals have been collected in a daintily-bound volume under the title "The Hawthorn Tree and Other Poems."* They are simple, musical verses, expressing a serenity of spirit and elevation of sentiment which will attract all lovers of genuine poetry. A quiet humor and purity of thought distinguish his *vers de société*, while the poems in the section called "In More Serious Mood" express a restful sympathy with nature and humanity.

A volume of attractive verses by Mackenzie Bell is called "Spring's Immortality."† Besides the short poem from which the volume takes its title it contains sonnets, lyrics, and historical, religious, descriptive, and humorous poems. Throughout them all there is evidence of a rare genius which sees and knows how to express the poetical in nature. Vigor and life characterize some of the historical verses, while in others, notably the religious, the poet has expressed a cheerful sincerity quite refreshing. This, the second edition, is handsomely bound in green and gold.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Grinnell, George Bird. The Story of the Indian. $1.50.
Dougall, L. The Madonna of a Day. 50 cts.
Morrison, Arthur. Chronicles of Martin Hewitt. 50 cts.
Reid, Christian. The Picture of Las Cruces: A Romance of Mexico. 50 cts.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, CHICAGO.

Gilbert, George Holley, Ph.D., D.D. The Students' Life of Jesus.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK. CRANSTON & CURTS, CINCINNATI.

Ritter, Eli F. Moral Law and Civil Law, Parts of the Same Thing. 90 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK,

Regeneration: A Reply to Max Nordau. With Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. $1.75.
Lee, Vernon. Renaissance Fancies and Studies: A Sequel to Euphorion.
Leroy-Beaulieu, Anatole. The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. Translated from the French by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. Part III., The Religion. $3.00.
Putnam, Geo. Haven, A.M. The Question of Copyright. $1.75.
Ramsey, W. M., D.C.L., LL.D. St. Paul: The Traveler and the Roman Citizen.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Renan, Ernest. Life of Jesus: Translation Newly Revised from the Twenty-third and Final Edition. $2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Fisher, George Park, D.D., LL.D. History of Christian Doctrine. $2.50.

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* Poems by John Keats. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arlo Bates. 322 pp. $1.10. Boston: Ginn & Company.

† England's Darling. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. 129 pp. $1.25.——‡ The Pilgrim and Other Poems. By Sophie Jewett (Ellen Burroughs). 108 pp. $1.25. New York: Macmillan and Co.

* The Hawthorn Tree and Other Poems. By Nathan Haskell Dole. 164 pp. $1.25. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

† Spring's Immortality and Other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. Second Edition. 149 pp. 3s. 6d. London and New York: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1896.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—June 27—August 24. Recognition Day, August 19.

ACTON PARK, INDIANA.—July 28–August 15. Recognition Day, August 5.

ALABAMA CHAUTAUQUA, TALLADEGA, ALABAMA.—July 2–26. Recognition Day, July 14.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.—June 14–28. Recognition Day, June 25.

BLACK HILLS CHAUTAUQUA, DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA.—For ten days the last of July. Recognition Day not fixed.

CENTRAL NEW YORK, TULLY LAKE, N. Y.—August 14–28. Recognition Day, August 19.

CLARION, STRATTONVILLE, PA.—June 17–July 1. Recognition Day, June 25.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—July 14–24. Recognition Day, July 23.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY, WILLIAMS GROVE, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—July 21–31. Recognition Day, July 24.

DETROIT LAKE INTER-STATE, DETROIT, MICH.—July 21–30. Recognition Day, July 30.

DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.—July 1–13. Recognition Day, July 11.

EPWORTH PARK, BETHESDA, O.—August 5–18. Recognition Day, August 11.

HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA, EAST EPPING, N. H.—July 27–August 15. Recognition Day, August 13.

ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, IND.—July 29–August 12. Recognition Day, August 7.

THE KENTUCKY CHAUTAUQUA, LEXINGTON, KY.—June 30–July 10. Recognition Day, July 7.

LAKESIDE, OHIO.—July 13–August 15. Recognition Day, August 15.

LANCASTER, OHIO.—July 29–August 6. Recognition Day, August 6.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.—July 13–23. Recognition Day, July 23.

LONG PINE, NEBRASKA.—July 17–28. Recognition Day, July 20.

LOUISIANA CHAUTAUQUA, near RUSTON, LA.—July 1–August 8. Recognition Day, August 5.

MIDLAND CHAUTAUQUA, DES MOINES, IOWA.—July 10–24. Recognition Day, July 24.

MISSISSIPPI CHAUTAUQUA, CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS.—July 16–26. Recognition Day, July 23.

MISSOURI STATE CHAUTAUQUA, SEDALIA, MO.—June 26–July 4. Recognition Day, July 3.

MONONA LAKE, MADISON, WIS.—July 21–31. Recognition Day, July 29.

THE MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA, MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MD.—August 5–25. Recognition Day, August 21.

NEBRASKA CHAUTAUQUA, CRETE, NEB.—July 3–15. Recognition Day, July 13.

NEW ENGLAND CHAUTAUQUA, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—July 20–August 1. Recognition Day, July 30.

NORTH EAST GEORGIA, DEMOREST, GA.—July 24–August 4. Recognition Day, July 30.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, ME.—July 28–August 15. Recognition Day, August 11.

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY.—July 30 and 31. Recognition Day, July 31.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.—July 6–16. Recognition Day, July 16.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE.—July 27–August 7. Recognition Day, August 6.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.—June 15–26. Recognition Day, June 22.

PACIFIC GROVE, MONTEREY, CO., CAL.—July 8–21. Recognition Day, July 14.

PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA, MT. GRETNA, PA.—July 8–August 6. Recognition Day, July 28.

ROCK RIVER, DIXON, ILL.—July 14–30. Recognition Day, July 21.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA, GLEN PARK, COL.—July 15–August 5. Recognition Day, July 23.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK.—July 27–August 15. Recognition Day, August 10.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK.—July 7–August 28. Recognition Day, August 1.

SOUTHERN OREGON CHAUTAUQUA, ASHLAND, OR.—July 8–17. Recognition Day, July 15.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.—July 2–17. Recognition Day, July 6.

TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA.—July 1–14. Recognition Day, July 11.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN.—August 16–20. Recognition Day, August 20.

WASECA, MINNESOTA.—July 3–23. Recognition Day, July 16.

WATERLOO, IOWA.—June 25–July 10. Recognition Day, July 10.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY CHAUTAUQUA, OREGON CITY, OR.—July 7–17. Recognition Day, July 16.

WINFIELD, KANSAS.—June 16–26. Recognition Day, June 19.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY OF 1896.

THE assured popularity of Chautauqua and the Chautauqua System of Education and the knowledge which the general public has of the development of the Chautauqua idea preclude the necessity of a detailed account of the evolution from a Sunday-school assembly—a session combining biblical study with wholesome, healthful recreation—to a combined assembly and college including a broad system of popular entertainment and secular and religious instruction for the specialist as well as for the masses. The naturally advantageous location of the town of Chautauqua on the terraced slope of one of the wooded hills between which nestles the beautiful Chautauqua Lake is well known; the cool, exhilarating climate and, in the midst of sylvan surroundings, the advantages of urban life without the narrow streets shadowed by the skyward towering buildings have been enjoyed by thousands of people, old and young, from the humblest as well as the most exalted stations in life.

As in all progressive towns, and in towns wholly dominated by conventionalism, there have been constant and rapid improvements in streets, buildings, lighting, and all conveniences which add to the enjoyment and pleasure of the multitude gathered there each year for equal physical and mental recreation and improvement. The beautiful and commodious cottages erected in the past few years are in striking contrast to the rough board buildings of the seventies. The needs of the rapidly expanding work of Chautauqua have been met by the erection of halls, assembly rooms, auditoriums, and college buildings, until the grounds are dotted here and there with edifices devoted to the rapid advancement of Chautauqua's varied interests. With other improvements for this season it is anticipated that work will commence on the Hall of the Christ, projected by Bishop John H. Vincent, for the erection of which most of the needed sum has already been obtained. Its plan includes class rooms, memorial windows, a chapel, a library, and an art gallery in which it is proposed to place a collection of copies of all the paintings of Christ which have ever been produced. Not the least evidence of the broad spirit and permanent character of Chautauqua is the erection of headquarters by the different religious denominations, one of the most commodious and attractive of which is that recently completed by the Baptist Society on Clark Avenue.

THE REV. CHARLES AKED.

The program for the coming session at Chautauqua, which continues from June 27 to August 24, reveals the same general plan which has characterized them from the beginning. Full and varied as have been those of previous years none have excelled in the variety and interest which this one promises. In the long list of noted speakers are the names of three prominent men of Great Britain, Dr. George Adam Smith, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, Scotland, Dr. Joseph Agar Beet, of Wesleyan College, Richmond, England, and the Rev. Charles F. Aked of Liverpool, each of whom will deliver several lectures of popular interest, and it is expected that Chancellor John H. Vincent will be present during the entire season. Pedagogical topics are emphasized in the program for the summer and conferences of teachers and parents will be held in the interest of education.

PIER AND LAKE FROM THE HOTEL TOWER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Lovers of music will more than ever delight in the exceptionally strong program provided for them. The orchestra and band have been greatly strengthened and a number of the best soloists, both instrumental and vocal, have been engaged. A notable musical event will be the rendition of "The Stabat Mater" by the grand chorus, soloists, and orchestra, under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer, on August 15.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

THE large place in the Assembly program allotted to Sunday-school interests is a memorial to the parent idea from which has developed the broad plans which make for the social and spiritual culture of the people. With the increasing scope of Chautauqua and the introduction of new departments there has been no lessening of interest in the primal idea but rather a deepening and strengthening of it, keeping prominent the spiritual and religious, which form the basis of the true education. The Sunday-school Normal work, the first of all the departments organized, now includes a four years' course of study under the direction of specialists who by their lectures and thorough instruction in general biblical literature in the plan and design of Sunday-school work can not but exert a broad, uplifting influence on this potent factor in the formation and development of the character of the youth of our land. The Normal Class for Sunday-school teachers will again be ably conducted by Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut and at each session of his Sunday-School Teachers' Bible Class one of the Sunday-school lessons for the current year, beginning with the lesson for September 6, will be studied. Throughout the entire course the application to religious instruction of the same pedagogical laws which are followed by the most successful teachers in secular schools is recognized and made prominent by the discussion of topics relating to church pedagogy, and by lectures, biblical, religious, and pedagogical, the great importance of the full coöperation of all educational elements in society is emphasized. It is anticipated that upon the completion of the Hall of the Christ a new impetus to biblical study will result from the contemplated courses of study relating to the life of Christ which under competent instructors will be in progress every day.

DR. JOSEPH A. BEET.

PRESIDENT ELIOT.

THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

SINCE the organization of the C. L. S. C. in 1878 with an enrollment of 8,000 there has been a steady increase in its numbers and popularity, and by the thousands can be counted the homes made bright by the introduction into them of the uplifting and vivifying influence always emanating from the perusal of all literature which broadens the horizon of thought.

According to a recent change made in the course it now includes studies in French and German history and literature as well as English and American. The readers for the coming year, 1896–7, will devote themselves to the study of French life and institutions, astronomy, and the history of Greek art and civilization. Among the new features incorporated in the general Assembly program for the summer and one in which thousands of C. L. S. C. graduates and members will have an interest is the C. L. S. C. Rallying Day, July 29, which will emphasize the beginning of C. L. S. C. activity at Chautauqua. The program for the day will be devoted entirely to the interests of the C. L. S. C. After an informal reception to the C. L. S. C. delegates the public exercises to be held in the amphitheater will be opened by addresses of welcome by Bishop Vincent and others. These will be followed by an oration by the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago and an illustrated lecture on "Old Greek Life" by Prof. John Williams White of Harvard University, and Prof. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago will lecture on the French Revolution. Among other attractions provided for the delegates expected from the local circles are a C. L. S. C. Council, C. L. S. C. songs by the choir, and the reports from the work in the various states. The program for the day, which will be one of the most profitable as well as interesting and inspiring to Circle workers, will close with a C. L. S. C. reception in the Hall of Philosophy. Arrangements have been made for courses of lectures during the Assembly on subjects which will supplement the C. L. S. C. work for the year and which will arouse in the members of the Circle an interest and enthusiasm that will bear fruit in the work during the year. The Round Tables to be held three days in the week and the daily Councils will be centers of interest. On the day of days at Chautauqua, Recognition Day, August 19, the Class of '96 will be addressed by one of America's great educators, President Charles Eliot of Harvard University, after which comes the distribution of diplomas, followed in the evening by a C. L. S. C. rally.

DR. G. A. SMITH.

THE CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

DIFFICULT indeed to please must be that one who can find nothing in the following detailed program suited to his tastes. A little study will reveal the fact that there are courses of lectures in art and literature, five being devoted to Shakespeare with readings by four prominent readers who will render eight of his dramas; other courses are on biblical, religious, historical, biographical, and pedagogical subjects by those who have made special progress along particular lines. Many timely topics of general and popular interest are found on the program, prominence being given to municipal reform, which will be discussed by men whose names have been closely connected with such work. Interspersed with the lectures and discussions are miscellaneous entertainments such as concerts, picture-plays, leger-demain performances, contests in spelling and pronunciation, the feast of lanterns, the illuminated fleet, and many others calculated to amuse, entertain, and instruct the diverse tastes of the vast audiences.

THE DAILY SCHEDULE.

Saturday, June 27.

A. M. 11:00—Organ Recital: *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Opening Exercises of the Season of 1896. Addresses by *President Miller, Chancellor Vincent,* and others.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; or, Social Life in the XIVth Century." *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*
" 8:00—Readings: "The Wandering Minstrel." *Miss Virginia Culbertson.* Songs: *Sylvian Quartet.*

Sunday, June 28.

A. M. 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon.
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
" 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday-school lesson; ethical addresses, etc.; classes for adults.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, June 29.

A. M. 11:00—Musical Lecture: "The Composers of the Classical Period of Music: Bach and Handel." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Epics of Ancient India." *Miss Clementine Bacheler.*
" 8:00—Readings: "The Pedagogue and the Poet." *Miss Virginia Culbertson.*

Tuesday, June 30.

P. M. 2:00—Lecture: "The Old Popular Poetry." Readings from the English Ballads. *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Sanskrit Drama," illustrated by readings from Sakuntata or The Fatal Ring. *Miss Bacheler.*
" 8:00—"The Anti-Saloon Movement." *Rev. Howard H. Russell.*

Wednesday, July 1.

A. M. 11:00—Musical Lecture: "Haydn and Mozart." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Readings: Prologue: "Before the Play." *Miss Virginia Culbertson.* Songs: *Sylvian Quartet.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Iliad of Persia." *Miss Clementine Bacheler.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Address: "Frederick Douglass, the Sage of Anacostia." *Prof. J. W. E. Bowen.*

Thursday, July 2.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Modern Popular Poetry. Burns and Riley." *Prof. W.D. McClintock.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "A Group of Persian Poets." *Miss Clementine Bacheler.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
P. M. 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The First Napoleon and His Times," I. *Rev. W. J. Tilly.*

THE ARCADE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Friday, July 3.

A. M. 11:00—Musical Lecture: "Ludwig von Beethoven." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Art of Jane Austin." *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "A Study in Comparative Literature, or India and Persia, Ancient and Modern." *Miss Bacheler.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.

P. M. 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The First Napoleon and His Times," II. *Rev. W. J. Tilly.*

Saturday, July 4.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Patriotic Concert.
P. M. 2:30—Patriotic Address: *Rev. Frank Crane.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "What Hampton is doing for the Negro and Indian Youth." *H. B. Turner.*
" 9:30—Fireworks.

Sunday, July 5.

A. M. 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Rev. Frank Crane.*
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
" 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday-school lesson; ethical addresses, etc.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 6.

A. M. 10:00—Musical Lecture: "Rossini, the Lyric Composer." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Agassiz." *Pres. David S Jordan.*
P. M. 3:00—Concert: *Sylvian Quartet, Mrs. Backus-Behr and Mr. Flagler.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Development of One's Literary Taste." *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Paris and the French Republic." *Mr. C. E. Bolton.*

Wednesday, July 8.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Balzac." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
P. M. 2:30—Reading: "The Taming of the Shrew." *Mr. Hannibal A. Williams.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "A Theologian's Thoughts on Evolution: I., As Taught by Darwin and Wallace." *Dr. Joseph Agar Beet.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The Four Napoleons." *Mr. C. E. Bolton.*

Thursday, July 9.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "George Sand." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "A Theologian's Thoughts on Evolution: II., As Taught by Herbert Spencer." *Dr. Joseph Agar Beet.*

A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SHORE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Self-expression and Health." *Mrs. E. M. Bishop.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Color Applied to Exterior Decoration." *Mrs. Mary McArthur Tuttle.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "White City Wonders." *Mr. C. E. Bolton.*

Tuesday, July 7.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Evolution: What it is and What it is not." *Pres. David S. Jordan.*
P. M. 5:00—Lecture: "Swedenborg's Contribution to Faith." *Rev. L. D. Mercer.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Reading: "King Henry IV." (Part I.) *Mr. Hannibal Williams.*

Friday, July 10.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Victor Hugo." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Evolution and the Christian Faith." *Rev. Joseph Agar Beet.*

P. M. 5:00—Lecture: "Swedenborg's Contribution to Biblical Interpretation." *Rev. L. D. Mercer.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Modern American Painters." *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

THE PIER HOUSE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Saturday, July 11.

A. M. 11:00—Opening Exercises of the Collegiate Department. Address by *Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler.*
P. M. 2:30—Concert: *Chorus, orchestra, Mrs. Ella Backus-Behr, pianist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, organist.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Swedenborg's Contribution to Philosophy." *Rev. L. D. Mercer.*
" 7:45—Reading: "King Lear." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*
" 9:00—Reception for Instructors and Students of the Collegiate Department.

Sunday, July 12.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study: "The Ninetieth Psalm." *Dr. William R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
" 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday school lesson; ethical addresses, etc.; classes for adults.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.
P. M. 8:00—Thirteenth Annual Meeting of National Association of Principals of Methodist Seminaries.

Monday, July 13.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Future of Political Liberalism." *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Meaning of Elocution." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Imagination in Education," I. *Prof. John Dewey.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Millet." *Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith.*

Tuesday, July 14.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Higher Education." *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: The Race." *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Imagination in Education," II. *Prof. John Dewey.*
" 8:00—Prize Spelling Match.

Wednesday, July 15.

A. M. 10:00—Musical Lecture: "The Composers of the Romantic Period of Music: Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Public School Education," I. *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 2:30 Entertainment: *Ransom and Robertson.*
" 5.00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: The Language and Rhythms. *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Corot." *Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith.*

Thursday, July 16.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Public School Education," II. *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: The Poetry of Nature; the Mythology." *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Song of Roland." *Prof. Charles Sprague Smith.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Concert: *Tyrolean Troubadours.* Sleight of Hand: *Mr. E. R. Ransom.*

Friday, July 17.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Revived Interest in Religion." *Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: The Easy National Poetry." *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*

A GROUP OF BEGINNERS IN THE BICYCLE SCHOOL, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 5:00—Address: "The Relation of the People to Public Education." *Supt. Chas. R. Skinner.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Rousseau." *Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith.*

Saturday, July 18.

A. M. 10:00—Lecture: "Love Thyself." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: David, Fact and Question." *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*

A SCENE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

P. M. 2:00—Entertainment: *Robertson, Ransom, and Tyrolean Troubadours.*
" 5:00—Lecture: Corneille's "Le Cid." *Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Barye." *Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith.*

Sunday, July 19.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study: "The Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Dr. George Adam Smith.*
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
" 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday-school lessons; ethical addresses, etc.; classes for adults.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 20.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Evolution of the Modern City." *Dr. Amos P. Wilder.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Hebrew Poetry: Our Mother of Sorrows." *Prof. Geo. A. Smith.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Coöperation of Home and School: School Administration." *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*
" 8:00—Concert: *Tyrolean Troubadours.*

Tuesday, July 21.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Municipal Administration." *Dr. Amos P. Wilder.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Coöperation of Home and School: Health of Teachers and Children," I. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*
P. M. 5:00—Address: "The Vital Element in the Work of Teaching." *Supt. F. Treudley.*
" 8:00—Entertainment: *Mr. E. P. Ransom and the Tyrolean Troubadours.*

Wednesday, July 22.

A. M. 10:00—Musical Lecture: "Frederick Chopin." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Some Municipal Evils and Remedies." *Dr. Amos P. Wilder.*
P. M. 2:30—Concert: *Chorus, orchestra, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist; Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, organist.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "The Coöperation of the Home and School: Health of Teachers and Children," II. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Roentgen Rays" (with experiments). *Prof. Leslie H. Ingham.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "A Wonderful Structure." *Prof. T. H. Dinsmore.*

Thursday, July 23.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Foreign Cities." *Dr. Amos P. Wilder.*
" 3:00—Lecture: "Coöperation of Home and School: The Educational Efficiency of the School," I. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "Stories for Children." *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*
" 5:00—Address: "Self-Culture as a Condition for the Culture of Others." *Supt. F. Treudley.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Entertainment: Greek statue poses and tableaux.

Friday, July 24.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Municipal Reform." *Dr. Amos P. Wilder.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Coöperation of Home and School: The Educational Efficiency of the School," II. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Glimpses of Old Southern Life and Humor." *Prof. W. M. Baskerville.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "A Visit to Other Worlds." *Prof. T. H. Dinsmore.*

Saturday, July 25.

A. M. 11:00—Address: "Municipal Government." *Hon. H. S. Pingree.*
P. M. 2:30—Concert: *Chorus, orchestra, Miss Eugenia Lessler, soprano; Miss Lavinia Hawley, alto; Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist; Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist; Mr. Tom Ward, tenor; Mr. Sprague Kerr, bass.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Religious and Ethical Ideas of the Æneid." *Prof. A. M. Wilson.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "How to Read the Age of a Continent." *Mr. Richard E. Dodge.*

Sunday, July 26.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study: "The Wisdom of Proverbs." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.*
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
P. M. 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday-school lessons; ethical addresses, etc.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 27.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Larger Christianity." *Dr. Levi Gilbert.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Old Greek Life: Introduction." *Prof. John Williams White.*
" 4:00—Address: "Household Science in Our Agricultural Colleges." *Prof. Nellie S. Kedzie.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "France at the Outbreak of the Revolution." *Prof. Shailer Mathews.*
" 8.00—Prize Pronunciation Match.

Tuesday, July 28.

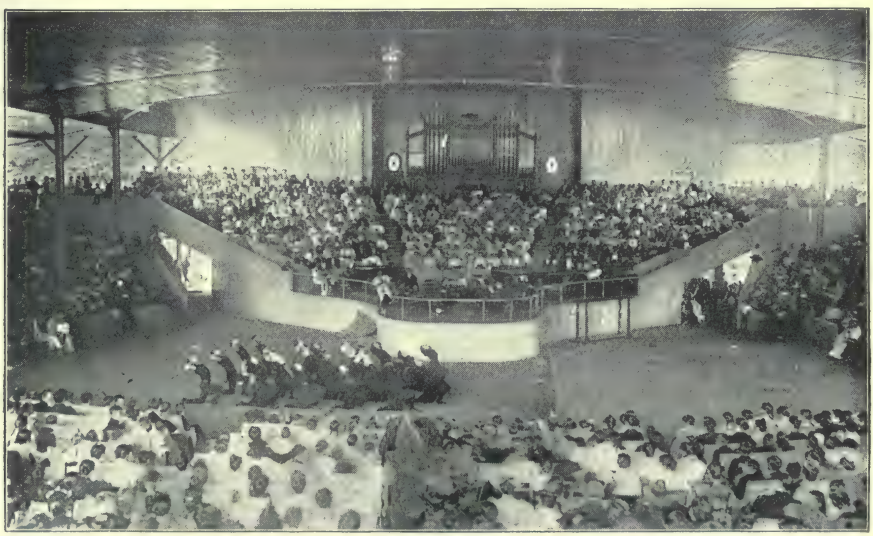
A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Life: A Blind Alley or a Thoroughfare." *Dr. Levi Gilbert.*
A. M. 11:00—Public Exercises. Address of welcome and short speeches by C. L. S. C. delegates.
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Oliver Cromwell." *Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Constitutional Monarchy." *Prof. Shailer Mathews.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Old Greek Life: Home Life." *Prof. John Williams White.*
" 9:30—General C. L. S. C. Reception in the Hall of Philosophy.

Thursday, July 30.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Puritan in England and America." *Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Dress for Health and Beauty." *Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Reign of Terror." *Prof. Shailer Mathews.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Old Greek Life: Dress." *Prof. John Williams White.*

Friday, July 31.

A M. 11:00—Lecture: "Macaulay." *Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.*



A GYMNASTIC CLASS AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN THE AMPHITHEATER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Savonarola." *Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "Our Own Nature." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Attempts at Constitutional Reform." *Prof. Shailer Mathews.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Old Greek Life: The Home." *Prof. John Williams White.*

Wednesday, July 29.

C. L. S. C. RALLYING DAY.

A. M. 9:30—Reception in C. L. S. C. Hall.
P. M. 3:00—Conference on "The Furnishing and Decorating of a Model Home."
" 4:00—Lecture: "The Great Poem of the Spiritual Life." *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*
P. M. 5:00—Lecture: "The Military Monarchy." *Prof. Shailer Mathews.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Old Greek Life: Death and Burial." *Prof. White.*

Saturday, August 1.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "The Office of the Holy Spirit in Missionary Work."

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "A Trip to Greenland." *Prof. R. D. Salisbury.*
P. M. 2:30—Address: "The Negro Problem in the Black Belt of the South." *Rev. Booker T. Washington.*
" 4:00—General Conference: "Review of a Decade of Missionary Work."
" 5:00—Conference on "The Provision of Food for a Typical American Family." *Miss Anna Barrows and others.*
" 8:00—Reading: "Julius Cæsar." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*

Sunday, August 2.

A. M. 8:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "Brief Words from Missionaries."
" 9:00—Bible Study: "The Second Psalm." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Rev. George A. Gordon.*
P. M. 3:00—General Session of the various young people's clubs.
" 3:30—Separate Meetings of clubs for the study of the Sunday-school lesson; ethical addresses, etc.; classes for adults.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Eight Hundred Miles over Iceland on Horseback." *Miss Jessie Ackerman.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Reformation of Drunkards." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 4:00—General Missionary Conference: "Some Newer Forms of Missionary Work."
" 4:00—Interpretative Recital: "Mark Antony's Oration." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "A Group of Educational Philosophers: Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel." *Pres. W. L. Hervey.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Armenia, the Martyr Race of the Nineteenth Century." *Rev. Frederick Davis Green.*

Tuesday, August 4.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference. "The Outlook: What is the Church's Hope?"
" 11:00—Lecture: "More Light." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 3:00—Grand Concert: *Miss Marie Decca, soprano; Mrs. J. Otis Huff, contralto;*

MILLER PARK, NEAR THE PIER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 4:00—General Missionary Conference: "Brief Words from Missionaries."
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Anniversary Chautauqua Missionary Institute. Address: *Rev. George W. Knox.*

Monday, August 3.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "Best Use of Missionary Literature; Examples."

Mr. Whitney Tew, basso; Mr. Homer Moore, baritone; Mr. Harry Fellows, tenor; Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, Mr. I. V. Flagler, chorus, and orchestra.
P. M. 4:00—General Missionary Conference: "How to Increase the Interest of Ministers and People in Missions."
" 4:10—"The Digestion of Food and Conditions which Affect or Modify Digestion." *Prof. Thos. Grant Allen.*

P. M. 5:00—"Ends and Means in Modern School Keeping." *Pres. W. L. Hervey.*
" 8:00—"Old First Night." Anniversary of the opening of the original Assembly. Short addresses, songs, etc.
" 9.00—Fireworks.

Wednesday, August 5.

W. C. T. U. DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "A Tale of Travel through the Orient." *Miss Jessie Ackerman.*
P. M. 2:00—Platform Meeting. Addresses by *Mr. John G. Wooley* ("Christian Citizenship"), *Mrs. Mary T. Burt, and Miss Agnes Slack.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Relation of Social Problems to Education." *Prof. W. L. Hervey.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Readings from Three Americans: Mary Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Richard Harding Davis. *Miss Ida Benfey.*

Thursday, August 6.

A. M. 10:00—Musical Lecture: "The Influence of Richard Wagner on the Development of Music." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Three Typical Americans." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Reading: "Adam Bede." *Miss Ida Benfey.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Nutritive Value of the Commoner Food Materials." *Prof. Thos. Grant Allen.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "A Woman's Life in Greenland." *Mrs. R. E. Peary.*

Friday, August 7.

A. M. 11:00—Question Box. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 3:00—Readings: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Molière. *Miss Ida Benfey.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meeting.
" 5:00—Lecture: "What Shall Children Read?" *Prof. F. T. Baker.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Dutch Painters." *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

SCENE ON THE NORTH LAKE SHORE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Saturday, August 8.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Political Problems and Progress in Great Britain." *Rev. Chas. F. Aked.*
P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert: *Miss Marie Decca, soprano; Mrs. J. Otis Huff, contralto; Mr. Whitney Tew, basso; Mr. Homer Moore, baritone; Mr. Harry Fellows, tenor; Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, Mr. I. V. Flagler, chorus, and orchestra.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Greek Theory and Practice of Education." *Prof. W. W. Bishop.*
" 8:00—Entertainment: Greek statue poses and tableaux.

"IN WADING," CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Sunday, August 9.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study: "The Prince of Peace." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Rev. Chas. F. Aked.*
P. M. 2:00—Memorial Exercises.
" 3:00— } Usual Exercises.
" 3:30— }
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 8:00—Sacred Concert.

Monday, August 10.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Ethical Theory and the Social Questions." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 3:00—Reading: "The Antigone of Sophocles." *Mr. George Riddle.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "Alfred Tennyson." *Prof. W. M. Baskerville.*
P. M. 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Paris." *Mr. Robarts Harper.*

Tuesday, August 11.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Ethics of the Family." *Prof F. G. Peabody.*
P. M 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Lecture: "The Call of the Twentieth Century." *Rev. Chas. Aked.*
" 4:00—Readings from the Poems of Sidney Lanier. *Mrs. Mary D. Lanier.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.
" 8:00—Readings from Dickens. *Mr. George Riddle.*

Wednesday, August 12.

GRANGE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Ethics of Charity." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 2:30—Address: "The Farmer's Contributions to Society." *Hon. C. G. Luce.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Reading: "Othello, the Moor of Venice." *Mr. George Riddle.*

P. M. 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Under the French Flag." *Mr. Robarts Harper.*

Thursday, August 13.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Ethics of the Labor Question." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.

A CHAUTAUQUA CREEK.

P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert: *Miss Marie Decca, Mrs. J. Otis Huff, Mr. Whitney Tew, Mr. Homer Moore; Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Listemann, Mr. Flagler, chorus, and orchestra.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Readings from the Poems of Sidney Lanier. *Mrs. Mary D. Lanier.*
" 7:00—Procession of S. S. Normal Alumni.
" 7:30—Anniversary of Chautauqua Normal Alumni.
" 8:00—Reading: "Lucrezia Borgia." *Mr. George Riddle.*
" 9:30—Illuminated Fleet.

Friday, August 14.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Correlation of the Social Questions." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Reading: "The Fool's Revenge." *Mr. George Riddle.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "Man—What is He?" *Dr. H. H. Moore.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Monte Carlo." *Mr. Robarts Harper.*

Saturday, August 15.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's Cradle and School Satchel." *Prof. Homer B. Sprague.*
P. M. 2:30—Entertainment: Readings by *Mr. George Riddle;* music, vocal and instrumental.
" 5:00—Lecture: "God in Nature, or God and Nature; Which?" *Dr. H. H. Moore.*
" 8:00—Concert: The "Stabat Mater" will be given by *Miss Decca, Mrs. Huff, Mr. Tew, Mr. Moore, Mr. Fellows, chorus and orchestra under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer.*

Sunday, August 16.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study: "The Decalogue." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Baccalaureate Sermon: *Chancellor John H. Vincent.*
P. M. 3:00— } Usual Services.
" 3:30— }
P. M. 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.
" 8:00—Address: "The History of the English Bible." *Prof. F. K. Sanders.*

Monday, August 17.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's Wedding Ring and Ferule." *Prof. Sprague.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 2:30—Grand Concert: *Chorus, orchestra, and soloists.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Higher Realism." *Dr. E. H. Lewis.*
" 8:00—Monologue: "Lord Chumley." *Mr. Leland Powers.*

Tuesday, August 18.

A. M. 10:00—Musical Lecture: "What Is Church Music?" *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's Matchlock and Sword." *Prof. Homer B. Sprague.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Monologue: "Twelfth Night." *Mr. Leland Powers.*
P. M. 4:00—Lecture: "Religious Forces in Nature." *Dr. D. A. McClenahan.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.
" 8:00—Promenade Concert and Feast of Lanterns.

Wednesday, August 19.

RECOGNITION DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Recognition Day Address before C. L. S. C. Class of 1896 by *Pres. Charles Eliot.*
P. M. 2:00—Distribution of Certificates.
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—C. L. S. C. Rally. Short speeches, songs, readings, etc.

Thursday, August 20.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's Pen and Pencil." *Prof Homer B. Sprague.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Lecture: "Wit and Humor." *Hon. Wallace Bruce.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Education of Moses." *Dr. J. N. Fradenburgh.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Monologue: "David Copperfield." *Mr. Leland Powers.*

Friday, August 21.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY.

A. M. 9:00—Procession of Young People's Clubs.
" 9:30—Public Session of Young People's Societies.
" 11:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's Wand and Scepter." *Prof. Homer B. Sprague.*

P. M. 2:00—Annual Exhibition of Gymnasium Classes.
" 4:00—Lecture: "Scotch Ballads and Lyrics." *Hon. Wallace Bruce.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Camp Fire of Chautauqua County Veteran Union.

Saturday, August 22.

GRAND ARMY DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Patriotic Concert.
P. M. 2:30—Platform Meeting Address: *Col. Russell H. Conwell.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "English Ballads and Lyrics." *Hon. Wallace Bruce.*
" 8:00—Picture-Play: "A Capital Courtship." *Mr. Alexander Black.*

Sunday, August 23.

A. M. 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon: *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*
P. M. 3:00— } Usual Services.
" 3:30— }
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, August 24.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Way to Arcady." *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "American Ballads and Lyrics." *Hon. Wallace Bruce.*
" 8:00—Picture-Play: "Miss Jerry." *Mr. Alexander Black.*
" 9:30—Closing Exercises Season of 1896.

MEMBERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN OUT FOR A "STRAW RIDE," CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE CLASSIFIED PROGRAM.

Sermons.

July 5, Rev. Frank Crane.
July 12, Pres. E. Benj. Andrews.
July 19, Dr. George Adam Smith.
July 26, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.
August 2, Rev. George A. Gordon.
August 9, Rev. Charles F. Aked.
August 16, Bishop John H. Vincent.
August 23, Rev. Russell H. Conwell.

Courses of Lectures.

The Homes of Authors. Mr. E. G. Hubbard, June 29–July 2.

Sanskrit Literature. Miss Clementine Bacheler, June 29–July 3.

Prof. W. D. McClintock, June 30–July 6.

The Bible and Evolution. Dr. Jos. Agar Beet, July 7–10.

Three French Authors. Leon H. Vincent, July 8–10.

Hebrew Masterpieces. Dr. W. R. Harper, July 12–16.

Coöperation of Home and School. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 13–17.

Present Day Problems. Dr. E. Benj. Andrews, July 13–17.

The Barbizon School of Artists. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 13–18.

Prof. George Adam Smith, July 20–24.

Municipal Government in the United States. Dr. Amos P. Wilder, July 20–24.

Old Greek Life. John Williams White, July 27–31.

The French Revolution and the First Empire. Prof. Shailer Mathews, July 27–31.

Educational Ideas and Aims. Pres. W. L. Hervey, August 3–5.

Social Ethics. Prof. F. G. Peabody, August 10–14.

Modern France, Robarts Harper, August 10–14.

Shakespeare, Prof. Homer B. Sprague, August 15–21.

Literature and Art.

The Epics of Ancient India. Miss Clementine Bacheler, June 29.

The Sanskrit Drama. Miss Clementine Bacheler, June 30.

The Iliad of Persia. Miss Clementine Bacheler, July 1.

A Group of Persian Poets. Miss Clementine Bacheler, July 2.

"Le Cid." Chas. Sprague Smith, July 18.

Millet. (Illustrated). Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 13.

Corot. (Illustrated). Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 15.

Rousseau. (Illustrated). Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 17.

Barye. (Illustrated). Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 18.

The Religious and Ethical Ideas of the Æneid. Prof. A. M. Wilson, July 25.

Alfred Tennyson. Prof. W. M. Baskerville, August 10.

Sidney Lanier's Poems. Mrs. Mary D. Lanier, August 11 and 13.

Shakespeare's Cradle and School Satchel. Prof. Homer B. Sprague, August 15.

Shakespeare's Wedding Ring and Ferule. Homer B. Sprague, August 17.

PALESTINE AVENUE, LOOKING TOWARD THE PIER HOUSE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

India and Persia; Ancient and Modern Literature Compared. Miss Clementine Bacheler, July 3.

Modern American Painters. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 10.

Color Applied to Exterior Decoration. Mrs. Mary McArthur Tuttle, July 6.

The Art of Jane Austin. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, July 3.

The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, July 7.

Balzac. Leon H. Vincent, July 8.

George Sand. Leon H. Vincent, July 9.

Victor Hugo. Leon H. Vincent, July 10.

Modern American Painters. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 10.

The Higher Realism. Dr. E. H. Lewis, August 17.

Shakespeare's Matchlock and Sword. Homer B. Sprague, August 18.

Shakespeare's Pen and Pencil. Homer B. Sprague, August 20.

Shakespeare's Wand and Scepter. Homer B. Sprague, August 21.

Scotch Ballads and Lyrics. Hon. Wallace Bruce, August 21.

English Ballads and Lyrics. Hon. Wallace Bruce, August 22.

The Way to Arcady. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, August 24.

American Ballads and Lyrics. Hon. Wallace Bruce, August 24.

Biblical and Religious.

A Theologian's Thoughts on Evolution: I., As

PRESIDENT ANDREWS.

taught by Darwin and Wallace. Jos. Agar Beet, July 8.

A Theologian's Thoughts on Evolution: II., As taught by Herbert Spencer. Dr. Beet, July 9.

Evolution and the Christian Faith. Dr. Beet, July 10.

Swedenborg's Contribution to Faith. Rev. L. D. Mercer, July 9.

Swedenborg's Contribution to Biblical Interpretation. Rev. L. D. Mercer, July 10.

Swedenborg's Contribution to Philosophy. Rev. L. D. Mercer, July 11.

The Ninetieth Psalm. Dr. W. R. Harper, July 12.

The Revived Interest in Religion. E. Benj. Andrews, July 17.

The Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah. Dr. Harper, July 19.

The Wisdom of Proverbs. Dr. W. R. Harper, July 26.

The Larger Christianity. Dr. Levi Gilbert, July 27.

The Second Psalm. Dr. W. R. Harper, August 2.

The Prince of Peace. Dr. W. R. Harper, August 9.

Man: What Is He? Dr. H. H. Moore, August 14

God in Nature, or God and Nature, Which? Dr. H. H. Moore, August 15.

The Decalogue. Dr. W. R. Harper, August 16.

Religious Forces in Nature. Dr. D. A. McClenahan, August 18.

The Education of Moses. Dr. J. N. Fradenburgh, August 20.

Illustrated Lectures.

The First Napoleon and His Times, I. W. J. Tilly, July 2.

The First Napoleon and His Times, II. W. J. Tilly, July 3.

White City Wonders. C. E. Bolton, July 6.

Paris and the French Republic C. E. Bolton, July 7.

The Four Napoleons. C. E. Bolton, July 8.

Modern American Painters. A. T. Van Laer, July 10.

Millet. Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 13.

Corot. Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 15.

Rousseau. Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 17.

Barye. Prof. Chas. Sprague Smith, July 18.

A Wonderful Structure. Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, July 22.

A Visit to Other Worlds. Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, July 24.

How to Read the Age of a Continent. Mr. Richard E. Dodge, July 25.

Old Greek Private Life, Introduction. Prof. John Williams White, July 27.

Old Greek Private Life, The Home. Prof. John Williams White, July 28.

Old Greek Private Life, Home Life. Prof. John Williams White, July 29.

Old Greek Private Life, Dress. Prof. John Williams White, July 30.

Old Greek Private Life, Death and Burial. Prof. John Williams White, July 31.

Science.

A Wonderful Structure. Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, July 22.

A Visit to Other Worlds. Prof. T. H. Dinsmore. July 24.

How to Read the Age of a Continent. Mr. Richard E. Dodge, July 25.

A Trip to Greenland. Prof. R. D. Salisbury, August 1.

More Light. Dr. J. M. Buckley, August 4.

The Digestion of Food and Conditions which Affect or Modify Digestion. Prof. Thos. Grant Allen, August 4.

The Nutritive Value of Some Food Materials. Prof. Thos. Grant Allen, August 6.

Historical and Biographical.

A Visit to the Home of Victor Hugo. E. G. Hubbard, June 29.

The First Napoleon and His Times, I. W. J. Tilly, July 2.

The First Napoleon and His Times, II. W. J. Tilly, July 3.

Paris and the French Republic. Mr. C. E. Bolton, July 7.

The Four Napoleons. Mr. C. E. Bolton, July 8.

France at the Outbreak of the Revolution. Prof. Shailer Mathews, July 27.

Savonarola. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, July 28.

The Constitutional Monarchy. Prof. Shailer Mathews, July 29.

The Puritan in England and America. Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, July 30

The Reign of Terror. Prof. Mathews, July 30.

Macaulay. Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, July 31.

The Military Monarchy. Prof. Mathews, July 31.

Oliver Cromwell. F. W. Gunsaulus, July 29.

Greek Theory and Practice of Education. Prof. W. W. Bishop, August 8.

PROFESSOR PEABODY.

Paris. Mr. Robarts Harper, August 10.

Under the French Flag. Mr. Robarts Harper, August 12.

Monte Carlo. Mr. Robarts Harper, August 14.

Old Greek Private Life, five lectures. Prof. John Williams White, July 27–31.

Frederick Douglass: the Sage of Anacostia. Prof. J. W. E. Bowen, July 1.

Musical.

The Composers of the Classical Period of Music: Bach and Handel. I. V. Flagler, June 29.

Haydn and Mozart. I. V. Flagler, July 1.

Ludwig von Beethoven. I. V. Flagler, July 3.

Rossini, the Lyric Composer. I. V. Flagler, July 6.

The Composers of the Romantic Period of Music: Weber, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. Mr. Flagler July 15.

Frederick Chopin. Mr. I. V. Flagler, July 22.

The Influence of Richard Wagner on the Development of Music. I. V. Flagler, August 6.

What Is Church Music? Mr. I. V. Flagler, August 18.

Pedagogical.

The Imagination in Education, I. Prof. John Dewey, July 13.

The Meaning of Elocution. Mr. S. H. Clark, July 13.

The Coöperation of Home and School Administration, I. Prof W. L. Bryan, July 13.

Higher Education. E. Benj. Andrews, July 14.

The Imagination in

REV. B. T. WASHINGTON.

Education, II. Prof. John Dewey, July 14.

The Coöperation of Home and School, II. Health of Teachers and Children. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 14.

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE.

Public School Education, I. E. Benj. Andrews, July 15.

The Coöperation of Home and School — The Efficiency of the School, I. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 16.

Public School Education, II. E. Benj. Andrews, July 16.

The Coöperation of Home and School — The Educational Efficiency of the School, II. Prof. Bryan, July 17.

The Vital Element in the Work of Teaching. Supt. F. Treudley, July 20.

Self-Culture as a Condition for the Culture of Others. Supt. Treudley, July 23.

A Troup of Educational Philosophers: Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel. Pres. Hervey, Aug. 3.

Ends and Means in Modern School-Keeping. Pres. Hervey, Aug. 4.

The Relation of Social Problems to Education Pres. Hervey, Aug. 5.

What Shall Children Read? Prof. F. T. Baker, Aug. 7.

Greek Theory and Practice of Education. Prof. W. W. Bishop, Aug. 8.

Miscellaneous.

Self-Expression and Health. Mrs. E. M. Bishop, July 6.

White City Wonders. Mr. C. E. Bolton, July 6.

Love Thyself. Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, July 18.

The Anti-Saloon Movement. Howard H. Russell, June 30.

Glimpses of Old Southern Life and Humor. Prof. W. M. Baskerville, July 24.

Our Own Nature. Mrs. E. M. Bishop, July 28

The New Patriotism. Dr. Levi Gilbert, July 28.

Dress for Health and Beauty. Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, July 30.

The Industrial Education of Women in the South. Mrs. M. L. Jenkins, July 31.

Eight Hundred Miles over Iceland on Horseback. Miss Jessie Ackerman, Aug. 3.

A Trip to Greenland. Prof. R. D. Salisbury, Aug 1.

The Reformation of the Drunkard, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 3.

A Tale of Travel through the Orient. Miss Jessie Ackerman, Aug. 5.

Three Typical Americans. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 6.

Arctic Explorations. Robert E. Peary, Aug. 6.

The Fur Clad Children of the North. Robert E. Peary, Aug. 7.

Question Box. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 7.

The Bad Old Times in the Motherland. Rev. Chas. Aked, Aug. 8.

The Strongest Man on Earth. Rev. Chas. Aked, Aug. 11.

Wit and Humor. Hon. Wallace Bruce, Aug. 20.

Sociological and Economic.

The Future of Political Liberalism. E. Benj. Andrews, July 13.

The Relation of the People to Public Education. Supt. Chas. R. Skinner.

Evolution of the Modern City. Dr. Amos P. Wilder, July 20.

Municipal Administration. Dr. Amos P. Wilder, July 21.

MISS IDA BENFEY.

Some Municipal Evils and Remedies. Dr. A. P. Wilder, July 22.

Foreign Cities. Dr. A. P. Wilder, July 23.

Municipal Reform. Dr. A. P. Wilder, July 24.

Household Science in our Agricultural Colleges. Prof. Nellie Kedzie, July 27.

Attempts at Constitutional Reform. Prof. Shailer Mathews, July 28.

Provision of Food for a Typical American Family. Miss Anna Barrows, Aug. 1.

The Negro Problem in the Black Belt of the South. Booker T. Washington, Aug. 1.

The Relation of Social Problems to Education Prof. W. L. Hervey, Aug. 5.

Ethical Theory and the Social Question. Prof. F. G. Peabody, Aug. 10.

The Ethics of the Family. Prof. F. G. Peabody, Aug. 11.

The Farmer's Contribution to Society. Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, Aug. 12.

The Ethics of Charity. F. G. Peabody, Aug 12.

The Ethics of the Labor Question. Prof. F. G. Peabody, Aug. 13.

The Correlation of the Social Questions. Prof. F. G. Peabody, Aug. 13.

MR. LELAND POWERS.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOLS.

"NARROWNESS of intellect and heart, this is the degradation from which all culture aims to rescue the human being." So said William E. Channing in an address delivered at Boston in 1838. This aphorism is as true to-day as in the time of Channing, and by no means the smallest factor in the promotion of this culture is the Chautauqua System of Education. Originated for those who through force of circumstances were unable to attend the established colleges and universities, and for those whose age debarred them from embracing the opportunities these institutions offered, this system has grown in strength and influence until its two chief branches represent the most important of Chautauqua's interests. The first branch, the C. L. S. C., has inspired thousands of young people to efforts of self-culture which will place them on a footing with those who mold the thought of the country, and it has created within the older ones youthful spirits which impel them to continue to harvest the treasures of the literary world.

THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT OF CHAUTAUQUA.

THE second branch of the Chautauqua System, the Collegiate Department, the principal of which is President Harper of the University of Chicago, has so developed in the last few years that it is now composed of twelve schools offering one hundred and six different courses under the direction of a large number of instructors from the best institutions in the land. The work in pedagogy especially attracts many teachers each year and the National Association of Teachers to be held at Buffalo July 6–10 offers a most favorable opportunity for them to visit Chautauqua this season. During the session of the department from July 11 to August 21 the various classes meet several hours each week. By a special statutory law the Chautauqua Collegiate Department was a few years ago created a part of the University of the State of New York, and those who desire can now take the Regents' examination at the close of the College session and official pass certificates will be granted to those presenting satisfactory papers.

THE MAIN RECITATION HALL, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

THE faculty in the school of English Language and Literature is composed of four able instructors, Prof. W. D. McClintock of the University of Chicago, Mrs. Porter Landor McClintock, of Chicago, Prof. W. M. Baskerville, of Vanderbilt University, and Prof. E. H. Lewis, of Lewis Institute, Chicago.

The work of the course is divided into twelve departments and much of the instruction is imparted by lectures and discussions on subjects pertaining to literary style and criticism.

In the departments of Rhetoric and English Composition and Rhetorical Conference, practical work in composition will be required, each theme prepared being read and criticised by the instructor. In the conferences the personal work of the students will be discussed, together with the theories of different types of prose composition, including the magazine article.

Five hours each week will be devoted to the study of Old English, and literary conditions in the Southern States.

Poetical interpretation, the force and beauty of poetic expression, and the poet as a teacher and an artist will be considered in the study of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," each of which will be discussed with the class.

A literary study of Chaucer will continue four weeks of the session and the literary and philosophic interpretation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" will be supplemented by a careful study of the text of the drama.

Some of the topics to be considered in the course in The Elements of Literature are: The Imagination in Literature, The Treatment of Nature, The Evolution of a Poem, and Species in Literature.

Other literary productions to be studied are selected poems from Robert Browning, and Wordsworth's "Prelude," accompanying the literary interpretation of which will be an explanation of his theories of education.

THE SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

THE well-known directors of this school are Prof.

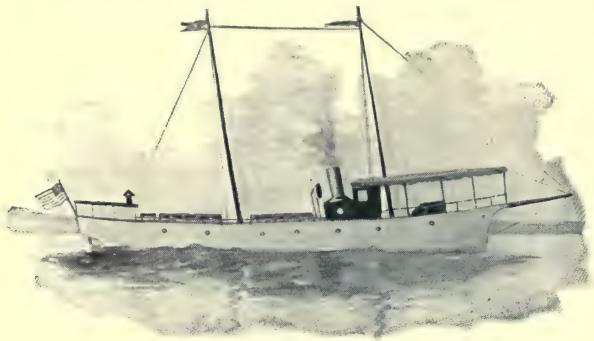
Henry Cohn, of Northwestern University, and Prof. A. de Rougemont, of New York, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn., who will have charge of the juvenile classes in German to be organized this season.

There will be three classes in both French and German, the beginning, intermediate, and advanced. Prof. Cohn will deliver in German a course of lectures on Goethe's Faust, and Prof. de Rougemont will give in French a series of lectures on French literature.

The German club and the social gatherings will afford abundant opportunities for the students to converse in these languages.

THE SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

Two instructors, Prof. Alfred M. Wilson, of the University of Nebraska, and Prof. William W. Bishop, of Northwestern University, have charge of this division of the Collegiate Department. The former, by the inductive method, will instruct beginners and advanced students in Latin. In the training courses, which are equally adapted to the needs of teachers and beginners, the work includes translations of portions of the text of Cæsar and Virgil and a study of grammatical constructions, the subjunctive, versification, and the translation of English into Latin.



THE BOYS' CLUB CRUISER, "THE DOLPHIN."

Those unfamiliar with Greek will receive excellent instruction under Prof. Bishop, who aims to help the beginner master the essentials of Greek grammar. Much syntactical work will be required and the first three chapters of the Anabasis will be read. Advanced students will read Books II. and III. of Xenophon's Anabasis, and much time is to be spent in investigating the principles of Greek grammar and acquiring an extended vocabulary.

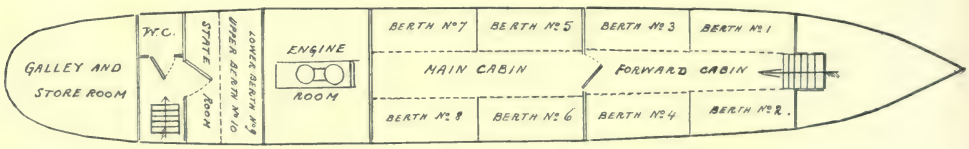
THE SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

In four different classes, each meeting five times a week, Prof. William Hoover of Ohio University will give instruction in mathematics. The members of the first division of algebra at the close of the session will have had presented to them a thorough discussion of fundamentals and many illustrations of the methods of teaching the simpler processes. The second class, beginning with quadratic equations, will receive practical instruction in the binomial theorem, summation of series, logarithms, and all the more complicated processes.

In geometry original work will be required and as far as possible the recommendations of the "Committee of Ten" will be carried out. Plane trigonometry and logarithms will receive careful attention.

Prof. L. H. Ingham, of Kenyon College, has charge of the departments of General Physics, Electricity, and Mechanics. The lecture method of instruction will be used, accompanied by simple experiments which the students will be required to repeat.

The instructor in chemistry is Prof. L. H. Batchelder, of Hamline University, assisted by Mr. Bridgman. Four courses in this branch of science are open to students. They are: Systematic Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis, Quantitative Analysis, and Organic Chemistry. Laboratory work under the direction of the instructor will be a part of the work for which ample provision has been made in the large supply of chemicals and apparatus with which the laboratory is fitted out. A reference library is also available to the students.



PLAN OF "THE DOLPHIN."

Geology will be taught five hours a week by Mr. Richard E. Dodge of the Teachers' College, N. Y. Dynamical geology will be the special topic and the principles of fossilization and how to read the fossil record will be dwelt upon.

The departments of Structural and Systematic Botany and Cryptogamic Botany are under the supervision of Miss Anna A. Shryver of Michigan State Normal School and Miss Charlotte Pickett. Lectures, field excursions, and laboratory work will be the characteristic features of these lessons. Com-

pound microscopes and other necessary apparatus are accessible to the students.

Prof. H. L. Osborn of Hamline University superintends the departments of Zoölogy, Elementary Biology, and an Advanced Course in which the leaders on subjects relating to the physical, mental, and moral needs of the child, his relation to literature, art, and nature, the relation and coöperation of teacher and parent, and education as related to social and industrial problems.

THE BOYS' CLUB AT HEADQUARTERS, CHAUTAUQUA, N Y.

students may have the advantage of personal assistance and criticism. Animal morphology will be studied and collections will be made of aquatic and terrestrial animals.

THE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES.

THE School of Social Sciences offers four courses to students. Through the history of Europe from 1815 to 1871 Prof. John Perrin, of Allegheny College, will show the cause and effect of the important political movements of the century. In the course in Economics he will explain the fundamental principles of this science by informal lectures and discussions.

The Province of Sociology is the course in which Mr. George E. Vincent, of the University of Chicago, will deal with the organic concept of society and present the current theories in regard to the scope of sociology. Under the head of Social Psychology the interesting phenomena of public opinion will be studied; also the influence which social groups have upon each other.

THE SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

THE specialty this year in the Collegiate Department is Pedagogy. The fourteen courses in general and special work which it offers are arranged to suit the needs of teachers in every grade of work from the kindergartners to the supervisors. The general conferences of teachers and parents promise much for the improvement of the educational system and a rich treat will be the addresses by educational

Laboratory and field work as in previous years are practical features of the school much enjoyed by the students, and progressive teachers will be glad of the opportunity offered for observing expert teaching. As nowhere else the specialist may here continue intensive study along his chosen line of work which will enable him to attain the high ideal toward which the true teacher is always striving.

Under the supervision of the dean of the school, Pres. W. L. Hervey of the Teachers' College, New York, and Prof. J. F. Reigart, of the same institution, the course in General Pedagogy is intended to aid teachers and superintendents in normal and training schools. Theoretical and practical problems pertaining to their professional duties will be discussed in lectures and conferences in which the members of the class may take part. The general theme will be "Present-day problems in American education," growing out of which will be helpful talks on school programs, the principles on which they are founded, and an analysis of the problem of scientific teaching.

The course in Psychology which is under the direction of Prof. Reigart aims to instruct the students in the methods of observing and interpreting mental life and development, and to induce them to study psychology as the foundation of all true methods of teaching. The general plan of work is inductive and the course is adapted to all students

who are in the least interested in the relation of psychology and education.

Froebel's "Education of Man" and "Mother Play and Nursery Songs" read in class and used as the basis of discussions, talks, and recitations constitute a feature of the work in the course of Theory of the Kindergarten, which is designed to explain the fundamental principles of the kindergarten to those who have taken an elementary course in the work.

The practical work and supplementary training may be had in the course in Kindergarten Methods conducted by Miss Frances E. Newton who, during the session, will consider, among other topics, programs and games of the kindergarten and music, art, literature, and nature study in relation to this method of education.

Miss Sarah C. Brooks, supervisor of primary instruction, St. Paul, has charge of the work in Primary Methods. The sessions, five hours each week, will be devoted to nature study, literature, reading, language, geography, numbers, drawing, music, and programs suited to the first, second, and third grades.

TWO CHAUTAUQUA HOMES.

The course in Grammar School Methods has two departments. That of English Composition and Grammar has for its instructor Prof. Franklin T. Baker, of the Teachers' College, New York. The second division, devoted to mathematics, is under the charge of the dean of the School of Pedagogy, Dr. Walter L. Hervey who, by lectures on arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, will make plain the relation of mathematics, science, and manual training. He will also give a series of practical talks on topics of a psychological nature, with suggestions on programs for grammar grades and hints for instructing children how to study.

Under the direction of Professor Baker methods of teaching literature in grammar and high schools will be illustrated by the study in class of typical forms of literature. Hawthorne, Macaulay, Milton, and Shakespeare are the authors to be studied.

In the course of English Composition much practical written work will be required of the students, both in the division for grammar grades and that for high school grades. Genung's "Outlines of Rhetoric" will be used for a text-book.

The theme of the course in Physical Geography will be the idea of cycles in land development. Richard E. Dodge, of the Teachers' College, N. Y., the instructor, will follow the inductive method of teaching. Combined with class-room instruction will be excursions and field work, and the members of the class may see the principles of physiography practically applied by observing how the subject is taught to a class of children.

For ten hours each week, from July 11 to August 7, primary and grammar-school teachers may devote themselves to the study of nature under the instruction of Miss Anna A. Schryver, of Michigan. The locality furnishes abundant material for practical study in natural history. Laboratory work will be required and the best books will be at hand for reference during the period. Conferences will follow the lectures and an outline for one year's work in nature study will be given during the season.

The courses in Form, Drawing, and Color, both elementary and advanced, are directed by Miss Edith A. Palmer, of Port Deposit, Md. Ten hours per week are to be devoted to each course, in which lectures, practical work, and conferences combined furnish subject material and methods for those preparing to teach these subjects in the elementary grades of schools. Clay modeling, paper cutting and folding, color work, and decorative designs are also features of the work.

Recreative games, plays, and gymnastics that can be successfully executed in the schoolroom will be the work of the course in Physical Training.

The principles underlying vocal expression are to be set forth in the lectures of Mr. Clark, of the University of Chicago, in the Reading course. These will be followed by class lessons in which the principles explained in the lectures will be applied.

THE SCHOOLS OF SACRED LITERATURE.

THE work of these schools is in harmony with that of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. They include English, Hebrew, and Greek courses. The subjects of the work in the Old Testament sup-

plement those of the Sunday-school lessons beginning with July 1, 1896, and teachers in the Sunday school will therefore be much benefited by taking up this work.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD.

The general topic of the Sunday Bible Studies will be "Hebrew Masterpieces," under which President Harper, principal of the Collegiate Department, will consider among other special topics the Decalogue, the Ninetieth Psalm, and the Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah. Other subjects to be studied in the School of the English Bible are: The Hebrew Psalter, The Life of the Christ, The Times of the Christ, The Earlier Prophets, and Hebrew History.

The five courses in the School of Hebrew and the Old Testament include critical translations of some of the Psalms, the Messianic Prophesies, Deuteronomy, sight translations, and thorough work in Hebrew etymology and syntax. Profs. D. A. McClenahan of U. P. Theological Seminary and E. L. Curtis and F. K. Sanders of Yale University direct this work.

In the department of New Testament Greek are three courses in which the students, under the guidance of Prof. Shailer Matthews, of the University of Chicago, will be expected to master grammatical principles, memorize words, and study critically the first twelve chapters of Acts and the Letters to the Galatians. Beginners will use Harper & Weidner's "Introductory New Testament Greek Method."

MISS MARIE DECCA.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

THE general aim of the work of this school is to give instruction in expression and to suggest and illustrate methods of teaching, thus offering to teachers a thorough normal course. The individuality of each pupil will be recognized and encouraged, and an effort will be made to help all to acquire perfect self-control before an audience. Several pupils' recitals will be given during the season, at which the members of the school will have an opportunity to recite.

The school is under the combined leadership of Mr. S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, and Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, of Chautauqua, N. Y. The latter will have charge of the department of Philosophy and Technique of Gesture, in which, with the analysis of gesture, there will be instruction in pantomimic expression.

MR. WHITNEY TEW.

To give instruction in the departments of Philosophy and Practice of Vocal Expression, Literary and Dramatic Interpretation, and Mental Technique and Practice in Rendering will be the work of Mr. Clark. A study of the fundamental principles of psychology, an analysis of Shakespeare's, "The Merchant of Venice," and instruction in reading are a few of the many excellent things provided in these departments.

The students of elocution and expression may be greatly benefited by observing the able lecturers and reciters who appear upon the Chautauqua platform during the season.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

WITH one exception the faculty of this school remains the same as last season. It is composed of the following instructors:

H. R. Palmer, Mus. Doc., Dean and Teacher of Methods, Analytical Harmony, etc.

Mr. L. S. Leason, Vice-Dean, Primary and Intermediate Harmony, Sight Reading, Public School Methods, etc.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Piano Department, assisted by Mr. Ferdinand Dewey.

Mr. J. Harry Wheeler, Vocal Culture Department, assisted by Mr. Leason.

Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organ Department and Teacher of Advanced Harmony.

Mr. Bernhard Listemann, Violin Department.

Mr. J. P. Harter, Assistant Teacher of Harmony.

Mr. Charles E. Rogers, Cornet and Saxhorn.

Mr. John B. Martin, Flute and Piccolo.

Mr. Robert P. Loomis, Guitar, Zither, Banjo, and Mandolin.

There is no material change in the plan of work in the School of Music. The members of the school will be admitted to all class lessons given during the time for which they hold tickets. The music course offers a wide range of study from which each student is urged to select and follow a definite line of work suited to his particular taste.

A Young People's Singing Class will be formed July 13, in which the superiority of the Choral Union method will be practically illustrated. The class, which will begin with the rudiments of music, is open to all dwellers of Chautauqua who wish to be able to read music readily.

The latest methods, which will soon be practiced in the schools of New York, are the ones which Mr. Leason will present in the department of Music in Public Schools.

The Teachers' Club, under the direction of Dr. Palmer, is designed to explain the best methods of teaching music to those who have never taught classes. After the lesson has been explained by the director the members of the club will have an opportunity to give the same lesson and have the benefit of the criticisms of the teacher in charge and those of the other members of the club.

Dr. H. R. Palmer will again have charge of the choir during the entire season. All good readers of music may enter the chorus. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be studied and with selections from other masters will form the basis of several programs for public concerts.

Frequent musical entertainments will be given during the season, four of which will be recitals by Mr. William Sherwood and Mr. Bernhard Listemann. Mr. I. V. Flagler will continue his popular organ recitals and illustrated musical lectures, and Rogers' Band and Orchestra will help entertain Chautauquans during July and August.

CLASS IN PHYSICAL CULTURE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE interest in education which has led instructors to see the necessity of equal mental and physical development has resulted in the establishment of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, a department which yearly grows in interest and importance.

The Junior Normal course, to which five hours a day will be devoted, is arranged for those who intend to teach gymnastics in schools. Scientific training of the body will be taught. Dr. Seaver of Yale University Gymnasium will give lectures on the general anatomy of the bones and muscles and lectures on anthropometry and physical examination are to be delivered by Dr. Seaver and Dr. Mosher, of the University of Michigan. By means of light apparatus the application of the principles of bodily development will be illustrated, and the principles of the various forms of athletics will be explained by Mr. F. E. Wade who has charge of the department of Athletics.

Six hours a day will be consumed by the Senior Normal course, which is planned for the benefit of those who have finished the work of the Junior course or its equivalent. Both theory and practice combined is the general character of the instruction which Dr. W. G. Anderson of Yale University Gymnasium will give in this department. The lectures will deal with the important physiological functions in their relation to physical culture and hygiene. Fancy club-swinging, wand and bell drills, and exhibition calisthenics are attractive features of the work. Swedish gymnastics will require two hours a day, one of which will be devoted to practical demonstrations of the theories explained in lectures.

To those who enter the class in Corrective Gymnastics a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology is indispensable, and if there is any doubt about the previous preparation of the applicant an examination will be required. The work is so arranged that six weeks will be necessary in which to finish the course, which will consist of eighty lectures and thirty hours of clinical work.

The Delsarte system of gymnastics will be looked after by Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, who will be assisted by Miss Dorothy Bishop. The fundamental principle—economy of force—is made prominent by talks and practical demonstration. Instruction in artistic and expression branches of this system will also be given.

The department of Athletics and Outdoor Sports

is in charge of Mr. F. E. Wade, of Yale University, who will give instruction in athletic training, duties of officers, field and track events, and the care and management of all athletic features.

In addition to the normal courses there will be classes suited to the needs of men, women, misses, boys, and children.

A SEWING CLASS, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

THE growing demands of the Art Department have induced the general management to arrange for a course of lectures to supplement the technical instruction. Mr. A. T. Van Laer of New York has therefore been engaged to give thirty lectures on architecture, sculpture, and painting, beginning with the temple construction of Egypt and closing with modern art. Photographs, blackboard drawings, and the stereopticon will be freely used to illustrate the lectures. While giving talks on the different mediums used, Mr. Van Laer will work in the medium under discussion, thus making his talks most practical.

Efforts will be made to have on exhibition sketches and pictures in pen and ink, pencil, pastel, charcoal, oils, and water color by the leading artists in the country.

Mr. H. R. Poore of New York, whose animal painting has won for him great praise, will give practical lessons in the structural anatomy of the dog, horse, and cow, demonstrating how to pose and paint restless subjects.

Classes will be formed for painting in oil or water color from life or still-life. At the Saturday morning conferences subjects relating to the work of the school will be discussed.

Mrs. L. Vance-Phillips of New York will take charge of the Figure Painting and China Decorating. She will teach how to paint in mineral colors on china and glass, which will include enameling, jeweling, rococo scrolls, chasing and etching on gold, and decorative work suitable for table service and general purposes. Tapestry painting may also be learned under her instruction.

Wood Carving and Clay Modeling will be taught by Miss Laura Fry, of Cincinnati, O.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS.

UNDER the head of the School of Practical Arts the management has grouped several courses of the most practical utility to the general masses.

Miss Frances Bennett Callaway, of Mt. Morris, N. Y., has charge of the department of Letter Writing, and Mr. William D. Bridge, A. M., of Boston, will give instruction in shorthand and typewriting.

Miss Helen A. Bainbridge will have charge of the Kitchen Garden Training Class.

Instruction in photography of all kinds will be given by Mr. W. G. Lake, of Chautauqua.

Instruction in methods of teaching commercial courses in academies and high schools will be the work of the Business Training School directed by Charles R. Wells of Syracuse, N. Y.

Cookery and Domestic Economy and the Normal Class in Household Science will again be directed by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, the foremost authority in Household Science in the United States. Lessons in plain and fancy cooking will be given, with a free lesson on bread making every Saturday. Thomas Grant Allen, A. M., of Armour Institute, Chicago, who has recently contributed valuable articles on food to THE CHAUTAUQUAN will aid in the Normal Class Department by lectures on the composition and nutritive value of food.

A GROUP OF GYMNASIUM PUPILS, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

THE friends of popular education are watching with feelings of interest and satisfaction every attempt to swell the onward-moving tide which is arousing long-dormant intellectual powers. The new Assemblies reported each year are efforts in the right direction and they are now so numerous that almost every section of the Union has within its borders one or more of these modern educational factors. This grand uplifting work, begun a little more than a score of years ago, is confined to no one country. It has already begun just on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. J. B. Paton of Nottingham, England, who gave to Bishop Vincent the motto "Look Up and Lift Up," writes in a recent letter, "To 'lift up' is indeed a very noble but difficult work, but by 'looking up' we find strength and grace to direct." He adds, "You will be glad to know that this year there will be in England: (1) the Oxford Summer Assembly; (2) the Summer Assembly of the National Home-Reading Union; (3) four places in which will be held our Coöperative Summer Holidays in connection with the National Home-Reading Union; (4) two Chautauquas in connection with the Sunday-School Union; and (5) other summer schools in connection with different literary institutions. All this, I think I may say, is an outgrowth of your visit here, and of your own Chautauqua. Verily she has been a fruitful mother of children."

ACTON PARK, INDIANA. The next annual session of Acton Park Assembly will open July 28 and continue until August 15. The grounds have been improved and everything possible will be done to promote the welfare of the guests.

The work will be carried on under the combined leadership of the president, the Rev J. W. Dashiel, and the Rev. J. W. Maxwell, who is superintendent of instruction. Kindergarten work and studies in biblical literature are two of the departments of instruction provided by the Assembly.

Recognition Day will be observed August 5, at which time addresses will be made by the Rev. J. W. Maxwell and Mrs. Dr. J. D. Gatch, who will do special work throughout the season in the interests of the C. L. S. C.

ASHLAND, OREGON. The Southern Oregon Chautauqua will hold its third annual meeting from July 8 to July 17. Two C. L. S. C. graduates are to receive diplomas on Recognition Day and it is hoped that the growing interest in the work will result in the organization of a large class for 1900.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., IN WINTER.

The four departments of instruction are music, art, Bible study, and the W. C. T. U. School of Methods.

G. F. Billings is both president and superintendent of instruction.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA. June 14–28 is the time fixed for the coming session of the Beatrice Assembly, which will complete the first decade of its history.

On its lecture and entertainment platform will appear Jahu De Witt Miller, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Leon H. Vincent, Dr. Eugene May, the Schumann Male Quartette, and the Tyrolean Troubadours.

Prof. C. C. Case will have charge of the musical department; physical training and elocution will be taught by Mrs. Mary Calhoun Dixon; the Sunday-school normal and biblical departments are to be supervised by Mrs. J. R. Woodcock and Dr. M. M. Parkhurst.

The already splendid growth of C. L. S. C. work in this region bids fair to continue. The annual address on Recognition Day, June 25, will be delivered by the Rev. G. M. Brown.

BETHESDA, OHIO. The president of the Epworth Park Assembly is J. A. Judkins, M.D., and the Rev. D. C. Osborne, D.D., is the superintendent of instruction.

Since the last session several thousand dollars have been spent in improvements, most conspicuous among which are a hotel and auditorium.

A church congress will be held for the purpose of considering the needs of church work and the discussions of the Sunday-school teachers' hour will aim to solve some of the problems presented by this branch of work.

Classes are to be formed in elocution, oratory, physical culture, art, music, and Bible study, each

department to be under the charge of able instructors.

From the beginning of the session, August 5, to its close, August 18, there will be a constant intellectual feast provided by such entertainers as the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, S. P. Leland, LL.D., Herbert A. Sprague, and Dr. B. T. Sweeney.

Arrangements have been made for Recognition Day, August 11, when the graduates will be addressed by Pres. W. H. Dana.

BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA. At Deadwood, S. D., the Black Hills Chautauqua Assembly will be in session for ten days about the last of July.

On the program of lectures and entertainments are Jahu DeWitt Miller, Col. L. F. Copeland, John G. Woolly, C. H. Frasier, John R. Clark, the Shipp Bros. Hand Bell Ringers, Profs. C. W. Evans, A.M., and W. K. Wiles, A.M.

Daily Round Tables will be held for the discussion of C. L. S. C. work, and August 19 has been set apart for Recognition Day.

The departments of instruction are the W. C. T. U. School of Methods, Chautauqua Round Tables, elocution and physical culture, and the Bible school, each of which will be conducted by able instructors.

CLARION, STRATTONVILLE, PA. From June 17 to July 1 the management of the Clarion Chautauqua Assembly offers to the public a program which promises to be highly entertaining.

A SYLVAN GLEN IN THE MIDST OF CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The president is the Rev. E. E. Clough and the chancellor Dr. J. W. Hancher.

The prospects for the C. L. S. C. are said to be good and a special effort will be made to secure a large number of readers.

CENTRAL NEW YORK. At Tully Lake, N. Y., will be offered for the fifth year a program replete with intellectual food. The session, which opens August 14, will close August 28. A hotel, an auditorium, and several new cottages are among the recent improvements on the Assembly grounds.

Some of the leading speakers are the Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, D.D, the Rev. N. H. Holmes, D.D., the Rev. Eugene May, D.D., Prof. A. M. Hammers, and Miss Kate Kimball, who will address the graduates on Recognition Day, June 25.

Special days will be given up to the interests of temperance, education, American interests, the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, and Presbyterianism.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Among the special days to be observed at the coming session of the Connecticut Valley Chautauqua, July 14–24, are G. A. R. Day, Temperance Day, and Young People's Day.

On the list of speakers engaged for the season are Dr. R. S. McArthur, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Col. George Bain, Leon Vincent, and Hon. R. G. Horr. Discussion on protection will be a specially interesting and timely feature of the excellent program prepared by Pres. A. C. Hodges and Supt. W. L. Davidson.

Recognition Day is fixed on July 23. Dr. R. S. McArthur will give the address. The interests of the C. L. S. C. during the session will be in the hands of the Rev. George Clarke. The prospects for organizing circles were never better and it is hoped that with these attractions the Assembly will be even more successful in causing the enrollment of new readers than was the session last year.

THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Competent instructors will have charge of the classes in music, physical culture, and elocution, and Miss Bertha Vella will take charge of the young peoples' class.

CRETE, NEBRASKA. This year the Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly holds its fifteenth annual session, which begins July 3 and continues until July 15.

In making out the program provision has been made for a Woman's Club Day, a German Day, State Teachers' Day, Y. P. S. C. E. Day, and a Sunday-School Rally Day.

Among those who will appear on the platform are Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Pres. David S. Jordan, the Rev. F. T. Nayler, D.D., Hon. W. J. Bryan, Prof. Lawrence Fossler Ph.D., and Mrs. Mary A. Ford. Music, electrical experiments, and stereopticon tours are to be special features in the way of entertainment.

The Round Table will be conducted by Mrs. S. T. Corey, state secretary of the C. L. S. C., and Pres. David S. Jordan is to be the orator on Recognition Day, July 13.

The lines of study which will attract students are the courses in literature, art, and music, the normal course, children's class, and chorus training.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI. Ten days, from July 16 to July 26, will be the length of the second session of the Mississippi Chautauqua Assembly.

The people of this section of the Union are gradually taking up the C. L. S. C. work and every effort will be made to arouse deep interest in the circle. July 23 is the date of Recognition Day.

The speakers already engaged are Gen. J. B. Gordon, Dr. Alfred A. Wright, and the Rev. Charles Lane, D.D.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA. The popular program arranged for the Cumberland Valley Sabbath-School Assembly, to convene July 21 and to close July 31, contains the following names: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe, the Rev. Wm. H. Crawford, D.D., Prof. C. E. Bolton, the Rev. W. A.

A TYPICAL CHAUTAUQUA COTTAGE.

Lamar, D.D., Hon. John Wanamaker, the Rev. C. J. Kiphart, D.D., Miss Elizabeth U. Yates, Prof. W. P. Dick, and Prof. W. W. Deatrick.

Since the last season new cottages have been erected and the new electrical fountains will help to beautify the Assembly grounds.

The Rev. E. T. Jeffers, D.D., and Hon. Henry Houck, A.M., will speak on Recognition Day, July 24. Round Table meetings will be held during the session and all the features of C. L. S. C. work will be emphasized with a view to organizing new circles. Special programs have also been prepared for Young People's Society Day and the State Sunday-School Association Day.

The departments in which instruction will be given are the Bible normal course, the C. L. S. C. department, and the children's classes, the latter being conducted by Mrs. Florence Parker Paxson.

DEMOREST, GEORGIA. The list of speakers engaged for the coming session of the Northeast Georgia Assembly, from July 24 to August 30, contains the following names: Hon. Edward Page Gaston, the Revs. D. E. W. Hall, J. M. Pike, C. P. Williamson, Hon. Hoke Smith, Prof. T. Bradwell, Prof. C. R. Van Hise, the Revs. E. W. Seddon and William Shaw.

A long line of departments of study has been provided, among them being the Bible normal, the Sunday-school normal, botany, geology, elocution, oratory, art, physical culture, and music.

July 30 is to be C. L. S. C. Day. The Round Tables will be directed by Miss Bunnie Love of Atlanta.

DES MOINES, IOWA. "The Midland Chautauqua Assembly opens Friday, July 10, and closes Friday, July 24." This announcement is made by the officers of this entirely new organization, which is a successor to the Iowa Assembly of Colfax, Ia.

The appearance on the list of lecturers and workers of the names of those who have had large experience and marked success in Chautauqua work is a guarantee that the first session will be one of great interest and profit. Among the names mentioned in the preliminary announcement are Pres. W. H. Crawford, Dr. and Mrs. B. T. Vincent, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, Prof. H. L. Willets and Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber.

The summer schools to be organized offer a large number of courses of instruction, under the direction of experienced instructors. Besides the schools the program includes lectures, music, sermons, and entertainments.

Mrs. A. E. Shipley will have charge of the Round Tables and other C. L. S. C. work. July 24 is announced as Recognition Day, and the special C. L. S. C. Day will be July 18.

The local attractions are described as being very superior and the grounds as supplied with all necessary buildings.

DETROIT LAKE, MINNESOTA. Lectures, Y. M. C. A. work conducted by Mr. W. H. Day and Mr. M. B. Van Vranken, Sunday-school work conducted by Mr. F. D. Hall and Mr. Hugh Cork, and Chautauqua Day are special features of the Detroit Lake Inter-State Assembly. The fourth annual session opens July 21 and closes July 30.

The Rev. Dr. Dudley will give the address on Recognition Day, which is set for July 30.

THE BALL FIELD, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Other speakers secured for this season are Lieutenant-Governor Worst of North Dakota, Hon. J. M. Devine, the Rev. W. W. Dawley, and Prof. P. M. Magunsson.

DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA. The fifth annual session of the Devil's Lake Assembly will open July 1 and close July 13. New cottages appear on the Assembly grounds and they will add much to the convenience and comfort of the guests.

Every effort has been made by the president, Senator H. F. Arnold, and the superintendent of instruction, Dr. Eugene May, to make this the best session in the short history of the Assembly.

The special musical attractions include the Eastern Star Quartet, the Freeport Ladies' Guitar and Mandolin Club, Claude Mattison Saner, a boy soprano, and William J. Hall, a tenor soloist.

Lectures and entertainments will be given by Dr. George K. Morris, Dr. G. M. Brown, Hon. Edward Page Gaston, Dr. Eugene May, and Dr. E. C. Mason.

Those desiring to pursue earnest study will receive instruction in music, art, and elocution.

The interests of the C. L. S. C. will be furthered by talks and Round Tables which will culminate in the exercises of Recognition Day, July 11, on which occasion Dr. G. M. Brown, field secretary of the C. L. S. C., will be the chief speaker.

FRYEBURG, MAINE. The fourteenth annual session of the Northern New England Assembly, under the supervision of Mr. George D. Lindsay, who is both president and superintendent of instruction, opens July 28 and closes August 15.

During the session circulars explaining the Chautauqua idea will be distributed and public appeals will be made in the interest of the C. L. S. C. The date of Recognition Day is August 11.

Courses of illustrated lectures will be delivered by F. R. Roberson and the Rev. J. J. Lewis. Other lecturers are Dr. E. O. Hovey, Miss Charlotte Thorndike Sibley, Miss Isabel Graves, and the Rev. Charles S. Cummings. Under the direction of Prof. Frederick Elmer Chapman the Festival Orchestra, of Cambridge, Mass., will furnish music for the Assembly, and with the assistance of leading musical talent will render the cantata of "Ruth."

Room has been made on the program for the celebration of special days, and the large number of departments of instruction shows that the director is able to keep the work fully abreast of the progressive spirit of the age.

HEDDING, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Many improvements have been made on the grounds where the sessions of the Hedding Chautauqua Assembly will be held, July 27–August 15.

The Rev. W. Ramsden is the president and the Rev. O. S. Baketel the superintendent of instruction.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY." AMPHITHEATER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

A theological institute is to be one of the departments of instruction this year. Others are the Sunday-school normal, art, French, cookery, kindergarten, and physical culture.

Chaplain Milburn will be the chief speaker on Recognition Day, the date of which is August 13.

ISLAND PARK, INDIANA. Recognition Day at the Island Park Assembly will be on Friday, August 7, when the Rev. G. M. Brown will address the graduates.

Experienced instructors will have charge of the usual departments of instruction.

Bishop W. X. Ninde, Gen. L. N. Walker, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Dr. Charles McMurray and Hon. L. J. Beauchamp are among the speakers to be present.

Special features in the way of entertainments have been devised by the president and superintendent of instruction, the Revs. L. J. Naftzger and L. E. Prentiss.

THE BOAT CREWS IN TRAINING, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

LAKESIDE, OHIO. From the lecture platform at Lakeside the following persons will speak: Prof. G. T. Frederick Wright, Louis Favour, Dr. John Potts, Mrs. J. C. Croly, F. R. Roberson, R. T. Stevenson, Dr. Eugene May, Prof. W. H. Leonard, George Lansing Taylor, Carl King, Rev. Levi Gilbert.

The usual departments of class instruction will be continued, each being under the charge of experienced workers.

A special agent of the C. L. S. C. will be present during the session, frequent Round Tables will meet, and the graduating exercises will be held on August 15. The Rev. George M. Brown will be the speaker on that day.

LANCASTER, OHIO. July 29 and August 6 are the dates of the opening and the closing of the Lancaster Assembly. A new auditorium has been added to the Assembly buildings.

A mere cursory glance at the list of entertainers gives satisfactory evidence that a rich treat is in store for those who visit this Assembly. A list of the lecturers contains among others the names of Bishop Vincent, the Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D., Dr. Wilber F. Crafts, Bishop Fowler, the Rev. Anna Shaw, Governor Bushnell, Dr. D. H. Moore, Hon. Neal Dow, and Frank Beard.

Music, which occupies a large place on the program, will be furnished by the Schumann Male Quartet, Shipp Brothers Hand Bell Ringers, Tyrolean Troubadours, the Euterpean Ladies' Quintet Orchestra, and others.

The usual departments of class instruction will be conducted by the best instructors.

C. L. S. C. work will receive its share of attention, and on August 6, Recognition Day, Bishop Vincent will be present and deliver the annual address.

The chief officers of the Assembly are Pres. C. H. Moore and Supt. Willis V. Dick.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. For the tenth summer the Kentucky Chautauqua meets on June 30 and continues in session until July 10. The grounds have been greatly beautified since the last meeting.

The office of president is held by Hiram Shaw and that of superintendent of instruction by Dr. W. L. Davidson.

The daily work in the interests of the C. L. S. C. it is hoped will be productive of great results. July 7 is the date of Recognition Day and the Rev. George M. Brown is to be the speaker.

The usual departments of instruction will be under the supervision of experienced workers.

An unusually interesting session may be expected from the following names which appear on the program: Frank Beard, Senator Voorhees, Thomas H. Dinsmore, Dr. James Headley, Leon Vincent, Jahu DeWitt Miller, the Old Homestead Quartet, and the Tyrolean Troubadours.

Among the special features arranged for entertainment are a debate on the silver question and an oratorical contest in which the colleges of Kentucky may take part.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. A special C. L. S. C. secretary will be in attendance every day at the Long Beach Assembly, which opens its summer session July 13 and closes July 23. The last named date has been fixed for Recognition Day. The annual address before the graduating class will be delivered by Pres. S. H. Weller, D.D.

The platform talent secured by the management includes the Rev. Dr. Charles Martin, Prof. A. J. Cook, the Rev. Anna Shaw, Miss Elsa Hasse, Prof. A. J. McClatchie, Miss Addie Murphy, and Prof. C. S. Cornell.

Unusual advantages are offered in the summer schools, of which Prof. A. J. Cook is superintendent. Owing to the location of the grounds near the seacoast and the well equipped laboratory

A CHAUTAUQUA FISHERMAN'S CATCH OF MUSKELLUNGE.

with which the school is supplied the department of marine zoölogy is exceptionally strong. Other departments of instruction are botany, entomology, physiology, literature, music, Bible study, history, pedagogy, elocution, and physical culture.

LONG PINE, NEBRASKA. From July 17 to July 28 the tenth session of the Long Pine Assembly will continue. The arrangements for the popular program have not yet been completed but every possible effort will be made to make this a successful year in the history of the Assembly.

The departments of instruction will be botany, geology, and Bible study. The C. L. S. C. work will be under the care of the state superintendent.

MONONO LAKE, WISCONSIN. The Monono Lake Assembly continues in session ten days, from July 21 to July 31.

THE HALL IN THE GROVE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The departments of instruction provided for the Assembly are Sunday-school normal and primary work.

Engagements have been made with the following persons to appear on the lecture platform: Homer B. Sprague, Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, John G. Woolly, the Revs. Madison C. Peters, Anna Shaw, Charles F. Aked, Lieutenant Peary, and the Rev. Robert McIntyre.

The usual exercises will be found on the program for Recognition Day, July 29.

The offices of superintendent and president are held by the Rev. James A. Warden, D. D.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND. Superintendent Davidson and President Baldwin have fixed August 5 as the date for opening the fifteenth meeting of the Mountain Chautauqua. The session will continue until August 25.

A fine new Hall of Philosophy is one of the many additions which have recently been made to the Assembly property.

Superior advantages are offered in the courses of instruction. Twenty different departments will be conducted by the ablest instructors from the best universities.

The entertainers announced are Bishop Vincent, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Leon Vincent, Col. George Bain, Gen. Gordon, Charles Sprague Smith, Jahu DeWitt Miller, and twenty others.

The special entertainments will include music, G. A. R. Day with camp fire, and a Venetian night on the lake.

Daily Round Tables will add much to the constantly growing interest in the C. L. S. C. work. Rev. G. M. Brown will deliver the annual address on Recognition Day, August 21.

MOUNT GRETNA PENNSYLVANIA. An extended program of lectures and entertainments has been prepared by the management of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, which will hold its fifth session from July 8 to August 6 inclusive.

With others who will appear upon the platform are F. R. Roberson, C. E. Bolton, Edward P. Gaston, John R. Reitzell, E. E. Haupt, S. C. Schmucker, E. E. Wagner, and M. H. Richards.

A fine program has been arranged for Recognition Day, July 28. The outlook for the C. L. S. C. in the surrounding country is improving and much will be done to increase the interest in the work.

In the educational work the musical department, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Reddall, will be especially attractive. Instruction will also be given in the ancient and modern languages, science, art, etc.

The Rev. Theo. E. Schmauck is chancellor and Dr. Geo. B. Stewart, president.

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY. The second day of the ninth annual meeting of the Ocean City Assembly will be Recognition Day, which will close with a grand concert.

The program for the two days' session has not yet been completed, but a pleasant and profitable time may be expected.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY. Round Tables, addresses, and concerts will be a part of the entertainment especially for the members of the C. L. S. C. at the Ocean Grove Assembly. On Recognition Day, July 16, President Reed of Dickinson College will deliver the address.

In the summer school there will be classes in pedagogy, music, preparatory work, and Bible study.

The speakers engaged are Bishop Andrews, President Reed, Prof. Oliver G. J. Schodt, and Mr. S. C. K. Putnam.

The principal officers of the Assembly association are the president, Dr. E. H. Stokes, and the superintendent of instruction, Dr. B. B. Loomis.

The Assembly will be held from July 6 to July 16.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE. Ocean Park Assembly will present many choice attractions the coming season.

The Assembly proper will open July 27. The musical talent will be of high order, and the lecture platform will be occupied by some of the most eminent speakers of the day, such as Drs. Willits, Hubbard, Harrison, May, and Kneeland, James Logan Gordon, Prof. H. B. Davis, Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, Rev. Mary Traffarn Whitney, and Dr. Mary L. Farnum. A fine array of readers and impersonators will add variety to the program.

The departments of oratory, physical culture, art, and Bible study are to be directed by able instructors.

Some of the most important days and conventions of the Assembly are as follows: C. L. S. C. Grand Rally, Recognition, Children's Guild, Young People's, Woman's Council, Ocean Park Improvement, Y. M. C. A., and Temperance Days, with New England and Woman's Conventions.

All Chautauquans are especially invited to be present on Grand Rally Day (July 30) and Recognition Day. A delegate from any reading circle in New England will be entitled to free admission to all the exercises from July 27 to August 6, of which interesting Round Tables will be the prominent features.

The whole Assembly will close on August 26.

OTTAWA, KANSAS. "This will be the musical year" is the announcement which President Milner and Superintendent Hurlbut make for the Ottawa Assembly. Prof. L. S. Leason will be in charge of the musical department. Mrs. J. Otis Huff, a contralto soloist, has already been engaged and others will be announced later. Some time during the season the oratorio of "The Messiah" will be rendered and a chorus of thirty ladies' voices will be present throughout the session.

Eleven departments of educational work are announced, each to be under the direction of able workers.

Bishop Vincent will deliver the Recognition Day address June 22.

The dates for opening and closing the Assembly are June 15 and June 26.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA. The principal officers in charge of the Pacific Grove Assembly are the president, Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D., and the superintendent of instruction, Rev. Thomas Filben.

The program for the coming seventeenth session, July 8–21, is filled with good things along the line of lectures and musical and miscellaneous entertainments.

On the list of speakers are the names of Susan B. Anthony, the Rev. Anna Shaw, Prof. E. H.

A VIEW FROM THE MODEL OF PALESTINE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Griggs, Dr. F. H. Foster, Mrs. Dr. Buckel, Prof. Elmer E. Brown, and others.

The departments of instruction are: botany, conchology, zoölogy, entomology, modern languages, art, cookery, physical culture, and expression.

The Recognition Day address will be delivered by the Rev. Eli McClish, D.D.

ROCK RIVER, ILLINOIS. The Rock River Assembly will begin its ninth summer session on July 14. The closing date is July 30.

Scientific and astronomical lectures will be delivered and instruction given in elocution, voice culture, kindergarten, physical culture, and Bible study.

President Swensson, Prof. E. T. Nelson, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Lorada Taft, Dr. A. W. Lamar, the Revs. Sam Jones, Robert McIntyre, and N. D. Hillis are on the program.

Recognition Day will be observed July 21 in the usual way, with Leon J. Beauchamp as orator.

Through the efforts of President Krape and Superintendent Ott new features in the way of entertainments will be introduced. Among them are the morning lectures on science, art, and travel. Music, both vocal and instrumental, will give variety to this strong program.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, COLORADO. July 15–August 5 are the dates for the tenth session of the Rocky Mountain Assembly.

As in other popular Assemblies the departments of instruction offer several courses of study.

Among those who will occupy the lecture platform are Prof. Florian Cajori, the Revs. A. B. Hyde, J. D. Drake, Frank T. Bayley, R. T. Cross, Hon. Platt Rogers, Prof. George Cannon, Jr., and Hon. C. M. Hobbs.

A conference will be held in the interest of the C. L. S. C. and on Recognition Day, July 23, the Rev. Frank T. Bayley will be the orator.

GROUP OF FLOWER GIRLS OF THE RECOGNITION DAY PROCESSION, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK. Dr. William Griffin is president of the Round Lake Assembly, which opens its next meeting July 27 and continues until August 15.

Dr. Buttz, the Rev. S. F. Upham, Profs. J. C. Van Benschoten, Ismar J. Peritz, and W. G. Ward are among the speakers expected to be present.

The C. L. S. C. Round Tables will be conducted by Mr. Marvin. The Recognition Day address will be delivered by the Rev. M. D. Jump.

RUSTON, LOUISIANA. The Louisiana Chautauqua Assembly convenes for the fifth time during the coming summer. Six weeks, from July 1 to August 8, will be the length of the session.

Many improvements in the way of class rooms, hotels, and cottages have been made and everything will be in readiness for work on the opening day.

The educational departments will be presided

over by the following faculty: Profs. C. E. Byrd, W. R. Dodson, James B. Aswell, C. K. Crawford, J. E. Keeny, Chas. Grant Shaffer N. C. Robinson, Mary E. Land, Miss Barclay, and Mme. E. Lejeune.

Lecturers of national reputation will be in attendance and among those already announced are Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the Rev. Sam P. Jones, and Dr. H. M. DuBose, who is to deliver the address on Recognition Day, which will be July 16.

A COTTAGE IN WINTER TIME, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI. The minister's hour is a new feature of the coming session of the Missouri State Assembly.

Several courses of lectures will be given during the session by some of the best platform orators. Among the names announced are Mr. C. E. Bolton, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Prof. W. A. Scott, and Dr. W. A. Quayle. One hour a day in the program will be used by the W. C. T. U., which organization will furnish several eminent speakers.

C. L. S. C. work will receive new impetus from the Rallying Day, June 27, and the exercises of Recognition Day, July 3. The field secretary of the C. L. S. C., the Rev. G. M. Brown, and Prof. W. A. Scott will be the speakers.

The Assembly, which opens June 26, will close with a grand Fourth of July celebration, for which extensive preparations are being made.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK. The calendar of the Silver Lake Assembly and Summer University announces that the Silver Lake Assembly will be in session from July 27 to August 20.

The platform talent engaged is of the highest order. The list of speakers contains the names of Dr. J. M. Buckley, Bishop Fowler, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Morton, Russell H. Conwell, John Wanamaker, and others.

Daily Round Tables in the interest of the C. L. S. C. will be conducted by Arthur Marvin from July 27 to August 7. August 1 is the date of Recognition Day and Bishop Fowler will be the speaker.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. The departments of instruction arranged for the New England Chautauqua Sunday-School Assembly are: Bible normal, the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., instructor; Sunday-school normal, directed by Prof. George W. Pease; music, taught by Prof. Charles E. Boyd; C. L. S. C., directed by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut; New Testament Greek, Dean Alfred A. Wright, D.D., instructor. Special attention will also be given to temperance, the art of photography, and literature.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., will deliver the annual address on Recognition Day, July 30. Class reunions, camp fires, and daily Round Tables will be interesting features of this branch of the Assembly work.

The season continues from July 20 to August 1.

WAND DRILL IN THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION, SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA. This summer the Spirit Lake Assembly will hold its fourth meeting. July 2–17 are the dates.

On July 6, Recognition Day, Miss Kate Kimball is to deliver the address to the graduating class.

The general program contains the names of General Gordon, Dr. Gunsaulus, Bishop Fowler, Congressman Dolliver, the Rev. McIntyre, and Booker T. Washington.

TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA. The first session of the Table Rock Assembly will open July 1 and continue until July 14.

The principal officers are president, R. P. Jennings, and superintendent of instruction, the Rev. John Gallagher.

The grounds are described as being very picturesque in their surroundings and great preparations have been made for a grand, successful meeting.

Already arrangements have been made for several departments of instruction. They are the ministerial institute, young travelers' class, C. L. S. C. Round Table, W. C. T. U. School of Methods, Bible normal, and music.

Music, lectures, and entertainments are announced as being a part of the general program.

July 11 is the date of Recognition Day.

TALLADEGA, ALABAMA. The Alabama Chautauqua Assembly, under the management of the Rev. S. P. West, will hold its third annual session from July 2 to July 26. A new building has been erected since the last session and the prospects are good for an interesting meeting.

On the list of those who will appear on the platform are the following names: the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Sam Jones, the Rev. Charles Lane, Miss Belle Kearney, F. W. Parker, John J. Lafferty, Mrs. Francis Parker, the Arion Ladies' Quartet, and the Tyrolean Troubadours.

Classes will be instructed in elocution, art, kindergarten, music, languages, and physical culture.

July 14 has been chosen as Recognition Day.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN. From August 16 to August 20 inclusive the Viroqua Assembly will hold its second summer session.

Interesting programs have been prepared for the following special days: Wisconsin Day, Patriots' Day, Young People's Day.

On Recognition Day, August 20, Judge Graves will be the chief speaker. There will be the usual processions, passing through the Golden Gate, and essays by the graduates, followed by the awarding of diplomas.

Mrs. Marguerite Craig Knowles and Dr. J. C. Freeman are two of the entertainers on the program.

Political science and Scandinavian and English literature are subjects which will be taught by competent instructors in the educational department.

WASECA, MINNESOTA. Pres. E. P. Robertson and Supt. H. C. Jennings are the officers in charge of the twelfth meeting of the Waseca Assembly, which opens July 3 and closes July 23.

Bishops Fowler and Fitzgerald, Miss Kimball, the Revs. Sam Jones, C. A. Crane, and Robert McIntyre, and W. H. Dana are among those who will speak from the lecture platform.

The department of instruction includes music, languages, elocution, athletics, Epworth League training school, and Sunday-school work.

Miss Kate F. Kimball will address the graduates on Recognition Day, July 16.

WATERLOO, IOWA. The next session of the Waterloo Assembly will complete the fifth year of its existence. It will continue in session from June 25 to July 10.

Among the lecturers are the names of Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Prof. E. B. Baldwin, Mrs. Mary French-Sheldon, Booker T. Washington, and Dr. Robert McIntyre.

The conductors of department work are Mrs. A. E. Shipley, Women's Council and C. L. S. C. Round Table; Prof. J. B. Steere, sociology; Prof. J. W. Ruggles, music; Dr. F. M. Rule, Bible study; Supt. C. E. Shelton, young people; Mrs. Carrie R. Baldwin, elocution and physical culture.

The Recognition Day addresses will be made by Miss Kate Kimball and Dr. Robert McIntyre.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON. The characteristic western enterprise is largely the cause of the remarkable success of the Willamette Valley Assembly. A new auditorium, electric lights, waterworks, and electric motor are among the improvements on the grounds.

The best possible talent will have in charge the departments of instruction, which include music, American history, elocution, chemistry, physical culture, Bible study, junior Bible study, and W.C.T.U. School of Methods.

The popular program combines recitals, stereopticon entertainments, games, athletics, illuminations, and lectures.

On Recognition Day, July 16, the Rev. Selah Brown will be the orator.

WINFIELD, KANSAS. Pres. P. H. Albright and Supt. J. C. Miller are the leading officers for the tenth session of the Winfield Assembly, which opens June 16 and closes June 26.

Bishop Vincent will address the class on Recognition Day, June 19,

In the summer school able instructors will conduct the work.

On the list of lecturers are the following names: Robert Nourse, Bishop Vincent, General Jordan, Dr. Sweeney, the Rev. W. H. Willett, the Rev. Robert McIntyre, Prof. Meyer and Miss Stetson.

CHIEF JUSTICE MELVILLE W. FULLER.

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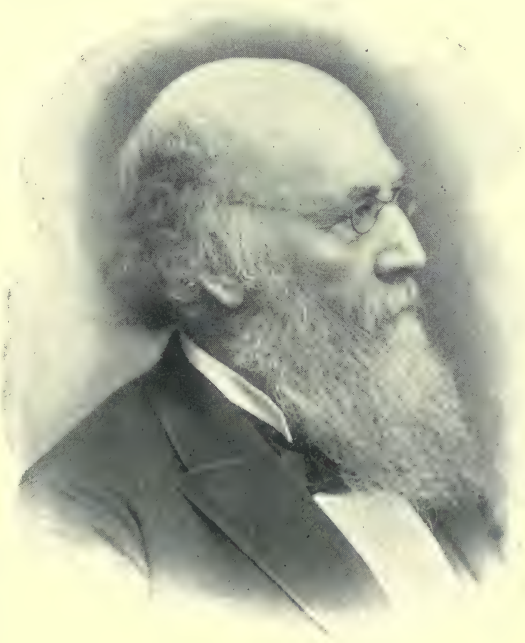
THE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

BY DAVID HILTON WHEELER, D.D., LL.D.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is one of the most remarkable political institutions of the world. It is the most independent of the three branches of government in our republican commonwealth, for it practically possesses and exercises a power of veto over the two other branches. In the exercise of its powers as an appellate tribunal it may and frequently does make void the legislative acts which the Congress has enacted and the president has approved. Though the justices are appointed by joint action of the president and the Senate, they cannot be removed except by a formal trial before the Senate; and in old age they cannot be retired. A statute permits them to retire retaining their salaries after the age of seventy, but no justice can be superannuated without his consent. Their salaries cannot be reduced while they are in office. Their judgment rendered upon cases brought before them becomes the supreme law of the land.



JUSTICE STEPHEN J. FIELD.

These extended powers have been exercised so discreetly and wisely that but one serious effort to abridge them by amending the Constitution has been made in the one hundred and seven years since this august body was created. Now and then the court has reversed its former judgments; some decisions have provoked popular protests; the justices have commonly been known to hold partisan opinions in moderation, frequently having been active partisans

JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN.

before their appointments to the bench. But they have for more than a century so judiciously administered their great office as to retain their powers unimpaired over a people who possess the power to restrict their authority by amending the Constitution. The men composing such a body must always be objects of interest to American citizens. Originally they were six in number; now there are nine. One of them is called the chief justice and the others are styled the associate justices. The chief justice has no special powers except the formal one of presiding, and by statute he receives $10,500 a year while the associate justices receive $10,000.

The Supreme Court of the United States sits in Washington, D. C., from October to June every year. The court room in the capitol where "the supreme law of the land" is from time to time declared—as cases arise requiring "construction" of the laws and of the Constitution—is a place interesting and semi-sacred to visitors in Washington. On the bench the justices wear robes—the only civil body in our government which has a uniform.

Only one of the justices was ever tried on impeachment before the Senate, and he was acquitted; and this trial took place ninety-one years ago. The original powers of the court have been but once, and in one kind of case, limited by constitutional amendment, and that occurred nearly ninety years ago. The Eleventh Amendment took from the court the power to pass its judgment against states on suits brought "by citizens of another state or subjects of a foreign state." The effect of this amendment was to aid states in repudiating their debts; but in 1886 the court in deciding some Virginia cases arising under repudiation found a way around the Eleventh Amendment, a majority holding that it did not apply to these cases, and this decision gave general satisfaction.

During nine decades the Supreme Court has exercised its great powers unchecked by the people; not without incurring criticism, but without incurring abridgment of its authority or the impeachment of any member of the court. It is plain that singular wisdom, probity of personal character, and a kind of judicial statesmanship have characterized the body through its successful career.

The breadth of the jurisdiction of the court brings before it questions of a political nature; and theoretically this imperils the stability of the court. Experience proves that the danger was greatest in the first years and has declined until it is not now a matter for serious concern. In the first decade of its history the court was damaged by the feeling which its decision against a state awakened—a feeling so strong that it carried the unfortunate Eleventh Amendment into the Constitution. During the last three decades questions of far more gravity, such as the legal-tender

cases and the income-tax cases, have been adjudged without prejudice to the popular respect for the tribunal of last resort.

The strengthening of the position of the Supreme Court has not been secured, as some would have wished, by keeping politicians off the bench. The judges have always been men of pronounced political opinions and affiliations. The best known among them had fought in the political arena before they became umpires of the conflicts of political opinions. The presence of such men among the umpires has increased confidence rather than weakened it. This result contravenes theory. Two explanations may be suggested: First, the probity of the well-known man is least open to suspicion. Second, these political cases require the experience of the statesman as well as the learning of the judge; and the judges with a political history have been men of great strength and profound insight into the fundamental questions of government by the people.

JUSTICE HORACE GRAY.

Abraham Lincoln said in 1855, when he criticised the Dred Scott Decision, affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law: "We do not propose to destroy the court, but to persuade the court to *decide the other way*." The court has, in great cases, decided "the other way." The changes of opinion usually follow changes in the membership of the court. The political feature of the appointment—the president nearly always appoints men of his own party—follows political change in the White House, and such changes have been frequent enough to give both parties representation on the Supreme Bench.

No decision of the court can ever leave the people without a remedy for a grievance of importance. The people can, in a few years, change the minority into a majority; and as a rule the object of a piece of legislation can be secured by amending the law. An income-tax law conformed to the recent decision against the law of 1894 might be enacted now; and the principle of the law of 1894 may be affirmed in, say 1904, if the friends of that law are, as they claim to be, an overwhelming majority of the people. It is a happy arrangement that the people make the court of last resort; the political process of manufacture is slow and therefore it is safe. The glory of our American democracy is that it knows how to wait.

There are many people at home and abroad who misunderstand the method by which the Supreme Court makes "the supreme law of the land." It has been criticised in this way: What is the use of a Congress if, after all, the Supreme Court makes law? The court does not make law, but decides what is good law; and good law in this nation is law consistent with the Constitution of the United States.

After the fathers had in a Constitution created a president and a Congress and given them some powers—said that they must do some things and must not do other things—they had to create a court which should interpret and enforce the Constitution. That means the creation of a power to protect us all in the enjoyment of the rights given us under the Constitution. Without such a power a constitution would be worth no more than so much waste paper. And because the Supreme Court exists to protect rights, it speaks in the matter only when somebody comes to it with a complaint that his rights have been assailed. If the assailant pleads that he is acting under a law of Congress or of a state, then the court proceeds to inquire whether or not the law is consistent with the Constitution of the United States.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

The court decides what is good law only upon cases brought before it—only when some person or persons with interests at stake come forward charging that a given law of the legislature or of Congress is bad law, not constitutional.

Two cases of considerable importance illustrate and define the powers of the court of last resort. One of them challenged the action of a state legislature, the other that of Congress. Half a century or more ago there was a Dartmouth College case. Within a decade there was a Northwestern University case. As the fresher one let us choose the latter for our purpose. Both were the same in that they raised one large question: Can a state break its word to its own citizens? Must a state keep its contracts with its own people?

Illinois gave the university a charter in which it provided that the property of the university should be free of taxation. Afterward local authorities proceeded to tax the university. The courts of the state upheld the right to tax in this case. The university appealed to the United States Supreme Court, claiming that the state had by law, in this case of theirs, impaired the obligation of a contract, a thing which the Constitution forbids states to do.

The Supreme Court decided in substance just as it had decided fifty years before in the Dartmouth case—that a charter is a contract; that the legislature having given exemption from taxation could not in this case levy a tax on the property of the university. This is the substance of the decision. Other very grave questions might enter into a new case; and the new case might be decided the other way. But the court will always maintain that a state must keep its contracts with its own citizens. It may when opportunity offers seem to reverse this particular decision. It may, for example, decide that a legislature has no right

to confer exemption from taxation—that such a grant is not a contract. But such action would be taken reluctantly, because it would require the court to interpret a state constitution. In the other case referred to above, the court protected some person or persons against the application of the Income-Tax Law enacted by Congress in 1894. The order of proceedings was as follows: Congress levied an income tax in the revenue bill known as the Wilson Tariff Bill. In due time citizens were called upon to make schedules of their incomes. Certain of these citizens appealed to a United States Circuit Court, pleading that in several particulars the law violated the Constitution. The chief plea was that Congress must in levying such a tax assess it upon states according to their population. The case was in due time appealed to the Supreme Court for final decision, and a majority of the court sustained this objection as stated.

JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN.

In these two cases a very good view is had of the manner in which the court interprets the Constitution. It interprets in living cases in which it is called upon to protect individual citizens in the enjoyment of rights secured by the Constitution.

As a rule the decision of the court is regarded as final, because it is assumed that in any new case the court will decide in the same manner as at first. It will be seen that the process of deciding what is not good law is a very different one from that of reviewing laws on their merits and apart from any cases. The latter method would be intolerable and it would convert the court into a fourth branch of the legislative power—by adding it to the two Houses of Congress and the president, whose veto power makes him a potential factor in law-making.

Some interesting facts may be gleaned from the biographical sketches given below. One is that, with a single exception, all our Supreme Court judges had college opportunities in their youth, and that five of the nine enjoyed the advantages afforded by law schools.

Two of the justices were soldiers in the Civil War, Justice Harlan in the Union Army and Justice White in the Confederate. It is perhaps a good omen that they are said to have agreed in the famous income-tax decision of 1895; a good omen not because they were right in upholding the constitutionality of the law, but because these ex-soldiers were found on the same side in the only political case which has recently come before the court.

Five of the eight associate justices have hardly any political history—Gray, Brown, Brewer, Shiras, Peckham—and therefore

were little known when they were appointed. Three of them have been hard political fighters — Field, Harlan, White — though always with the dignity of high character. Chief Justice Fuller set out in life on political lines, but he did not pursue them hotly after the first years. The least known men — Gray, Brown, Shiras, Peckham — have been most exclusively devoted to their profession. This mingling of purely professional men and men of wider action undoubtedly strengthens the bench, both for its work and in popular favor. It would be a misfortune if a political case like that of the Income-Tax Law had to be decided by men known only as good lawyers, perhaps hardly known at all. It would be more unfortunate if such a case had to be decided by well-known politicians.

Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller was born in Augusta, Maine, Feb. 11, 1833, graduated at Bowdoin in 1853, studied law in Bangor and at Harvard, practised law in Augusta, where he was an associate editor of *The Age*, president of the City Council, and city attorney. He had at the age of twenty-four a fine start in public life; but at this point, in 1856, he removed to Chicago, where for thirty-two years he led the life of an industrious lawyer, and rose to the first rank in his profession. During the later years of this period he had charge of cases involving the largest questions. One at least of these cases—the lake-front issue between the city of Chicago and the Illinois Central Railway Company—followed him to the Supreme Bench and was left by him to be decided by his associates in the court.

Mr. Fuller was easily the first Democratic lawyer in the West when President Cleveland appointed him chief justice of the Supreme Court, April 30, 1888. The only offices he had held in Illinois had been that of delegate to the State Constitutional Convention in 1862 and that of member of the State Assembly in 1863–5. To these offices he was chosen before he was thirty years old. After that his profession absorbed his activity, though he was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions from 1864 to 1880, inclusive. Eminent as his legal career had been, it will be noticed that he had no judicial experience when he was placed in the highest judicial office in the United States; but during the eight years since his appointment there have been no complaints — not even newspaper hints — that he lacks the wisdom and serenity of his high place.

JUSTICE GEORGE SHIRAS, JR.

Justice Stephen Johnson Field was born at Haddam, Connecticut, and will complete his eightieth year November 4, 1896. His grandfather was an officer of

the Revolutionary Army, his father a distinguished clergyman, and three brothers of the justice rose to distinction—David Dudley as a jurist, Cyrus West as the promoter of ocean telegraphy, and Henry Martyn as a clergyman, editor, and author. Stephen graduated at the head of his class in Williams College in 1837, then studied and practised law in New York until 1848. A year of travel in Europe followed, and in 1849 he became a resident of California, where he practised law, served in the first legislature of the golden state, and laid the foundation of its judiciary system. In 1857 he became a judge of the California Supreme Court, and in 1859 chief justice, and held the latter office until 1863, when he was elevated by President Lincoln to a place on the national bench.

JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE.

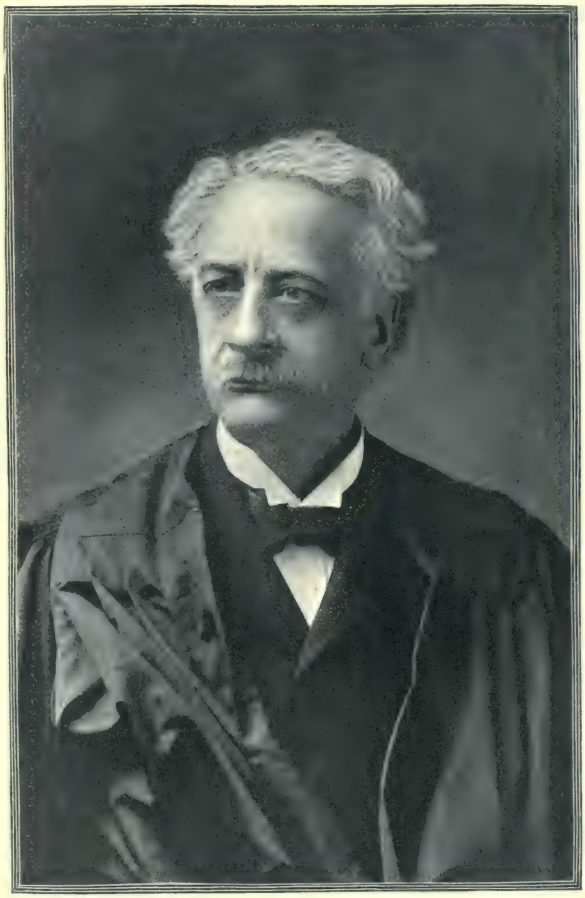
Williams College conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Justice Field in 1864, and five years later he became professor of law in the University of California. In 1880 his name was presented to the Democratic national convention as a candidate for president and he received sixty-five votes. He served on the famous commission which decided the presidential election contest in 1877 and voted with the Democratic minority. He has always been a strong force in the Supreme Court, and has written the decisions of the court in some of the most important cases. The vigor of his character is seen in his continued service on the bench though he might have retired several years ago without loss of salary.

John Marshall Harlan was born in Boyle County, Ky., in 1833. His father was a lawyer, politician, and statesman. To all these occupations Justice Harlan has added those of soldier and jurist. He was graduated from Center College in 1850, and completed the course in law at Transylvania University in 1858. From that date until 1877 when (Nov. 29) he was appointed to the Supreme Bench by President Hayes, his career had been like that of his father with the exceptions that before the war (in 1858) he was made judge of Franklin County, and that he was a Union colonel of volunteers (Tenth Kentucky Infantry) in the Civil War. He was defeated for Congress as the Whig candidate just before the war; and in 1871 and again in 1875 he suffered the same fate as a Republican candidate. He was attorney general of the state and filled that office from 1863 to 1867. As a leader of men in a border state and on the minority side of politics General Harlan became a fighter among fighters. It is observed that when cases having popular elements arise, Justice Harlan is reported as taking the popular side. He was a member of the famous commission to investigate the Louisiana vote for president in 1877, and the animosities roused by the events which made Mr. Hayes president against Mr. Tilden's apparent majority of electoral votes are not yet dead.

Horace Gray, the New England member of the court, has led a purely judicial life. Born in Boston in 1829 and graduated at Harvard in 1845, he had been seven years

official reporter of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court when in 1864 he became a member of it. In 1873 he was made its chief justice, and in 1881 he was appointed an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. He has, therefore, a record of forty years of judicial service out of the sixty-six years of his life. It is true that during the first seven years he was not a judge; but his responsibility as the official reporter of the decisions of the court made his office a very valuable judicial school and gave him a broad judicial experience.

Justice David Josiah Brewer, born of American parents in Smyrna, Asia Minor, in 1837, and graduated at Yale in 1856 and from the Albany, N.Y., law school in 1858, was a lawyer in New York and a farmer in Massachusetts until, in 1860, he removed to Kansas City, Mo. A year later he opened his law office in Leavenworth, Kansas, and in 1861 he became a United States commissioner and held that office three years. Since 1862 he has held a judicial office of some kind—for thirty-four years. He rose rapidly from a county probate judgeship and reached the Supreme Bench of the state in 1870. In 1884 he was appointed a circuit judge of the United States, and in 1889 became a justice of the Supreme Court. During this long judicial career Justice Brewer has very rarely undergone any criticism of his official conduct; and in the rare cases the critics have found no popular support. His legal learning is sound and extended, and he is specially gifted with the judicial temper.



JUSTICE RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

Henry Billings Brown was born at Lee, Massachusetts, in 1836, graduated at Yale in 1856, spent a year in Europe, studied law at Yale and Harvard, and became a member of the Detroit bar in 1860. During the next sixteen years his life was that of a busy and successful lawyer. During one of these years he was assistant United States district attorney. In 1876 President Hayes appointed him district judge for the eastern district of Michigan; and in 1890 President Harrison raised him to the Supreme Bench. It will be seen that he belongs in the group of justices who have given their lives wholly to the law.

George W. Shiras was born in Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 26, 1832. He graduated at Yale and afterward studied law there, and came to the bar of Pennsylvania in 1856. For thirty-six years he practised law in Pittsburg, and was among the foremost lawyers of Pennsylvania when in 1892 President Harrison nominated him for the

Supreme Court. He was once a candidate for the United States Senate but never was an active politician. He belongs in the group of lawyer judges, though his life-long interest in public affairs qualifies him for that peculiar and high kind of statesmanship which is required by his office.

Edward Douglas White was born in Lafourche Parish, Louisiana, Nov. 3. 1845. He was educated partly at Emmittsburg, Md. in Mount Saint Mary's College, and partly in the Jesuit's College in New Orleans. He served in the Confederate Army before he studied law. After the war he studied for his profession and practised it; but he soon fell into the stream of politics and was a state senator from 1874 to 1878; then he became a judge of the State Supreme Court and early in 1888 was elected United States senator. As a senator, he had acquired a national reputation when in 1893 President Cleveland nominated him and the Senate confirmed him as a justice of the Supreme Court.

It may be noticed that Justice White, like Justice Harlan, inherited a career from his father and grandfather; both were lawyers, politicians, and judges in Louisiana. His father served four terms in Congress and filled for one term the office of governor. He is the youngest man on the bench.

Rufus W. Peckham belongs to a family of eminent New York lawyers. His father, bearing the same name, was a judge when in 1838, in Albany, New York, his most distinguished son was born. An elder brother of Justice Peckham, Wheeler H. Peckham, was nominated by President Cleveland to a seat on the Supreme Bench in 1893; but factional politics in New York prevented his confirmation in the Senate. He had been an active opponent of Senator Hill in New York and a leader among the Cleveland Democrats of 1890.

Justice Peckham was educated at the Albany Academy, studied law in his father's office, and came to the bar in 1859. Ten years later he became district attorney for Albany County; fourteen years later he became justice of the state Supreme Court; in 1886, he was elected a member of the state Court of Appeals. He had twelve years of judicial experience when President Cleveland nominated him for the vacant seat on the United States Supreme Bench, Dec. 3, 1895. The Senate confirmed the appointment on the 8th of that month. Justice Peckham belongs to the group of justices whose political history is unimportant. He has been a lawyer and a judge for thirty-seven years.

CHAMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

A TRAVELER'S VIEWS OF NEW MEXICO.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

WHEN one who knows even a little of the region sits down to tell of what may interest a stranger in the thriving territory of New Mexico he is all but whelmed by the multiplicity of his facts. For, from the Staked Plains in the east to the rugged, lava-lined valley of the Rio San Francisco in the west; from the sun-baked castles of the aborigines in the north to the cactus-lined trails of the gold seekers in the south, there is not a square mile of the surface but is full of interest to every well-equipped investigator.

But to make a bold grasp at the mass of facts that might be given in detail one may begin with the more salient features of the land itself. Taken as a whole there is no territory of equal extent in the world, perhaps, that may more appropriately be termed a naked land. It is a desert whose *mesas* and mountains rise into the clear air as bare of verdure as the lava beds of the bad lands, and whose plains are but wide stretches of yellowish sand where the mimic tornadoes, called sand augurs, are forever whirling while the sun is in sight. As seen for the first time by the traveler—even as photographed by the camera—New Mexico as a whole seems almost the perfection of desolation. And yet in spite of all this it is a region whose people with just pride not only boast of the attractions of their homes but they count among those attractions the beautiful products of garden and fruit tree.

To one who loves the earth as God made it the very desolation of the region is one of its chief attractions, for here, as in no other kind of region, one may find nature unscarred —unmutilated by the hand of man, and so will it remain. Here are rocks which no man will ever shape for house wall or street pavement. Here are gulches where the birds and the beasts may live with no fear of seeing a roof of rusty corrugated iron intruding among their tiny homes. Here are slopes and plains whose soil will never writhe over the desecrating molding board. What if all this is due to the fact that the rocks and gulches and plains are parts of arid desert? Let the one who can elsewhere appreciate the immensity of the ocean wastes, or the frozen currents of a mighty glacier, not fail to see the deserts of New Mexico, for their very nakedness will impress and hold him with a spell that will never leave him.

To the wonders and beauties of rugged scenery are added the charms of a climate that in some respects is matchless. By the record of the government observer at Santa Fe there are in every year from 230 to 250 days when the sky is absolutely cloudless and in addition to this from 90 to 100 fair days are counted. A year in which there were 48 cloudy days was considered remarkable.

More interesting still is the temperature when taken in connection with the relative humidity of the atmosphere. The heat does, indeed, fall to zero and it does rise to 90° Fahrenheit. To a resident of the seacoast country, 90° in the shade, with the oft-accompanying 90 per cent of humidity—words fail to describe the depression of spirits due to such a combination. But in New Mexico the conditions governing the high temperatures are so different as to astound the unaccustomed. For here the land lies high above the sea, the wind blows unceasingly, and the plains are fenced in by mountain ranges that drain the air of its humidity, and with the thermometer at 90° in the shade the people count even 50 per cent of relative humidity a remarkable condition of affairs, and 40 per cent is the common figure.

Those are the official reports at Santa Fe, but we have the word of Governor Thornton for the fact that "the sunshine records at Las Cruces in the extreme southern part of the territory at an altititude of 3,600 feet and at Las Vegas in the east at an altitude

of 6,000 feet are equally good." There is no more invigorating climate on the continent than that of New Mexico.

Let the invalid whose lungs are failing him take note of the sunshine and altitude and the dryness of the air, and then, if he can find any kind of employment that, when there, will take his mind from his trouble, let him seek health in the deserts of New Mexico.

From nature's face one may turn to the consideration of man and his homes with interest always if not always with intense pleasure. In New Mexico one may find, side by side, the rough board and corrugated iron shanty of the miner, the brick and hardwood mansion fit for a social queen, and the mud-walled, mud-roofed hut, built on the Jerusalem model, and scarcely fit for anybody, but in common use by the Spanish-Americans. The restless prospector, the sedate, literature-loving scholar, and the dark-skinned, ambitionless, priest-ridden Mexican shepherd walk the streets together. It is worth while to look at them as they pass, and it is better worth while to study them in their homes. In New Mexico a man may—he must inevitably, whether or no he wishes to do so—find his level socially, and that, too, without much regard to his antecedents. For the people there "size up" the stranger very quickly and they put the gentleman in his class and the sporting man in his without fuss, flurry, or formality, unless, indeed, the sporting man makes violent objection to the social order, in which case certain formalities have been observed—formalities that included a rope and a cottonwood tree down in the valley.

But the self-styled civilized folks are not the only subjects of study in anthropology that the territory affords, for within its boundaries may be seen that most desperate of savage American tribes, the Apaches, with their curious homes—homes that are typical of those of all the red Ishmaelites of the Americas—homes made of brush and little larger than the tub of Diogones. Here is the true savage, who knew no hunt that thrilled his heart as did that when man was the game he sought.

And hard by the homes of brush rise the piles of rude masonry, story on story, the homes of aborigines who were of exactly the opposite type, for theirs was the life of the agriculturist and the real home builder. To the ethnologist there is no more interesting locality in the Americas than in this territory where the people that loved home and lived on the fruits of peaceful labor met the savages that were literally human tigers.

This is not to say that the peaceful tribes were any more interesting than the tiger-like, or any more worthy of the kindly consideration of the philanthropist. For the study of ethnology and real philanthropy is no respecter of persons. But if any distinction must be made then the fiercer tribe should receive the more attention. This tribe is on a reservation and it is harmless, now. It is a people that will be found especially interesting to those who suppose that leopards can be changed into lambs by caging them, because the fact is that the caging is exterminating them. Perhaps if some one would go to them before they are all dead and would learn their language until he could talk and understand it perfectly, and would enter into their life until he had a full knowledge of and a hearty sympathy with their prejudices and their superstitions as well as their good qualities—would try, in short, to see the world just as they see it—he might learn how "not to force an unnatural civilization upon them, but to civilize, yes, and to christianize them *along lines of their natural development.*"

Of course I do not expect that any one will do this. There isn't any money in it, for one thing, and then it is too much to ask a civilized man to adopt the habits of life and diet of a wild tribe even if that is the only way to save their souls. I do not mean to carp, but when I find that the most comfortable home on a reservation is that of a missionary I cannot believe that the missionary is following the example of the One who was born in a manger, and so lived.

I will pass quickly from this subject, but it must be told that the Indians, who for hundreds of years have lived chiefly by planting corn and beans and squashes, irrigating

their crops with the water of the slender springs and streams, have not only been robbed of a large part of their landed inheritance but the white man has robbed them of their water. "Their water rights are often invaded, squatters get on their land, their timber is cut, and their stock is stolen." The white race comes to the red with a Bible in one hand and a "jimmy" in the other, and when the use of the Bible and the "jimmy" conflict it is not the "jimmy" that is dropped. I know that to appeal for justice for the helpless is a hopeless and a thankless task, but that is an appeal that may not be left unmade.

From the aborigines who are living one turns naturally to the remains of those who have passed away, leaving no record in words but instead many indications of a manner of life that will prove of unfailing interest to the student. There were the human bank swallows, for instance—the people who dug holes in the faces of steep cliffs when making their homes. These were agriculturalists as are some modern tribes, and their canals that carried water for irrigation in the old days are of intense interest because there is now no water to fill the old ditches and more than that the grade has been changed so that what was once down grade is now the reverse.

More curious still are the remains of a race that once lived in the valley of the Rio San Francisco. On almost every knoll along this valley may be found the remains of houses whose walls were sunk in the earth—the houses were all cellars, so to speak. In many places these houses were two stories deep, and in one case a third story was reached by excavators. The remarkable feature of these structures is found in the fact that they were at first apparently of only one very deep story—they were cellars from twelve to eighteen feet deep. But after some years of occupation the bottom of the pit or cellar was filled in for five or six feet and a new floor of adobe clay was laid over the filling. Eventually another six feet of filling was put in and a new floor laid, and then last of all the whole pit was filled.

On almost every floor the investigator finds the skeletons of the dead laid out in decent order with bowls and pots and trinkets about the heads and on the palms. But in some cases death seems to have come in strange form to the people of a household. There are skeletons of those who died while in flight, though their death was not from violence, since every bone is unbroken. One man died as he smoked his pipe and leaned his back against the wall of his house. A woman died as she was kneeling on the floor grinding corn with a *metate*. She had one hand on the *metate* and one in a bowl of corn when life passed away and in this position a searcher found her. While yet her dead body was in its position the room had been filled with fine earth that held the skeleton in place. So were the bones of the smoker with his pipe in his mouth held, and so were many other skeletons held. How did these people live? How did they die? Who buried those that died at their usual vocations and those that fled as if for life—leaving the bodies in such a position as would tell the modern investigator just a little of their life history? I do not know of a more interesting study than that of the remains of the prehistoric people of New Mexico.

No traveler can visit New Mexico and escape without seeing the cowboy and his cattle. The typical cowboy with a huge "six-shooter" on his hip; his pony with its head down and its bridle under its feet; the pens and the chutes where the cattle are loaded—all these are found beside many a way station, while the range stretches away to a dusty, undefined horizon wherever the eye is turned. It is a desert land but there is pasture of a sort in the desert. There was better pasture there twelve or fifteen years ago but greed turned much of the pasture into arid desert sand. The story of the invasion of New Mexico by the cattle men and their subsequent existence there ought to be told in full. Many more cattle were brought than the land could hold and so the strong drove out the weak—not infrequently the strong murdered the weak in order to obtain some coveted spring of

water. Then in those days the wide San Augustine plains were knee deep with waving grass, but the herds from the Texas prairies were so great that they not only ate the grass to the roots but they dug up and tramped out of existence the very roots, and so the whole mat that had covered the yellow sand was destroyed. Drouths followed and winds without moisture filled the air with arid sand. The cattle bawled in vain for relief and finally faded away and died.

Interesting though it is, herding cattle on the range is a cruel business at best. The owner must round up and throw violently to the ground and sear and burn with a red hot iron every beast he owns. It brutalizes any man to torture cattle so and to gloat over the number of wounds he has made in the course of a day. It is a comfort for one who loves his race to know that the day of the range is almost done.

The disasters that followed on the greed of the cattlemen of New Mexico helped the passing of that day. It may seem harsh to express pleasure at the ruin of any lawful business, but I can never think of the range without recalling the smoke that rose from the quivering living flesh of the steer that was branded in my presence. My sympathy is with the helpless brute. A time ought to come and so it will come when cruelty even to a sparrow will not be thought necessary either for the health or the comfort of the man—when the idea of such a thing will be repulsive to the whole race.

And then there are the mine camps. The truthful tales that might be told of the wild life that once reigned there can never be matched in fiction. In the days when silver sold at a dollar an ounce the smelters and mills and hoists of those camps poured out such volumes of coal smoke as tinged the ever-present dust clouds with the most somber hues, while flannel-shirted miners and linen-shirted sporting men whooped till the welkin rang with sounds not always whelmed by the roar of pounding stamps. Then silver fell to fifty cents and the "works" shut down, and a majority of the miners and the sporting men fled, leaving those who could not get away to gather in public meetings and unanimously adopt resolutions to the effect that if Wall Street did not loosen its clutch on the throat of the mining interests of the West the whole nation would go headlong to the bow-wows.

Having relieved their feelings those who remained began to consider another matter —"We began to consider where we were at," as one said to me. Now if there is any question which the citizen of the great American desert can decide quickly and interestingly it is this of where he is at. And when the people of New Mexico had decided that matter they began to solve the burning question of free coinage in a way that was not only perfectly simple but entirely satisfactory to themselves and to the "gold bugs of Wall Street." They began to lower the purchasing power of gold by increasing the supply of it.

There was Baxter Mountain, for instance —a heap of granite, "traversed by effusive rocks, resulting in numerous seams and fissure veins carrying free gold, usually coarse." The gold was in sight but there was no water in sight for working the ore, so Baxter Mountain rested till silver fell and then the restless miners for want of profit in silver "rustled" for water to work this gold ore— "rustled" with success by digging wells.

Elsewhere were the cement mines—hundreds of claims staked out on a reef of conglomerate carrying $8 in gold per ton in the prospect hole. But the cost of working the conglomerate was so great that only a "measly five or ten per cent profit" could be had. That was beneath consideration when silver was worth a dollar but with silver at fifty cents of course any profit was better than no profit, so they began working the conglomerate, sighing the while for the halcyon days of dollar silver, until they had worked down 120 feet below the tracks of the jack rabbits on the *mesa*. And then they stopped sighing to howl, for instead of a "measly" $8 in gold dust they found from three to four ounces of the yellow metal.

So the story of mining in New Mexico runs. The fall of silver was a real blessing. They don't quite believe that yet, but the production of yellow metal is increasing so

rapidly that the conversion of their athletic orators to the Wall Street view of what is a desirable coin seems only a matter of brief time. In any event there need be no doubt that New Mexico has a great future as a gold producer. And as to the copper, the lead, and the coal—especially the coal—the whole space of this magazine would not suffice for a description of the deposits that await railroads and other means of development.

For the agricultural interests brief space remains. Here as elsewhere in the arid belt one has only to bring water to kiss the sleeping desert and he will see the brown monster turned into a beauty so radiant that words to describe it are wanting. Vegetables, grains, and fruits yield returns in such profusion that only a town-site "boomer" is equal to the task of telling the tale. It is a narrow land, this land of corn and wine, a land that lies along the slender streams; but it is the more interesting on that account, for a man may stand with one foot in waving vegetation that nods to his shoulders while the other foot rests upon sand so arid that only the cactus and the sagebush and the rattlesnake can thrive upon it. There is no such high-water mark elsewhere in the world as that found on a partly irrigated desert.

If nothing has been said so far about the educational and religious institutions it is because the subject is too broad for the narrow space that could be given it in a general article like this. That schools and churches rise in the midst of every collection of American homes is a fact not necessary to repeat here. But there is one religious element of the arid belt to which especial attention should be drawn—the Mormon Church. Let those who manage the home missions of other churches strive diligently to learn how it is that the Mormons have increased in numbers there more rapidly than all other denominations. The answer will be found instructive, for in tireless energy and in self-denial the Mormon missionaries are an example unto all men.

EVENING ON THE WESTERN RESERVE.

BY E. ROSS SHAW.

OVER the shadowy woods the sun
Tunnels the reddening West;
Far through its burning depths we gaze
Into the land of rest.
Shyly the white clouds in the East
Echo the sunset's blush,
And dead mists lift their ghostly hands
To grasp the living flush.
Gently the maple boughs slide down
The disk of the rising moon;
The breeze blows softly its leafy flute,
Then pauses to find the tune.
Star-legions sleepily leave their tents
And form for their nightly drill;
Beyond the orchards the village spire
Keeps watch—and all is still.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

BY ELEANOR LAMBEC.

III.

EXCEPT at the convent services Louis did not soon meet Helène again. Often he was on the point of being thrown with her in visiting the sick, but he avoided her. He was determined to subdue his flesh. His health visibly declined, and he grew emaciated with vigils and fastings. Yet nobody suspected him of any dereliction. The sterner aspect under which he attempted to hide his feverish unrest was noted, but misunderstood. His mother had died; probably if she had been living her sharp eyes would have detected the cause. So he bore his burden silently, even patiently, yet it was consuming his life.

All these troubled months the Revolution proceeded apace. Ninety-three had been ushered in with its horrors. Louis XVI. had expiated the weakness which is a crime in a king, though only a failing in the husband of the peasant whose part Marie Antoinette played. Even in this severity the priest did not falter in his allegiance to the government. Though inexpressibly deplorable he was convinced that the leaders found it a necessity. Away from the scene, and hearing garbled reports, he withheld adverse criticism. The founders of the republic remained demigods in his eyes.

One day in the summer of '93 Louis met a man he had known as Father Francis, a priest. He was hardly recognizable, in citizen's dress, with a mustachio of promising length, and his hat adorned with a tricolored cockade.

"What does this mean?" Louis asked his old acquaintance.

"My different dress? Oh, I am in orders no longer," the quondam priest answered.

"Who released you?"

"I myself. I went to Paris, found the Convention in need of men, and renounced my vows to devote myself soul and body to the Revolution."

"Was it necessary to ungown yourself?"

"Well, yes; gowns are in bad repute in Paris just now. I found numbers of the clergy who have married. Indeed I am going back to the North now for my bride, as pretty a girl as ever lived."

"I do not fully understand."

"No? This seems to be a series of surprises for you, good father, but in this day, when superstition is dead and reason rules, nothing should surprise you. In three days I shall be married. *Vive la Republique!*"

Shortly after this they parted, and Louis walked away, half wondering, half disgusted. As yet he was too astonished to apply the revelation to himself, but as he went on the idea suddenly burst upon him. The shock brought him to a standstill. "Great God!" he exclaimed aloud, "could it be?—could it be?"

He hastened to his lodgings and entering the room locked the door. Beads of agonized sweat stood on his forehead. Such a struggle! Conscience and duty and principle and God on one side, and love on the other. But love through hunger had grown irresistible; starvation had made it supreme. It conquered. Poor Louis!

That evening he sought the river with the avowed purpose of asking Helène to be his wife. If she were not walking as usual he would go boldly to the convent and ask to see her. He wondered if he were not demented to entertain one ray of hope. Her Catholic training, their difference of birth, and her real ignorance of his character would cause her to look with horror on his suit. It was not possible that she had ever given him one thought of love. She had consecrated her life to a noble purpose. And yet he hoped, he knew not why.

When she approached he hastened to meet her, and turning walked with her. She looked at him curiously; the agitation in his face was too marked to go unnoticed.

A moment he was silent, then said as intelligibly as his trembling lips would permit: "I wish to talk with you. There is a quiet nook close by—will you go there?"

"Yes," she answered unhesitatingly. It was an extreme case of destitution or suffering which had touched his heart, she thought.

In helping her to get seated he took her hand, and this first contact sent a tremor throughout his frame. With difficulty he controlled a delirious desire to clasp her to his bosom and kiss her beautiful face till he was satisfied.

His voice was hoarse when he began to speak and his question puzzled her: "Have you ever regretted your renunciation of the world? You told me once you had counted the cost, but after these months I wish to ask you again, have you never wished you had not taken the step?"

"No," she said, "I shall live and die here."

"But," he continued, "can you not imagine different circumstances which would more fully satisfy the craving of your nature? Are you perfectly happy?"

Her eyes grew moist and her face clouded.

"Happy? Who is happy? Happiness belongs to heaven. Duty is a nobler word."

He was in despair, but even yet he would not desist.

"But have you never considered it possible for affection to change your life? Oh, Helène, is your heart proof against love?"

Strange words from a priest to a *religieuse!*—but they were under the spell of youth and the age, and neither noted the incongruity. Extending her hand supplicatingly and bowing her head, she cried:

"Father, pardon! How did you discover my secret? Pray that every worldly image and affection may be driven from my heart."

"That is impossible! I ask you to open your heart to a worldly love and lover."

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot! If my heart wanders my purpose must not. He who engages too many of my thoughts could never return my love. I shall tear him from my heart, but not to let another in."

So this was the end of it! He could now see the utter foolishness of his hope. He controlled himself by the most heroic effort. But he would open his heart to her, notwithstanding. Their kindred misfortune would appeal to her sympathy, and compassion from her would be sweet.

Holding himself tightly in hand he began gently:

"May I tell you something of my life?"

Again she gave him the swift, curious look, and gazing hard at the hands folded in her lap, whispered, "Yes."

"I was born and reared in this parish. My parents were peasants, though above the common run in attainments, and far ahead in intelligence. My father was a fisherman; I adored him. My mother was disappointed in me. She was practical and ambitious, and I a dreamer. But one day the *seigneur* of my country hanged a man for a trifling offense. It changed my whole life; I had been sleeping, but this waked me; I had been blind, and this gave me sight. All the hideous poverty and cruelty the people endured became plain. I was on the point of going to Rouen to pursue my studies, but I persuaded my father to let me stay at home and work for my poorer neighbors. I could not study with their cries of distress continually ringing in my ears. I dedicated my life to the alleviating of suffering.

"Before I was aware some of those I had befriended began to call me father. Then our *curé* insisted that I take orders, and my mother, chagrined at my humble calling of fisherman, pleaded for the same. But I yielded because the means and time for my chosen work would be wonderfully increased. I was only nineteen, and the possibility of any conflict between my vows and my heart's desire did not occur to me. My mother had scolded because I did not have sweethearts as other boys. I flattered myself I was differently constituted. Mother of Christ! What a fool I was!

"One day after very exacting labors I sought rest in this quiet retreat. You passed by. I thought you were a spirit with your white gown and beautiful face. The light of your eyes penetrated my very soul."

Helène's head bowed more deeply and

her hands covered her face, but Louis did not hesitate.

"The next evening I saw you again; the third time I followed you to the gate. Your singing at mass the following day and your story, which the prioress told me, confirmed my passion. From that time my love has been my life. You remember once I spoke to you. I could not help it—I was perishing for a word. No penance I engaged in could banish your image. My nights were vigils and my days fasts. But to hear you say you love me would be worth years of purgatory.

"I know not how long I could have endured the strain—God is good! To-day I met a man in citizen's dress whom I had known as priest. He had been to Paris and was returning for his bride—the Convention has absolved clergymen from their vows. After he left me the thought came, Why could not I ask my love to marry me, as he and others are doing? It was a struggle to know whether the government has the right to annul the decrees of the church. As the French clergy have always stood by their country, I am convinced it has."

Oh, Louis! Sheer sophistry, every word of it! And yet your eagerness to believe it true has made you, for the moment, sincere.

"Then I sought you—I could not sleep till my heart was unburdened. I was wild, crazy, to suppose you could care for me, yet I dared have a little hope. And now it is all over! Even if they could avail I have no lovers' phrases to woo you with—my lips have no experience in such language. But oh, my God! my God! how I love you."

Helène sobbed aloud at the conclusion; she could not speak for weeping. Finally she leaned forward and laying her hand in his asked, "Why do you give up hope?"

Louis was puzzled. "Because you bade me do so."

"I did not understand—I did not know who my lover was—I knew not that priests may marry," she answered incoherently.

His utter dejection dulled his faculties, so she continued:

"Don't you know now what my confession meant? When you saw me I also saw you!"

Then the truth burst upon him. With one deep exclamation of the most rapturous joy his arms clasped her as though never to loosen, and his tears bathed her hair. "My love! My wife! My own forever!"

IV.

WHAT the awakening is to the nightmare, what riches are to starvation, what Admetus' joy was when Hercules brought Alcestis back from the dead, what paradise is to purgatory—these faintly convey an idea of the intoxication, the delight of living, the ecstasy of loving which followed Louis and Helène's marriage and their removal to Paris. His soul found in her the complement true marriage always is, and which is so rarely seen. Before he was a young man he was an old one, but now he found his youth. His laugh rang as merrily as a boy's. Supreme earthly love is selfish; all his life he had lived for others, but now he and his wife made the world—he proved he was mortal. He forgot that misery and famine and bloodshed ran riot. When the starving man obtains food self predominates, and he must in a measure satisfy himself before he thinks of others.

Helène was equally happy. If possible her lustrous eyes seemed to have added to their beauty. She sang and chattered with the *abandon* of youth and perfect health and happiness.

For weeks they hardly went outside their dwelling; they talked and loved. The stories of their lives, his twenty-five years long, hers six years shorter, would have filled volumes when told in lovers' language, and they must be told again and again. Oh the rapture of youth and love!—they knew it to the full.

They had not planned to spend their life thus. In the few days intervening between their betrothal and marriage they devised noble schemes whereby the union of their lives would broaden and strengthen the purpose each had so solemnly taken. In their childlike innocence and sufficiency they prefigured themselves going forth

through miserable and reeking streets, scattering perfume and flowers and blessings. But love, for the time, had overruled every project. Cupid is the supreme god, for he alone reigns, for at least a span, in every mortal life.

It was Helène, with her woman's sensitive conscience, who first awoke to their selfishness. She dressed out her husband in his red cap and tricolored cockade and started him forth to the Convention to request other work in place of that he had resigned.

On the way he was retarded by the immense crowds thronging the streets, and along the thoroughfare which is now the *Rue de Rivoli* his passage was altogether obstructed.

"What is the cause for this crowd?" he asked of a man standing by him; but he received no answer, for the man was too intent on a cart passing through the street to heed the question. In the cart was a woman with white dress and hair.

"Who is that?" Louis asked of the same bystander.

"The widow Capet."

The widow Capet—Louis thought he had heard the name before, but when? Determined to know, he asked again, "But who is the widow Capet?"

He received a contemptuous stare. "Where have you been, man? The widow of Louis Capet, he that called himself Louis XVI. She is faring to the guillotine by the same road he went. Curse her for an Austrian! She should have gone first."

Louis forced his way through the press. He would have struck the man in his indignation if he had remained near him. The guillotine! he had forgotten its existence. And so the wise patriotism, the herculean labors of his demigods had reached this climax—the murder of a defenseless woman!

He hurried home to Helène; he could not trust himself in the Convention hall that day. Her presence could charm him into forgetfulness of the queen's hapless fate and banish misgivings. Intuitively he knew where such misgivings must end; they led to a precipice over which he dared not look. He had left home serene, tranquil, triumphant. Not once since Helène told him she loved him had his conscience suffered a qualm; it had slept as though dead. And to think that to-day of all days he should have gone forth to his duty, to meet—what?

Oh, heavy-laden soul, did you not know that in the fairest, most blissful hour the Nemesis may spring her mine?

But in the light of Helène's face he forgot the specter Death and the specter Remorse, just as he had forgotten the guillotine.

The next morning he hastened with all speed to the Convention. Without daring to analyze his emotions, he knew he must throw himself, soul and body, into the work of the Revolution, else his soul would be torn by all the furies.

Though it was a common thing for priests to present themselves and request change of occupation, Louis drew all eyes. It may have been his magnificently porportioned physique, but more likely it was the strength and grandeur of his countenance. Among those assembled there he looked a Scandinavian sea-king emerging out of the past.

"A cursed aristocrat," was whispered.

He colored, and said to the president: "My father was a fisherman, and I also till I became a priest."

"Why didn't you stay a fisherman?" the same voice queried.

At his own request he was given work at one of the two hundred and fifty forges where arms were manufactured for war with the foreign and civil foes.

The harder the work the better. For a time all went well. Louis was perfectly happy. Every extension and contraction of his arm was a blow for liberty and France. Surely the priesthood was not nobler work than this. The abyss along which his path lay receded from view; or, rather, it lay just as near, but flowers grew over and around it, and the sun shone with dazzling radiance, and his dread was removed.

"I am living an ideal life, my darling," Louis told Helène; "just enough work to give zest to the play, and just enough absence to make my wife know how she loves me. It is paradise—this life of ours."

She looked at him with sudden fear. "Oh, Louis, can it last? Did ever such happiness as ours continue? It frightens me when I think of it."

His answer was almost fierce:

"It shall last. I swear that nothing shall separate us, and when we are together what could make us unhappy?"

Then he smothered her face with kisses, and held her close in his arms as though nothing should tear her from them.

As he grew accustomed to his task his mind was left free to attend to the chatter of his associates, who talked continually at their work. Always the theme was the Revolution. Most of the workmen had been in its midst since the beginning; they had served in its various armies, in *La Vendée*, on the frontier, and recounted excesses and atrocities which made Louis shudder. Yet they told their tales exultingly. In them he followed the pilgrimage of the guillotine throughout France. One man had been headsman for a time, and gleefully boasted of the various heads he had cut off, his companions applauding his rude jests.

One day when he had been particularly boastful, a newcomer, a misshapen, dwarfish figure, with leering eyes and diabolic mouth, sneered:

"*La Guillotine* is kind and gentle. She is too slow. Last week in the South there was pretty work. A hundred wretches were drawn up in front of a trench. When the soldiers fired all fell, but some were not dead, so we seized spades and finished those still alive with one blow on the head. Ah, fusillading is the way!"

Louis turned sick and threw down his tools. He could not stay near this brute another moment. His heart seethed with bitterness as he strode away. And this was the era of brotherhood! These fiendish deeds were decreed by the glorious republic whose birth he had hailed as the realization of genuine altruism, of a national Utopia. This same republic had abolished religion, and— He was dangerously near the precipice at that hour.

The day following was a festival, therefore no work. The festival celebrated the abolition of religion. In the throng that filled the streets were Louis and Helène. They were there because his disquiet would not let them remain at home. His whole being was in revolt. He should have rejoiced in this total extinction of faith, for in positive infidelity lay his only chance for happiness, but it was impossible for him. He had brought himself to believe that a wise and humane government could release him from certain obligations; but God could not be legislated out of existence by a band of murderers.

Borne unresistingly along by the crowd they found themselves at Notre Dame in time for the bombastic pageant in which the whilom opera dancer posed as the Goddess of Reason.

Whether it was a comparison between the blasphemous "Hymn to Liberty," which formed part of the service, and his adored liturgy, or the desecration of the venerable church, or whether this scene fanned his wrath to the culminating point, it is impossible to say; but at that moment the deity in Louis gained the ascendency, and marked it forever as the supreme hour of his life.

Towering to his full height, his hand raised to heaven in imprecation, he cried:

"It is sacrilege! I call on Jesus and his thrice holy Mother to avenge this blasphemy!"

"Citizen," one standing near implored, "in the Devil's name, be quiet! Men have lost their heads for less than this."

"I will not!" Louis rejoined. "It is a foul set who have taken away our Sabbath, abolished our religion, and now turn the cathedral of our Blessed Lady into a brothel! Maledictions rest upon them!"

Such words were unpardonable. Within twenty-four hours Louis and Helène were before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The fever in his veins had not subsided but increased. Of their peril he took no thought. A minor consideration like personal safety is forgotten at such a moment. Even the abyss had again receded from view.

The trial was a formality as usual. The accusation was of violent and seditious language against the government.

"Have you any defense?" Louis was asked.

"None."

"You admit the language you are charged with?"

"I do. The most awful and horrible insult was being perpetrated—the church was desecrated by the vilest —"

Louis' voice was high and vehement, and his whole appearance indicative of the most violent passion, when the judge interrupted with,

"Are you not a priest?"

"I have been."

"And are now married?"

"Yes; this is my wife, whom you have so scandalously arrested for my offense."

"Then do you, self-convicted of outrageous sin against God, if there were a God, dare criticise those who worship reason instead? If reason be not God why are you married, and in citizen's dress? Who absolved you from your vows? A fine figure you cut with your charge of sacrilege!"

It was a lengthy speech to come from Tinville's bar, where laconism was the rule. Every word went straight to the mark. The priest's face, crimsoned in his indignation, blanched to marble. His sin was named so accurately that he could evade the issue no longer. Involuntarily a groan burst from his stricken heart. Gone was every vestige of wrath. The Nemesis was appeased; at last he plunged into the bottomless gulf.

He heard the death sentence unmoved.

Helène was about to be released; her beauty and innocence appealed even to brutish hearts. But when she perceived it, horrified at the thought of separation from her husband, she exclaimed:

"Do you know who I am?"

"This *ci-devant* priest's wife, we understand."

"I am, but I am also daughter and only child of the late Count d 'Auvergne."

The Count d 'Auvergne!—his bones had been disinterred and burned in default of a descendant to wreak vengeance on. Swift and terrible death would be meted his only child.

"Oh, my wife! What have you done?" asked Louis as they were driven back to the *Conciergerie.*

"I do not fear death," she said, "if I die with you. I could not live without you."

He drew her closer to him and kissed her. Speech was impossible.

But she, misinterpreting his silence and the agony in his face, said gently: "It is not terrible to die. Death is sweet because it unites us forever."

She looked at him pleadingly, and he replied: "No, sweetheart, our death is a small thing."

A small thing indeed in comparison with the fire of ten thousand torments in his bosom. Even her fate, which under other circumstances would have distracted him, was a trivial matter. The physical separation of soul and body is a small affair to the great heart tortured with remorse.

But in his contrition Louis did not hold one thought unfaithful to Helène. Death was a small price for their weeks of bliss. The pangs of purgatory even he did not count too great cost, for if his conscience were clean the recollection of her love would sweeten purgatory. And paradise with this torment would be a hell—he carried it in his own bosom.

In vain he attempted to urge some excuse—his youth, the temptation irresistible by human flesh. His conscience was inflexible. It admitted no argument; it rejected every excuse.

When his anguish reached a climax past endurance, in one mighty flood of penitence he threw himself upon the prison floor crying, "I have sinned! I have sinned!"

From that moment no thinnest gossamer veil interposed between him and his Maker. Soul and body lay prostrate in the immediate presence of the King. Articulate prayer was impossible, but his whole being was concentrated in one entreaty—forgiveness.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; there was no present, no future for him then; eternity had begun. Fear to die and go into the Redeemer's presence? At that very moment God was giving him audience.

Hours passed before he arose, with a look of ineffable peace glorifying his face. His

ecstasy was in proportion to his despair. Going to Helène, who was sobbing aloud in sympathy, he said, oh, so tenderly:

"My precious wife, bear with me when I say I loved you too well; your face came between me and the cross, and when the necessity came for choosing between you, I chose you. How happy I was you know. We crowded a lifetime of happiness into a few weeks. Conscience uttered not one reproof. Then misgivings arose and I would not hear them. But the question of the judge to-day revealed my guilt in its awful proportions. That man taught me the obligation I was under to keep faith with God. I was worse than those who desecrated the church, for I knew, in my inmost heart, my duty.

"But praise to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin! He has given me life. I am forgiven. My beloved, I see it all so plainly now. God is good. He does not part us, though I have merited it. He lets us die together, and death for us is the entrance to life. My love! my love! You are so pure and good, tell me if I am not right, and if you forgive the havoc I have wrought in your life."

She smiled at him through her tears.

"Forgive you, my husband, when you are giving your life for love of me?"

The day after in a tumbrel on its way to the *Place de la Revolution* were a man and woman, both oblivious of the gaping crowds. Her dark eyes never left his face, while his blue ones were raised slightly toward the sky. Those in the cart with them remarked a smile as of blissful expectancy playing about his mouth.

A woman among the spectators had a qualm as she looked at these. She shook the arm of the man who accompanied her and cried, "Look at those two—how young they are, and how beautiful!"

Her voice had a tone of regret, but he laughed fiendishly as he answered, "Ha! ha! the mistress will smile when she sees such dainty meat. Pretty faces please her the best."

Louis and Helène were the last of the victims to die. When his time came he embraced her, lifted a small crucifix high in sight of the multitude, kissed it repeatedly, and then handed it to his wife, who kissed it also. As the knife descended the executioner heard him murmur, "*Gloria in Excelsis*!"

Helène gave Samson instructions he had never been given before. She bade him hasten.

So the house of brave Rudolf, chief henchman of Rollo the bold, was extinct after all. But who would not say the race went out with its choicest flower?

(*The end.*)

WHERE DO THE IMMIGRANTS GO?

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

IF any one were to study statistics relating to the ten or more million persons of foreign birth who are scattered so unevenly over our country, we believe that within an hour he would be asking conundrums, some easy and some difficult to answer. Why, he would inquire, do nearly four fifths of all the Welsh in the United States live in Pennsylvania? Why have two thirds of the Portuguese incomers gone to California and why are there over 3,000 of them in Massachusetts and not 300 in New York State? Why do three fifths of the 3,500 Hungarians in Ohio live in the city of Cleveland? Why are there over 8,000 Italians in Illinois and less than 500 in Indiana, and, in general, why do immigrants crowd Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota and give Indiana the go-by? There are scores of such questions that are very interesting because they have to do with the motives and influences which

determine the abiding places among us of these myriads from over the sea. Let us answer some of them and speak, very briefly, of the distribution of the foreign element in our population.

If any of us thought we might better our chances in life in some foreign land we should prefer, other things being equal, some country where the climatic conditions and the geographic environment are not in extreme contrast with those to which we have been accustomed at home. The same consideration, undoubtedly, has something to do with the distribution of Europeans among us. Hundreds of Icelanders have been coming to North America, but they do not live even in our Northern States, for they prefer the somewhat colder climate of Canada. That climate does give direction to streams of immigration is vividly shown by the thousands of Portuguese in the Hawaiian Islands, whose climate is almost identical with that of the Azores, whence these immigrants have chiefly come. All except a few thousands of the million Canadians among us occupy a wide strip along our northern border. From Maine to North Dakota they live under another flag but have only slightly changed the climatic conditions of their environment. More than half of the thousands of Cubans among us still live within a few hours' sail of their native island. Nearly 80,000 Mexicans have made their homes on our side of the line, but scarcely a thousand of them are found far away from the border. The Germans at home have a comparatively small seaboard and are, for the most part, an inland people; so in America more than two thirds of them live far from the sea, while the majority of the Irish, who at home cannot get far from the coast, show a preference when they come here for the seaboard states. Along our Pacific coast the Swedes and Norwegians are most largely represented in Washington, whose general aspect and coast line, deeply indented with *fiords*, so strongly resemble their own mountainous inland and rugged shores. So many influences divert immigration into this or that channel that too much stress must not be given to climatic and geographic similarities between the home-land and the adopted country, but they certainly have considerable weight.

The larger part of the foreign element, excepting the Irish, who were mostly agricultural laborers at home, are likely to follow their accustomed vocations here and they go to the regions where they may best procure employment in their chosen lines. This explains most of the vagaries in the distribution of the newcomers, which are inexplicable until we recognize the fact that there are special opportunities for this or that foreign element in various parts of our country according to the nature of their industrial training and proficiency. This is why two thirds, or about 10,000, of our Portuguese neighbors live in California, for they are skilled in vine culture and wine making and that state offers them the best opportunities; and they are ten times as numerous in a few of the coast towns of Massachusetts as in the state of New York because they are also skilled fishermen and many of them find employment with the fishing fleets.

Once there was a great strike among the thousands of employees of the rolling mills in Cleveland. It was before the prohibition of the importation of contract labor and the employers lost no time in bringing from Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland a sufficient number of trained rolling-mill hands to take the places of the strikers. They gave the new workmen revolvers to defend themselves against attack, and when at a later period the new force organized a strike themselves they attempted, with these same revolvers in their hands, to enforce their demands. There they are to-day, and these facts explain why nine tenths of the Bohemians, three fifths of the Hungarians, and one half of the Poles in the state of Ohio live in the city of Cleveland. If a foreigner has been a miner or an iron worker at home he almost invariably follows the same calling when he comes here. This is chiefly the reason why nearly one half of all the Hungarians in the United States live in Pennsylvania and why four out of

five Welshmen who come to this country go to the same state. There are twice as many Welshmen in Wilkesbarre, three times as many in Pittsburg, and five times as many in Scranton as there are in the city of New York; and in interior towns of Ohio and Illinois where there are coal or iron industries the leading mining centers abroad are well represented in the working forces.

Years ago one line of steamships from Liverpool had a contract to bring to New York all the Mormon converts from Europe who came to reinforce the Church of Latter Day Saints. To the energy with which the agents from Salt Lake spread the Mormon propaganda in the Scandinavian countries, England, and Scotland, is due the fact that Utah's population to-day has a large admixture of these foreign elements, while they are poorly represented in the surrounding states. We used to see these bands of proselytes at the Guion wharf in New York, sturdy, well-appearing young men and women, as fine an element of European yeomanry as ever crossed the seas; and some reporters remember the tears and anguish of the venerable Mormon agent in New York when Secretary of State Evarts addressed his famous circular to foreign governments, denouncing the Mormon Church as a pernicious sect and urging the suppression of Mormon proselytism. That circular gave pause to the high tide of Mormon immigration; and Utah missionary enterprise abroad illustrates one phase of the special efforts that, for years, were put forth by various sections of our country to attract a highly desirable class of immigrants.

Thirty-five years ago laborers in the wheat fields of the young and lusty Northwest were fond of singing a song whose refrain proclaimed that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." The end of his resources in this line is in plain view now, but in those days the unfenced prairies stretched away like the sea and all that was needed to turn towns into cities and the wilderness into flourishing commonwealths was an army of hard-muscled pioneers to tickle the soil with a hoe. So the makers of these young territories and states set forth in glowing pamphlets the beauties and richness of the vast wheat lands; and because the Scandinavians who had come among them loved the climate, so like their own, and were a most desirable class of people, these pamphlets were scattered by thousands in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and immigration agents were sent to those countries to stimulate the boom, organize parties of home-seekers, and ship them through to the Northwest. They alone, of all the foreigners who have come to us in great numbers, have inclined very largely toward rural life. It is due to them chiefly that three fourths of the people of Minnesota are of foreign birth or lineage and that four fifths of the North Dakotans are of immediate foreign extraction. They are the only large foreign element among us that is not found in appreciable numbers in a single one of the former slave states. Thousands of them are in the northern towns and cities, most of them laborers and domestic servants; but though they may be poor they will not consent to be next-door neighbors to squalor. This is why they are about five times as numerous in Brooklyn as in New York City. The only rural district in the East where they are found in considerable numbers is the region centering around Lake Chautauqua, extending west to Lake Erie and south into Pennsylvania; but not until Wisconsin is reached do they number as much as five per cent of the population. From Michigan westward they live in every northern state, but by far the largest mass of them is in Minnesota and North Dakota.

The two peoples who began the great exodus from Europe a half century ago have always been the largest factors in it. It was political trouble in Germany and famine in Ireland that started the procession across the sea. Our Irish friends have really not seen very much of the land of their adoption. Most of them at home, men and women, were tillers of the soil, but here they much prefer the towns and cities, particularly those of the North Atlantic States. We are apt to think that the Irish swarm in our West,

and, indeed, many thousands of them live there. But there are more Irish in Boston or Philadelphia or Brooklyn than there are in Chicago. Dublin has not so many natives of the Emerald Isle within its limits as there are in the Greater New York. Seventy thousand more Irish folk live on little Manhattan Island than there are in the whole state of Illinois; and in proportion to the total population of each state there are more of them in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut than in any other states of the Union. Two thirds of the Irish in this country live in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Nearly every town in these states is well supplied with them and, as a rule, has three times as many Irish as western towns that are thrice as large. No foreigners keep more closely in touch with the home people than the Irish, and that is one reason why they like to settle near the sea that washes their island shores.

What a contrast the Germans present! While two thirds of the Irish have lingered near our northeastern seaboard, more than two thirds of the Germans have gone inland. New York State with a half million native Germans is their favored abode in the East, and three fifths of them live in New York City and Brooklyn; but though the Empire State has a larger German element than any other state, the north central region, particularly Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, is their stronghold, and they are more numerous in Wisconsin, in proportion to population, than in any other part of the country. The Germans, Irish, British, Canadians, and Scandinavians comprise about nine tenths of our foreign element and the Germans are spread more widely over our area than any other immigrants. They alone of these five leading nationalities have invaded, in very considerable numbers, the South, where they have many representatives in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas; and they are the only foreign element composing as much as one per cent of the population of Indiana, where they outnumber the Irish four to one and the English seven to one.

Indiana is conspicuous as the most neglected northern state, probably on account of its lack of many important towns, toward which most foreigners tend to gravitate; and also because, in the heyday of immigration, Indiana was distanced by other western states, which inscribed "Welcome" over their gates in letters so large that all Europe might see.

About half of our English neighbors live in the North Atlantic States. They have always shown a liking for the great city where the tenement house is unknown and working people live in comfortable homes. This is one reason why there are more English in Philadelphia than in New York City, and another is that thousands of English operatives are employed in the carpet works of that city. Outside of our north Atlantic area they are scattered more evenly over the Northern States than any other foreign element, so that they nowhere form over ten per cent of the population except in Utah. Many of them live on the ranches and in the mining regions of the far West. The Canadian and British immigration is almost exactly equal and is scattered over about the same territory. Most Canadians who try to better themselves among us move just a little way south; thus the factories of New England are recruited largely from Quebec, the lumber and iron regions of Michigan from Ontario, and the wheat lands of Dakota from Manitoba. The Canadians who wander further south are chiefly engaged in business in our larger cities.

For the most part the foreigner has added little to the census of the Southern States, partly because the North European prefers our northern climate, but chiefly because the South, with its large element of negro labor, does not hold out sufficient inducements. Southern manufacturing centers like Birmingham and Chattanooga have attracted some immigration and a few thousands of French, Italians, Austrians, and Spaniards have been drawn by congenial surroundings to Louisiana and Texas.

Italy takes the lead among those other nations of Europe which have contributed in a far smaller degree to our population. She

is to-day adding a larger element of illiteracy to our people than any other nationality; and it is not an unmixed blessing that in the first four months of this year Italy has sent us nearly one third of the total immigration, 52 per cent of these swarthy newcomers being unable to read or write. Three fifths of them remain in the northeastern seaboard states, which are the catch-all for the larger part of the imported illiterates. It was truly said in Congress, a few weeks ago, that most immigrants who are classed as illiterate do not venture west. He who has energy enough to get into the heart of this continent can generally read and write. New York City may boast of an Italian colony eight times as large as that of Chicago.

Half of Russia's contingent, largely Russian and Polish Jews and Polanders, are settled in the North Atlantic States and there are goodly colonies of them in Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, and South Dakota. The Bohemians, industrious and excellent citizens for the most part, are quite noteworthy for the haste with which they pass through the Atlantic belt and push for the north central region. They slight the East just as that part of the country would like to be slighted by some less desirable elements. As many of them live in Iowa, Nebraska, or Wisconsin as in New York and Pennsylvania together. The Hollanders and the Swiss are other desirable elements the greater part of whom push inland. Three fourths of the Dutch live west of New York State and a fourth of the remainder, or nearly 5,000 souls, are thriving among the manufactories of Paterson, N. J. We used to hear of the Pennsylvania Dutch, but there are less than a thousand native Hollanders in that state now. It is easy to see why the French find congenial surroundings in Louisiana and California and the French in those states outnumber those in any other except New York.

In a half century over 15,000,000 foreigners have come to us. The world never saw before such an imposing stream of immigration; and yet there are many who doubt that we needed even one of these millions to accelerate our development or enhance our greatness. It is a law of population long since discovered that as the population increases the rate of increase diminishes. It is a fact that the rate of increase of the native element in our northern area has greatly decreased since the foreign invasion began. Statisticians tell us that if there had been no immigration our former rate of native increase would have been more nearly maintained, and that probably our population to-day would have been almost as large as it is. We have perhaps gained nothing by the substitution of foreign for native blood. But, on the whole, Europe has sent us muscle and brawn and, in no large measure, capacity and training for the higher activities. In the main it is still the native American who does the headwork for the country and manages its chief concerns.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

"God with us."—St. Matthew I., 23.

[*August 2.*]

THERE is nothing connected with religion which men resent so keenly as the completeness of its claim and the comprehensiveness of its control. Most people are ready enough to admit the importance of religion. Some there are, indeed, who will not go even so far as this; some who altogether reject its claims and set at nought its value. Such persons, however, I am not now dealing with, but rather with those who, at any rate, constitute the great majority of the congregation gathered in God's house to-day. Our presence here would be an insult to religion and to God if we did not all of us at least recognize the importance of religion. But important for what purpose and to what extent?

Is it not a very common opinion that the office and function of religion is only to prepare men for the world to come? We are looking forward to a heavenly home, to an eternal state of being, and therefore it is very necessary that we should pay good heed to whatever may make us ready for these changed conditions of existence. It is, therefore, reasonable enough that we should pay attention to religious duties, and that we should devote certain times and seasons to the diligent care of our immortal souls.

When, however, religion goes beyond this, and asserts her right to exercise a paramount control over our ordinary business and occupations; when she lays her hand upon every thought and word and action of our daily life, and claims us wholly for the Lord, then it is that men begin to resent her interference, and ignore, even if they do not deride, her pretensions.

Speak to the man of the world in this strain, and he will look at you with a scornful and contemptuous pity, as though you were talking of what it was impossible for you to understand. You who speak like this may be very well intentioned, but you must be singularly wanting in knowledge of the world.

And so the claims of religion are resented and resisted.

Hence it comes to pass that there is a growing tendency to separate our human life into two distinct departments; to put religion by itself in one and all that relates to common human affairs in the other. The world is not to interfere in the work of religion, and on the other hand religion must have no part in the control or direction of the business of the world. A clearly marked division is made between things which are secular and things which are religious, and we are told that it is unreasonable, impossible, and absurd to attempt to push the claims of religion into those affairs with which religion can have no concern.

I have said that the tendency is a growing tendency, and this is natural enough; because if you once allow that any part of our life may be withdrawn from the presence and control of God, there will be an almost irresistible pressure to widen and expand the application of this principle, until it embraces almost every detail of human conduct. Admit the principle, and it will be found that the restraints of religion become more and more irksome. And the most grievous result of all is, that men at last will be content to acquiesce in this divorce of religion and common life, until each will begin to claim in his own *individual life* to separate the secular from the religious, and religion is at last degraded from its true position of supreme control, and becomes a mere conventional performance of external acts of devotion, a formal, lifeless, heartless thing, without any vital energy and power.

Surely it is high time that in the name of God and God's truth we assert God's claim to be in all things paramount and supreme. "Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

[*August 9.*]

Poor toil-worn souls, who are pressed down with many anxieties and sorrows, who feel the daily burden of unceasing labor and the fierce battle of competition in the world, who find religion a restraint and hindrance in your life, who are tempted to put away the thought of God until a time when your temptations are fewer and your struggle less severe; you whose time is so occupied and life so engrossed with business that you have now no time for thoughts of God and of eternity; know that your view of religion and its scope is altogether a mistaken view. Forcibly to rend asunder what God has joined together is unnatural, and I might almost say impossible; at any rate the attempt must end in degradation of both, for it is, on the one hand, to take out of our daily life that which dignifies and sweetens and softens it, the source of all its strength and gladness, and, on the other hand, to deprive religion of the proper sphere in which it is to find its exercise, and so to dwarf and stunt and paralyze all its powers.

True, indeed, that God intends to bring us to our heavenly home, and that we must

have that home ever before us as our goal; but he also means to make this life, with all its daily toil, better and nobler and happier for us by his presence and his power. The battle of life is severe enough, no doubt—its cares and anxieties so great that there may often seem to be no room for God; and yet the very conflict, rightly used, is to be the means of growth and strength. Will the soldier fight less bravely if he is conscious all the while that the eye of his commanding officer is upon him? Will the workman be less zealous because he is looking for the approval of his employer? And do you suppose that life's work will be done less faithfully because we are day by day submitting ourselves to the guidance of our Lord? It is by means of this life that we are to be trained for the life to come; it is here that we are to fight the battle, and face the discipline, and bear the burdens, all the while bearing them for him. What is the meaning of the incarnation if it is less than this, "God with us"—not hereafter only, but *now*.

"God with us"—to be our ever watchful friend, our never failing guide; to support us in our weakness, to guard us in our dangers, to defend us in our temptations, to console us in our sorrows, to gladden and brighten all the dreariness of common drudgery, and make every act of service an offering consecrated unto him. God knows no such distinction of secular and religious as men choose to make. To him nothing is secular. As the bright sunshine from the heavens penetrates into the very darkest corner that has not been closed against its beams, so, too, religion searches out the very secret recesses of life and conduct which are not withdrawn from its influence and brightens and beautifies and purifies all that it touches.

"God with us"—then in the midst of the worries and anxieties of this world's business we are sustained by a divine power, for we have meat to eat which the world knows not of.

"God with us"—then is our courage roused and our enthusiasm kindled; for in every difficulty which we overcome, in every temptation which we resist, we are winning a battle for our Lord.

"God with us"—then every burden may be bravely borne, every difficulty may be boldly met; for we are not left alone, never desolate, never helpless, never in despair.

"God with us"—then can we in this day be witnesses for him, not so much by the constancy of our religious worship as by the power of a religious life. Nothing surely will impress the world so much with the reality of our religion as when it is shown to be the central source and spring of uprightness and purity and truth.

"God with us"—thus it is that earth becomes a foretaste of heaven itself, and time the gateway of eternity. It is true indeed that the fashion of this world passeth away, true that on all around is stamped the mark of its mortality. But the divine life quickens every earthly act and plants in it the seed of immortality. It is said that matter is imperishable. That is a scientific question which I cannot discuss. But this I know, that no act done in Christ and for him can perish.

"God with us"—it cannot perish, for "whoso doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Religion and common life, are they apart? Then each is valueless. Bind them together by the sacred tie of God's presence and they become a living power to witness in the world, and to ennoble all our daily life with the dignity of God himself.

[*August 16.*]

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Text, James I., 26, 27.

LET us set ourselves deliberately and thoughtfully to examine into the nature and scope of that influence for which we have so unhesitatingly demanded a supreme and paramount control in all that concerns the well-being of mankind. In philanthropy and in business, in politics and in schemes for social amelioration, in giving an answer to the many perplexing problems which on all sides await solution, in dealing with our work and with our leisure, with poverty, war, and pain, we have seen that the principles

and the power of religion cannot be repudiated or ignored. Nor can the importance of our present inquiry be well exaggerated, because until we get a distinct and clear answer in our own minds it is impossible to expect that we shall be able to make any real advance in the practice of religion, or in the growth and development of those fundamental principles which are to control and govern our whole moral and spiritual nature. It is beyond all doubt that many of the misconceptions and much of the careless indifference about religion prevalent among us are due to the fact that men, even those who profess and call themselves Christians, have not set themselves to answer this necessary question or to grasp clearly the truth concerning it.

In the text which I have chosen, St. James distinctly asserts that it is quite possible for a man to think himself to be religious, and yet all the while to be deceiving his own heart, unless there be in his life that evidence which is given by the exercise of self-government and self-control.

It is easy enough to see that in its elementary and initial stages religion may be nothing more than a mere feeling of awe or dread, springing out of the consciousness of the unseen and the supernatural. We may mark this very often in the awe of a child shrinking from the mysterious and the unknown; we can trace it more clearly in the history of heathen superstitions and mythologies. To buy off danger though it be by some costly sacrifice, to avert disaster by acts of solemn worship, to erect altars even to an unknown God; these are the expressions of a religion which proceeds from fear. All such religion is false from the very foundation and origin of it. Love, and not fear, is the basis of all religion pure and undefiled.

It is the inevitable and irresistible tendency of all religions, true as well as false, in process of time to become crystalized in commandments and creeds, in forms and in ceremonies. All the Levitical ordinances of the Mosaic dispensation, all the gorgeous ritual of the temple worship, all the burnt offerings and costly sacrifices, and, to come to our own times, the current religious controversies of the day, which gather round such mere externals as gowns and surplices, music and flowers, postures and attitudes, copes and candles, are evidences of the tendency of the religious people to fasten upon things which are outward, and which in themselves cannot have any living force and power. And surely the danger for us all is, lest, satisfying ourselves with the mere husks of an external service, we should rest content without the consecration of the heart and life to God. We have abundant evidence of this danger.

Who so scrupulous in the performance of such religious obligations as the Jews of our Lord's time? Who so zealous in demanding a rigid obedience to all the superstitious observances which in the course of centuries have been added to the Mosaic law? And yet who so fatally forgetful of all that religion demanded and proclaimed, until, in the name of religion, they committed the most atrocious crime that has ever been accomplished, when they crucified the Lord of glory? And our Master's scathing condemnation, "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you," is a testimony to the utter worthlessness of a religion which has no power to control the affections and the will, or to guide and govern the conduct of men. And it is worthless, not because it is careful to pay due regard to external ordinances, but because it cares nothing for that which is higher and nobler still.

[*August 23.*]

And if religion does not consist in the mere externals, the mere casket in which the precious gem of divine truth and love should be enshrined, so neither does it consist in the possession and maintenance of an orthodox creed.

The doctrinal controversies which have shaken Christendom, and which still disturb the peace of the church, carried on with the burning zeal and the unscrupulous hatred which are almost characteristic of religious strife, carried on by men who are on all sides equally confident in the purity of their own

faith, and the conformity of their own opinions to the mind of God—do not these facts serve to show that pure and undefiled religion lies deeper even than the orthodoxy of our belief? The zeal of religious persecutors, from St. Paul down to our own times, who have not hesitated to attempt to enforce their own belief on the minds of others by means of fire and sword, shows how the very spirit of religion may be wanting, even when there is confident knowledge and zealous service. Not for one single moment would I presume to disparage the importance of a right faith, or a clear conception of religious doctrines; but beware lest, in the eager fight for the doctrines which you hold, you become a mere partisan, and care more to win a party victory than to contend earnestly for the faith of Christ. Beware, for it is possible to be a very enthusiast in the defense of Christianity and yet to have no hold on Christ. It matters not how orthodox may be your belief, or how correct your creed, unless Christ's love rules the heart and guides the will.

So, too, religious works and deeds of philanthropy are not religion. The gift of God is not to be purchased with money, or bought with service however earnest. I do not mean to argue that deeds of charity have no connection with religion. My own text would confute me if I did. "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," as well as to contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and to pay due regard to the forms and observances of religion—all these are the necessary and natural fruits of religion; nay more, they may serve to show its vitality and strength, because where none of these fruits are manifested it is impossible that there can be any religion at all; and yet not even the most active works of charity, certainly not the fussy and restless activity in even good deeds which is a feature of our times: none of these things is of the essence of religion.

To an energetic disposition the demand for work is imperative, and even religious people need a caution lest in the busy and manifold activities of religious and philanthropic work they should lose that sweet restfulness of the soul which finds the source of its strength and power in the presence of the Lord. Nor is the danger altogether passed away which was so conspicuous a flaw in the religion of an earlier age, when good works came to be regarded as so much balance to our credit, when our account with God should be made up. The best and noblest of human activities is of no value to obtain merit or secure pardon—of no value except in so far as it may be the evidence of the living faith in Christ from which it ought to spring.

[*August 30.*]

BUT if it be true that pure religion consists neither in correct doctrines, nor in external observances, nor even in the ministries of man for man, the question remains, what then is religion? And to this I answer:

1. True religion is *light*. It is a revelation "not received from man, or taught by man, but through the revelation of Jesus Christ." It is as true now as ever that the "world by wisdom knew not God." It is supernatural in its source and origin; we can know only what God has chosen to reveal. And what is true of the religion which we receive as a system is true also of our own personal religion. The same Lord who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, the same Lord whose good pleasure it was to reveal his Son to Paul the persecutor, quickens now those who were dead in trespasses and sins, brings us out of darkness into light, out of bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God. And religion which is a revelation *from* God is also a revelation *of* God. When the light comes the author of light is manifested. The Father is revealed in the Son. And when the darkness and the mists have rolled away and Jesus himself and Jesus only is made known in the light of God's revelation to the soul, then the soul prostrate before the majesty of divine presence and divine power falls down in the attitude of adoring worship and exclaims, "My Lord and my God!" Religion is a

revalation of Christ, the light of the world.

2. Religion is *life*. It is an inspiration, an enthusiasm. "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things have passed away and all things have become new"; new hopes, new aims, new plans, new destiny. "Behold, I make all things new." And religious life, like all other life, is power and growth and action. Not a mere system of morality, not a bondage of law and of restraint, but a living force, a power which touches the inmost springs of the affections and the will, and transforms the dull, dead clay of a carnal nature into the quick and eager activities of a spiritual life. It makes a man, for it is his life.

3. Pure religion is *love*. Love in its source and origin, for God is love. Love in its development, for it grows and is sustained by love to the living Lord. The Son of God "who loved me and gave himself for me," awakens and makes strong my love for life and service. Religion is a revelation of love, it is a life of love, it is a love to God in Christ.

Do you say that this is to make religion a mere emotion or a sentiment? By no means. Religion is essentially practical, and finds its natural expression in all the duties and occupations of our life. When the power of divine love has taken possession of the soul, that new life thrills in every pulse of action, and testifies to the reality of its own existence in every duty. The life of love colors every action, gives power and growth and eager enthusiasm and activity to every religious duty. It is an inward power, but it is manifested, aye, and it is strengthened in every outward act of service.

What, then, brethren, is your religion? Will you be satisfied with the dry and lifeless bones of a barren and conventional formalism; will you be content with the mere parody of religion, in worship and in doctrine and in service, with which so many are willing to lull their conscience to sleep, as with some spiritual anodyne; or will you not rather pray and strive that the light of Christ and the life of Christ and the love of Christ may be made manifest in you, so that you may have that happiness in service and that peace and joy in believing which only religion pure and undefiled can give?—*Rev. J. F. Kitto, M. A.*

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY ALJA ROBINSON CROOK, PH.D.

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THE student of German university conditions, methods, and equipment would be able to visit each of the institutions and study them on the spot without much expenditure of time or money. Beginning at Kiel, he would find a university that, in spite of the two hundred and thirty years which it has had for growth, has only five hundred students and fifty professors. Going from there to Rostock, he would find a university older than Kiel (founded A.D. 1419) and smaller too, having only three hundred students and forty instructors—the smallest of the German universities—but famous for some of the instructors who have lectured in its halls. Kepler was professor here when he "laid down the law to the stars." East of Rostock about fifty miles he would reach Greifswald, whose university was founded in 1456; whose teaching force consists of sixty men, and about half of whose students study medicine. From here he would travel three hundred fifty miles before reaching Königsberg, the most eastern of the universities and the farthest north; a venerable institution, three hundred fifty years old, with the same number of students as Greifswald, but more than eighty instructors. In its halls some famous men have worked. Immanuel Kant received his education and spent the thirty years of his mechanically routine but wonderfully pro-

ductive life as professor here. These four northernmost universities all have in addition to their old buildings new ones erected in the Renaissance style.

From Königsberg the traveler would turn his face toward the southwest taking a slow train to the capital of Silesia, the second largest city of the empire, Breslau, where he would find a young university not yet a hundred years old, having fifteen hundred students and a faculty of one hundred sixty-six professors. He would find a long, steeply-roofed old building finished with stucco and gilding in the ornate style of the last century and more typically German than any of the chief buildings he had thus far seen. Two hundred sixty three miles northwest is Berlin, the heart of the German Empire, and its intellect too, for its university is the largest and in some respects the best in the country. More than eight thousand students listen to its more than two hundred instructors. Such numbers lead Bismarck and the kaiser to voice the complaint that too many young men are receiving a university education. The next place to visit would be Halle, famous for the salt which its mines have furnished the tables of Germany and the solid food which its university has furnished the theologies of the world, pietistic and rationalistic. Then in order would come Leipsic, the second university in point of numbers, with thirty-five hundred students, and among the first in the character of work accomplished. Then sixty miles south is Jena, one of the smallest of the group; yet with a faculty, in the past, that has gained renown in medicine, theology, and literature. Among its instructors at one time were Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schlegel, Oken, and Schiller. Its students have always had a passion for *Freiheit* and *Duell*. The *Burschenschaft* movement began here in 1813.

Würtzburg would be visited next. It was the second university to be founded in Germany and is now four hundred years old. Half of its nine hundred students are in the medical department. At Erlangen, a few miles southeast of here, the major part of the students are preparing for the ministry. The traveler would end his southern journey at Munich, the capital of Bavaria; the city of beer, art, and science, and one whose university ranks third in point of numbers (twenty-five hundred) and is one of the strongest in its philosophical department. One hundred forty miles west of Munich is Tübingen, the home of that school of philosophy whose influence began with Bauer and will not cease for many decades. Some of its buildings are beautiful. In number in ranks seventh. Freiburg, sixty miles to the southwest, presents an uninviting exterior with its old buildings. And fifty miles north of it is the university having more stately and beautiful buildings than any of its sisters —the Kaiser Wilhelm University at Strasburg. Before the Franco-Prussian War it was the only complete university in France besides that of Paris. At the close of the war it was reopened and equipped with new buildings and faculty. The oldest of the group, old Heidelberg, is seventy miles north of Strasburg. It was founded in 1386. It is famous for the good work of its faculty and the dissipation of its students. Within reach if not within hearing of its lectures the German student hopes to spend his *Bummel Semester*. Nowhere do the students show more scars on their faces or are they more pompous.

The delightful trip down the Rhine brings the traveler to Bonn, the *alma mater* of the present emperor and much patronized by the aristocracy. It ranks eighth in number of faculty and students, and is housed in an old palace—a remarkably long structure, built of materials obtained from the old fortifications of the city. Giessen, another old university, and one of the smallest, lies east of Bonn about seventy miles. Twenty miles north of it are the romantic and picturesque Gothic buildings of Marburg. And Göttingen, with its many buildings, is one hundred miles northeast of Marburg. In its halls the Grimm brothers studied before they began to hunt for all the words in the German language to put into their big book. While a student there Bismarck used to fight his duels. Finally, to end the journey, the traveler would visit Münster, lying one hun-

dred twenty miles to the northwest. It was once a university with four faculties; but law and medicine are now no longer taught and only the theological and philosophical faculties remain.

In that journey of less than twenty-five hundred miles the traveler would see a collection of twenty-one universities not surpassed by any group in any country in the world.

There are only twenty-one of them. With fifty millions of inhabitants Germany has but twenty-one universities, while the United States with sixty million inhabitants has four hundred institutions which call themselves colleges or universities; *i. e.*, for every five persons in Germany there are six persons in the United States, but for every five universities in Germany there are one hundred in the United States. Once while discussing American educational conditions with George Ebers at his summer residence on Starnberger Sea, Bavaria, I mentioned the number of our colleges and universities. In expressing his great surprise he voiced the opinion of the average European and of many Americans who do not look at all the conditions. But the number appeared less unreasonable to Mr. Ebers when he learned that but few of our colleges are as near to each other as are the majority of the institutions of his country; that many universities means saving of car fare to students and avoidance of long separation from home; that our colleges have been built more with reference to geographical than to population conditions; and that a large part of our institutions are of gymnasium rank. Germany has about four hundred gymnasia. The German universities are on an average about one hundred ten miles apart. At that rate we would be entitled to over five hundred universities and to supply the place of the gymnasia four hundred colleges more. However after fairly considering all conditions we must admit that we have two colleges where we should have but one.

Taken as a whole the German university buildings are disappointing. The American student who goes abroad to study has probably spent his college life at an institution where a number of fine buildings are grouped on a large campus beautiful with green sward, graceful with curved walks, adorned with stately trees, cool and green in summer, picturesque and white when hanging with snow in winter, diversified perchance with rolling slopes, with streams and waterfalls, or with the wash of waters of a mighty lake, beautiful in sunshine, glorious in storms, ever new. When from such a campus he seeks a German university he is in danger of disappointment and homesickness. His ideas of things European have been greatly exaggerated, as he always hears the great things mentioned and comes to regard everything of foreign make as superior. But in these buildings he usually finds somber, dingy structures, scattered in different parts of the city, and built directly on the sidewalk, looking often like repelling fortifications rather than inviting halls of learning. There is not a single university campus of any beauty in Germany. The universities are all in cities, the majority of which have over forty-five thousand inhabitants and one fourth of them more than one hundred thousand inhabitants.

The usual building materials are brick and stucco. The stucco peals off. If the original color was not somber the brush of time has made it so, for all the buildings are old. The five youngest—with the exception of Strasburg—have buildings over one hundred years of age. Halle, Kiel, and Giessen are over two hundred years old; Jena, Königsberg, and Marburg over three hundred; Freiburg, Greifswald, Rostock, and Leipsic over four hundred; and Heidelberg over five hundred. They are naturally enough dingy, and walls and columns are often out of plumb and floors and staircases worn. Furnishings are plain. There is a general absence of carpets, easy chairs, or fine tables. Students in the lecture rooms sit on straight-backed board benches arranged in rows so that a board nailed to the back of one bench supplies a table for the following. However, though far from luxurious, the buildings are commodious and well appointed and the equipment is indeed excellent. Not one of the

twenty universities has less than one hundred thousand volumes in the library. Jena, Königsberg, Würtzburg, Freiburg, Bonn, Tübingen have over two hundred thousand. Heidelberg, Breslau, Munich, Leipsic have over three hundred thousand. Göttingen has five hundred thousand. The library of Strasburg which was destroyed by fire during the bombardment in '70 has been replaced largely by donation till now it is richer than ever, with more than six hundred thousand volumes. The city and university libraries are together. The university of Munich has full access to the Royal Library, which contains upwards of a million volumes. The royal library of Berlin with its million volumes is under the control of the university. If this is not luxury it is at least competence.

In nearly all the institutions are remarkable or good geological, mineralogical, palæontological, archæological, zoölogical, and botanical collections. Not only have time and money made the collections possible, but also a just appreciation of their power of illustrating conditions and conveying knowledge. Laboratories in all branches are well equipped and accessible. These laboratories, museums, and libraries form centers of intellectual activity so serviceable and attractive as to in a great measure account for the popularity of the German university among foreigners. There are more foreigners in attendance here than there are in the universities of any other country. During the summer semester of '94 there were, doing post-graduate work, four students from Australia, fourteen from Africa, sixty-four from Asia (mostly Japanese), and three hundred and fifty-one from America. Nearly every European country was represented, so that there were nearly two thousand foreigners in attendance. Fortunately there is no tariff on students, though it is often talked of when a McKinley or a Wilson Tariff Bill is passed in the United States. These hundreds of Americans do not go to Germany because their own universities are poor or for the reason that the German professor is more talented than the American. However efficient the teaching force or perfect the institution within reach of the American student he will wisely continue to visit German universities to learn another language and the best of foreign methods, after he has become acquainted with the best at home.

The high position which the German university holds to-day is due to one condition more than to any other and that is to freedom. Until the seventeenth century the German university was of small importance. Ruled by the general belief that wisdom was created in antiquity and that the duty of the scholar was the transmission of established doctrine, small was the incentive to intellectual activity. But with the work of Bacon, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Harvey, search after new truth came to be not only not feared but valued and encouraged and with it the necessity of dividing the work of the professors and creating new departments. Still, as late as the beginning of this century each professor had several subjects to teach. Kant (1724-1804) lectured at Königsberg on mathematics and physics, logic and metaphysics, ethics, law, anthropology, physical geography, and mineralogy. To-day the professor has one branch to teach. His classroom work amounts to from four to eight hours per week. His time is not primarily spent in correcting examination papers, hearing students tell what they do not know, or urging them to make the most of their opportunities. He is not required to saw intellectual wood all day long and to be judged by the number of sticks cut during the day. He is regarded as an intellectual athlete who trains for condition and then breaks the intellectual record by adding space to the thought territory covered and height to the notch of achievement. Relieved from excess of drudgery and from the distraction of scattered subjects he has rare opportunity for specialization—usually with success, sometimes with misjudgment. As one listens to exasperating details on the length of a Greek vowel, on the history of some now exploded theory, on all the possible constituents of all variations of a

rock, he feels that either the subject has lost the last vestige of valuable interest so that husks and trifles alone remain or that the lecturer has become a machine. He sees that some specialization may become as much of a fault as loose generalization and that the specialist is in danger of losing that knowledge of the whole—that world wisdom—which is necessary for the true philosophy of learning. Leaders see this danger and are opposing the narrowing tendency. But so much good work is done that the German university is known as a scientific factory where facts collected from the universe are shaped and fitted and sent to the thought markets of the world. It is unfortunate that this division of labor which has been so successfully adopted in our business world in dealing with watches, or shoes, or plows, or in packing pigs should be so long neglected in the educational world where men are dealt with. In this respect is the professor free. But in another respect is he free and in a respect no less important for the most successful work. He can think and teach what he regards as the truth without regard to civil or ecclesiastical rulers. Sometimes his teaching is objected to by those in power. A year or so ago the kaiser took occasion to express his dislike of Virchow's speeches at a Social Democrat meeting by sending Helmholtz a birthday present and congratulations "not only for being a great advancer of human knowledge but also for not meddling with politics"—a very harmless reproof.

But in the fall of '94 a *privatdocent* in Berlin sent a contribution to the Social Democrats and made a speech encouraging them. The kaiser wrote the university faculty requesting that this *docent* be dropped from the list of instructors. The faculty replied that they chose the instructor in question to teach physics and that as he was a success in that they should retain him. He is still holding his position.

We never hear of heresy trials in Germany. That manner of "protecting the truth" has not been employed for many decades.

Thus it is that the German professor is aided by freedom in thought and in time, and by fine equipment; and these conditions will enable him to lead in the educational world and to attract students. We may expect Germany to retain the first rank in the educational world.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO BIOLOGY.

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IN this material age and in our still too material America biology may share with astronomy the reproach of being the least of the sciences in its contributions to wealth. Geology, mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics including electricity, and physics —these branches in their innumerable applications to industrial development are the great wealth producers. The science of life has an economic or a wealth-producing side of daily increasing importance, but in our opinion this is not the side where the greatest debt lies. It lies first at the door of our knowledge of the history of living things, including our knowledge of our own relation to the universe, then in our knowledge of our friends and enemies in the world of life below and around us which tends to the preservation and perfection of our physical life, then in the principles which underlie the social welfare of the race, and finally in the principles of heredity which when more widely understood are destined to uplift the moral as well as the physical development of our race—in short the intellectual, moral, and physical benefits arising out of man's knowledge of life and of himself.

When Aristotle divided the sciences into the organic and inorganic he unconsciously forecast the equal relations which begin to

exist between these divisions and men—first in the material benefits which are flowing to us as we are gradually turning the laws of nature to our service, second, in the intellectual and moral benefits which will come from our better understanding of and obedience to these laws. Every year we see more clearly that man is both the master and the servant of nature—a strange paradox. We have already made many great strides toward these goals. Upon the one side we are fast distinguishing certain common properties of ether and of matter which tie chemistry, physics, and electricity together. The wonderful visions of the English physicist Faraday of the unity of those different forms of energy which we call heat, light, and electricity have been confirmed in England by Maxwell and in Germany by Hertz.

But how about the unity of matter and of life?

It is well to put foremost what we do not know but never to admit for a moment that we cannot know. We do not know how these properties of matter and of ether are related to life. We are still far from understanding what life itself is, or how it began, or even how living and lifeless forms of matter are connected and separated. We only face the fact that there is some great mystery in life itself which cannot be analyzed in any chemical or physical laboratory. Yet what seemed unknowable to the greatest philosophers a century ago is now the common knowledge of the schoolboy, so that we may well follow the lead of the late Professor von Helmholtz when he declares: "Science whose rôle it is to fathom the secrets of nature must always advance upon the principle that these secrets are fathomable." And every step forward while increasing our knowledge increases rather than diminshes our reverence; for, as Tennyson tells us, the secrets are tied up not only in man but in the very humblest animals and plants.

First in order of what we owe to the biology of the present century is the history of living things. Like a compass this directs in a true course our survey and study of nature and hastens our interpretation of its laws. The truth of the past and present evolution or gradual development of the universe which has been observed for twenty-five centuries* can now be understood and taught in the schoolroom. Is it not striking that the slow unfolding of this truth has extended from the largest and most remote heavenly bodies to the nearest living bodies and has thus followed the actual order of Genesis? In the awakening of science led by Galileo in the 16th century man's high instinct of curiosity as to the origin of things was not first directed upon himself but upon objects most remote; in astronomy during the 18th century he found proofs of the evolution of the heavenly bodies; in geology during the early part of the 19th century he recognized the evolution of the surface of the globe; in zoölogy and botany, the evolution of the lower forms of animals and plants; only as a final step in the century comes his general recognition of the evolution of his own frame.

Now, as to the influence of this truth upon human thought, look to the writings of the first half century, such as the "Bridgewater Treatises," and see how the tide of reasoning was all flowing in the wrong direction and then consider how in 1858 "The Origin of Species," the greatest biological work ever written, slowly stemmed this tide and as it was followed up by evidence brought forward in Darwin's succeeding works turned the whole current of thought into the broad channel of true conceptions of nature. And when we pass on to consider what this means in all our biological studies, and in fact in our thought upon all subjects, our debt to the evolution idea seems immeasurable.

This idea ceased to be unwelcome to those who believed that everything in nature was cast by the creator in a perfect but fixed and unchangeable mold, as soon as it appeared that animals and plants are the more perfect for the very reason that they are not fixed but can change with their surroundings. People who love to look beyond nature to its author find in this gradual and

* The earliest record we have of the dim perception of the evolution of life is in the philosophy of Empedocles, a Sicilian who lived 600 B. C.

changeable perfection still stronger evidence that the universe is intelligently ordered. The foundations of our belief have not been undermined, for whatever be the causes of evolution the order and result is more full of purpose and fitness of means to ends than the old order of fixed creation. Darwin's especial view of these causes that in the struggle for existence only the fittest survive was but one solid advance in the search for the reasons why animals and plants and man himself are constantly improving. Probably a century or more of study confronts us before we learn all that constitutes this perfecting principle which we call evolution; but remembering the advice of Von Helmholtz this very incompleteness of our knowledge is an added stimulus to serious study and reflection. None the less evolution is now part of history and has extended like a tonic into every sphere of human thought; this new biological interpretation extends into every new page of philosophy, of history, and of literature; it enriches our very language; if rightly understood it makes our prophecy of the future more hopeful. Competition, struggle, survival, and selection are now current coin of our intellectual realm.

Now as for the history of life in general how much in the dark we should be without palæontology. When "The Origin of Species" was written the vulnerable point was the lack of evidence that animals were directly descended from each other. The skeptical demanded proofs. But Darwin's work revitalized palæontology and it began to be treated as a live science, upon the principle cleverly stated by Huxley that the only difference between a fossil and a recent animal is that one has been dead a little longer than the other. Out of the solid rocks we are expanding the terse but grand verses of the first chapter of Genesis. In St. Johns, New Brunswick, has recently been found a fauna which appears to be older than the oldest hitherto known. Continuous steps in the scale of life are now traced through vast periods of time. When the vertebrated or back-boned animals appear, our progress has been if anything still more wonderful—certainly more brilliant, because of the greater variety of vertebrate forms and closer approach to the human type. The migrations of these ancient animals enable us to map out the ancient seas and continents, to close up Behring Strait into an isthmus, and to widen the track of the Panama Canal into an ancient sea connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. In the arid Rocky Mountain region our scientific imagination pictures a superb chain of beautiful and fertile lakes. We people their shores not only with extinct monsters but we there trace our familiar friends of the house and the stable, the dog, cat, and horse, to their ancestral stock. We not only know the geography and zoölogy of these old lakes but abundant fossil plants give us the key to the changes of temperature, climate, and moisture. The history of life is crowned by the history of man.

Man's highest study is man, and the science of man does not begin with written history, nor with archæology as the history of human arts, nor with ethnology as the history of human races; it begins with three purely biological sciences, anatomy, embryology, and palæontology. These are the three great fountains of evidence as to man's origin. We commonly think of anatomy as applied by the physician and surgeon, but the non-medical side of anatomy is contributing to our history. The variations which occur in our bones, muscles, and teeth are full of proof of our past and present evolution* and of signs of what the future man will be in body and mind. Embryology† and infant development,‡ both mental and physical, also open to us remote vistas of past forms, habits, and instincts so unlike our present selves that man appears like a *palimpsest*—a new writing upon the almost obliterated traces of an old. Palæontology, the third fountain of evidence, has thus far failed to connect us with the lower mammalia, but three skulls found in widely separated parts of the earth, in Neanderthal, in Spy, and in Java, point to the wide distribution of

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*See "The Contemporary Evolution of Man," the Cartwright Lectures, No. I., by the present writer, in the New York *Medical Record*, 1891.

†See "Human Embryology." C. S. Minot.

‡See "Mental Development." J. Mark Baldwin. Macmillan & Co.

an inferior type if not an older species of the human race. Thus at any moment may be heralded the discovery of the link which will definitely connect us with our past and in fulfillment of the beautiful thought of Aristotle so oft repeated in the verse of modern poets show that man is the flower of the ages —the highest step in creation.

But now we pass on to see how evolution is influencing the practical development of that side of biology which is most useful to man.

Under zoölogy every class of animals upon water and land has its corps of enthusiastic students until there are ologies without end, each with its peculiar charm, each serving its noble purpose, and with its own historic development and aims. Of all these branches three perhaps stand out as rendering the greatest services to mankind at the present time; these are the sciences of insect life, of fish life, and of bacterial or monad life. But before dwelling upon the practical side let us widen our point of view and deepen our philosophical insight by a joint reference to botany and zoölogy in their services both to human thought and to our physical well-being. Why have these sciences become so useful to man in the last half century? We find again that it is the stimulus of the evolution idea which has led the modern botanist to vie with the zoölogist not only in the study of animals and plants in themselves but in their relations to each other. It is our rapidly increasing knowledge of these relations in the struggle for existence, in the competitive and destructive powers of species, in parasitism, in the rapid growth of species when unchecked, in the influences of increased and diminished food supply, in distribution in climate, in air and ocean currents—in short in all the so-called factors of evolution—it is this mass of knowledge flowing in the first instance out of pure biological research which we are turning to practical and economic purposes. When an orchard, a vineyard, or a great wheat district is attacked and the prosperity of a whole section of the country is threatened we turn to some specialist who is trained in his own branch of biology. He knows that a living enemy will be far more fatal to an insect pest than any chemical or mechanical means of destruction and he sets about to discover and disseminate some infectious disease, as has been done so successfully in certain cases. Or he looks the world over for another insect which, while harmless in itself, is known to feed upon the pest, as in the case of that brought to southern California from Australia by Dr. C. D. Riley. Or again, in the relations of insects to plants he knows that certain varieties of plants enjoy immunity or resist attack, as the European grapevine grafted upon the American vinestock stoutly resists the fatal *Phylloxera*.

Turning from entomology to ichthyology we find man again suspending the enormous destruction of life which is part of the regular order of nature and protecting the eggs of fishes from their hosts of enemies. The artificial fertilization, hatching, and rearing of fishes opens up a ledger of future wealth greater than the national debt. The United States government leads the world in encouraging this applied science by liberal appropriations just as it is leading in applied entomology. Experiments now in progress in lobster hatching and oyster hatching will undoubtedly prove successful in the end, although the difficulties encountered in imitating nature among these animals seem to be almost insurmountable. Great as has been our recent progress we recognize that we are still only upon the threshold of the enjoyment of the practical benefits which invariably flow from a deeper knowledge of nature. There is no occasion for a gloomy or pessimistic view of the future food supply. As the population of the earth increases and the old routine sources of food supply known to our grandfathers may perhaps diminish, the biologist, ever fertile in new expedients, will more than offset this diminution by further conquests upon land and sea.

The physical well-being of man leads us now into a widely different field, where biology is perhaps rendering its most humane and noble services. We refer to the great movement toward the preservation

of human life and health by the study of the life of the minutest germ-organisms; we cannot as yet positively decide whether they are animals or plants. The present resistance among the Arabs to the advance of European sanitary legislation may seem to us childish and even barbarous, but we look back only half a century to find as great barbarism in civilized England. Witness the prolonged efforts of Dean Buckland, a palæontologist, and Richard Owen, a comparative anatomist, to secure even the crudest sanitary legislation in Parliament, and to remove a heavy tax upon windows, which was depriving the poor of ventilation. The whole modern sanitary movement was cradled by biologists, but we have space here to glance at only one aspect of it. First then let us remove what is perhaps a widespread misapprehension that all germs are malevolent; on the other hand, we have learned step by step of their constructive and beneficent properties. The bacteriologist will tell you that every stage of our existence is dependent upon the working of bacteria; so far from being our greatest enemies, they are among our greatest friends. Every form of food depends in some stage of its preparation upon the activity of bacteria, so that we may say that without these wrongly dreaded organisms we should cease to exist. The discovery of immunity, anticipated in vaccine and developed successively in the hydrophobia cure of Pasteur, the "tuberculin" of Koch, and the "antitoxine" of Behring—which consists in sending a messenger through the system so that either a mild form of the disease or the diffusion of a counter-poison renders the individual safe from attack—this is a principle which will undoubtedly extend until one after another of these deleterious bacteria will be met and conquered for all time.

In conclusion let us turn to the widely different subject of heredity. Here we are in a field where the world is still unconscious of its debt; for we have not yet availed ourselves of the data which are thus far confined to the writings of a few specialists. But the great laws of inheritance, like all the other gifts of biology, will gradually be disseminated more widely and become the common property of the people. At present heredity is in the pure-research stage; it stands relatively where bacteriology did twenty years ago. Obedience to the natural laws of heredity could not be enforced now. It would be as unwelcome to Europeans and Americans to-day as the enforcement of the principles of bacteriology is in the Orient. But once spread among the people the intelligence that the violation of certain laws of nature tends to spread misery, insanity, and disease—then these laws receive popular support.

Pure research in heredity, while preceding its application to the benefit of humanity and outwardly making no stir, is nevertheless most active. And the progress which has been made in the past few years is simply marvelous. We find that the physical basis of inheritance lies in two substances called chromatin and archoplasm. In the process of conception, or fertilization, the union of the chromatin from the paternal and the maternal sides, whether in animals or plants, represents the union of all the ancestral hereditary characters which enter into the offspring. Any violent disturbance at the time of this union or during the early stages of development may profoundly modify this offspring, but the natural growth to maturity may now be compared to a well-constructed watch which will keep perfect time unless its environment is so much disturbed as to interfere with the mechanism. Finally as the offspring advances toward maturity the hereditary characters are distributed by the chromatin to all the cells of the body and brain, and now begins a contest between the hereditary predisposition and the forces of nurture and of education. In the meantime a portion of the hereditary chromatin early passes to the reproductive cells and is shut off from all the influences of nurture and experience except those connected with health. We owe to Professor Weismann of Freiburg mainly the emphasis upon this idea of the continuity of the hereditary substance from generation to generation and of

each individual as the bearer of the hereditary or race plasma. As these principles become better known there will grow up a new idea of the responsibility of each individual in the preservation of the unimpaired vitality of this marvelous hereditary mechanism. It must be guarded against the poison of alcoholism and infectious diseases and also preserved in its integrity by a full realization of the relation which a sound, healthy body bears to the vitality of all the cells and especially to the hereditary cells as the most important for the future of the race.

The first of all our duties as thoughtful men and women interested in science is to fearlessly welcome the great truths revealed in the study of nature—believing that whatever is true will stand as immutable as the moral law. It is the distinction between these discoveries and the hasty philosophical inductions drawn from them which we must observe with the greatest caution. The systems of materialism, agnosticism, and monism may follow and supersede each other in two decades, but the system of nature is unchangeable.

OUR ANNUAL TRAVEL TO EUROPE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE annual travel from the United States and Canada to Europe increases every year. During May, June, and July it overtaxes the capacity of the ocean-going fleet east-bound, and during August, September, and October a similar condition of affairs exists on the west-bound trips. The traffic to this country is slightly larger among first-cabin passengers than the traffic to Europe. The traffic among second-class passengers is fully twenty per cent larger to this country than to Europe. This increase in travel to this country is due doubtless to the fact that tourists from this country almost invariably return. In addition there are always scores of foreign tourists who come to this country from Europe and leave it on the Pacific coast. Then there is a large increase in well-to-do persons who come here to settle.

The statistics of ocean travel for the entire year of 1895 show that 63,000 persons sailed from this country and Canada to Europe in the first cabin. Nearly 57,000 of these went from New York. The others went from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Montreal. The first-cabin traffic to this country and Canada in that year amounted to more than 64,000 persons, of whom practically 58,000 came to New York. The second-cabin traffic to Europe amounted to more than 38,000 from all ports in this country and Canada, and the second-cabin traffic to this side of the Atlantic amounted to nearly 50,000, an increase in this grade of passengers coming to this side over those that went to the other of about 12,000 persons. Almost 100,000 persons went to Europe in these two cabins from this side of the water and, within a few hundreds, practically 115,000 persons came to this country in those cabins. Of the 63,000 persons who went from this side to Europe in the first cabin in 1895 more than 33,000 went in May, June, and July, and nearly 34,000 of the 64,000 who came to this side in the first cabin came in the months of August, September, and October. Of the 38,000 who went in the second cabin from this side more than 20,000 went in the months of May, June, and July, and of the 50,000 who came to this side in the second cabin nearly 24,000 came in the months of August, September, and October.

The month of June shows the heaviest traffic to Europe, and the month of September shows the heaviest traffic to this side. In June more than 13,000 first-cabin passengers went from here to Europe and in September more than 14,000 first-cabin passengers came to this side. In June more than 8,000 second-cabin passengers went to Europe and in September nearly

10,000 second-cabin passengers came to this side.

These figures show not only how many persons go to Europe nowadays, but when most of them go. They cannot, of course, show the grades of people who cross the ocean. These may be divided into various classes. In the first place there is what might be called the business traffic. This is practically even the year around. Many purchasers contrive to go abroad in the summer, but there are others who must cross at the most undesirable parts of the year in order to keep abreast of the demands of trade. A second class of ocean travelers that may be called "regulars" consists of what are known as "society" people. These come from the larger cities. They go early each year, usually in May, and return early in August, so as to finish the late summer and fall season in this country. Fully one half of "society" goes to Europe every summer. A third grade of "regulars" consists of professional men and wealthy people of the smaller cities. A fourth grade consists of manufacturers and others who have been contemplating a trip to Europe for several years and who take several months to accomplish that result. They may be classified as among the transient travelers. Another grade consists of those who go once and never expect to go again, or if they do go again not for eight or ten years. A final grade is the short vacation tourist who takes a run of not more than a month or six weeks among the cities, and thus ends for all time his experience in European travel.

Why Americans go to Europe in such numbers is another matter. The two chief reasons doubtless are that it is cheaper to cross the ocean and spend a few weeks in Europe than it is to spend a similar amount of time in sightseeing in this country, and also because one can see so much in a comparatively small territory in Europe. One has to travel enormous distances in this country to see the real show places. Then, aside from the sights which nature herself affords, there are no such sights to be seen here as abroad. Architecture and historical reminiscence play a part in the holiday of an American in Europe such as they never could play in this country. Some persons go to Europe for the sake of the ocean trip, but these are comparatively small in number. Steamship men say that fully three fourths of the passengers on any ship have crossed the ocean before. In the summer, of course, the number of those crossing the ocean for the first time is larger proportionately than at any other time.

The number of second-cabin passengers is increasing year by year. So far as physical comfort goes, travel in the second cabin on the great twin-screw vessels is almost as attractive as in the first cabin. The second cabin is as comfortable and far more attractive nowadays than was the first cabin a dozen years ago. The beds are the same in both grades, and the table in the second cabin, with its printed *menus* and variety of courses, is superior to the average hotel, except in our larger cities. Americans, however, object to class distinctions and hence many travel in the first cabin who if they were Europeans would not hesitate to travel in the second cabin. Pride keeps many Americans from going to Europe simply because they must travel first class or not at all.

There are two kinds of persons never met in the second cabin. One is the offensive snob and the other is the vulgar rich. One frequently sees more ill-bred persons in the first cabin than in the second. Those who do travel in the second cabin are more likely to be the representatives of what Mr. Lincoln called the "plain people." Only last summer I took especial pains to note the characteristics of this grade of ocean travel. The vessel happened to be one of the new American liners. I found that the passengers were far more friendly in the second cabin than in the first cabin, that most of them were very well-to-do, and that the quarters were furnished with every convenience and luxury that the first-cabin quarters had, including a fine library, well-equipped smoking room, ladies' parlor, and the outfit for games on board. Most of the travelers were of the sensible kind that

did not let pride interfere with reasonable economy. Some had come from the far West and had spent considerable money in railroad fares before sailing. Some were bound for long journeys after they reached the other side, such as to South Africa. Others were school teachers going for a comfortable and inexpensive outing for a few weeks on the other side, and three or four were persons of wealth who preferred the second cabin because of its democratic tendencies. One man said he didn't know how he could earn fifty dollars easier than by remaining on one side of the railing that told him he must not mingle with the first-cabin passengers. It was like earning money while you were at play.

All this is true of second-class travel on the high-grade ships. On the older and smaller vessels second-cabin traffic is not so enjoyable. The passengers there are more likely to consist of those who once came in the steerage and, having prospered to some extent, are going home in a little better style than that in which they came to this country. Still even there one may meet many attractive companions for an ocean voyage.

Of late years there has been large travel arranged by tourist companies. Sometimes an entire ship will be engaged for a single party, such as one of the well-known Cook's tours. Compared with the total ocean traffic, travel in this way is relatively very small. Ten per cent probably would be a large estimate of this grade of European travel when the entire traffic is considered. For ordinary European travel "society" never goes in this way. For extraordinary travel, such as a trip up the Nile, or to India, or around the world, or to Australia, or South Africa, "society" uses the agencies, such as Cook's, to a large extent. Tours to the Holy Land or the Land of the Midnight Sun are almost always taken in this way. Those who patronize Cook's in ordinary European travel are largely professional men, going for a little out-of-the-way trip, and the short vacation tourist. These gain enormous advantages by going to Europe in this way. With a large party there is always a conductor and there is a relief from all the petty details and cares of traveling that is delightful. In addition to this there is such a judicious outlay of money in sightseeing that it is highly economical to take advantage of the experience of those who have made a study of making one's money go the farthest in traveling.

What Americans do on the other side of the water is another matter. Those who go for the first time and those who have only a limited time to spend usually spend that time in visiting two or three large cities with a run into the country, such as rural England, a trip on the Rhine, or a dash into Switzerland or Italy. The "society" people go to one or two capitals for a week or two and then usually settle for a time in some watering place or quiet country retreat. Many of the "regulars," such as clergymen, explore one country one year and another the next. London and Paris, however, are the chief places of resort. It is astonishing after one reaches the other side how frequently he sees here and there in either one of these two cities the faces of those he saw on shipboard. After a week or so he misses these faces from the 'busses and parks and show places. The great cities and the country have swallowed them up and not until one returns will the traveler be likely to meet more than half a dozen of those who crossed the ocean to Europe with him.

There have been many estimates published of the amount of money Americans spend on their trips abroad. Taking the second-class travelers into consideration with the first-cabin travelers, I am of the opinion that $600 is about the average expenditure on the trip. It is a mistake to suppose that the wealthy traveler spends large sums on the other side. Such persons usually take servants along and the ordinary expenses are quite a heavy drain for a rich man or woman. Once on the other side, they go to some quiet place and they usually count their pennies with the care of those of less liberal means. A large sum is expended every year in Europe in the

purchase of clothing. I think, however, that this does not average more than $100 for each traveler. Considerable money is spent in the purchase of souvenirs, but this probably does not exceed twenty dollars on the average for each traveler. Those who have been in Europe before spend almost nothing for souvenirs on following trips. Still, when one thinks of the army that goes to Europe every year, an expenditure of $600 for each person amounts to an enormous sum. For the 100,000 who crossed in 1895 this would amount to $60,000,000. That sum, in my estimation, represents about what Americans pay each year for the satisfaction of crossing the ocean and spending more or less time in sightseeing in Europe.

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.*

BY MARY PROCTOR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE first two evenings of the voyage had proved too misty for star-gazing, but the third evening was all that could be desired. Against the dark background of the sky the stars shone in splendor.

> "The twilight hours like birds flew by,
> As lightly and as free;
> Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
> Ten thousand in the sea."

The professor hastened to Marion and invited her to come and enjoy the glorious view of the heavens. When she reached the upper deck and gazed upon the starlit sky she was overwhelmed at the sight. The ruddy Arcturus, considered by some astronomers the leading brilliant of the northern heavens, shone resplendent. As Marion directed her looks toward the glorious star she said:

"What is the name of that ruddy star that glistens like a ruby? I was wondering if it were not the star you once pointed out to us as Arcturus."

"So it is," replied the professor, "and it is the very star referred to by name in that beautiful passage in the Bible where the Almighty answers Job out of the whirlwind saying: 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?'

"Manilius also refers to this constellation:

> "'And next Boötes comes, whose ordered beams
> Present a figure driving on his teams.
> Below his girdle, near his knee, he bears
> The bright Arcturus, fairest of the stars.'

"According to Grecian fable Boötes was the son of Jupiter and Calisto, and named Arcas. Ovid relates that Juno being angry with Jupiter for his partiality to Calisto changed her into a bear, and that her son Arcas, who became a famous hunter, one day roused a bear in the chase and not knowing that it was his mother was about to kill her, when Jupiter snatched them both up to heaven and placed them among the constellations."

"I wish we could see Arcturus now through a fine telescope," said Marion. "It seems to be brighter than any of the other stars in the sky."

"Only three in the northern heavens surpass Arcturus in glory," replied the professor, "and they are Sirius in the northern hemisphere and Canopus and Alpha Centauri in the southern hemisphere. Arcturus is remarkable in other respects, since it is accompanied by a distant pale lilac companion, and it is certainly a most interesting object.

> "'Fifty-four stars he boasts; one guards the Bear,
> Thence called Arcturus, of resplendent front,
> The pride of the first order; eight are veiled,
> Invisible to the unaided eye.'

"'It has always appeared to me, by the way, that Boötes had originally nobler proportions than astronomers now assign to him. It is known that Canes Venatici now occupy the place of an upraised arm of

* Copyright, 1896, by Theodore L. Flood.

Boötes, and I imagine that Corona Borealis, though undoubtedly a very ancient constellation, occupies the place of his other arm. Giving to the constellation the extent thus implied, it exhibits, better than most constellations, the character assigned to it.'* As a bear driver it is usually represented by the figure of a huntsman in a running posture, grasping a club in his right hand and holding up in his left the leash of his two greyhounds, Asterion and Chara, with which he seems to be pursuing the Great Bear around the pole of the heavens. 'Arcturus is remarkable in many respects. His proper motion is very considerable, so great in fact that since the time of Ptolemy the southerly motion alone of Arcturus has carried him over a space nearly half as great again as the moon's apparent diameter. One might expect that so brilliant a star, apparently traveling at a rate so great compared with the average proper motions of the star, must be comparatively near to us. This, however, has not been found to be the case. Arcturus is, indeed, one of the stars whose distance it has been found possible to estimate roughly. But he is found to be some three times as far from us as the small star 61 Cygni and more than seven times as far from us as Alpha Centauri, which is twenty billions of miles away.'*

"'Its velocity, according to Dr. Elkin, across the line of sight alone must reach three hundred and seventy-two miles a second, three hundred and eighty being the utmost that our sun can generate in a body reaching its surface from infinite space.'†

"Just above Arcturus is the double star Epsilon Boötes, known also as Mirac, and called Pulcherrima by Admiral Smyth on account of its extreme beauty. The components of this beautiful double are of the third and seventh magnitude, the primary orange, the secondary sea green."

"What is that bright bluish looking star near the constellation of the Swan?" asked Marion—"or, rather, looking at it after looking at the ruddy Arcturus it seems blue by contrast."

"That is Vega, in the constellation of Lyra," replied the professor, "and its color is bluish white. If you could see it through a telescope you would find that it has two distant small companions. In the great Harvard refractor Vega is seen with no less than thirty-five companions. I imagine that all these stars, and others which can be seen in the neighboring fields, indicate the association of Vega with the neighboring stream of the Milky Way. Even if you look at Vega with an opera glass you will see that the heavens around this star seem to be covered with minute star-dust, glistening like diamonds, and as Serviss says in his 'Astronomy with an Opera Glass,' the longer you gaze at the region surrounding Vega the more of these diminutive twinklers you will discover."

"Is there any legend connected with the constellation of Lyra?" asked Marion, who was as deeply interested in the folk-lore of the stars as in the account of the stars themselves.

"It is supposed that Lyra represents the celestial harp that was given to Orpheus by the gods," replied the professor, "and upon which he played with such a masterly hand that even the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the wild beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, and the mountains came to listen to his song. Next to Lyra we have the beautiful constellation of the Swan, which is sometimes known as the Northern Cross."

"It does seem to resemble a cross," said Marion, "just as the constellation of Lyra certainly looks like a harp. That is why I can always remember these constellations. I have sometimes heard Cygnus called Orpheus, because, as I read somewhere, Jupiter placed Orpheus after his death beside his beloved lyre in the sky, among the stars. What is that very bright star south of Arcturus, near a cup-shaped group of stars?"

"That is Spica, the leading brilliant of the constellation Virgo, a star remarkable for its pure white light. Spica, in the olden maps, is represented as a star in the ear of corn which Virgo, the virgin, holds in her left

* "Half Hours with the Telescope," p. 58. R. A. Proctor.
† "The System of the Stars," p. 315. Agnes M. Clerke.

hand, and is the most brilliant star in the constellation. Several other bright stars may be traced out in this constellation. In writing about it the poet has described Virgo as follows:

"'Her lovely tresses glow with starry light;
Stars ornament the bracelet on her hand;
Her vest in ample folds glitters with stars;
Beneath her snowy feet they shine; her eyes
Lighten, all glorious with the heavenly rays,
But *first* the star which crowns the golden sheaf.'

"The story of Virgo as related by Aratus is an interesting one. It appears that her home was once on earth, where she reigned as the goddess of justice, and men obeyed her during the golden age. In the silver age her visits to earth were less frequent, and no longer finding the spirits of former days she became so offended at the wickedness and impiety of mankind during the brazen and iron ages of the world that she returned to heaven and was placed among the constellations of the zodiac, with a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other:

"'Justice, loathing that race of men,
Winged her flight to heaven; and fixed
Her station in that region
Where still by night is seen
The Virgin goddess near to bright Boötes.'"

"There is another bright star I would like to ask you about," said Marion, "if I am not wearying you by asking so many questions."

"No, indeed!" replied the professor. "On the contrary an enthusiast with regard to the star-depths is only too glad to be questioned and never tires while talking about their glories. In fact we are rather apt to feel surprised when we can get some one to listen to us and share our own interest. It is surprising how few care to look upward and gaze upon God's handiwork in the firmament. It is the source of the greatest comfort to me at times, when I am overwhelmed with the cares of life, for the stars are always so suggestive of peace and rest, far away as they are from the turmoil and strife constantly taking place upon our little planet earth. Meanwhile we have wandered far away from the star to which you wished to call my attention, although I rather imagine I can guess which star you referred to. It is in the southeast, is it not?—and forms somewhat of an angle with Spica and Arcturus. It is of a ruddy hue, and is the bright star Antares in the constellation Scorpio."

"That is exactly right," said Marion laughing, "and you are quite a mind reader to have guessed so easily. I recognized the Scorpion but could not remember the name of its leading brilliant. Is not Antares a double star? All the very bright stars seem to be double stars."

"Yes, Antares is not only one of the most beautiful of the red stars in the heavens," replied the professor, "but it is also a double star, its companion being a small green star. Antares has been termed the Sirius of red stars, a term better merited perhaps by Aldebaran, save for this, that in our latitude Antares is, like Sirius, always seen as a brilliant 'twinkler' because always low down near the horizon, whereas Aldebaran rises high above the horizon. Above and to the right of Antares is a nebula which can be seen only with a telescope, but this nebula is of especial interest because in 1860 a star suddenly blazed out so brightly in its midst that it flooded the nebula with its light, so that it could not be seen. Just above Scorpio is the constellation of Libra, the balance, in which it was supposed Virgo weighed the good and evil deeds of mankind. The invention of this constellation, however, dates back to at least three hundred years before Christ, we are told by Serviss, 'for at this time the autumnal equinox occurred at the moment when the sun was just crossing the western border of the constellation. The equality of the days and nights at that season readily suggests the idea of a balance.'

"Above Libra are the constellations Ophiuchus and Serpens, glistening with stars, and they are easily remembered since Ophiuchus covers so much space and is often known as the Serpent Bearer, the serpent being represented by the constellation Serpens near by. In the old maps he is represented as a man with a venerable beard, having both hands clenched in the

folds of a prodigious serpent which is writhing in his grasp. This constellation contains seventy-four stars, including one of the second magnitude.

"'Thee, Serpentarius, we behold distinct
With seventy-four refulgent stars; and one
Graces thy helmet, of the second class:
The Serpent, in thy hand grasped, winds his spire
Immense; fewer by ten his figure trace;
One of the second rank; ten shun the sight,
And seven, he who bears the monster hides.'

"Many and quaint are the legends of the stars," concluded the professor, "but they are so closely entwined with mythological and historical traditions that they form a link, as it were, connecting the present with the past."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEXT evening the passengers on the ship assembled as usual on deck, and watched the sun sinking like a ball of fire beneath the waves. The sky was resplendent with gorgeous hues, reflected in the ocean, recalling those well-known lines of the poet Thompson:

"First the flaming red sprang vivid forth,
The tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies
Ethereal played; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away."

"What are those lines by Milton with regard to evening?" some one inquired, as the last ray of light merged into the evening grayness.

Professor Douglas, who overheard the remark, turned to the lady who had spoken and said, "I can quote the lines for you if you would care to hear them. They are great favorites of mine and were in my mind at this moment."

"It is very kind of you," said the lady, who had had many pleasant conversations with the professor during the voyage. "I wish you would repeat them now; it would add so greatly to our enjoyment of this delightful evening."

"With pleasure," said the professor, and in tones of deep appreciation he repeated the following lines:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

"And so it will," continued the professor, "for there is every prospect of a glorious night for our last evening on the ship."

For some time the conversation was general, and as the moon rose higher and higher in the heavens every one had questions to ask the professor.

"I wonder what the surface of the moon really resembles," inquired a lady who was deeply interested in the study of astronomy but had had little or no opportunity to study this fascinating subject.

"If we could journey to the moon," replied the professor, "what a surprise would await us! We would find that it is but a dead world. Life is impossible on its surface, for there is neither air nor water. A deathly stillness must reign there, since there is no air to carry sound. We would find ourselves in a dreary desert-like place, without a sign of life or vegetation. Not a flower or tree would be seen, and the beautiful colors with which Dame Nature clothes the earth would be lacking. The song of the birds, the whispering of the leaves of the trees, and the murmuring of the ocean waves would be unknown to us. As we made our way over the rough, uneven surface we would at one moment be in the dazzling glare of sunlight and the next in total darkness, as we passed from sunlight to shadow. Nearly all these discomforts would arise from the want of atmosphere, and were the atmosphere which surrounds our earth suddenly withdrawn we would find it as bleak and desolate here as on the moon. For want of atmosphere there would not be any blue sky overhead, and the stars would shine as brightly against a sky of inky blackness during the long lunar day as during the lunar night.

We would also find it bitterly cold on the moon, especially during the lunar night, which is equal in length to fourteen of our days. In fact a day and night on the moon would last as long as four weeks on our earth. The surface of the moon is covered with mountains, craters, plains, and regions which the old astronomers called oceans and seas. Yet it is a dead planet, and as Flammarion describes it, 'a graveyard floating around the earth, carrying with it memories of a past existence.'"

"What a weird suggestion," said Mrs. Foster, the lady who had before spoken, as she observed the moon. "Who would think that such a bright, glorious orb as the moon is only a dead planet! What makes it shine so brightly, Professor Douglas?"

"It shines only with reflected light from the sun," replied the professor.

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Foster. "If the moon borrows its light from the sun how is it we cannot see the sun also, or rather where is the sun just at present? It really never occurred to me before that the moon does not shine with its own light. Please tell me how it happens."

"I can give you an explanation from the best of authority," said the professor:

"'When the moon is full it is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun, and shows its illuminated disc to the sun and earth together. Moving onward in its course, it gradually passes more and more between the earth and the sun, geting in its own shadow as far as concerns us, and the portion of its surface reflecting the sunlight to us grows smaller and smaller. Thus, after being full, it rises later each night, and each night the size of its illuminated disc grows less. About a week after the full moon, but half its face is illuminated, the other half being dark; it is then in the third or last quarter. After this it presents a crescent form, until, in the space of another week, it disappears entirely; being on the same side of the earth that the sun is, it is swallowed up in the awful brightness of the sun's beams, and is completely invisible for about four days. After this it floats away from the sun and appears very low in the extreme west just after sunset. It then presents a bright crescent, very slender, and the convexity toward the sun, as is natural, since its light is borrowed from the luminary. The crescent thence grows from night to night for the space of a week, when, having receded 90° from the sun, half the moon's disc is illuminated; it is then in the first quarter. After this the disc becomes more and more illuminated, the phase increases in size until the moon becomes full again, and so the phases succeed each other as before. Thus does the moon constantly go through the same successive phases, presenting new moon, first quarter, full moon, and last quarter.'*

"The moon itself has no more light than the earth or stones, yet when exposed to a torrent of sunbeams she enjoys a day as we do. One side of her is brilliantly lighted, and this it is which renders our satellite visible. The moon travels around the earth and the earth and moon together around the sun.

"'Sometimes it happens that the earth is directly in a line between the sun and the moon, and then an eclipse occurs. The sun is at night under our feet at the other side of the earth, and the earth throws a long shadow upward. If the moon enter into this shadow it is plain that the sunlight is wholly or partly cut off, and since the moon shines by no light of her own, but only by borrowed light from the sun, it follows that when the moon is buried in the shadow all the direct light is intercepted, and she must lose her brilliancy. Thus we obtain what is called a lunar eclipse. It is a total eclipse if the moon be entirely in shadow, and a partial eclipse if the moon be only partly in shadow. The lunar eclipse is visible to every one on the dark hemisphere of the earth if the clouds will keep out of the way, so that usually a great many more people can see a lunar eclipse than an eclipse of the sun which is only visible from a limited part of the earth. It thus happens that the lunar eclipse is the more familiar spectacle of the two.'†

"These eclipses prove that the moon shines with reflected light from the sun."

"I understand," said Mrs. Foster, "and now I wish you would tell us something about the mountains and craters on the moon. Are the mountains like the mountains on our earth?"

"The mountains on the moon doubtless resemble the mountains on our earth," replied the professor, "and it has even been possible to ascertain their heights, by measuring the length of the shadows they cast upon the surface of the moon. Galileo named these mountains after the mountains known to us here, such as the Apennines, the Caucasus, the Alps, and the Altai Mountains. Besides these mountain-masses there

* "Astronomy, New and Old," pp. 67-68. M. S. Brennan.
† Starland, pp. 84-85. R. S. Ball.

are great ring-plains, or craters, scattered all over the surface of the moon. These are supposed to resemble the volcanic craters on the earth, but are very much larger. The largest volcanoes on earth are not more than a few miles in extent, while on the moon many of the craters are fifty or sixty miles wide and some are even more than a hundred miles in diameter. These craters are usually surrounded by a ring of high mountains rising several thousand feet above the surface of the plain below. Sometimes in the center of the crater there will be a group of mountains rearing their lofty peaks in the air. Jules Verne in his book 'From the Earth to the Moon' gives a fine description of the crater of Tycho, which is the most famous of the mountain craters of the moon, though not the largest. It is about fifty-four miles in diameter and three miles deep. In its center is a peak five or six thousand feet high. Verne describes it as 'a group of Mont Blancs, placed round one common center and crowned by radiating beams. The cliffs hanging on the interior and exterior sloping flanks rise in stories like gigantic terraces. They appear to be higher by three hundred or four hundred feet to the west than to the east. A town built at the bottom of this crater would be utterly inaccessible. Nor is the plain of the crater flat and empty. One can clearly distinguish cones and central hills. There is, as it were, a place marked out for a temple, here the ground of a forum, on this spot the plan of a palace, in another the plateau for a citadel, the whole overlooked by a central mountain one thousand five hundred feet high—a vast circle in which ancient Rome could have been held in its entirety ten times over. What a grand fortress-town might have been constructed within that ring of mountains! Around Tycho there is a dark rim some twenty-five miles wide, and beyond this there is a bright region extending ninety miles further. Out of it spring great rays, or streaks, varying from ten to twenty miles in width, and many are several hundred miles long.' The cliffs which surround the crater of Newton reach a height of twenty-one thousand feet, and this enormous hole forms a gloomy abyss which the sun's rays never penetrate. These craters are extinct volcanoes on the moon, and when our earth has reached the same period as the moon the active volcanoes at present on its surface will then become extinct and resemble the extinct volcanoes on the moon."

"Do you mean to say that some day our earth will be a dead planet, and resemble the moon?" inquired Mrs. Foster in dismay.

"Yes indeed," said the professor smiling, "and by that time probably Jupiter will have become fitted to support life, and among the inhabitants there may be astronomers who will turn their telescopes toward our earth and make the same remarks about it then that we are making about the moon now. However we need not concern ourselves about the fate of our earth at a period so remote. By the way, did you notice that meteor that just flashed across the heavens?"

"Yes, there it goes!" replied a chorus of voices. "Do tell us what a meteor, or shooting star, really is," entreated Mrs. Foster.

"Sir Robert Stawell Ball, the great astronomer of Ireland, writes thus about a shooting star," the professor answered:

"'A small body is moving around the sun. Just as a mighty planet revolves in an ellipse, so even a small object will be guided round and round in an ellipse with the sun in the focus. There are at this moment myriads of meteors moving in this manner. They are too small, and far too distant for us to see them with a telescope, and when we do see them it is only under the most extraordinary circumstances. At the time when we noticed that shooting star just now it was moving with enormous velocity, probably rushing along at a rate exceeding twenty miles in every second of time. Such a velocity is almost impossible near the earth's surface, the resistance of the air would prevent it. Aloft, in the emptiness of space, there is no air to impede its flight. It may have been journeying round and round the sun for centuries of time without suffering any interference, but if in the course of its wanderings it comes too near the earth, the meteor perishes in a streak of splendor. To a body moving with the velocity of a meteor, a plunge into the atmosphere is usually fatal. Even though the upper layers of air are exceedingly rare, yet they suddenly check the velocity, almost as a rifle bullet would be checked when fired into water. As the meteor rushes through the atmosphere it rubs against every

particle of air. This warms its surface, gradually it is reduced to an intense heat, and is finally driven off into vapor, and we are treated to the momentary sight of a glowing shooting star.'*

"'It is supposed by some astronomers that meteors are probably fragments of some old planet which has gone one stage farther than the moon, that is, it has gone out of existence altogether, by literally breaking up into fragments. Here is an idea for a novelist in search of a new motif, that of a meteorite bringing to us the story of a lost race in some fragment of art or architecture of its lost world.'†

"Perhaps our world may go to pieces some day," continued the professor, "and a fragment of the pyramids may, after wandering through space, eventually land upon the planet Mars. Then we can imagine the poor Martianists (if there are any) worrying their poor brains over the marvelous inscriptions written thereon."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," here interrupted an elderly lady who had been listening to the discussion with the deepest interest, "and now that you have been hearing so much truth I would like to tell you a little fiction I read about shooting stars in Professor Langley's book, 'The New Astronomy.' This is what he says:

"'There is a quaint Moslem tradition to this effect: The evil genii are accustomed to fly at night up to the gates of heaven, in order that they may overhear the conversation of the angels, and the shooting stars are the fiery arrows hurled by the latter at their lurking foes, with so good an aim, we are told, that for every shooting star we may be sure there is one spirit of evil less in the world.'"

"The scientific view of them, however," said the professor smiling, "if not so consolatory is perhaps more instructive. I also know a Lithuanian legend about the shooting star, according to which we are told that there is a silver thread connected with the shooting stars and the life of every mortal on earth, and that when a mortal dies the string snaps and the shooting star falls to the ground."

"Well, Professor Douglas," said Mrs. Foster, as she prepared to take her departure, "I think we owe you a debt of gratitude for all the delightful facts you have told us this evening, and all I can say is that I wish that when I was a young girl I had had the sense to take more interest in astronomy."

Like sentiments were expressed by the rest of the party, as they said good night to the professor, and thanked him for entertaining them so delightfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE young folks, however, did not follow the example of their elders, but remained on deck, enjoying the glorious moonlight night. Some were promenading up and down, talking together in low, earnest tones, others were laughing merrily at some amusing joke, while a group of young friends musically inclined were enjoying themselves singing glees and madrigals to the accompaniment of a guitar. The scene was decidedly alluring, and the moon had risen higher and higher in the heavens, the light of the stars paling in its luster. For the first time that evening the professor found himself alone with Marion Cleveland, and he realized only too well the fact that this would probably be their last evening together. He looked at her now, as she stood leaning over the side of the ship, gazing far out to sea. What were her thoughts, he wondered, and moreover what would they be did she known his thoughts with regard to her? He had determined to speak to her that evening, and to confess his love for her, but it was not without a feeling of nervous anxiety that he now approached her. What would he say to her first? How could he lead the conversation to the subject uppermost in his mind? He had a difficult task before him, and should he fail, what a dreary picture confronted him! He had loved Marion faithfully all these years, and now the time had come for him to plead his cause.

At this moment Marion started to go to her stateroom, and the professor, desperate at the thought of losing this favorable opportunity of speaking to her alone, hastened to her, saying:

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*"Story of the Heavens," p. 326. R. S. Ball.

†"The New Astronomy." Chapter on Meteors. Prof. S. P. Langley.

"Miss Cleveland, surely you are not going yet. It is still quite early."

"I am anxious to finish my book," said Marion gently, "as it is not mine and I must return it to Mrs. Foster to-morrow. However, I may have time in the morning, and the evening is very delightful," she remarked as she seated herself far from reluctantly in a steamer chair the professor had placed for her.

"We might read some of it now," said the professor, secretly rejoicing at his success. "I suppose it is the book you were reading the other day, 'The Poet at the Breakfast Table.'"

"You are right," said Marion, "and I have very nearly finished it. I started to read it when we first came on deck this evening, but I became so interested in the conversation about the moon that I read only a very few pages."

"Then I am to blame," said the professor smiling, "for talking so much, and distracting your attention, but may I atone for this by reading to you now? The moonlight is nearly as bright as daylight, and I can read with the greatest ease."

"I would not like you to blind yourself on my account," said Marion laughing, "but if you do not mind reading I shall enjoy it ever so much. Here is the book, and I had just come to the account of the starlight night and the conversation between the Astronomer, and the Young Girl. Ah! here is the passage," she continued, as she handed the book to the professor.

As the professor took the book from her and glanced at the passage he recalled it at once, and in a moment the thought flashed into his mind that the fates had indeed favored his cause. While he read the well-known lines slowly and deliberately he was anxiously planning his course of action. Unconsciously Marion had helped him, and she little suspected the reason of the slight tremor in his voice as he read:

"'"Do you know the story of Andromeda?" asked the Astronomer.

"'"Perhaps I did once," replied the Young Girl, "but suppose I don't remember it."

"'He then told her the story of the unfortunate maiden chained to a rock and waiting for a sea-beast that was coming to devour her, and how Perseus came and set her free, and won her love with his life, and then he began something about a young man chained to *his* rock which was a star-gazer's tower, a prey by turns to ambition and lonely self-contempt and unwholesome scorn of the life he looked down upon after the serenity of the firmament, and endless questionings that led him nowhere,—and now he had only one more question to ask. He loved her. Would she break his chain? He held both his hands out toward her, the palms together, as if they were fettered at the wrists. She took hold of them very gently; parted them a little; then wider—wider—and found herself all at once, folded, unresisting, in her lover's arms.

"'So there was a new double star in the living firmament. The constellations seemed to kindle with new splendors as the student and the story-teller walked homeward in their light; Alioth and Algol looked down on them as on the first pair of lovers they shone over, and the autumn air seemed full of harmonies, as when the morning stars sang together.'"

"That is a very beautiful passage," said Marion thoughtfully.

"And would you have been as merciful as the Young Girl?" said the professor, "had I been the Astronomer, and asked you such a question?"

"But it would be entirely different," said Marion laughing, little dreaming of the professor's meaning, "for they loved each other."

"Supposing I loved you," asked the professor, "what would your answer be then?"

"I would not unfetter your hands," said Marion gently, "because—because I do not love you."

She wondered at the pained look that came over the professor's face.

"You are surely not in earnest," she inquired nervously.

"I never was more in earnest in my life," he replied. "I love you, Marion and have loved you ever since I met you at the Grange. I did not dare to acknowledge my love for you then, for your wealth was an impassible barrier between us, but now all is changed, and I have dared to tell you a secret I have cherished for years. Can you not give me some hope?"

Marion was naturally embarrassed and surprised at the professor's avowal. It had not occurred to her to consider him save as

a friend, and she had accepted his attentions and kindness to her during the voyage with this understanding. Now that the truth was revealed to her she was alarmed. She certainly admired and esteemed Professor Douglas, and she had learned to watch for him and enjoy his conversation, experiencing a feeling of disappointment when he was absent, but—this was not love. What could she say to him now?

"I am so sorry," she said gently, "but I do not know how to answer you. You have taken me by surprise. I had not thought of you except as a good, kind friend. Can we not remain so? And now," continued Marion, rising and holding out her hand toward the professor, "it is growing late and I must say good night, and good-by."

"Do not go yet, I entreat of you, Miss Cleveland," said the professor anxiously. "To-morrow it will be indeed good-by—and then the chances are that we may never meet again. May I not plead my cause with you? I have loved you all these years, ever since you were a schoolgirl. You are now alone in the world, with the hard battle of life before you, and may I not save you from its hardships and endeavor to make your life a happy one? Can you not give me some hope?"

Marion was silent; words failed her at this moment, and she gazed at the ocean glistening in the moonlight. A pathway of silvery waves seemed to lead to the sky, and just then a small sailboat drifted across it, soon lost to view again in the darkness beyond. The scene was entrancing, and appealed strongly to Marion's sensitive nature. Once more the professor spoke to her, and she listened as in a dream.

"There is a ship passing in the night," he said to her, "and we may never see it again. How swiftly it passed from the moonlight out into the darkness beyond! And so it is with many lives, as they sail the broad ocean of life," continued the professor thoughtfully. "How sad a story could thousands tell of those who have passed out of their lives, like 'ships in the night,' never to meet again."

Marion shivered at the gloomy prospect, and drew her wrap about her.

"Have not our lives been somewhat like this?" continued the professor. "And are we also fated 'to meet to part,' and must it be 'to part—to meet no more'?"

Marion was deeply touched by his words, and she felt that he was sincere in the avowal of his love. The thought of never seeing him again made her realize how much she had unconsciously learned to care for him, and how she would miss his loving attentions. She looked earnestly at him, as he patiently awaited her reply, and an intense feeling of pity overwhelmed her. And is not pity akin to love? Perhaps after all she might learn to love him some time, and she summoned courage enough to tell him this in a gentle, shy, hesitating way. As the professor listened to the soft, low tones of her voice he realized all the more how dearly he loved her, and while he whispered to her "the sweetest story ever told" the moon rose higher and higher in the heavens, and, almost lost in its radiance,

> "Overhead the countless stars
> Like eyes of love were beaming;
> Underneath the weary earth
> All breathless lay a-dreaming."

"So there was a new double star in the living firmament. The constellations seemed to kindle with new splendor, as the Young Girl and the Astronomer whispered together. Alioth and Algol looked down on them as on the first pair of lovers they shone over, and the autumn air seemed full of harmonies, as when the morning stars sang together."

(The end.)

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

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JUST when, how, and by whom the Indian sign language was devised is a matter of conjecture only. Very few tribes have ever attempted to keep any history of themselves, and in these few instances the histories have been merely records of their greatest fights. And whether it was developed in the earliest days of the race as a means of communication between fellow-men whose oral vocabulary was too limited, or whether it was developed in later days to allow communication between tribes whose oral languages were different is something too bare of even the shadow of data for this paper to discuss. When the widely different Indians met in friendly council, and that was rarely, they had no common religion to bind them together, no ties of any kind except their savage natures and ignorance. Yet one chief after another could stand up in the council and with graceful motions of his fingers, hands, and arms speak fluently and oratorically to all of his different-tongued listeners.

It is safe to say that the necessity for communication between tribes having different vocal languages perfected the sign language. The Indians of the plains were probably the inventors, for they were rovers and in their hunts, their war parties, and their peaceful migrations the different tribes came together, and the few natural gestures that would be intelligible the world over gave rise to the complete system. And if necessity, that great mother common to so many inventions, gave birth to the perfected sign language, truly on the paternal side it may be traced back to the quickness of Indian perception inherited from many generations of forefathers to whom every fall of a leaf, every curl of the ascending smoke, and every sound that disturbed the midnight air was full of meaning.

The essentials for the development of a sign language to be understood among so many different linguistic tribes are, quick perception, wonderful memory, and some similarity in habits and aims of life. The North American Indians possessed these, and their powers of perception and memory were strengthened by ages of inheritance when these powers were vitally necessary for the survival of the fittest. Should you, even to-day, in talking the sign language to a Sioux, use a sign incorrectly, the Indian will make that sign just as you made it throughout the rest of the conversation. And although a graceful and flowery (if I may use the expression) form of speech is aimed at, the Indian will make the incorrect gesture as naturally as though he had never made any other.

The age of the Indian sign language is a matter of much doubt. I have not been able to find any record of its fully developed existence among the tribes first encountered by the whites after the discovery and colonization of this continent, that is, among the kindred tribes of the Iroquois and Algonquins. The journals of both French and English explorers contain many references to communication with the Indians by signs and rude pictures, but there is no evidence of a fully developed sign language. There can be no doubt, however, that these Indians could have expressed themselves in acted speech.

Mr. Parkman, in "The Jesuits in North America," quotes a speech made by Kiotsaton, an Iroquois chief, during a peace conference between the French and the Iroquois. The French had returned an Iroquois made prisoner by the Algonquins, and in return the Iroquois gave up a French prisoner. In his speech the chief referred to the hardships encountered by the Indian prisoner whom the French had returned, and proceeded to represent the difficulties

of the journey in pantomime, "so natural," says Father Vimont, "that no actor in France could equal it. He counterfeited the lonely traveler toiling up some rocky portage track, with a load of baggage on his head, now stopping as if half spent, and now tripping against a stone. Next he was in his canoe, vainly trying to urge it against the swift current, looking around in despair on the foaming rapids, then recovering courage, and paddling desperately for his life."

In the journals of the explorers Lewis and Clark I find that a member of the party "conversed by signs" with a Shoshone buck and two squaws, in the fall of 1804. A few months later the same minute and exact recorders noticed among the same Indians a perfected gesture speech. These Indians were poor and their war parties were weak. They had no guns, and it took twenty of them an entire day to kill an antelope. There can be no doubt that the more powerful tribes, the Sioux, Cheyennes, Gros Ventres, and Mandans, used the sign language at as early a period as their puny neighbors, yet Lewis and Clark passed the preceding winter among these tribes without noticing it. It is no great wonder, therefore, that earlier and less faithful narrators failed either to discover or record this mode of communication.

One reason why the sign language was not noticed earlier lies in the natural desire of the Indian to give the white man as little information as possible. Since it was understood by all Indians, the crafty mind might imagine the white man also master of it—hence it was not safe to use it before him. Or if he believed the white man ignorant on the subject he would be a crazy Indian, an Indian whose brain was in a whirl, who would give him the faintest idea of its existence. Even friendly Indians are averse to giving information. They seem to take pride in knowing something that a white man does not know. On the Standing Rock reservation there are several old Sioux women who know more about the Custer massacre than has ever been written. They were eye witnesses of the entire fight, but neither friendship of years' standing nor the promise of money will open their mouths.

A direct proof of at least some age on the part of the sign language is shown by the changes in the signs incidental to new ideas learned from the whites. The old sign for coffee was made with the right hand, back of hand to right, the forearm horizontal, the thumb pressing against first joint of extended index finger so that only the nail of the index finger extended beyond the thumb—the Indian conception of coffee being a little berry. When the coffee mill became known the sign was changed to an imitation of the grinding of coffee, the left hand being held horizontally in front of the body, back of hand down, while the right hand, closed as though grasping the handle of the mill, describes a number of small circles above and close to the left. The same is true of the sign for money. Silver and gold were the first monies known to the Indians, hence their conception of money was a small, circular piece of metal, and it was expressed by making an incomplete circle with the thumb and first finger of the right hand, the circle being somewhat larger than a silver dollar of to-day. When bills became known to the Indian he added a second sign, first wetting the tip of his right index finger and then imitating the counting of a roll of bills. A very old Indian will beg tobacco from you by holding his closed left hand in front of his body, back of hand to left, and then hitting the thumb and index finger of the left hand with the palm of the right. This is a sign that he wants to fill his pipe. A younger buck will twirl his thumbs and first fingers, imitating the rolling of a cigarette. It might be said in this connection that most Indians can be depended on to give a correct sign only when they want something and are unable to ask for it in vocal speech. The only other way of getting a sign is to pay them for their work, and in this case the signs given may or may not be the correct ones.

If the origin, age, and development of

the sign language are obscure, its general use shines forth as a luminary of the first magnitude. During all the Indian troubles of the present century it has proved itself a most valuable aid to the Indian in allowing him to spread the news of his wars, his treaties, and his messiahs among other tribes. His rage, his love, his brutal cunning, his undaunted bravery, his savage debauchery, his ignorant religion—all have been told by nimble hands and fingers in language that breathes and lives with the poetry of nature. Very often have these skillful fingers denounced the white man in language that fired the hearts of the tribes assembled as listeners; very often they have told an eloquent tale of the "great father's" gifts and promises.

In describing an object the Indian has the wonderful faculty of picking out its most distinguishing characteristic at once. I have repeatedly seen Indians come into a military post to see officers. Without knowing the particular officer's name, and without being able to pronounce it intelligibly if it were known, I have never seen an instance where, by a few signs, the Indian has not been at once directed to the person whom he wished to see. A stout officer will be described beyond the possibility of any doubt when the Indian half-circles his extended hands over the region of his stomach. If the officer wears glasses, the Indian will took through the two circles made by his thumbs and first fingers; if the officer is bald, the Indian will raise his own long tresses in one hand and draw the forefinger of his other hand across the top his head as though he were going through the pleasant operation of lifting a scalp. An officer who varied the monotony of frontier life by very steady and hard drinking I once saw an Indian describe by pointing to the head and then waving his hand in small circles. There was no mistaking that sign—the Indian wanted the officer whose brain was in a whirl. And although utterly devoid of a sense of humor, an Indian is always laughingly good natured in thus pointing out any one's distinguishing characteristic or eccentricity.

The expression of words by means of the sign language may be divided into the following classes: imitating actions or attributes; pointing to objects; representing shapes, sizes, uses, or habits; simulating emotions; employing metaphors consistent with Indian conception, and making empirical signs, although if the development of signs of this last class could be traced back I am sure they would resolve themselves into some one of the other classes.

In giving examples of words that come under the different classes I have tried to give some insight into the character of the Indian race for the twofold purpose of explaining Indian customs and making this paper of more interest to the casual reader. The sign language is a wonder of itself, but a mere dictionary of a few signs would possess neither interest nor usefulness.

There is a unique form of courtship among several Indian tribes that gives rise to a correspondingly peculiar sign. Should you visit a Sioux who has an attractive, that is hard-working, daughter, during the evening you would probably notice numerous young bucks standing near the tepee, each carrying a woolen blanket. The keen-eyed Indian girl would probably have some errand that would take her near the men. As she approaches, one of them throws his blanket over her head and then covers his own head with the same blanket, but should the girl not wish his attentions it is a matter of honor for him to release her instantly. With an accepted suitor she will stand thus enveloped for hours and, stranger still, not a comment will be passed by any one observing them. In the sign language this curious courtship is expressed by extending both hands to the front as though clasping something and then imitating the covering with a blanket. The blanket is expressed by holding both hands, palms toward each other, at the height of the shoulders and moving the right hand to the left and the left hand to the right until the wrists cross, the right hand being nearest the body. This is an imitation of folding the blanket around the shoulders, its principal use among Indians.

If it did not require a very broad and practical joke to arouse an Indian's stunted sense of honor, one might say that the sign for musquito was the result of a perusal of the comic papers. But to any one living on either the Missouri or Yellowstone Rivers the vividness of the sign is appreciated. To express the pest, first make signs for blanket, then touch the nose and tap the left palm with the right index—in Indian language, the thing that with its nose stings through a blanket.

The signs for the different colors are made by pointing to something of the desired color. To express red, the Indian will touch his cheek; for blue, he points to the sky; for green, to the grass.

The signs for the different tribes are good illustrations of the class of words described by attributes. For the Sioux, the right hand or right index finger is drawn across the throat, the idea coming from the old desire of this warlike tribe to mutilate the body of a slain foe as much as possible. Formerly the Cheyennes slashed their arms and wrists with knives, merely to show their ability to stand pain; the tribal sign is made by using the right index as a knife and drawing it across the left index as though slashing it.

Indian emotion is a rare thing, hence there are few occasions in his speech when he is required to simulate an emotion. His conceptions of ideas, though poetic, are always material. To express the verb *to cry*, he merely traces with his finger the path of the tear down his cheek. If he is afraid of anything, his idea is that he shrinks from it, and this idea is expressed by holding his arms extended horizontally to the front, the palms toward the face, the index fingers pointing upward and to the front, the other fingers and the thumbs closed, and then drawing the hands back and down a few inches, curving the indices at the same time, as though falling back or cowering before the object of his fear. So with the idea of shame, the Indian makes no attempt to express the emotion that is felt, but merely makes the sign for the physical act at feeling the emotion; that is, he holds the extended hands with the palms toward his face and then moves the hands in front of his face until the wrists are crossed. In other words, he covers his face with a blanket.

This same sign is sometimes used for mother-in-law, and its use reveals the Indian's curious custom of covering his face before his mother-in-law, of never speaking to her, and, as they say, of never looking in her face. I have never been able to discover the origin of this custom, but it is held by many tribes as a rule not to be violated. Once while hunting in Arizona I camped for the night with a chief who had a three-roomed adobe house, the only one on the San Carlos reservation at that time. Our party slept in the middle room, but owing to this custom of the son-in-law never speaking to his wife's mother sleep was impossible. The old chief's daughter had left her husband and gone back to her parents, but the young buck presented himself at the house and proceeded to argue the matter from six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock the following morning. The chief and the son-in-law discussed the affair in the first room; as arguments were presented, the old man passed through our room into the third room and there repeated the arguments to his wife, who, judging from her shrill and angry tones, was not partial to her son-in-law. And so it was kept up all night long, the old chief, who seemed to occupy the neutral position of not caring what was done, catching the reproaches and ill humor of both parties, who were prevented from letting loose on each other by the Indian custom.

It is in the signs that metaphorically express the Indian ideas of what to us are common ideas that the poetry of the savage nature shines forth. When the dusky chief of the plains places his right hand over his heart and then throws out both arms in graceful circles to the right and left, he means that in his heart it is day, the sun is shining on it, and therefore he is glad. At night the blanket of darkness covers the earth, and he expresses it by holding his extended forearms to the front, backs of the hands up, and then moving them until the wrists are crossed. If he is hot, he says that the sun's rays are pressing down on him,

and his hands held above and in front of his head are then moved toward the head. A liar is as the adder's forked tongue, and the sign is made by holding the right hand in front of the mouth, first two fingers extended and separated, the other fingers and the thumb closed, then moving the hand to the left and front.

The empirical signs are of no interest save that their possibilities may be traced to a more exact method of word painting. To denote a saddle, the Indian raises his forearms to a vertical and parallel position in front of his body and bends the closed hands backwards. If the wrists touched in this sign, one could see a resemblance to the cantle, seat, and pommel of a saddle, but when the forearms are separated and parallel, it is hard to see why this sign should indicate a saddle. The same is true of the verb *to give.* This act is expressed by holding the right hand at the height of the shoulder, the fingers extended, joined and pointing to the front and upwards, after which the hand is moved outwards and downwards.

The following illustrates how gesture sentences may be formed; only the bare gestures and construction of the sentence are shown; words fail to show the ease, grace, rapidity, and vividness of the acted thought.

The Indian speaker touches his breast with the tip of the right thumb. He holds his hands breast high, back of the hands up, fingers and thumbs extended and joined, and moves the hands toward each other until the wrists are crossed, the right hand uppermost; then keeping the left hand stationary he moves the right hand in a circle, turning the palm up and bringing the hand back to the position beside and to the right of the left hand. He then touches his eyes with the right hand and moves the same hand to the front, back of the hand up, the first two fingers extended, separated, and pointing to the front, the other fingers and the thumb closed. With a cutting movement he draws his right hand across his throat. Then he makes the outline of a badge on his left breast, and possibly outlines a stripe down the outside of his leg. Quickly he raises his right hand to his breast and snaps his fingers to the front. Then he raises both hands to the sides of his head, the palms of the hands turned in, the index fingers extended and pointing upwards, the other fingers and the thumbs closed, then raises the hands a few inches, curving the index fingers to the front. Dropping the left arm to his side, he closes his right hand and lowers it to the height of the shoulders, holds it in position for a second, then drops it several inches.

Cold, bare words change the speaker's graceful gestures to the machine-like movements of an automaton. They make his actions slow and laborious; they cannot even assume to paint the varying expressions of his face, the look of pride when he points to himself, the old, unquenchable love of blood when he describes the shooting, and the wild desire, the ever-present hope when he makes the sign for the buffalo. To see an Indian go through these gestures it is almost impossible not to know that he has said, "Yesterday I saw an Indian policeman shoot Sitting Bull."

The Indian has learned many tricks besides talking with his hands. In his palmy days the Indian scout sent information of the movements of our little army back among his fellows, and it can be said without any discredit to our officers and soldiers—in fact it reflects great credit and honor and more glory than Congress assembled has ever seen fit to bestow when one considers that the little, ragged army conquered these wily foes—but it can be truly said that, from his position on dusty plain or barren *butte*, the Indian scout sent his information so that it was seen by all of his friends and none of his enemies. His code of signs with the pony, the blanket, and the mirror were not so complicated as the signs made with his hands and arms, but they were just as well devised, and just as well did they tell their tale.

With the fall and decline of the Indian race, and with the gathering of its children tribe by tribe on the government reservations, the sign language has lost its use and its strength, and the world has lost its most unique specimen of savage invention.

ON CONVERSATION.

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I.

IT was my privilege some years ago to publish a little book on the "Theory of Conversation," which contains what I had discovered on that subject. It seems bold to use the word *discovered*, and yet it is, I trust, no idle boast to say that no earlier book had laid down any theory upon the subject, far less given a formal analysis of all the sorts and conditions of conversation. But still the book was merely a book of theory; as such it was necessarily dry and somewhat exacting to the reader's attention. The many who want to learn without trouble and who want practical hints without any theory were discontent. Sundry critics even went so far as to say that no theory was possible on such a subject, and that if it was it was of little or no use. These objections, based upon ignorance of what had been proved clearly, were noted and disposed of in the preface to my second edition. But when the editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN invited me to say something further on this inexhaustible subject I acceded very gladly, because further experience and further criticism have suggested some further considerations worth recording, and this opportunity is also the suitable one to say something more on the practical side of the matter.

It afforded not a little amusement to me and others that the severest critics of the book were elderly persons who had once been thought agreeable but who had so exhausted their store and so often repeated their "good stories" that they had been generally voted bores and had been left out of the pleasant evenings of men. To these critics it was a matter of disappointment that the "Theory of Conversation" afforded no nostrum to revive their jaded intelligence, no elixir of life or store of good things with which they might appear afresh and regain their place in society. But, alas! the close logic of theory is far removed from the spasmodic scintillations of a "Joe Miller," which serves up conversation in the form of tidbits—mostly old and threadbare, sometimes new, but often undesirable. This is the very first subject worth considering in the present paper. Instead of working from a theory, instead of starting from general principles, capable of multiform application, there are many who think that the only preparation possible for conversation is to lay up a store of special things—good anecdotes, witty sayings, and the like—and that to bring these out in conversation will make a man an agreeable member of society.

The climax of this sort of thing I witnessed years ago in an old Irish divine, who went out to dinner with a little manuscript joke book in his pocket. When the conversation flagged he could be seen fumbling with this book under the table and looking out for some good thing to tell. Then there came suddenly an anecdote wholly irrelevant to the previous talk, and the peals of laughter from those who had witnessed the whole process were understood by him as the complete success of his device. But in truth he worked upon a totally false principle. No ready-made collection of good stories is ever likely to benefit conversation. If it be a well-known collection, all the stories are already known; if it be not, even then the difficulty of fitting such things naturally into a conversation is such that few men can overcome it. But even to those who may not admit the force of these arguments we can quote the remarkable fact that no success is rarer than the success of a joke book, because generally no book is duller reading. In English literature I can mention only one which has maintained itself in popular favor. I sent a young man who had never heard of it to

buy it at Glasgow railway station a few years ago. They gave him the twenty-ninth edition. This is the late Dean Ramsay's "Traits and Anecdotes of Scottish Character." But though this book is full of really good things, a single page of it at a time, and very occasionally, is enough for an intelligent reader.

There is another book published recently by an old friend of mine, William Lefann, now gone to his rest, in which he gave his reminiscences of life, and told the stories with which he had fascinated Irish company for many years. But in the first place the personal flavor, the merry eye, and the rich voice are gone, and the printed page gives us but a cold and objective version of the facts; in the next, these stories are only fitted to a peculiar tone and temper in society, and would have but little point to an English (as contrasted with an Irish) audience. It is therefore unlikely that the book, pleasant as it is, will last.

When another remarkable friend of mine, Father Healy, recently died, to the inexpressible loss of Irish society, several people did me the compliment of pressing me to write his life, and record the good things which made his conversation so famous. But I had no hesitation in refusing, on the ground that to give an adequate picture of the man as a talker was perfectly impracticable. He was a wit rather than a humorist, and said his best things suddenly, in the midst of a dull or ordinary conversation, but always fitted to the subject and the company. Thus he made fashionable ladies imagine themselves witty, when they afforded him by some triviality the occasion of a brilliant repartee. But in recording his wit the biographer could not have dispensed with recording the dullness that gave occasion to it, and what more melancholy task could a man of letters undertake?

The task which I had declined was taken up by another writer, I might call him a professional biographer, who outlived the publication of the book but a few weeks. I need therefore say nothing of his performance beyond the acknowledged fact that it disappointed all the friends of Father Healy. Let me add that the worthy priest foresaw the risk of being perpetuated in such a biography, and often expressed to me and others the hope that he might escape such a fate. He knew perfectly well that the few and short anecdotes, the occasional repartees, would be culled from his conversation and reported as specimens of his social gifts, whereas no man ever agreed more cordially with me when I propounded the doctrine that a man who cannot carry on an agreeable conversation without anecdotes may be set aside as quite second-rate in social talent. As I am writing these words I find quoted (in the *Athenæum* of May 23) the reflection of a Portugese visitor to England that anecdotes are much in vogue there—"the resource of people inaccessible to conversation properly so called." This statement is perhaps too trenchant, but it is very near the truth. Any careful observer will notice that the real field of anecdote is either a company of stupid people or a company of old men who have ceased to think on serious subjects. It is melancholy to notice how quickly such people grow weary of a real play of intellect, and fall back upon their memory to supply them with disjointed scraps of humorous or witty parley.

Such things excite laughter, but have behind them a sense of emptiness and unreality which a good conversation never has, and yet the latter is a thing which unless taken down by shorthand cannot possibly be reproduced; and there is no better sign that talk has been really good and general than the inability of the contributors to give any adequate account of it afterward. The changes which pass over an expressive countenance cannot be given by the painter, still less by the most accurate photograph: so it is with the drifts and eddies in a flowing stream; so it is with the April weather of a good conversation. Anecdote may by no means be excluded, if it fits perfectly to the argument in hand; knowledge may give it depth, provided that knowledge is kept perfectly in hand, and used only as a means of recreation, but these are subsidiary to the play of intellect with intellect, the tossing and returning the ball; the entertain-

ment to which each member contributes according to his ability. Probably the most frequent hindrance to this result is the habit of depending upon one or two persons to bring out anecdotes or repeat good things which they have treasured in their memory.

Such people are often so petted and pampered in English society that they lose all sense of proportion regarding their own importance, and behave like veritable tyrants in society. Years ago there was one of these tyrants in the Athenæum Club, the late Abraham Hayward. He dined at a special table, which no other member dared occupy. He invited three or four members to sit with him, and this was thought a high privilege. Most of them were old men of the kind already noticed, who are past the age for a genuine conversation. I well remember his astonishment when I declined to join his party, in response to a very condescending verbal invitation. When asked by one of his followers to vindicate such extraordinary conduct the reasons given were that he desired no one to contribute anything to the series of anecdotes which he had prepared for the evening; that he resented any remark which might draw away the individual attention which he expected; lastly —and but for this the present criticism would never have been written—many of his stories were insufferably coarse and therefore disgusting. Without this last feature his monologue might have been agreeable enough, though it was not conversation.

Many a delightful evening have I spent listening to the flow of talk of the late Chief Justice Whiteside. There was no desire to interrupt, no wish to contribute when that admirable talker was pouring forth his wit and wisdom. But then he never said a word which ladies or growing boys might not safely hear, and in presence of men. All this was, as I said, delightful; it was not conversation. We in Ireland are very strict and blameless as regards the tone of the stories we tolerate in society, but it appears to me that in England, and perhaps in America, men who have fallen into their anecdotage often make the grave moral blunder of telling things unfit for the pure and the innocent. It was very falsely objected to my book on conversation that it was too worldly—I shall revert to that charge in due time—but on this point no one was more peremptory than I was, that we must banish from all conversation every suspicion of foulness or immorality. Better never laugh again than to laugh at stories of this sort; better keep silent forever than shoot a poisoned dart at random, which may leave a festering spot in the imagination of some innocent hearer. A day may come when the perpetrator of this careless crime will have reason to shed bitter tears over the mischief it has produced. Fortunately Irish society is very free from this taint; more than once have I seen Father Healy silence the first attempt at thus degrading a conversation, and if his manifest disapproval were unheeded he would leave the room. But among us such a remonstrance is rarely needed, at least in educated circles. It may be said that everywhere, with the decrease of excessive drinking, a better tone and greater purity have been adopted in civilized society. I suppose that a generation ago the mess of a fashionable regiment tolerated conversation which we should now justly consider shocking. Now-a-days a military dinner affords agreeable conversation fit for the gravest theologian. But I must reserve this topic of seriousness in conversation for another paper.

THE SIXTH SENSE, OR ANOTHER WORLD.

BY J. H. ROSNY.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE "REVUE DE PARIS."

I CAME into the world with a unique organism. From the very first I was an object of astonishment. Not that I appeared deformed. I am told that I was in face and form more graceful than one generally is at birth. But I had the most extraordinary tint—a species of pale violet. By the light of lamps, especially oil lamps, that tint became still paler; became of a strange whiteness like a lily submerged in water. This is at least the view of other men, for I see myself differently, as I see all objects of this world differently.

I became stranger and stranger by my tastes, by my habits, and by my qualities. At six years old I lived almost entirely on alcohol. I rarely took a few mouthfuls of vegetables or fruit. I grew prodigiously fast. I was incredibly lean and light—I mean light from the point of view of specific gravity, which is exactly the contrary of lean people generally. Thus I swam without the slightest difficulty and floated like a poplar plank. My head sank in the water hardly any more than the rest of my body.

I was nimble in proportion to my lightness. I ran with the rapidity of a hare and easily jumped over ditches and obstacles that no child twice my age would have tried to cross. I could climb to the top of a poplar tree in the twinkling of an eye or, what was still more surprising, I could jump onto the roof of our farmhouse. On the other hand, the slightest weight was too much for me.

If I saw certain things not so well as other people did I saw a great many that nobody but myself saw. This difference showed itself especially in colors. Everything that is called red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo appeared to me of a blackish gray, while I perceived the violet and the series of colors beyond it—the colors which are only darkness for ordinary men. I have found out since that I distinguish thus at least thirty colors just as different as, for example, the yellow and the green.

In the second place transparency did not show itself to my eye under ordinary conditions. I did not see very well through a window pane or through water. Many crystals called translucent were more or less opaque to me. On the contrary a great number of bodies called opaque did not stop my vision.

This difference of my vision from that of other men was little noticed by my neighbors. People thought I was poor at distinguishing the colors and that was all. It is a defect too common to attract attention.

The faculty of seeing through the clouds, of seeing the stars during the most obscure nights, of seeing through a wooden door what is passing in a neighboring room—what is all that in comparison with the perception of a living world?—a world with animated beings moving by the side of, and about, man, without man having any consciousness of it and without his being warned by any sort of immediate contact. What is all that in comparison with the revelation that there exists upon this earth another fauna than our fauna?—a fauna without resemblance either of form or of organization or of manners or of mode of growth or of birth and death with ours—a fauna which lives by the side of ours and through ours, influences the elements which surround us, and is vivified and influenced by these elements without our suspecting its presence—a living world as various as our own, as powerful as ours.

At about eight years of age I was perfectly aware that there were beings distinguished from the atmospheric phenomena as much as the animals of our realm are. In the rapture that this discovery caused me I

tried to express it. I never could succeed. My speech was almost incomprehensible and my extraordinary vision made people distrust me. No one stopped to try to untangle my notions and my phrases, nor yet to admit that I could see through closed doors, though I had given many proofs of it.

I fell into discouragement and dreaming. I became a sort of little recluse. I caused ill will, and felt the same, in the company of other children of my age. I was not exactly their victim, for my swiftness placed me out of the reach of their childish malice and gave me the means of avenging myself with ease. However many of them there might be never did an urchin succeed in striking me. They took me for both a simpleton and a wizard, but they thought my witchcraft only to be scorned, so my life became meditative and was spent largely out of doors. Nothing kept me human but the love of my mother.

I will describe briefly some scenes of my tenth year. My father said one day, "He will never be able to talk." My mother looked at me with compassion, convinced that I was a simpleton. I followed my mother to the farmyard. The cattle came toward her. I looked at them with interest and loved them, but round about me the other realm was moving and was captivating my soul—the mysterious realm which I alone am acquainted with. On the brown earth several forms are spread out. They move, they palpitate on a level with the soil. They are of several sorts, different in outline, in motion, and especially in the arrangement, the design, and colors of the stripes which are upon them. These stripes make up on the whole the principles of their being, and, child that I was, I perceived it very well. While the mass of their form is dull and grayish, the stripes are almost always sparkling. They constitute very complicated networks. They emanate from centers. They radiate others until they are lost, becoming indistinct. Their colors are innumerable, their curves infinite.

I have seen all that very well since, although I am incapable of defining it. An adorable charm possesses me in contemplating these *Mœdigen* (this is the name that I spontaneously gave them during my childhood).

These terrestrial *Mœdigen* are not the only intangible beings. There is a population in the air of marvelous splendor and subtlety, of varied and incomparable brilliancy. By the side of it the most beautiful birds are slow and heavy. Here again it is an outline and stripes, but the background is not grayish. It is strangely luminous. It sparkles like the sun and the stripes separate themselves into vibrating nerves. Their centers palpitate violently. The *Vuren*, as I call them, are of more irregular form than the terrestrial *Mœdigen* and they generally move systematically, crossing and recrossing one another.

I make my way across a recently mown meadow. The combat of one *Mœdigen* with another draws my attention. These combats are frequent. Sometimes it is a combat between equals. More frequently it is the attack of a strong one upon a weak one. In the present case the weak one, after a short defense, takes to flight, swiftly pursued by his assailant. In spite of the rapidity of their movements I follow them. I succeed in keeping them in sight until the moment when the strife begins again. They rush one against the other, harshly, even rigidly, seeming to be solid to each other. In the combat the lines phosphoresce, and directing themselves toward the point of combat their centers become paler and smaller. At first the struggle is kept up with some equality; the weaker displays the more intense energy and succeeds in obtaining from his adversary a truce. He profits by this to flee again, but is quickly overtaken and attacked with force and finally seized, that is to say, held fast in the fold of the outline of the other. This is exactly what he had sought to avoid. Now I see all his lines tremble. His centers struggle desperately and as the lines grow paler the centers become indistinct. After some minutes his liberty is given back and he withdraws slowly, being much weakened. His antagonist on the contrary sparkles more than ever. His lines are more colored and

his centers more clearly marked. This struggle moved me profoundly. I confusedly understood that the *Mœdigen* do not kill each other, that the conqueror contents himself with taking some strength at the expense of the conquered.

I was a very poor pupil. My writing is nothing but a hasty trace, shapeless and illegible. My speech remains incomprehensible. My absent-mindedness is evident. My schoolmasters were continually crying out to me, "Karel, will you stop watching the motion of the flies?"

At seventeen years of age life became to me decidedly unendurable. I was weary of dreaming. What good was it for me to be acquainted with things more marvelous than other men were aware of, since this knowledge was to die with me? Several times I dreamed of writing, but what reader would not think me insane?—and writing was difficult for me, almost similar to what it would be for an ordinary man to be obliged to engrave his thought upon marble tablets with a large pair of scissors and a wooden mallet. So I had no courage to write and yet I hoped ardently for some unknown person and for some happy, remarkable destiny.

I grew still leaner so that I became fantastic. The people in the village called me a ghost. My silhouette was as trembling as that of a young poplar tree, as light as a shadow, and withal I was reaching the stature of a giant. Slowly a project began to be born. Was I not in myself an object of curiosity? The physical aspects of my nature were worthy of analysis. I obtained from my parents the permission to go to Amsterdam, free to come back if fortune were unfavorable to me.

I set out one morning. The distance was sixty-six miles. I easily made it in two hours on foot. I went into an inn along the magnificent canal and inquired for a hospital, saying I was sick. I was directed to the hospital and there inquired for the doctor—Dr. van den Heuvel—and told him I wanted to be studied. He smiled with an approving air and put to me the usual question that everybody puts:

"Can you see with those eyes of yours?"

"Very well. I often see through wood and clouds."

But I had spoken too swiftly. He cast an anxious look at me. I went on, sweating great drops:

"I see even through wood and clouds."

"Indeed, that would be extraordinary. Well, what do you see through that door there?" He pointed toward a closed door.

"A large bookcase with glass doors and a carved wooden table."

"Indeed!" he replied stupefied. He remained silent a few minutes and then said,

"You speak with great difficulty."

"Rather, I speak too fast. I cannot speak slowly."

"Very well, speak a little in your own way."

I related to him how I came to Amsterdam. He listened with close attention with an air of intelligent observation that I had never met with among my equals. He did not understand a word that I said, but he showed the sagacity of an analyzer.

"I am not mistaken. You pronounce from twenty to thirty syllables every second. That is to say, six times as many as the human ear can take in. Besides your voice is much sharper than anything I ever heard in the way of a human voice. Your gestures are of excessive rapidity and correspond to your speech. Your whole organization is probably more rapid than ours."

"I run," said I, "swifter than the hare. I write ——"

"Ah," he interrupted, "let's see your writing."

I scratched a few words on a notebook that he held out to me. The first were quite legible, but the others more and more tangled up.

"Indeed," said he, "I believe I shall have reason to congratulate myself upon meeting you. Certainly it will be interesting to study you. If only we could find an easy process of communication." He walked back and forth with his long eyebrows contracted. Suddenly he said, "I have it! You shall learn stenography."

A smiling expression appeared upon his face. "I have forgotten the phonograph.

It will suffice to unroll it more slowly when listening to it than when inscribing it. You will stay with me during your sojourn at Amsterdam."

I agreed. The next day the doctor wrote to my parents, got me a professor of stenography, and secured some phonographs. As he was very rich and devoted to science there is no experiment which he did not propose to make. My sight, my hearing, my muscles, the color of my skin, were subjected to scrupulous investigations over which he became more and more enthusiastic, exclaiming, "That partakes of prodigy."

He was first occupied with the swiftness of my perception. He was able to satisfy himself that the subtlety of my hearing corresponded with the swiftness of my speech. The words of ten or fifteen people talking all at once, all of whom I perfectly understood, proved this point. The swiftness of my sight was proved as well. A handful of shot thrown into the air was accurately counted by me before falling. As to color, I was able to prove that I see the violet, and beyond the violet a scale of shades at least double the spectrum which exists from the red to the violet. This astonished the doctor more than all the rest.

We labored patiently the whole year without my mentioning the *Mædigen*. I wished absolutely to convince my host and give him innumerable proofs of my faculty of sight before venturing upon his confidence. At last when I related to him about the creatures I saw in the air and on the earth, he suspected occultism and could not help saying,

"The world of the fourth estate, the souls, the phantoms of spirits."

"No, no. Nothing of the kind. A world of living beings like ourselves, condemned to a short life, to organic needs, to birth, growth, and struggle."

I do not know whether Van den Heuvel believed me. He was certainly under a lively emotion.

"Are they fluids?" he asked.

"I do not know, for their pecularities are too contradictory for the idea that we have of matter. The earth is as irresistible to them as to us. Likewise most of the minerals. Again, they are totally impenetrable in their relation one to another. But they do traverse, although at times with some difficulty, plants, animals, and organic tissues, and we likewise traverse them. Their form has this strange thing about it—that they have hardly any thickness and their shape varies infinitely. I have known some that are 100 meters long. With some nutrition takes place at the expense of the earth and all the meteors; with others at the expense of meteors and of individuals of their realm, yet without its being a cause of death as with us, since it is sufficient for the stronger to take strength from the weaker, and this strength may be drawn out without destroying the source of life."

"Are they numerous everywhere?"

"Yes, and hardly less numerous in the city than in the country, in the house than in the street."

"Will you describe one to me—a special one of large size?"

"I see one near that tree. Its form is greatly elongated and rather irregular. It is convex on the right and concave on the left with some wrinkles and folds, but its structure is not characteristic of the gens, for the structure varies extremely from one species to another. Its infinitesimal thinness, however, is a quality general to all of them. It can hardly surpass a tenth of a millimeter, while its length reaches five feet and its greatest breadth is forty centimeters. What mainly defines it and all its class are the lines which cross it in every direction, ending in networks. Every system of lines is provided with a center—a sort of spot, slightly crumpled above the mass of the body, but sometimes, on the contrary, it is hollow. These centers have no fixed form. Sometimes they are almost circular or elliptical. Sometimes they are spiral. They are extremely mobile and their size varies from time to time. The edge of them palpitates greatly with a sort of transverse undulation. Generally the lines which project from them are broad. They end in

infinitely delicate traces which gradually disappear. These lines have the faculty of changing their places in the body, and of varying their curves."

I was silent. The doctor caused my words to be twice repeated by our faultless instrument. Then he remained a long time in silence. At last he murmured, "You have overwhelmed me."

We have now been pursuing our labors five years. They are far from reaching their end. The first publication of our discoveries will hardly appear yet for a long time. I have made it a rule to do nothing in haste. We have no other investigator to get ahead of us and no ambition to satisfy. We are living passionately, always on the border of marvelous discoveries.

I have recently had an experience which adds profound interest to my life and which fills me with infinite joy. You know how homely I am from the human point of view and how apt to terrify young women; yet I have found a companion who adapts herself to me and is happy over it. It is a hysterical, nervous young girl whom we met one day in a hospital in Amsterdam. They say her appearance is miserable, of the paleness of plaster, with hollow cheeks and wandering eyes. For me the sight of her is agreeable and her company charming. My presence, far from astonishing her, as it does all the rest, appeared from the very first to please and comfort her. I was so much touched by it that I went to see her again along with the doctor. He was not slow in perceiving that I had upon her health and upon her well-being a beneficent action. Examination proved that I influenced her magnetically. When I approached and when I laid my hands upon her, I communicated a gaiety and serenity to her that had a curative effect. In return I felt happiness near her. Her face appeared pretty to me. Her paleness and her leanness were only delicacy. Her eyes, which were capable of seeing the gleam of magnets, like the eyes of many hyperæsthetics, had for me none of the character of wandering that people reproached her with. I was resolved to marry her and thanks to the good will of my friends I easily succeeded in my purpose. Our union is happy. My wife's health is restored, although she remains extremely sensitive and frail. For the past six months my fate has been especially enviable. A child is born to us and that child combines all the characteristics of my constitution—color, sight, hearing, and extreme rapidity of motion. He promises to be an exact second edition of my own organism. The doctor is watching his growth with delight.

SOME PRESENT ASPECTS OF ART IN AMERICA.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

WITHIN the last ten years the conditions of art in America have undergone a notable change. Down to the time of the Philadelphia Exposition, in 1876, the stagnation of the post-revolutionary period had continued, made only more positively uninteresting by the invasion of the Düsseldorf and Munich schools. For a long time we slumbered inert and dumb under the German fog, through which we heard, while half protesting, half believing, the droning professors and lumbering critics proclaiming Cornelius and Overbeck the successors of Michæl Angelo and Raphael, and calling us to the new cult of the Lessings, the Pilotys, the Müllers, the Schnorrs, and the Kaulbachs—"terrible Muses." We had not only the professors and critics with their ponderous books and magazine articles, we had also sergeants detached from the artist home-army, sent over to teach us the goose step and to gather in recruits. With German vigor and conviction the work was thoroughly done; German pictures filled the dealers' shops, German artists monopolized the market, and for several years a public gallery for the exclusive exhibition

of German pictures was a favorite showplace in New York. The seed thus sown, it is not surprising that a crop of young artists should have sprung up whose work reflected the fashionable taste, and that for a while the steady trend of our home art should have been toward the German camp. cies of that earlier time had sent many of our most promising youths overseas, to seek first in the Düsseldorf studios, then in those of Munich, the teaching they required.

But the force of the movement was somewhat sharply broken by the arrival of a body of French invaders led by such

THE THRONE.
From a painting by Arthur B. Davies.

The want of schools and of means and appliances for the study of art here at home, with the more important need of that "atmosphere" so much ridiculed but in reality so essential to the artist's development—nay to his very birth—these deficiengenerals as Meissonier and Gérôme, with a staff of clever captains and lieutenants, many of them forgotten now or neglected, but who effectually drew our eyes off from the Germans with their pretty swordplay and their livelier swagger, to say nothing of

a few stray glimpses of those more lenient morals by which Paris prevents her goodness from growing to a plurisy.

Then, too, encouraged by the prospect of a rising market, the Belgians came—a stronger breed than the French—chief among them Leys, Alfred Stevens, Gallait, with Tissot (French born, but so much under the influence of his master, Leys, as to be virtually of his tribe), and while these men did not greatly influence the thought or method of our artists yet they aroused a wide interest in the art-loving public, and, with the French, saved us from being swamped by the Germans.

Nor must the curious episode in our home art-history, the pre-Raphaelite movement of the years neighboring 1862, be forgotten. For though this short-lived experiment, originated, in part, directly by Ruskin's teaching, and more actively by the teaching of one of his disciples

PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

From a painting by Margaret W. Huntington.

and pupils, a young Englishman, the late Thomas Charles Farrer, left no important traces behind it, yet it did leave some traces, and it has a right to be remembered as the first genuine art-impulse we of this part of the world had felt. All that had gone before it, and all that was contemporary with it, was, in the eyes of the men of The New Path, mere professional routine. Now, for the first time, there was here among us a company of artists, a brotherhood of young men and women filled with a genuine love of their work; all their powers earnestly devoted to harmonizing their art with nature, with "Truth in art" as their watchword and motto. Those who took part in this movement knew the joy of the combat, delighted in the pangs of an amateur martyrdom, and even in defeat, if defeat it were, assured themselves that the fight had been worth the waging.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.
From a painting by Cecilia Beaux.
By permission of The Century Company.

Although it would be to magnify this movement beyond reason to call it era-making, it certainly did much to prepare the way for a healthier and more elevated condition of the art-world than it found when it was first started. It had to make its way by the sheer force of industry, earnestness, and a high aim, aided by a moderate talent, for what was needed to fuse, concentrate, and inspire all this scattered effort was a man of genius, and no man of genius appeared. The whole outcome of this movement was a mass of studies of natural objects and of landscape painstaking, accurate and faithful to the spirit of the thing portrayed, but even in their best estate fragmentary and one-sided. No picture, rightly so called, was ever produced by this movement, but many studies that will not lose their value with time, and that will always be looked at with a certain respect not unmingled with admiration.

But it was not until the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876 displayed its immense collection of pictures from all the countries of the world—from places known and unknown, by artists famous the round earth over and by artists never heard of before nor since—many of them not the less interesting for their obscurity—that the American people gathered from the North, the South, the East, and the West got its first inkling of the immensity and variety of the world of modern art. Hitherto engravings, photographs, and the limited displays of the dealers' shops—for there were no public galleries—had been our only means of knowing what was going on in this world. And we had been given small liberty of choice; we must be content to take what was offered us and form our notions of art from the stock in trade of those whose business it was to cater to

MOTHER AND CHILD.
From a pastel portrait by Lydia F. Emmet.

what they supposed to be the popular taste.

But now with the opening of this noble collection it was inevitable that a stimulus should be given to all lovers of art and especially to the young who loved art without having seen her face or really knowing why they loved her. If there were room in this brief paper for personal details it might be interesting to cite the experience of a knot of young men who had been studying art in a blind fashion in a western town, with scarcely more aids than were at Benjamin West's command in the ante-colonial days, but who on hearing of the wonders of the exposition made their way to Philadelphia and found there in the picture gallery a new heaven and a new earth. They owed their intellectual and artistic awakening to that visit.

The awakening of the public is of almost equal importance with the awakening of the artist, for without a public to sympathize

with him, to value him, and to be at least willing to encourage him, if not eager to encourage him, the artist leads but a dull life. The great exhibitions of Philadelphia and Chicago played an important part in preparing the public for the artists of to-day. Chicago carried still further what Philadelphia so prosperously began. At Philadelphia the artists were almost as much surprised as the public at what they saw. The very character of the buildings, the arrangement of the grounds, showed how little diffused was the artistic sense of the community, how ill fitted were the artists to take the direction of the work. Then as now there was plenty of artistic ability among us, but it was all undeveloped for want of practice; there was no demand for it in the public service. Philadelphia's exposition set the ball rolling, every art, every trade was stimulated, the growth in all directions was tropical. In less than twenty years we find artists flocking to Chicago fully prepared to plan and to execute such a work as no city in Europe had ever so much as dreamed of; a public glad to pay for it with money and praise, and a generous world outside our own bounds to wonder at our accomplishment.

It is no derogation from the praise due to this achievement to admit that we owed it to the teaching obtained in Europe where all these artists, younger and older, had studied; for study and training can do little if the soil they cultivate be unfriendly. There can be no question, we should think, that our Americans have a deep-lying capacity for art, and a genuine appreciation and enjoyment of it. But at present our artists are in the receptive state; they have not yet advanced to the creative state. Just as all the architecture and the architectural setting of the Chicago Exposition, beautiful as they were, and exhilarating in their effect upon the multitude of visitors, were yet entirely reminiscent and borrowed, so all the art that is produced here is reminiscent and borrowed; not a painting, not a piece of sculpture, not a building that does not hark back to the Old World, and we must be contented to have it long remain so. The spontaneity, the grandiosity of the Chicago Exposition were our own; they were the prophecy of splendid possibilities; it is not our fault, it is perhaps the fault of our age, that we were obliged to dress our ideas in the language of others. The time will certainly come however when a people who could conceive and carry out such an enterprise will have something equally interesting of their own to say.

There is, no doubt, a deal of nonsense talked and written about Americanism in art. If we could get the real thing it would certainly be very welcome, but it cannot be produced to order, it will have to come as the slow result of national growth. Not only is all the teaching of our art schools, academies, leagues, and clubs conducted on the old established lines borrowed from Europe, but the results of the teaching and study as shown in our annual exhibitions differ only in degree, not in kind, from what we see in Paris and Munich. Of late years our painters have been freely admitted to the honors of exhibition and reward in all the chief art centers in Europe, notably in Paris; but it is plain that these distinctions are conferred on account of the success with which our artists have followed the accepted methods and ideas of the foreign schools. We are naturally pleased when we hear that our Americans—Sargent, Abbey, Cecilia Beaux, Frank Millet, Mary Cassatt, and others have been treated by French juries with honor equal to that accorded to their own artists. The success of these artists stimulates all their artist-countrymen to work for a like success. There is no reward that we at home can offer them to compare with a place on the line at the Salon or with that crowning glory, the purchase of a picture by the French government to be hung in the Luxembourg Gallery. From a worldly, from a professional point of view there can be no doubt of the value of these honors, nor can it be denied that they are bestowed for substantial reasons; as painters these artists deserve the distinction they have gained in the chief art center of the world and from the only judges whose opinion is

THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED.
From a painting by Abbott Thayer.

final, as to technical excellence. But proud as we may justly be of their success, it must be admitted that it has been gained not as Americans but as Frenchmen.

One of the most interesting of the recent movements in art here at home is the employment of our painters and sculptors in the decoration of buildings of all sorts, public and private. This may be said to date almost directly from the Chicago Exposition, and is due, not entirely, but in great measure, to what was accomplished there in the decoration of the exposition buildings. If it did not actually originate in Chicago at least it received a powerful stimulus from the various successes there of our painters and sculptors; and the impetus thus given, virtually for the first time with us, to the public employment of artists, is not likely to lose its force now that our cities are continuing the work, in some cases on an important scale—Philadelphia in the decoration of her new courthouse; Washington with the sculptures on the Congressional Library; Boston with the paintings of Abbey and Sargent in the Public Library, and New York with those in her new courthouse—but these last, we believe, not due to the city, but to the commission of private citizens. This is not the place to examine these public works in detail; it must suffice to say that the artists, all men of distinction in their profession, have put into their performance the best effort they were capable of; and if we must question the choice of subject in some of the more striking of the paintings, or doubt the fitness of some of the artists to treat the subjects they have taken, these objections are only such as have often been made to works of this kind—and in the present case, supposing the public to have perceived them, it has overlooked them in its satisfaction that the work has been done at all, and so well done, as a whole. The success of the new movement is further assured by the growing employment of artists in the decoration of private houses, hotels, and clubs. If this shall once become a custom we shall have made great gains toward that unity of effect which under the combined malign influence of upholsterers and house-painters has almost disappeared from our homes. Perhaps if the æsthetic sense of our people should be one day developed under a steady course of education at the hands of artists, we might see our well-to-do parlors and dining rooms made as

MOTHER AND CHILD.
From a painting by Mary Cassatt.

pleasant to the eye and as interesting as a Pompeian kitchen or as many and many a cottage living-room in Brittany or Germany.

Our American art is often reproached with its want of poetry. There is cleverness enough in portraying the everyday aspects of life, in realistic story telling, and there is not a little power of humor. But how seldom we meet with a poetic conception, and sentiment and fancy are almost as rare. On the other hand we have to regret a too frequent concession in the choice of subject, to a *dilettante* medievalism masquerading as imagination. Since, however, these higher qualities are not to be found at present anywhere in the world, and since they are as little found in literature as they are in art, while the public does not seem to miss them from either field, we ought not perhaps to complain of our own poverty. Among the few poets we have to boast of there is much to hope from Mr. Arthur B. Davies, whose work, seen hitherto in out-of-the-way corners, where, however, it aroused the curiosity of those on the alert for true painting and gave an unwonted thrill to the jaded connoisseur, was shown for the first time last winter, in a sufficient number of examples to make a distinct impression, at Mr. William Macbeth's gallery in New York. It is perhaps unfair to offer our readers a reproduction in black and white of the work of an artist whose best and most personal charm is that of color, but there ought to remain something of the tone of the painting and something, too, of the lovely sentiment of the subject.

Mr. Abbott Thayer's pictures are too well known, and have made the artist too many friends, that it should be necessary to praise him here anew. Photography, that relentless betrayer of the faults in an artist's technique, has done its best to accuse Mr. Thayer's apparently too hasty brush and his now-and-then seemingly uncertain drawing, but these defects, if they must be reckoned such and not allowed to be essential ingredients in making up the artist's personality—like the pathos long-drawn-out of "Clarissa Harlowe," which to abridge were to mutilate a masterpiece, or like the obscurities, elisions, and heedless grammar of an Elizabethan poet, that only a pedant would correct—are forgotten in Mr. Thayer's pictures in the sentiment and fervid sweetness of the whole.

Even in the swiftest glance across the field of our art the eye is arrested by the women; for where little that is rightly to be called great has been done by the men, with their larger opportunities and more assured position, we find the work of not a few of our women as interesting every whit as that of the men, and showing an equal cleverness and mastery of means. Popular tradition assures us that even when the two start fair and keep along for a provoking while side by side, the man will in time scorch ahead and touch the goal while the woman will make a brilliant spurt and then drop behind. So be it; only just now women are holding their own, and we watch the race with zest. If much of their work is reminiscent, borrowed even, why, so is that of the men, and often the turn the woman gives her borrowing is no more than many a master has done in his time.

Here, for instance, is Mary Cassatt; this "Mother and Child" of hers—the picture the Luxembourg would have bought if the artist would have lowered her picture's price for the honor of reckoning a future place in the Louvre in the bargain (all good Luxembourgers go to the Louvre when they die!)—this picture is said to call up Botticelli's name, but we say it is fine in its own right, and with more of Cassatt than of Botticelli in it. Of all the artists who have been called followers of the Japanese it may be said that Miss Cassatt has rather absorbed the Japanese than been absorbed by them. It is not difficult to imagine her making her well-known series of colored prints without any previous knowledge of the Japanese work of the same sort. These prints have a stamp and character clearly the artist's own.

The name of Cecilia Beaux has already crossed the water, and all the six pictures sent by her to this year's Salon were accepted and hung. The one we here

engrave was among them. It is the portrait of one of the children of another artist, Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood, who long ago earned her laurels as a portrait painter, and perhaps for special excellence as a painter of children. Cecilia Beaux's work is distinguished by its union of womanly delicacy and refinement of feeling with a manly vigor in the painting. A certain fascination is the result; her pictures command the eye.

The name of Emmet is associated in the art-world with a family of sisters all remarkable for their talent. Of these ladies Mrs. Sherwood is perhaps the best known, but they all deserve a place in any notice, for each of them has a marked individuality and has won for herself an independent place.

The picture of Miss Lydia Emmet here reproduced represents only one side of her talent. Besides being a picturesque and vigorous portrait painter she has a most pleasing gift as an illustrator, and it were much to be wished that a series of designs drawn by her in water color on the pages of a copy of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" could be reproduced in facsimile for the public delight.

The sturdy little boy who has sat for his portrait to Miss Margaret W. Huntington must make as many friends for himself as for the artist who has so sympathetically painted him. It is not every one who can so unaffectedly mirror a child's nature as is here done, but the qualities that go to the painting of such a portrait as this are present in all this lady's work; very strikingly in her portraits, but still more in her landscapes—her favorite field of work, we believe, and where her best success has been won with the public. Her landscape compositions are largely and simply conceived, and treated with a breadth and decorative effect that, if we may trust tradition, are not characteristic of woman's work. But the truth is that this tradition is no longer to be blindly accepted; it may once have been true, but like many a tradition it is fading away in the light of new conditions. The work of all the women who are now making themselves felt in our art-world is strikingly marked by its avoidance of the niggling treatment and the love of petty details that were once so commented on by masculine shoulder-shruggings and acid-amiable smiles. It is true that the women have been fortunate in the direction of a company of well-trained artists; but this would not have sufficed had there not been something in the nature of the pupil that has responded to the appeal. This growth is not a partial development; it is one of the many cheerful and encouraging results of the new life and light that in our own day are pouring their beneficent influence into woman's world. Just at present there is a crying need for more life and light in man's half of the art-world. Technique is crowding out ideas.

WE GO A-BERRYING.

BY A. B. ERRYMAN.

THE reader may get a botanical idea of the nature of a berry by taking a grape as a type. When ripe it consists of a skin within which is a pulp and a few seeds. The gooseberry has the same general structure as the grape, in that there is the tough skin, pulp, and the seeds. Smaller than the gooseberry is its first cousin, the currant. In this the skin is thinner, but fully distended by the almost watery juice surrounding the several seeds. If we seek for a larger illustration of the berry it can be found in the tomato, which is not so watery as the currant or the grape, but when fully matured consists of the same elements; namely, a multitude of seeds imbedded in a juicy pulp and all held in shape and protected by a tough skin. On the other hand the banana, botanically speaking, is a berry but with the seeds

absent, the shape elongated, and the pulp so firm that it can be held in the hand after the tough skin is stripped off. The egg-plant fruit is one of the largest of all the berries, attaining the size of a person's head, and in structure is quite similar to the tomato, its close of kin, but less watery. It is seen that berries are not always as juicy as the grape and currant; but in all there is a pulp more or less watery containing seeds and surrounded by a thin but tough covering usually highly colored.

At this point it is essential to discuss our subject more generally and seek for a definition of a fruit. There is a plant structure that precedes a fruit, namely the flower, and if the parts of the flower are known to the reader the definition is clear when it is stated that a fruit is a mature pistil, or to be more specific, that portion of the pistil which contains the seed or seeds. In short the central portion of a grape, gooseberry, currant, or tomato blossom afterward forms the fruit. If a plant forms no flowers it will not produce fruit. There may be edible parts, as potatoes, onions, turnips, or cabbage, but these do not follow from blossoms and have no seeds in the parts eaten.

There are four groups of fruits, namely, simple, aggregate, accessory, and multiple. The simple fruits are single pistils, as the various berries above named. The pod of a pea or bean plant is a simple fruit. Aggregate fruits consist of a cluster of simple fruits formed in the same flower and crowded into a mass.

Let us be more careful than heretofore in our inspection, that we may get these four types of fruit clearly in mind. Some flowers have but a single pistil situated in the center, and after all the showy parts fall away this one grows into a seed vessel of some sort. It may be fleshy like the tomato or dry like a mustard pod. Such a fruit is a simple one. Suppose that instead of one fleshy fruit or dry pod from a flower there resulted several and these were more or less joined together; the result would be an aggregate fruit. You go into the fruit garden and pick a simple fruit. You select a cherry and a raspberry. The cherry is a simple fruit, that is, it results from the maturing of a single pistil; the raspberry is an aggregate fruit, because there are as many pistils as little hard bodies. In short the raspberry is made up of scores of small cherries packed closely together over the stem, and from these the aggregation of "cherrylets" comes off as a cap. The cherry has but one seed placed inside of a hard covering, the pit, and this surrounded by a pulp, while the raspberry has a multitude of seeds each like a little cherry.

The third group, accessory fruits, consists of those in which a neighboring part of the flower together with the pistil or pistils makes the mass called the fruit. A good illustration of this is the blackberry. This fruit differs from the raspberry, mentioned as an example of the aggregate fruits, in having the upper part of the stem juicy and removed along with the fruits proper. In the raspberry one eats the collection of "little cherries" and in the blackberry in addition the stem that bore these fruits. The strawberry is a still more striking instance of the accessory fruit, for in the "berry" so-called there is the large conical, luscious receptacle, or stem, upon the surface of which the fruits strictly speaking are borne to the number of hundreds and are the minute "seeds" so-called with which all are familiar.

The fourth group of fruits are those like the mulberry. Thus far—namely in the cherry, the raspberry, and the blackberry—each unit as found in the basket at the fruit store is the result of a single flower. The cherry is a single pistil and nothing more—save the slender stem usually carefully picked with the fruit; the raspberry is an aggregation of minute cherries, and the strawberry consists of many single fruits set in a large conical stem, which in fact is the edible portion of the so-called fruit—we eat the true fruits simply to get the luscious pulp that goes along with them.

The last type of fruit is that in which the cluster which is called, commercially, a single fruit is made up of a cluster of fruits resulting from a cluster of flow-

ers. There are many illustrations of this type, the one most nearly matching the cherry, raspberry, and strawberry being the mulberry. To put it in another form the mulberry fruit is the matured pistils of a whole group of flowers. Other instances of multiple fruits are the pineapple and the fig. Space will not permit of a full explanation of the structure of a single fig, but it must suffice to say that the fig is hollow and over the surface of the cavity flowers are produced, each one of which afterward matures a fruit, the so-called "seeds" of the fig.

Thus far we have been a-berrying and have left out of view the great majority of fruits that fall into other classes of fruits. These latter deserve mention as we take up the province of the berry in the economy of the plant. Our illustrations have been from the more familiar sorts that frequently find their way to the table as articles of food. Should we seek wild ones they would be at hand in every field and hedgerow. Some are white, as snow berries, some red, as ink berries, others black, as elderberries.

In seeking for an explanation for the structure common to the berries let us take up some of the other kinds of fruit, and return to our fleshy fruits later on. Many seeds or fruits are dry and small as particles of dust. These find a ready means of distribution through the agency of the wind. Sometimes the seed vessels are so constructed that the seeds are cast out violently and are thus given a start in the work of colonization. Other seeds are provided with wings, so that they thereby command the winds. The provision for catching the breezes is nicely shown in various peculiar twists, so that the seed cannot lie flat upon the earth; some portion will be projecting upward and only a small wind is needed to toss it about. The pine seeds are so arranged with a twist in the wing, and the Ailanthus has its fruits likewise constructed. The maples, ashes, elms, and a host of other trees have their fruits light and broad-winged for the navigation of the air. All these structures for wind dispersion also serve to float the seeds and assist toward their being disseminated by the streams, small and great.

Still many other seeds or fruits are provided with feathery plumes for floating in the breezes. Such as the thistle and dandelion in autumn may be seen filling the upper air, and their migrations know no boundary lines of state or country. If one walks through fields in midsummer and autumn it is unusual for him to come out with clothing free from various sorts of burrs. If these "stick tights," "beggar's ticks," and "clingers" are examined they will be found to bear seeds, and all of these hooks and other devices for catching hold of passing animals are but so many methods of solving the problem of plant distribution through the migration of the seeds upon the coverings of animals.

By winds, by waves, and involuntarily by clinging to passing animals we have thus far seen three leading methods which plants have developed for the dispersion of their offspring. The berries are not exempt from the important item of transportation. The seeds which these small, fleshy fruits bear are transported voluntarily by animals, the commission or tariff being the edible part surrounding the stony-coated seeds. As flowers are showy to attract the eyes of insects, so fruits are bright-colored to be seen by birds and other animals. For example, a bird swallows a cherry and the undigested pit is voided possibly a hundred miles from the parent cherry tree. In the same way the smaller seeds of strawberry and raspberry, currant and grape are scattered far and wide. There is one side of plant life that is quite lost sight of by many, namely, the motherly instinct, or that inherent tendency to provide for the offspring in its early struggle for independent life.

The berry seems to illustrate the highest type of seed distribution, for there is an offer of wages for service. It is constructed upon the broad, generous plan of reciprocity—"live and let live," literally. To make hooks and catch upon the legs and tails of cattle seems mean, and to build upon the winds and waves savors of insecurity; but

to construct a high-flavored wild grape, a spicy partridge berry, or a luscious strawberry, the like of which the writer gathers wild upon the hillside, is an earnest of good will with the thought of self so covered up with nectar that one only smiles thankfully for the lesson the berries teach as well as the possibilities they throw at the feet of the modern horticulturist.

We have been a-berrying in that the nature of the fruit we call a berry has been considered from the standpoint of its structure. That we might the better assign it its proper place among the fruits the four leading types have been dwelt upon. The relation of the berry to the plant producing it has been made prominent and its service enforced by bringing it alongside of these fruits that provide wings or plumes and balloons for high aërial flights, or hooks and barbs for clinging to passing animals. Higher in design and more pleasing in results than all these is the berry blushing with rich juices in the summer sun, for it rewards with delicious morsels all those creatures that will do an unconscious service of importance in the economy of the plant.

Let us suppose that these facts have been brought to light as, pails in hand, we, reader and writer, have gone through the meadow, gathering, in the places where the grass was not heavy, the first juicy globes of scarlet hue, or along the fence row near the wood lot where grew another kind of strawberry, the pointed sort we called the "sheep's noses." It may have been later in the season and we brought back our pails overflowing with raspberries, which blackened the milk as we crushed them in the bowl. The blackberries came on later in the succession of the season's fruits and made some amends for torn clothes when the roly-poly, or big dark-stained dumpling, came steaming upon the table. Further on into the summer came the greater sports, for then the blueberries and huckleberries and whortleberries and the whole train of closely related balls of juice hung heavily upon the bushes high and low on the dry hillside and also in the swamps. These times of berrying are on a large scale, and the whole landscape is dotted with sunbonnets and broad-brimmed hats, and the air rings with the merry laughter of the light-hearted children. To live out of the reach of these berries of the heath and the royal fun that flows from the huckleberry hillside when the blue bullets are ready for the hunt, is to miss a whole chapter in the book of childhood's rollicking, light-hearted, blissful days.

There is another berrying scene that comes to but comparatively few. In the lowlands of New England, New Jersey, and some parts of Michigan and Wisconsin hundreds and thousands of pickers go and camp, or are otherwise quartered, for weeks in early autumn. Day by day a windrow of pickers of both sexes and all sizes advances over the smooth, dry surface of the bog that is as level as a lake—for many months flooded and a lake in fact—and from the prostrate vines beautiful pink and white oval berries are secured. These are the days of the ingathering of the cranberries that supply the whole country with a fruit that graces the Thanksgiving Day table with its highly-colored and flavored sauce. The days may be busy ones, but the evenings around the camp are alive with the merry-making of the hundreds of berry pickers. It is hoped that the reader has not been one of the unfortunate who never went out to hunt berries in the open. To any such the writer trusts the day is coming, and if this article hastens that time we will not have gone a-berrying in vain.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

NOTHING quite so well illustrates the apparently casual nature of English institutions, in which indeed may be included the very unwritten constitution of the country itself, than the history of the Bank of England. To nine people out of ten, English as well as American, the Bank of England is as integral a part of the English government as the army, the navy, or even the Church of England itself. As a matter of fact the bank is in its nature wholly and entirely a private banking business and, save in the matter of certain chartered privileges for each one of which it has given value, stands very much on the same footing as one of the many private or joint-stock banks. It will, therefore, I think, be of some little interest if I endeavor to briefly sketch its history and to show as clearly as may be its exact relation at present not only to the state but also to the financial world of the United Kingdom.

In 1694 the government, being in great straits for money to carry on the war in which they were then engaged, searched about for some temporary expedient whereby money could be immediately raised. They accordingly passed a measure by which a new duty was imposed upon tonnage, the proceeds of which duty should be for the benefit of such persons as might advance money to the state. Advantage of this was taken by a shrewd Scotchman named William Patterson, who by his own endeavors collected together a number of merchants and others in the city of London in conjunction with whom he formed a scheme which was the seed, as it were, from which the stately tree of the Bank of England has grown. Having received the sanction and support of the government to their plan, within ten days the sum of £1,200,000 was raised from the subscribers. This sum in its entirety was lent to the government on the security of the new tonnage duty from which it was understood the lenders were to receive a yearly dividend of eight per cent upon their capital, and this dividend upon their capital though the percentage has been reduced is still received by the bank.

A charter was received on July 27, 1694, which provided that the management and government of the corporation be committed to a governor, deputy governor, and twenty-four directors, that thirteen or more of the governors or directors (of whom the governor or deputy governor should always be one) should constitute a court of directors for the management of affairs of the company, and that no dividend should at any time be made by the said governor and company save only out of the interest, profit, or produce arising out of the said capital stock or fund or by such dealing as should be allowed by act of Parliament. Four general courts were to be held in every year in the months of April, July, September, and December, and special general courts to be summoned at all times upon the requisition of nine qualified proprietors. The majority of electors present at general courts were to have the power of making by-laws for the government of the corporation. The charter also provided that the subscribers should be permitted to carry on the business of banking; that is, to receive money on deposit and lend it at interest, a business then solely in the hands of private individuals, as a rule the goldsmiths of Lombard Street, while another curious feature of the charter was a clause inserted to the effect that the bank should not be able to advance money to the crown without the sanction of Parliament, this being inserted by reason of the fear that the sovereign might use the money and influence of the bank to subserve the liberties of the people.

As I have said, the original capital of the bank, amounting to £1,200,000, was lent to the government, who not only paid eight per

cent interest therefor but paid a further allowance of £4,000 a year for the management of this loan. The charter, which was for the term of eleven years, further provided that at the expiration of this period the loan should be redeemable by Parliament after a year's notice to that effect. But the loan still remains unpaid together with various additions subsequently added to it which amount at the present day to the sum of £11,015,100. It is significant that the various charters conveying exclusive privileges to the bank have been conceded either as equivalents for these loans or for their deferred liquidation. In 1708, for instance, £400,000 was advanced without interest and over £1,700,000 worth of bills were canceled, while in 1722 £4,000,000 were advanced to pay off the South Sea stockholders. In 1728 £250,000 was advanced on the security of a lottery, while the last loan was made in 1816, at the conclusion of the great war, when £3,000,000 was advanced at three per cent.

The privileges accruing to the bank for these and other loans were of such a nature as tended to increase the monopolistic position of the bank in financial affairs. Thus, in 1697 the bank, having become involved in difficulties and indeed having had to suspend the payment of its notes, which were then at a discount of twenty per cent, was empowered to increase its capital to the extent of over a million, and its charter was further extended until 1710, while it was provided that no other corporation, fellowship, or institution in the nature of a bank should be established by act of Parliament in the kingdom. Still further advantages accrued to the bank in 1708, when the monopoly of the bank was still further established. By a special act it was provided that it should not be lawful for any body politic or corporate exceeding the number of six persons to borrow, owe, or take up any sum or sums of money on their own bills or notes payable upon demand or in any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof.

This somewhat extraordinary act was of course entirely in the favor of the Bank of England, as it gave to it the sole power of banking and creating paper money. It continued in force until 1826, when it was partially repealed, so as to admit of the formation at any distance exceeding sixty-five miles from London of banking establishments with more than six partners, for the issue of notes; but these establishments were restrained from having any branches in London, and it was expressly declared that the partners, jointly and severally, should be held liable for all the debts of the bank with which they might be connected.

It was not until 1833 that it occurred to some clear-headed people that it was after all possible that these restrictions applied merely to banks of issue, and the law officers of the crown having been called upon for their opinion gave it decidedly in favor of this contention, for it appeared that banks might at any time have been established in any part of the kingdom provided they did not issue their own notes payable to bearer. However, to remove all doubt upon the subject, a special clause was introduced into the Act of 1833, when the bank charter was again renewed, which clause authorized the establishment of banks which did not issue notes, having any number of partners, in any place in the United Kingdom.

Regarding the note-issuing powers of the bank I may mention here that until the year 1759 no notes of a less value than £20 had been put into circulation. In that year the bank began to issue notes for £10, but it was not until 1793 that £5 notes were first issued. Four years later, owing to the great demand for specie to carry on the war which followed the French Revolution, the amount of bullion held by the bank was reduced to but little more that £1,000,000, and the crisis was considered so grave that the king was requested to come from Windsor on a Sunday and assist at a Privy Council held at St. James' Palace. An order in council was immediately issued stating that it was the unanimous opinion of the council that the directors of the Bank of England should forbear to make any cash payments, and in order to accommodate their clients

the directors began the issue of one and two-pound notes, the order in council having been supplemented by a special act.

In 1817, having accumulated nearly twelve millions of coin and bullion, the bank gave notice in the month of April that all notes of one and two pounds' value dated prior to 1816 might be received in gold. In the September following a further notice was given that gold would be paid for notes of every description dated prior to 1817. The effect of these measures was to drain the bank of a large portion of its bullion, so that in August, 1819, not much more than three and a half million sterling remained in its coffers and an act was hurried through Parliament to restrain the bank from acting any further in conformity with the notices mentioned.

In the same year what is known as Peel's Bill was passed, which provided for the gradual return of cash payments, and on May 1, 1821, the bank resumed absolutely the payment of their notes in specie. At this time, too, the issue of notes of a smaller denomination than five pounds practically ceased, while by a special act passed in 1829 it was by law provided that from the 5th of April in that year five pounds should be the lowest sum for which any bank in England might send forth its notes payable to bearer.

The charter under which the bank at present directs its operations received the royal assent on the 9th of April, 1844. Until the passage of this the directors of the bank had not only declared but had acted upon the theory that secrecy in regard to the bank's condition was absolutely necessary to its prosperity. To such an extent was this feeling carried that large and increasing dividends were declared and paid to the proprietors without the exhibition of a single figure by which such a course might be justified. It was not until the report of a special commission published in 1832 that the true condition of the corporation had been revealed to any one outside its governor and directors. It was evident that such a state of things was not conducive to the best interests either of the bank or the public. But it took some twelve years of constant agitation to place things upon a more satisfactory footing. The Bank of England Charter Act, 1844, to which I have referred, absolutely remodeled the bank, especially so far as regarded its division into departments of issue and banking, a separate department for the issue of notes being established which was quite independent of the banking department, while it was provided that the bank's returns should be officially published every week in the *Gazette*. The object of this was to take the control of the circulation out of the hands of the directors, and it was further provided that the issues of notes by country banks should also be fixed and that as they lapsed the Bank of England should be authorized to increase its note circulation to the amount of two thirds of the country circulation thus wiped out of existence, while the creation of any new banks of issue in any part of the United Kingdom was prohibited.

The most important feature, however, in this new charter, which though originally intended to be in force for only ten years has been continued until the present time, was the limitation of the issue of notes by the bank itself. It was provided that the bank should have the power of issuing notes only to the extent of a fixed amount of securities held by them, which securities amounted in value to £14,000,000, and that the note issue beyond this sum was to be based on the amount of bullion in the bank's possession. That is to say that if the issue department held ten millions of bullion and specie the bank could issue £24,000,000 of notes. If only five millions of bullion were in their vaults then £19,000,000 only of bank notes could be put into circulation. As a matter of fact, however, although the highest circulation of notes since the passage of this act has amounted to something short of £35,000,000 it would on the other hand be virtually impossible to contract under any circumstances the circulation below £20,000,000. Thus the difference between the authorized circulation and the amount of notes actually

in the hands of the public is officially designated "the reserve on notes" and on three occasions since 1844 (namely in the years 1847, 1857, and 1866) owing to the severe drains of gold there has been little or none of this so-called "reserve." The consequence has been that the government has each time been compelled to suspend the act so far as it related to the limitation of the bank-note issue. I may mention that the authorized issue of notes against securities other than coin and bullion has been raised since 1844 from £14,000,000 to over £16,000,000. This is due to the lapsing of country note issues.

As I have pointed out, the Bank of England has from its first institution made much of its revenue by the discounting of mercantile bills. It is nowadays perhaps this function which brings it most closely into touch with the mercantile community. The bank rate, which means the rate of discount charged by the bank, is, as it were, the great pendulum which, swinging now this way and now that, preserves the regularity of action in that marvelously intricate arrangement of commercial springs and cogwheels which we call "finance." At first the bank's rate of discount fluctuated between four and a half and six per cent, and in its early days the bank was wont to make a distinction in this respect in favor of persons who deposited money with them, discounting for these customers inland bills at four and a half and foreign at three per cent, while to all outsiders the rate was six per cent upon both classes of bills. But it was not long before a general rate was adopted for all classes. It fluctuated between four and five per cent until the third quarter of the 18th century was reached, when five per cent was fixed upon as the normal rate of discount upon all descriptions of paper. For fifty years this was subject to no alteration but in 1822 it was lowered to four per cent. Twenty-five years later it was raised to seven per cent and has since then been gradually decreasing in general average until during the week in which I am writing it stands at the abnormally low figure of two per cent.

It is only right that I should point out, however, that in comparatively recent years there has been a disposition among certain critics of the bank who are inclined to question the methods of the bank as applied to modern conditions to consider that the great disparities which often exist between the so-called "outside" rate of discount, or those charged by ordinary bill brokers, and the rates fixed by the bank directors during their weekly conclave point to the waning influence of the Bank of England as a preponderating influence, and it is being more constantly remembered than it formerly was that in its essence the bank is but a private institution and is in no manner inextricably bound up with the financial fortunes of the government. That this latter should be the common belief is doubtless due to another function which has for centuries devolved upon the Bank of England. It acts and has acted for long as the agent of the government in the management of the national debt. It receives and registers the transfers of government stock, commonly known as consols, from one public creditor to another and it is from the bank that the numberless creditors receive the quarterly payments of the dividends accruing to them. Until the passing of the Act of 1833 these services were recompensed by an annual payment of £248,000. This was at the date referred to reduced by the sum of £120,000 per annum in consideration of the privileges of exclusive banking, and by the Act of 1844 a further £60,000 was deducted from the reduced total.

Much of the government's financial business is also done by the bank, many balances of money belonging to the state being lodged with it as with an ordinary private banking institution. Roughly speaking then the profits of the bank are derived from its discount on commercial bills, from the interest on exchequer bills, of which a varying amount is held, from the interest on the capital stock in the hands of the government, from its allowance for managing the public debt, from its profits on the purchase on bullion, and from the interest on loans, on mortgages, and so forth.

The bank commenced actual business in the Grocers' Hall in the Poultry and continued there until 1734, when new premises were built upon the sight of the house and garden of Sir John Houblon. On this spot it has remained until the present day, although a church—St. Christopher-le-Stocks,—five taverns, and upwards of twenty houses were required before the building of the bank as it is to-day was completed.

The outward appearance of the gray old pile is due to the architectural skill of Sir John Soane, the founder of the famous museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where his working drawings and designs for the bank are yet to be seen.

JEAN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER.

BY JOSEPH FORSTER.

RICHTER possessed all the exalted enthusiasm of Schiller, and in addition a supreme sense of humor. No man except the unapproachable Shakespeare ever lived who combined more intense pathos and earnestness with the richest wit and humor. Nothing, not even semi-starvation, could dry up the ever-gushing fountain of fun in Richter's large and loving heart. The permanent charm in all literature has its source in a great heart. The finest humor has as much love as wit in it.

Jean Paul was born at Wunsiedel, in Bavaria, in the year 1763. He himself said, in reference to the remark that he and the spring were born together: "This epigrammatic fact, that I, the professor, and the spring came into the world together, I have, indeed, brought out a hundred times in conversation before now; but I fire it off here purposely, like a cannon salute, for the hundred-and-first time, that so by printing I may henceforth be unable to offer it again as a *bon mot bonbon*, when through the 'printer's devil' it has already been presented to all the world."

Richter's Christian name, Jean Paul, was derived from his paternal grandfather, to whose dying bedside he was taken, when a clergyman present said: "Now let the old Jacob lay his hand on the child and bless him." "I was held into the bed of death," says Richter, "and he laid his hand on my head. Thou good old grandfather! Often have I thought of thy hand, blessing as it grew cold, when fate led me out of dark hours into clearer, and already I can believe in thy blessing, in this material world, whose life, foundation, and essence is spirit."

Richter's father occupied the humble position of *tertius* (under-schoolmaster) and organist at Wunsiedel. He was soon afterward appointed clergyman in the hamlet of Joditz, and later on was transferred to Schwarzenbach on the Saale. This is what Jean Paul wrote of his life when a boy at Joditz:

"In autumn evenings, and though the weather was bad, the father used to go in his dressing gown with Paul and Adam into a potato field lying over the Saale. The one younker carried a mattock, the other a hand basket. Arrived on the ground, the father set to digging new potatoes, so many as were wanted for supper, Paul gathering them from the bed into the basket, whilst Adam, clambering into the hazel thicket, looked out for the best nuts. After a time, Adam had to come down from the boughs into the bed, and Paul in his turn ascended. And thus, with potatoes and nuts, they returned contentedly home; and the pleasure of having been abroad, some miles in space, some hours in time, and then of celebrating the harvest home by candle light when they came back—let every one paint to himself as brilliantly as the receiver thereof."

Richter's father was evidently a manly, honest man, with a love of music, in which he distinguished himself. The exquisitely elevating and ennobling love of harmony entered the open heart and brain of the boy and at once raised him above the mean and the vulgar. Although the father dug his own potatoes, he was universally loved and respected by his neighbors, high and low.

The following picture is, I think, full of tender, simple beauty:

"The afternoon, again, was still more important, and richer in joys. Winter shortened and sweetened our lessons. In the long dusk our father walked to and fro, and the children, according to ability, trotted under his dressing gown, holding by his hands. At sound of the vesper bell we placed ourselves in a circle, and in concert devotionally chanted the hymn 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Round.' Only in villages, not in towns, where probably there is more night than day labor, have the evening chimes a meaning and beauty, and are the swan-song of the day; the evening bell is, as it were, the muffle of the overladen heart, and, like a *rance de vaches* of the plains, calls men from their running and toiling, into the land of silence and dreams. After a pleasant watching about the kitchen door for the moonrise of candle light, we saw our wide room at once illuminated and barricaded; to-wit, the window shutters were closed and bolted, and behind the window bastions and breastworks the child felt himself snugly nestled, and well secured against *Knecht Ruprecht*, who on the outside could not get in, but only in vain keep growling and humming.

"About this period, too, it was that we children might undress, and in long-train skirts skip up and down. Idyllic joys of various sorts alternated; our father either had his quarto Bible—interleaved with blank folio sheets—before him, and was marking at each verse the book wherein he had read anything concerning it; or, more commonly, he had his ruled music paper, and, undisturbed by this racketing of children, was composing whole concerts of church music, with all their divisions, constructing his internal melody without any help of external tones, or, rather, in spite of all external mistones. In both cases—in the last with the more pleasure—I looked on as he wrote, and rejoiced especially when by pauses of various instruments whole pages were at once filled up. The children all sat sporting on that long writing and eating table, or even under it.

"Then at length how did the winter evening, once a week, mount in worth, when the old errand-woman, coated in snow, with her fruit, flesh, and general ware basket, entered the kitchen from Hof; and we all in that case had the distant town in miniature before our eyes, nay, before our noses, for there were pasty cakes in it."

I dwell with delight on this beautiful picture of home and its simple, innocent joys. What a sweet, good home the boy Jean Paul had! The father was like the Vicar of Wakefield, and music gave the beautiful bloom of art to the homely simplicity of the future poet's life. The world often thinks, it appears to me, that a man of genius dwells apart from ordinary humanity and its joys and sorrows like a radiant and distant star. That idea is altogether wrong. A man of genius is a man of genius because of his intense, passionate humanity. He is ten times a man: more loving, more sympathetic, more open to every impression and passing influence. But behind this acute power of feeling and suffering and enjoying is a capacity of judgment and analysis, so that, like the needle in the compass, which, though always vibrating, ever points to the north, a man of genius is always level-headed.

One more touch of the master hand. His father would shed tears over any sign of quickness or talent in little Fritz. They were all true and united by real affection; rich in soul if poor in pocket. "Ever and anon," wrote Jean Paul, "I was hearing some narrative from my father, how he and other clergymen had taken parts of their dress and given them to the poor: he related these things with joy, not as an admonition, but merely as a necessary occurrence. Oh God, I thank thee for my father!"

"A good man, in the direst grasp of ill,
The consciousness of right retaineth still."

If ever the above grand, soul-inspiring words were true they were so in the case of Jean Paul Richter. The good, kind, noble-hearted father died, and the all-sacrificing mother struggled heroically to find means for sending Jean Paul to Leipsic University. He did not obtain great help there, although he diligently attended the lectures, principally of the dry-as-dust kind. He read prodigiously, making extracts from the books perused, and thought and felt deeply. How he lived at all is wonderful. He not only faced poverty; the wolf of famine nearly devoured him. During this bitter time, when he could feed the mind and not the body, Richter wrote the following Spartan passages in a little book of practical philosophy entitled "Andachtsbuch" (Book of Devotion):

"Every unpleasant feeling is a sign that I have become untrue to my resolutions. Epictetus was not unhappy.

"Not chance, but I, am to blame for my sufferings.

"It were an impossible miracle if none befell me; look for their coming, therefore; each day make thyself sure of many.

"Say not, were my sorrows other than these, I should bear them better. Think of the host of worlds and of the plagues on this world-mote. Death puts an end to the whole. For virtue's sake I am here; but if a man, for his task, forgets, and sacrifices all, why shouldst not thou?

"Expect injuries, for men are weak, and thou thyself doest such too often. Mollify they heart by pointing out the sufferings of thy enemy; think of him as of one spiritually sick, who deserves sympathy.

"Most men judge so badly; why wouldst thou be praised by a child? No one would respect thee in a beggar's coat; what is a respect that is paid to woolen cloth, not to thee?"

The blows and cruel stabs of fortune did not sour the noble heart of Richter, but from its deep wounds wisdom and beauty flowed. But like a hero full of divine fire and unquenchable spirit he struggled, sending articles to magazines, of which nine out of ten were rejected.

The following story told by Jean Paul, as he alone could tell it, shows how some students endeavored to avoid total extinction by famine.

"The *Quintus* related, perhaps with a too pleasurable enjoyment of the recollection, how one of this famishing *coro* invented means of appropriating the professor's hens as just tribute, or subsidies. He said (he was a jurist) they must once for all borrow a legal fiction from the feudal code, and look on the professor as the socage tenant, to whom the usufruct of the henyard and henhouse belonged, but on themselves as the feudal superiors of the same, to whom accordingly the vassal was bound to pay his feudal dues. And now, that the fiction might follow nature, continued he—*fictio sequitur naturam*—it behooved them to lay hold of said Yule hens, by direct personal distraint. But unto the courtyard there was no getting. The feudalist, therefore, prepared a fishing line, stuck a bread pill on the hook, and lowered his fishing tackle, anglerwise, down into the court. In a few seconds the barb stuck in the hen's throat, and the hen now communicating with his feudal superior could silently, like ships by Archimedes, be heaved aloft to the hungry air-fishing society, where, according to circumstances, the proper feudal name and title of possession failed not to be awaiting her: for the up-drawn fowls were now denominated Christmas fowls, now forest hens, bailiff hens, Pentecost, and summer hens. . . . . The professor, like any other prince, observed with sorrow the decreasing population of his henyard, for his subjects, like the Hebrews, were dying by enumeration. At last he had the happiness, while reading his lecture, to descry, through the window of his auditorium, a quit-rent hen suspended, like Ignatius Loyola in prayer, or Juno in her punishment, in middle air; he followed the incomprehensible direct ascension of the aëronautic animal, and at last descried at the upper window the attracting artist and animal-magnetizer, who had drawn his lot for dinner from the henyard below."

Richter's two most extraordinary, and, to the ordinary reader, the most bewildering novels ever written, "Hesperus" and "Titan"—books which rank with "Julie" and "Wilhelm Meister"—are filled to overflowing with the most soul-piercing pathos and the wildest humor. Jean Paul ransacks every literature and language; lays hands on the terminology of all human learning; soars to the sublimest heights or dives to the deepest depths to find illustrations worthy of his original and daring ideas and situations. There are enough ideas in these two books alone to stock a thousand ordinary novels. Were it not for the two typical books already named, to call such works novels would be absurd. Both "Hesperus" and "Titan" show a profound knowledge of the depths, the very deepest depths, of the human soul and heart; they fathom the profoundest possibilities of human passion, and they overflow with a Christlike sympathy and love.

Richter had the daring of genius. He even dared to dress as he pleased and to wear his hair cut short. He added to this temerity by going about Hof without a shirt collar, bare-necked, and minus a pigtail at the back of his head. Next to the bold, the reckless Richter lived at his time a very dignified, not to say pompous *magister*, who was naturally shocked and deeply offended at this careless, unconventional dress of the poet. He wrote to Richter's landlord the most pathetically complaining letters. Jean Paul promised to do all he could to avoid annoying the great man, whose name posterity has not preserved. He agreed to walk out only in the evenings and mornings, and thereby not run so much risk of exhibiting the apparel "which convenience, health, and poverty had prescribed to him." The clothes critic was not satisfied, and

complained that Jean Paul had broken his promise; then Richter claimed his right to walk in his own garden in what dress he pleased, with or without a queue to his hair. "To me, Herr Korner is not dreadful," he said, and for the *magister* himself he put down these remarkable words:

"You despise my mean name; nevertheless, take note of it, for you will not have done the latter long till the former will not be in your power to do. I speak ambiguously that I may not speak arrogantly."

This unconventional conduct of Jean Paul caused him to be excommunicated by the "gigocracy" of Hof.

Richter continued his noble fight with fortune for ten years, and then he won; won nobly too, on his own terms, without the surrender of a principle or an idea. The relation of a stupid man to genius is precisely that of an owl to the sun. And can we wonder? A man has been living contentedly in a darkness visible of confused feelings and ideas, and a God-inspired genius pours the solar rays of truth on his weak eyes. Of course the man is dazzled and angry.

In 1797 Richter lost his good, loving mother, whose heart was always a safe resting place for her much-tried son. This death broke up the Hof household. In 1798 he visited Weimar and there met Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Weiland. In speaking of Goethe, Richter said:

"Goethe told us he had not read a syllable of his 'Werter' until ten years after it was written. So also said Herder of his works. What can be said of the self-idolatry of the small literary men of the day, when such men are so humble? I was ashamed not to be so before them, but I said that my things immediately after they were printed pleased me extremely, and that I knew no better reading—but when I had forgotten my own ideal I knew no worse."

During this visit to Weimar Madam von Kalb used every persuasion possible to induce Jean Paul to marry her. He was also beloved by Emilie von Berlespsh, of whom he wrote:

"I told Emilie that I felt no passion for her, and that it would be impossible for us to live happily together. I passed two inconceivably wretched days; but now her wounded heart closes again gently, and bleeds less. I am free, free, free, and blest! In Hof you will hear of it most extensively, but my justification will precede the censure. It depended on myself, after my confessions, to form with her a social and friendly bond. At the end of May we shall go together to Dresden, Seifersdorf, and on the Elbe. . . . I should be much happier in marriage than you imagine. If there were only the spring of love, I would ask little from the summer of marriage. Do not believe that mine is like your self-sacrificing heart."

Jean Paul escaped from the subtle snares of Circe and Calypso, and at last met in Berlin Caroline Meyer, daughter of Dr. Andrew Meyer. Caroline thus writes of Richter to her father, who had forbidden her even to mention his name:

"It is a great pity that we cannot receive the noblest and best among men with interest and warmth. I feel, indeed, dear father, that I have lost your esteem. It pains me much, but the consciousness alone that I am free from all enthusiasm and all extravagance in esteeming and admiring such excellence raises me in a certain degree above all mortification. Your dissatisfaction with me arises from the suspicion that something different from reverence has taken possession of my heart. Did you know how pure, how inexpressibly pure, my interest in Jean Paul is, a man like you could not on that account esteem me less. With Leonora in Tasso I can say: 'I love in him only what is most excellent and most exalted.' Ask your own judgment whether this is extravagance. Truly, a more exalted man we can never meet."

Richter boldly asks Dr. Meyer for his daughter in the following terms:

"In this moment of my great request all other things appear too little to be touched upon by either of us. I approach the man, for whom my esteem and love, even without the relation I desire, would be almost filial, as his feminine tenderness and manly philosophy have together nourished the root of this beautiful flower of the sun, and made it so firm yet so tender. To this good father of this good daughter I present my short but weighty prayer: Let her be mine! She will be happy, as I shall be!"

The father gave his assent—who could resist the tongue and magnetic personality of Jean Paul?—and the lovers were betrothed. Richter thus describes his future wife:

"Caroline has exactly that inexpressible love for all things that I have till now failed to find, even in

those who in everything else possess the splendor and purity of the diamond. She preserves in the full harmony of her love to me the middle and lower tones of sympathy for every joy and sorrow of others. She has the beauty, rare among the Germans, of a dark, soft eye, and a Madonna-like brow; . . . self-sacrificing love without equal; modesty, openness; and in the midst of the purest love for me her heart trembles at every sound of sorrow. She has the warmest friends among women and young girls, and the innumerable visits of congratulation that she received at the news of our betrothal show how much she is beloved by the Berliners."

On May 27, 1801, Richter married his beloved Caroline and left the dust and noise of Berlin for the sweet peace of the country. A week after the marriage Caroline wrote to her father:

"Marriage made me love him more romantically, deeper, infinitely more than before."

Jean Paul had a noble head, and his countenance was instinct with genius. He commanded friendship and love wherever he went; in fact, he inspired love to an inconvenient degree: the maidens wished to marry him and the married ladies, like Madam von Kalb, wanted to divorce themselves in order to espouse the all-conquering Jean Paul, who in spite of these bewildering temptations preferred the sweet pure love of the noble-hearted Caroline.

As throwing light on the character of Richter it will be well to mention that he wrote a eulogy of Charlotte Corday, full of daring thought and deep feeling. Most readers will know his delightful work "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces"; Carlyle translated his "Life of Quintus Fixlien," from which I have quoted.

The following passages paint the moral and intellectual elevation of Jean Paul:

"I hold my duty not to lie in enjoying or acquiring, but in writing, whatever time it may cost, whatever money may be forborne—nay, whatever pleasure; for example, that of seeing Switzerland, which nothing but the sacrifice of time forbids. I deny myself my evening meal in my eagerness to work; but the interruptions by my children I cannot deny myself."

And further on:

"A poet who presumes to give poetic delight should contemn and willingly forbear all enjoyments the sacrifice of which effects not his creative powers, that so he may delight a century and a whole people."

On November 14, 1825, twenty-four years after his marriage, at six o'clock in the evening the physician entered Richter's room. He appeared asleep; his features became every moment more childlike; all the marks of carking care appeared smoothed away; his brow was white as marble; a light from heaven seemed to shine on the countenance, and his wife's hot tears fell upon his cold face; he remained unconscious. A slight convulsion passed over the recumbent form; the doctor said, "That is death!" and all was still.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY A. MOSSO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THERE was a time when Italy was the master of the other nations in physical education. Modern culture and science had their origins here. From here went out the new light which was to disperse the shadows of the Middle Ages. The evolution which gymnastics are now undergoing has revived historical investigation in the field of physical education. All are agreed that the English method of educating the youth, the method which has made the Anglo-Saxon race the strongest race of all, the one endowed with the greatest powers of resisting climatic influences, the race that stands first in lung and muscular development, is the very method which flourished in Italy at the time of the Renaissance. A recent German writer, Krampe, has abundantly demonstrated this fact in a book on the Italian Humanists and their efforts

toward the revival of gymnastic pedagogics.

The education of the Middle Ages was purely ascetic. Between this and the new education of the Renaissance was a long period of preparation. This preparation went on chiefly in Italy. At the beginning of the year 1400 a professor of philosophy and medicine in the university of Padua, Vergerio by name, wrote a Latin treatise on the "Habits and Liberal Studies of the Youth." The part of this book which has the greatest importance for us is where Vergerio shows we should not learn too many things, but rather learn a few things well. *Non multa sed multum* is his maxim. Every day should have certain hours set aside for the exercises of the body and certain others for the training of the mind, for study. Among corporeal exercises he particularly recommends running, jumping, wrestling, and throwing stones and javelins, but above all ball-playing and walking, because you weary of these less quickly.

Vergerio's book was written in classical style, as was the custom of the Humanists, and its Latin caused it to be adopted in the schools as a standard text-book for more than a century. In our modern schools this good old tradition of the Humanists has ceased. Latin is now studied from grammars and notes made by Germans, and gymnastics have gone the same way. They too come from Germany. But the fundamental idea of Vergerio's treatise still holds, so far as gymnastics are concerned. It is that physical education loses its pedagogical value when it is separated from the other matters which constitute education, but that it should not be esteemed less than the other elements which contribute to the formation of the youth.

Half a century after Vergerio, Pope Pius II. contributed toward the same views of educational culture by a treatise he wrote on hunting and another on horseback-riding. His observations on these themes are so wise and pertinent that they could well be reprinted at the present day, after nearly four hundred and fifty years of progress, as an introduction to some book on gymnastics. But all these counsels of our fellow-countrymen have long been forgotten. Italy has abjured the teachings of her Renaissance, and copies literally to-day the German system of gymnastics. This system is itself of somewhat slow development, reaching back already more than a hundred years.

A German theologian, Christian Salzmann, pastor of St. Andrew's Church at Erfurt, came under the influence of Rousseau's and Basedow's ideas of education, and in 1784 founded in Schnepfenthal an educational institute that still exists. In the mind of this first practical advocate of gymnastics the youth should get vigor and strength by reviving the Hellenic sports. Since few will believe this in the light of the present equipment of a gymnasium I will give the documents on which the statement rests.

Guts-Muths, in a book entitled "Gymnastics for the Sons of the Fatherland," published in 1817, wrote these words:

"The *pentathlon* of ancient Greece shows us how few exercises are sufficient to develop strength. In spite of the light thus thrown upon it by antiquity, education in Germany was wholly directed toward the training of the mind. Not a single educational institution thought of physical education. In 1785 I arrived at Schnepfenthal, near Gotha, as a pupil. Salzmann led me to a fine spot and said 'Here is our athletic field.' There on the oak border of the Thuringian forest slowly developed German gymnastics. Here every day we delighted in the five first kinds of exercise. I do not know whether it was Basedow's idea, or some one's else, but the intention was this, to put again into practice the physical education of the Greeks. Later on the exercises multiplied, and took new forms and new tendencies without its being often easy to submit them to rules. So, after seven years, the first edition of my book on gymnastics was born, which was like the first manipulation of a much decried subject, of which the traces are to be found in history alone."

But what were these five exercises of the Greeks to which Guts-Muths refers? They were running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the discus, and throwing the javelin. In their beginnings walking was the base of gymnastics. Salzmann, in founding gymnastics, had tried to give a great impetus to walking. Guts-Muths enthusiastically describes the walks which Salzmann made his pupils take in 1786, as far as the Rhine.

Walks through foreign countries were then in vogue and Seume published a most attractive description of his nine months' tour of France, Switzerland, Austria, and Sicily.

Jahn, or as the Germans called him Father Jahn, was another founder of gymnastics. Those who now are blindly following the exaggerations of German gymnastics should read Jahn's little book on the subject, especially the third chapter, in which he speaks of the way of establishing and organizing a gymnasium. It would be worth while to have it republished in Italian, although it is already eighty years since the first edition appeared, for it says "The gymnastic field should have trees, in the shade of which the pupils would learn to climb." Then it describes certain primitive apparatus which should stand under the trees, and adds, "But gymnastics can be performed with less. All you actually need is to lead the young men into a field for their exercises, where there is a big oak or linden. Their strong branches are the best apparatus. Here is an exercise ground without expense. Have some good ladders by which to climb into the trees. Nature will furnish the rest."

By unanimous consent Adolph Spiess was the inventor of the method and exercise on which all the programs of gymnastics are based to-day. Few schoolmasters have left such deep traces in education; few perhaps have done so much work as Spiess. He taught, in the public school at Burgdorf, history, geography, singing, drawing, and gymnastics—all at the same session. Poor as he was he would take a three hours' walk every week to the Münchenbuchsee gymnasium and after two hours of hard exercise he would return, always on foot, tired but not discontented. Burgdorf is a little town in the canton of Bern. Its castle crowns the summit of a hill. One day I visited the town, went up to the castle, and passing through it to a terrace sat down under an old linden, to admire the landscape and gaze on the snow-capped Alps whitening in the distance. An instructor in the high school of Burgdorf who had gone with me on this walk pointed out to me the windows of a room in the castle where Spiess' first school had been. In that room boys and girls had first gone through those exercises which are now part of the training in all public schools. All there is just as it was in 1833, when Spiess came from Germany, full of hope, happy in being called there as Pestalozzi's successor. Pestalozzi had written in that very castle his book "How Gertrude Teaches Her Children," as well as the "Mothers' Book," no less celebrated in the history of popular pedagogy. Spiess tells us how the gymnastic exercises were carried on in the castle only in winter and when it rained, but at other times how he would lead his boys out into the open air to exercise in the playground which is down in the valley, a grassy meadow protected from the sun on the south by a high cliff.

Spiess' best years were passed in that meadow. The four volumes of this work on gymnastics were thought out and put into practice on that playground. An old horizontal beam on two rusty supports, which is still there, is probably the oldest piece of gymnastic apparatus in Europe. A perpendicular beam served for javelin throwing, and a movable block fixed at the top of the beam represented a human head. Both beam and block testify by their many indentations to the vigor and skill of the youths that practiced on them. Remember all is in the open air; a shed was the only refuge in case of rain. The ground is grassy, without hedges or walls around it. Lindens and beeches give it a joyful cornice of green. Near by is the brook, which in its widest part served for swimming lessons. How different the surroundings from the shut-up gymnasiums of to-day! But we all know that things are beautiful and good in their youth, and go on deteriorating as they grow older.

Spiess made gymnastics a new subject of instruction. And this was a pity, for it increased the task of the brain, and has not helped physical education as much as it should. Spiess invented free movements and exercises by squads for boys and girls who were not yet large enough for work on

the apparatus. He it was who put gymnastics into the narrow bounds of school programs and made of them a matter of study which constantly became more and more complex and difficult. Before his day there was a contrast and an opposition between the exercise ground and the school; after him all is shut up in the gloomy atmosphere of the class room. But it was his writings, and not his example and practice, that made gymnastics degenerate.

The four volumes of Spiess' "Gymnastics" resemble the work of a literary man who, standing before a manikin, as do painters in their studios, describes all its innumerable movements one after another, without bothering about their utility or their mechanism. This comparison will not seem exaggerated if you reflect that for suspensory exercises alone he wrote a volume of 231 pages, and another of 271 pages for the exercises of the torso. German gymnastics do not grant the youth any free and easy movement, pure air, or sunlight, which he must have in order to grow up strong and healthy. The arrangements of the schools to-day seem calculated for the only purpose of making life a burden to the pupil who studies there.

But we must be fair and recognize that Spiess had admitted that his system of gymnastics was irksome. This is all the more important because many claim nowadays that it is the most delightful thing in the world. Here are his own words: "I hear it repeated very often that gymnastic exercises are not attractive. This is probable." And in the introduction to another book he adds: "A great number of exercises seem superfluous to many teachers of gymnastics and they say they are wearisome, but this ought to have no weight with him who teaches gymnastics." If these were the convictions of the founder of modern gymnastics, of the creator of gymnastic exercises for women, we can understand how they have not turned out particularly pleasing to others. Unfortunately Spiess' tradition has been preserved in the exercise books of our schools. True we no longer hang by our teeth, as Spiess did, nor hold ourselves up by our chins nor stand on our heads. These perilous exercises were given up long ago, but there are others left which, if not equally perilous, are equally useless.

Here is the origin of the present system of gymnastics. The characteristic tendency of Spiess is to never distinguish essentials from accessories, even in female gymnastics, and this tendency is still kept up in recent books on the subject. They fail to show the reason for the movements, their mechanism, and their practical utility. The most serious defect of German gymnastics is to have given an undue development to the arms, and to have shut itself up almost exclusively in gymnasiums. Even to-day the Central Gymnastic Institute at Berlin, where almost all the teachers of gymnastics in Prussia are trained, has no court nor yard for any kind of open-air exercise. Besides, the last official manual of Prussian gymnastics, published in 1895, enjoins on girls the same movements as on boys.

One of the most strenuous opponents of gymnastics by means of apparatus was Professor Otto Jaeger, of Zürich. In 1848 the philosophical faculty at Tübingen gave for a subject of a prize essay the influence of Greek gymnastics on the peoples of antiquity, and their adaptability to modern civilization. Jaeger wrote on this and won the prize. In 1857 he became professor of practical philosophy and pedagogy at Zürich, and in 1864 printed his "New School of Gymnastics," filled with the spirit of the Greek system.

Jaeger's position was assailed because, it was claimed, he gave too strong a military tendency to his gymnastics, and because the complexity of movements demanded by his exercises and the constant strain on the mind injured the one who was attempting to perform them. But, notwithstanding, Jaeger's iron club, which was to represent the gun and the javelin in the hands of the youth, has become popular even among us in Italy. Like every good thing it has degenerated, however, and is often replaced in the schools by a stick of light wood, in exercises that are so easy as to be without utility. But the spirit of his system is clear. Running, jumping, and walking are the essentials in it.

And what will always make his work worthy of admiration is the impetus it gave to the long, rapid step, the pace that covers a meter in length. He advocates also large grounds surrounded by pines, lindens, chestnuts, and poplars, in which those wearied with the exercise may take refuge. He divides the hour of gymnastics into parts, of which the first, fifteen minutes in length, shall be given to exercises of the joints, running or walking; then fifteen minutes on games, such as jumping—long, broad, and high jumps.

It was a great misfortune that our statesmen and instructors were persuaded that physical education can be reduced to a coordinate system of bodily movements that goes on slowly developing in the schools from class to class, and that they believed that our youth can be made robust and strong by some piece of apparatus or other kept in a closed room or corridor. I am convinced that in the coming century, when education will be more natural and practical, it will be hard to understand how we could have so neglected the physical education of youth and especially of women. The judgment history will pronounce upon us will be not less severe than that we now pronounce on the last century, when all in education was dry and artificial. We will then adapt our exercises to the differences of sex and the peculiarities of the individual, and especial attention will be paid to the movements that are helpful to women, such as walking, jumping, running, and games.

Apparatus that develops the muscles of the arms and shoulders can have some signification and utility for men. But for woman, her career as a mother is not to be aided by the strength of the arms, but by the soundness of the loins, where the more important muscles that are used in walking, running, and playing come together. For women life in a gymnasium is more harmful than it is to men, because the development of the female organism is different in itself and more precocious than the development of the male. The blood of a women has a more important function than a man's and a different one, and for this reason a close room is more harmful to a woman and more liable to give her anæmia.

That a reform in these matters is coming is clear. The scholastic conference summoned in 1890 by Emperor William of Germany had an important bearing, in its results, on physical education. To the question of what improvements might be made in that direction the commission answered, "We should introduce games into the schools, and exercise a better supervision over gymnastic movements." In 1894, by a conference held in Berlin for the development of sports among the people, forty-four cities sent representatives, and two cabinet ministers were present at the sessions. Under the auspices of a central committee formed with that object in view games have been taught to several hundred instructors in girls' schools. And one of the most important recent events in this field in Italy is the last circular of the minister Bachelli. He desired to begin the year 1896 by recommending to the school authorities to "keep in mind that the program comprises easy but important exercises, like walking, running, and marching, which, after all, are most efficacious in giving breathing power and vigor to the youth."

Private individuals can help on this movement by forming associations for the advancement of popular sports. By so doing the poorer classes who live hived up in cities will have a means of retrieving their health and soundness. They will acquire a taste for gymnastic exercises and return to the games of antiquity, if the directing classes set them the example. We will show, as has been done in Germany and England, that one of the first tasks in the education of a people is to draw it away from the influence of the causes detrimental to health which exist in populous centers. Games and sports are not only useful for the physiological development of the body, they are also of great worth from a pedagogic, civil, and social standpoint.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PIANO.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

THE piano of to-day bears scarce a resemblance to the primitive, one-stringed instrument known as the monochord, yet such was its origin. A long box of thin wood, bridged at either end, with a central, movable bridge over which was stretched a cat-gut string; this was the monochord. It was invented, if so simple a contrivance can be called an invention, in the sixth century B. C., and was used by the ancient Greeks. From the monochord to the clavicymbalum was a decided advancement. As early as the fourteenth century this instrument was in use, and was subsequently, in an improved form, called the clavichord.

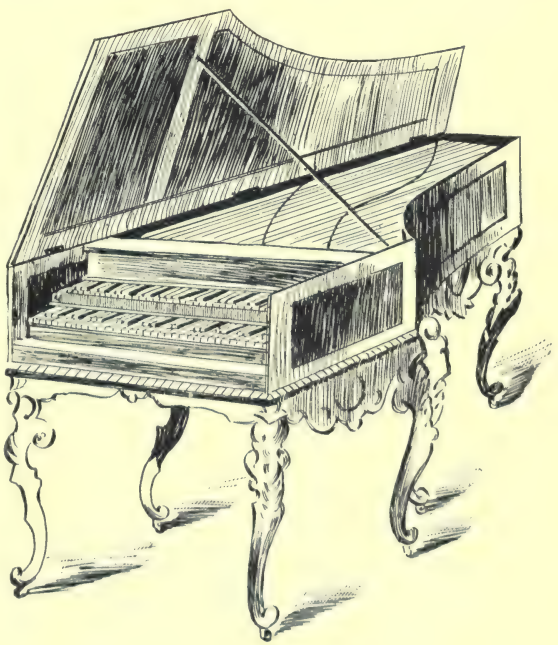
Nothing is known of the history of the clavichord, prior to the fifteenth century; an instrument of that era is described as having four octaves, but lacking the notes D and G sharp. In a clavichord of the sixteenth century, with its chromatic keyboard, sounding-board (a flat surface of wood extending partly over the instrument), and curved bridge, we have the piano in embryo. Strings of brass wire were secured to the sounding-board by tuning-pins, and stretched over the board to the opposite end of the case, to which they were attached by hitch-pins. On striking the keys, small brass hammers an inch in height called tangents—each key having its own tangent — rose to the strings, producing delicate, vibrating notes.

It was upon the clavichord that Mozart composed many of his masterpieces. Beethoven preferred it to the piano, averring that "of all keyed instruments, the clavichord was that on which one could best control tone and expressive interpretation." In this respect it had no equal until the piano was invented.

The spinet, an instrument shaped like the clavichord and with the same keyboard, also came into vogue in the sixteenth century, and was used as late as the eighteenth century. Whittier makes mention of the spinet in these lines:

> "Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
> Stretched away into stately halls;
> The weary wheel to a spinet turned."

One can in fancy see the stately halls of Maud Muller's imagining, peopled with quaintly costumed belles and no less quaintly garbed courtiers; one can almost hear the tinkling of the spinet as its sweet, tremulous tones, called forth by lovely



THE HARPSICHORD.

fingers, sounded the measures of the minuet.

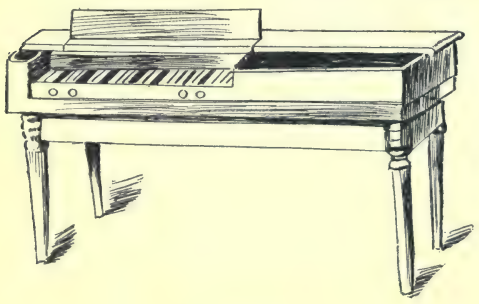
The tone of the spinet was incapable of increase and decrease, therefore could not respond to the gradations of the player's touch. The manner in which the strings of the instrument were caused to vibrate marked the difference between the clavichord and the spinet. In the latter instrument instead of tangents pressing upon the strings were points of leather or quill, set in wooden uprights called jacks, that plucked the strings as the pressure of the keys caused the points to rise.

The

"slender harpsichord
With the tapping, tinkling quills,"

was, as its name denotes, a harp-shaped instrument and was played in the same manner as the spinet. The Ruckers, of Antwerp, were the most skilled of harpsichord makers in their day—1614. Their method was introduced into England and was improved, the powers of the instrument being developed to the highest limit. The psaltery was the prototype of the harpsichord. It also was shaped like a harp, and the strings were struck with an ivory plectrum, held to the hand by rings. The strings of the psaltery were in groups of three, each group forming one note.

An enthusiastic admirer of Bach's compositions whose collection of musical instruments of ye olden time, numbering seventy-five, surpasses that of Rothschild, declares that it is only upon the instruments for which they were written that these masterpieces can be rightly interpreted. The keyed instruments used in Bach's time differed materially in construction from the modern pianoforte. The strings of the clavichord, in particular, being more directly controlled by the player, were made to vibrate as do the strings of the violin when swept by the violinist's bow. In the Vienna Conservatory of Music the Bach school in its primitive form is studied and compared with the present method of playing on the piano, thus obtaining a better understanding of the subject of the compositions. Among the most valued of the instruments comprised in the above-mentioned collection is a grand piano once belonging to Haydn. Many of these old-style instruments have been on exhibition in the United States and Europe, notably the clavichord used by Mozart, formerly in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, and a harpsichord played by fair Nellie Custis, whose



THE SPINET.

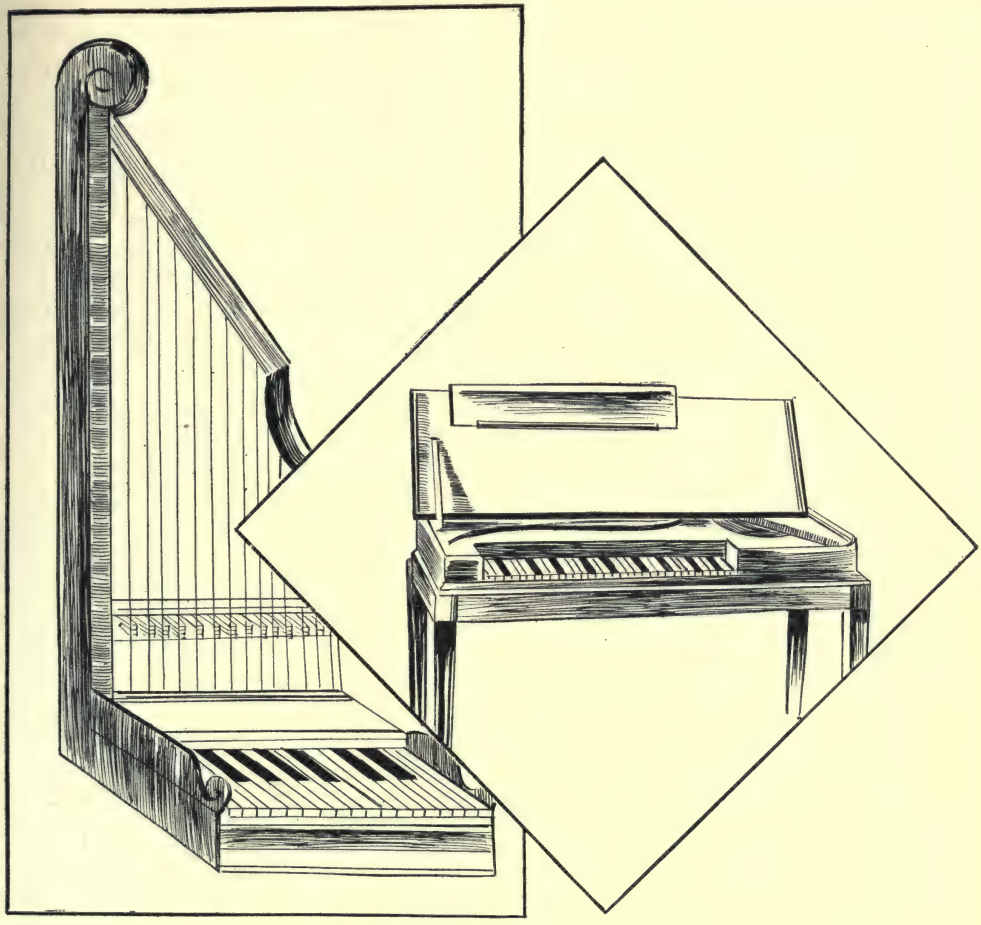
"Fingers shamed the ivory keys
They danced so light along,"

which was exhibited at the World's Fair.

The virginal (now wholly obsolete), of the same family as the spinet and harpsichord, was so named from its general use by young ladies. It had one wire to each note.

The dulcimer is described as a "trapeze-shaped instrument, of not more than three feet in greatest width, composed of a wooden frame inclosing a wrest plank for the tuning-pins, around which the strings are wound at one end, and a sounding-board ornamented with two or more sound holes and carrying two bridges between which are the lengths of wire, and a hitch-pin block for the attachment of the other end of the strings." The dulcimer was laid upon the table, and the performer, holding a small, leather-headed hammer in either hand, struck the wires, producing the forte or piano effect by simply using the soft or hard side of the hammer head.

In the year 1697 a double dulcimer was invented, having two sounding-boards, each with its scale of strings. Some twenty years after its invention, a musical writer in Mattheson's "Critica Musica" proclaimed the great superiority of the improved dulcimer over the clavichord and harpsichord. This



THE VIRGINAL AND THE CLAVICHORD.

led to the study of the instrument which above all others possessed the properties of piano and forte, and the result was a keyed instrument known since its invention by Cristofori, in the year 1711, as the piano-forte.

TENNYSON'S WOMEN.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

TENNYSON'S female characters form a splendid portrait gallery. They include many types, ranging from babyhood to extreme old age, but for the most part he chose to depict those in the fresh bloom of girlhood or the full flush of womanhood. They are drawn from many classes, of widely different stations in life: the beggar and the queen, the peasant girl and "the daughter of a hundred earls," the pious nun and the worldly belle, the worthy housewife and the woman untrue to herself and to others, daughter, sister, sweetheart, bride, wife, mother, and grandmother. Some of them are of the lower and middle classes, yet it is noticeable that the greater number are high-born dames and damsels of gentle blood. Whether

through his pronounced aristocratic preferences or his greater familiarity with their lives, ladies of rank and social prestige are usually brought to the front. This is true at least in most of his longer poems—"The Princess," "Maud," "Idylls of the King," and the dramas.

Tennyson's women are nearly all English. Either he lacked Shakespeare's marvelously wide acquaintance with the people of foreign lands, or he could not enter into sympathetic intimacy with them. His female characters are peculiarly and intensely national. With few exceptions, like Helen and Cleopatra, who are delineated only in the merest outline with the traits well known to every student of ancient literature, they are such girls and women as he found living in England and on the Isle of Wight. The lovely nymph Œnone belongs to classic legend. The story of the handsome Italian woman who became the bandit's bride is borrowed from Walter Scott. The Lady Giovanna in "The Falcon," while nominally Italian as in Boccaccio's tale, is English at heart. Mariana in the South has the dreamy, voluptuous nature of a southern woman, and the hot-blooded Fatima would certainly feel more at home in Spain than in Britain. But the beautiful Rosamund in "Becket" is more English than French. In one of the later poems, "To-morrow," there is a charming portraiture of a sweet Irish lass drawn to the life. But the imperial Camma, though the wife of a Galatian tetrarch, exhibits in the main the characteristics of an Englishwoman, recalling the heroic Boädicea.

Tennyson gave the world pictures of some of the fairest feminine creations in poetry — winsome maidens, demure and trustful; womanly women, loyal and companionable; devoted wives, gentle and faithful; noble matrons, loving and self-sacrificing, serving the best interests of home and country.

Tennyson's conception of woman and her sphere may be regarded as rather old-fashioned. He was evidently not in full sympathy with some of the advanced notions of the modern women. His burlesque of "woman's rights" in "The Princess" has not hurt the cause of the weaker sex. He understood the right relations of the man and the woman, and his utterances in the closing passages of this poem go to the heart of the problem. It is still true that woman's chief place and crowning glory is to be queen of the home. There she may have an unlimited field for usefulness and exert a far-reaching influence for good, if she but realize her opportunities and improve them. In the household woman finds her proper sphere and work—

> "Her office there to rear, to teach,
> Becoming as is meet and fit
> A link among the days, to knit
> The generations each with each."

No other poet has done more to glorify the maternal sentiment, or to make the family relation sacred. Woman's work, as he conceived it, is not only training the plastic minds of the young, but spurring the man to more resolute endeavor and grander achievement. Yielding to her subtler forces and gentler agencies, he aspires to a higher plane of being. While "accomplishing his manhood" by repressing the baser and cultivating the finer side of him, she at the same time works out her own salvation, humanly speaking, in the truest sense. In a word, it is by loving and being loved that she reaches the fullest development and renders the world the best service. Conserving and fostering goodness and greatness, ministering to the wants of the lowly, scattering gloom and softening the sting of anguish—this is woman's mission.

Tennyson was not opposed to the higher education of woman, but to over-education. He held that intellectual training is essential for woman's development, but he would probably consider some of the subjects taught at Bryn Mawr as unnecessary for fitting a girl for life. He no doubt felt the fullest admiration for the Princess Ida, with her culture and strength of character, who certainly deserved the name of "the new woman." Lady Flora, in "The Day-Dream," is also one of his favorites; earnest and sensitive, she combines personal attractiveness with intellectuality.

The statuesque Maud, with all her wealth of physical charms, lacks depth and convictions of her own. Something is lacking, too, in the proud, idle coquette Clara Vere de Vere, indulging in the splendid but cruel pastime of breaking hearts. Edith, in the second "Locksley Hall," combines "all the charm of woman" with "all the breadth of man." Dora Steer, the heroine of "The Promise of May," seems to be in some respects a woman after the poet's own heart, yet she had been away from home to school and had some modern ideas in her head; she was thus better fitted to meet the trying conditions of a responsible position. The poem written in honor of Kapiolani shows his keen appreciation of the worth of this brave chieftainess of the Sandwich Islands, who accomplished a religious revolution in Hawaii, freeing her people from superstitious terror. It is evident that the great poet laureate recognized the pressing need of enlarging woman's sphere in Victorian England, and by his writings contributed no little toward her emancipation from the old-time thraldom.

Roughly speaking, Tennyson's women can be divided into two classes: (1) those who fulfill their mission; (2) those whose lives are failures. He has portrayed them in varying degrees successful and unsuccessful, happy and unhappy, fortunate and unfortunate. Environment must be admitted as a factor, sometimes an overruling factor, in leading to felicity or misery. Some are enabled to reach the poet's ideal of womanhood through favoring circumstances—their lot having been shaped for them by others. On the other hand, there are those who fail in life because of adverse circumstances, defective training, imperfect development, vicious disposition. The one is helped upward, and the other seems to be inevitably dragged downward, as if by fate. The one is a conservative force in society, diffusing joy and sunshine; the other becomes a power for ill, disintegrating and destroying, bringing harm to herself and suffering to others.

In Tennyson's poems are given many examples of women who meet the requirements of their destiny. Prominent among them is that of the poet's much-loved mother, whose praises are sung in "Isabel"—not a woman of slavish servility but having

> "A courage to endure and to obey;
> A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway."

In a notable passage of "The Princess" he characterizes her as a woman of high ideals and blessed influence:

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts."

There are not many (he thought) of this type—"the household honey-making bee, man's help"—but there are others in their way more or less successful in the domestic circle, who are genuine helpmates, such as the kind-hearted, pious wife of "a city clerk" (in "Sea Dreams"); Annie Lee, the good wife in turn of Enoch Arden and Philip Ray; Sally, the modest sweetheart and helpful spouse of the northern cobbler; the abandoned Mary Romney, who kindly receives and nurses her sick husband come back home to die; the leper's bride, with a beautiful devotion resolving to share her husband's solitary hut with him, thus lightening his terrible affliction; and Edith (another name perhaps for Lady Tennyson), who is so generously praised in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Even the mettlesome Ida, though a very different kind of woman, may be grouped with these models of wifely excellence; for, when rid of her high-flown notions, she no doubt made a capital wife. At last brought to see her mistake of resisting nature by cultivating the intellect at the expense of the heart, she gracefully yields to her manifest destiny, submitting to the cares and burdens of domestic life.

The poet gives us a few instances of women marrying men of higher station than their own, who admirably adapt themselves to their changed positions in life. Of such are the miller's daughter, winning the son of a squire and proving to be a jewel of a wife; and the shy, gentle village girl, wedded to the Lord of Burleigh, wearing gracefully the "honor unto which she was not born," but

finally drooping beneath the burden; also, perhaps, the beggar maid to whose incomparable charms King Cophetua fell a willing prey. True, Sir Edward Head (in "Walking to the Mail") marries a cottager's daughter who quickly fades and turns sour "out of her sphere," but likely the fault was partly his own.

Of those who fall somewhat short of attaining the poet's ideal is the unambitious wife, not sharing the pursuits of her lord and master. An admirable housekeeper, she yet imperfectly performs her duties as a companion. Such is the simple-minded woman described in Canto XCVII. of "In Memoriam":

> "She knows but matters of the house,
> And he, he knows a thousand things."

However good at heart, she cannot be called in the full sense of the term the wedded partner of a man who is by far her superior in intellect and knowledge. Such a woman, though serviceable, does not make the most of life.

Tennyson's ideal wife is she who gains "mental breadth, nor fails in childward care." Of some of the wives who figure in his poems the most that can be said to their credit is that their husbands can get along smoothly with them. Miriam Erne, in "The Ring," is sweet-tempered, but withal rather insipid; not very insistent upon her rights, she makes her husband happy. A woman of more spirit and individuality might have added zest and color to his life, and made him more useful in the world. The vivacious Lilia, whose portrait is sketched *con amore* in the prologue of "The Princess," is a maid of decided originality, mingled with a touch of piquancy that is delightful and stimulating. Meek Enid, like humble Dora, with all her fine qualities, is too patient and obedient. The woman always content and avoiding friction is not the woman who does great things. The pale-blooded Isolt of Brittany, "of the white hands," sweetly serving and enduring, cannot inspire such deep passion in Tristram as does her namesake of Ireland with her intenser nature.

Among the women who only partially succeed in life, if they do not make total wrecks of themselves, are those who commit the grave mistake of marrying men beneath them. In "Locksley Hall" the jilted lover pays his respects to the "shallow-hearted" Amy, who throws herself away (as he thinks) on one unworthy of her; without sufficient regard for herself, she yields to her parents' solicitations to wed a man of wealth but intellectually and morally her inferior. Taking this ill-fated woman as a text, he breaks into fierce invective at the social sins of English fathers and mothers. In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" the old man takes a soberer view of things than he did in his inexperienced youth; he incidentally impresses the lesson that marriage, even without the romantic accompaniments of deathless vows and tender sentiments, need not always be a failure, if honor and self-respect are not sacrificed.

In "Edwin Morris," "Aylmer's Field," "The Flight," and other poems, Tennyson bitterly arraigns the ill-judged course of people who break up love matches for mercenary alliances. Nor is this objectionable practice to be found only in fashionable society; "proputty" weighs more than love with the hard-headed northern farmer. Between the lines of "The Foresters" it is easy to discern the author's undisguised admiration for Maid Marian, who has a will of her own and resists the pleadings of her father when in sore straits to save his land. She remains a loyal sweetheart and at the same time a dutiful daughter. In the end all turns out well.

Marian is none the less lovable for having in her composition a spark of independence, but the high-strung Lynette is independent to a fault, having too much self-assertion. Overestimating her own worth, she petulantly scorns the attentions of the manly Gareth, who is far too good for her. Glorious creature that she is to look upon, Lynette has a hard, selfish disposition, which makes her too haughty and exacting. For this, according to the old romancer, her sister won the prize that might have been hers.

Happily, not very many of Tennyson's women are failures. Of those who defeat the ends of their being or fall short of ac-

complishing their destiny not all are to be classed as hopeless cases, for some, if not all of them, are redeemable. Foremost in the list are those who sin against chastity. There are those, too, who err by loving too much, even if they do not fall through sensual passion—who fail by not having a right conception of life.

The fallen girls and women depicted in Tennyson's pages are not the worst of their class. For the most part they cannot be called outcasts or creatures of grossest nature. Along with traces of the coarse and animalistic they still exhibit evidences of the higher nature. Excepting one or two like Vivien they are not the open tempters to lustful indulgence. They have been led astray and left to their fate. None of them find the paths of sin smooth or easy to travel. They are all represented by the poet as coming to grief sooner or later, some having a tragic end. All are made to suffer the penalty of illicit love. Trouble and sorrow are their portion. Punishment is the inevitable result of their misdoing, and a train of disasters follows in their wake, involving others in their ruin.

The completest failure at King Arthur's court, so far as lapse from virtue is concerned, is Vivien, wily, lissom, lying Vivien, wanton destroyer of purity, slanderer of the brave and the innocent, treacherously compassing the destruction of Merlin, sowing the seeds of vice and disruption, thus undoing the good work of the king. A more repulsive being is hard to be found in poetry.

Another sad failure is Ettarre, though "a great lady" of superb presence. A fickle "Queen of Beauty," gracious for a purpose, she is too far lost to the finer sensibilities of woman to appreciate an honorable attachment. She deceives and mistreats her lover-knight, the trusting Pelleas, who finally discovers her to his cost to be not only disdainful and sharp-tongued, but even shamelessly sensual. Finding herself misled by "light-of-love" Gawain,

> "her ever-veering fancy turn'd
> To Pelleas, as the one true knight on earth,
> And only lover; and thro' her love her life
> Wasted and pined, desiring him in vain."

A fate to make one shudder—and laugh!

The Isolt of Tennyson, while a queenly woman of fascinating personality, is pretty nearly a total failure. For a brilliant woman, possessed of exquisite beauty, when frail becomes doubly dangerous as a wrong-doer. The more idealized picture of Isolt given by Matthew Arnold and Wagner glosses over her faults. Granting that there were mitigating circumstances, her conduct still remains objectionable and her course inexcusable—not because she was fiery and voluptuous, but because she had not the character of a true wife and friend. For this grave lack hers is a soiled name in the old romances and in "The Last Tournament."

The fatal net which enmeshed the guilty love of Tristram and Isolt is slight as compared with that which involved the love of Lancelot and Guinevere. It is a melancholy spectacle of the queen, in whom so many high hopes were centered, betraying the trust placed in her. The height from which she fell makes her failure the more terrible. The desolation that she wrought in blighting Arthur's fair designs is the more appalling because she is portrayed as

> "the stateliest and the best
> And loveliest of all women upon earth."

Her superiority in beauty and ability gives her a kind of supremacy among Tennysonian women. The poet has succeeded in throwing around her a witchery and glamour that make her irresistibly captivating. Gifted with judgment and the "power of ministration," gracious in manner and speech, it is a pity to see this magnificent woman, yearning for "warmth and color," overcome by impure passion. But Guinevere shows herself to be not wholly corrupt, in that she struggles to break the bonds of unholy pleasure. She is repentant, hence savable. After learning the awful consequences of her sinful career, she partially retrieves herself, realizing values at last as they are.

Dora Steer in "The Promise of May," like many another pretty country girl, falls through excess of susceptibility. The simple plea of the trustful schoolgirl of fifteen, deceived by an unprincipled "gentleman,"

in itself half disarms our condemnation:

"Oh, you see,
I was just out of school, I had no mother—
My sister far away—and you, a gentleman,
Told me to trust you: yes, in everything—
That was the only *true* love; and I trusted."

Not naturally dissolute, she tries to redeem herself, instead of falling lower as does many another girl of weaker character and more vicious instincts. But the past is irreparable and one false step in early youth leads to many grave consequences, culminating in her death at twenty.

Whenever Tennyson has taken betrayed or unfaithful women as themes for poems it has been done for the purpose of conveying a warning—not to make lust seem attractive. The lesson taught in the pathetic verses entitled "Forlorn" is the folly of adding deception to deception, the wrong of the deserted Catherine in trying to hide her shame by marriage with another instead of choosing an open, straightforward course. His object in writing "The Wreck" and "Charity" was to set forth that imperfect social conditions as they now exist are partly responsible for the downfall of wives and maidens. It is not always the sin of "animal vileness," but the want of the right kind of companionship that leads to disgraceful elopements. Ill-treatment on the part of man and severity on the part of woman for her fallen sister are continually sweeping fresh victims into the stream of licentiousness, when a helping hand and a kind word at the critical moment might bring about reformation.

The reading of such poems as "Mariana," "The Lady of Shalott," and "Idylls of the King" takes one into the atmosphere of the vanished age of chivalry. It shows how far we have traveled from the old-time conception of woman and her possibilities. The emotional class of women, to whom love is everything, is becoming more and more antiquated. This does not mean that there is less of the eternal feminine in the matter-of-fact world of to-day than there was in the days of romance. The medieval woman was a product of her times, and was not altogether to blame for her deficiencies.

The "lily maid of Astolat" may be described as an apparent victim of fate. Deprived of a mother's guidance and humored by a fond father, she becomes self-willed and unpractical. The over-sensitive Elaine is broken-hearted because her one hope fails—her romantic attachment for Lancelot being her doom. It is pitiful to see a life thus broken, wasted, for lack of discipline and common sense. Her counterpart, "The Lady of Shalott," leads a cramped existence apart from the world, unnatural and unhealthful—her monotonous life ending tragically, as might be expected of a woman passing her days in dreamland with an almost total absence of exhilaration.

Of a similar type are the Marianas and Fatimas, fanciful, unbalanced creatures whose curse is misplaced or ungratified affection. The plight of the morbid, love-lorn Mariana does not arouse in us much sympathy—she seeming indisposed to rise superior to her lot and not realizing that there are many ways of breaking up loneliness and *ennui*. As Byron's Donna Julia writes,

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence,"

so Tennyson's Fatima declares,

"I *will* possess him or will die."

With her, as with Elaine, the heart dominates the head and love becomes a matter of life and death.

Poor Œnone feels very miserable without Paris and longs to die. But in our enlightened day a single woman may be fairly happy, at least useful. Disappointment in love does not necessarily mean the wrecking of life's purposes. Success may come to a fair one who does not have

"What every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness."

There are opportunities for usefulness outside of the domestic sphere, and ladies are no longer confined, like the dainty Lyonors in Castle Perilous, waiting to be delivered from enforced captivity and ready to bestow herself as a reward to some knightly rescuer. The maiden living in the last decade of the nineteenth century may thank her stars that she was not born a noble damsel in some feudal castle of Arthur-land.

HOW PORCELAIN GROWS.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. WAIT.

THERE is no more fascinating place in the imperial city of Germany to the lover of dainty china than the Royal Porcelain Factory, and one sympathizes with Frederick the Great's love of the beautiful, for it was he who bought it for the state from its founder and owner, a merchant named Gotzkowski. After a charming walk through Berlin's largest and most attractive park, the *Thiergarten*, one finds herself at the entrance to her Mecca, where she is most politely and kindly received by the attendants, who seem perfectly willing to hear her prayers "to see all," and she is immediately introduced into a room where feldspar from Norway and kaolin and clay from Halle are uttering forth their loud protests at being ground together by huge stone wheels.

But their cries are unheeded, and they soon find themselves being reduced to still closer relationship in immense drums. But with almost human perverseness they refuse to become friends, so a sticky clay called *Herbindungs-Mittel* is added, thus causing the rival materials to adhere, after which they are mixed in water and pressed into flat, fluted squares, out of which all the porcelain, fine and common, is made, for all raw material is the same, the time in heating making the difference in the quality.

Care is the keynote of china-making, for it must be exercised throughout the entire process, from the beginning, when the doughy mass must be kept constantly wet (as it becomes too brittle for use if allowed to dry), to the last careful polishing of the gold.

It is a relief after the noise of the grinding room to be led into an apartment where plates are being made, a most interesting proceeding. From a piece of this grayish clay one sees an embryo plate being fashioned, free-hand style, by one of the many workman. After the general outline has been given it the plate is put onto a mold which revolves very rapidly, the under rim being formed and the edges being cut by a huge knife; when the desired shape is produced a workman very deftly frees the outer edge while the revolutions release the rest of the dish from its mold, which is sometimes plain and sometimes covered with a design, the reverse of what the raised pattern will be on the finished plate. If lace work is the effect sought, the border must be carefully and skillfully cut out by hand while the mixture is still wet.

Upon entering the next room one finds herself in the midst of what seems to be a battlefield of the pigmies, for on all sides are baskets of tiny arms and legs, miniature hands, headless torsos, and bodiless heads; but she soon discovers her mistake, for it is the hospital of those Lilliputian figures which are the essence of daintiness. Here the skillful workmen unite by hand the different parts of the body, all of which are pressed separately, wet brushes and knives being used for these surgical operations. All ornaments and trappings are put on by hand after the parts of the figure are joined together, and even the tiniest folds of the drapery are patiently modeled with tools which look like huge darning needles.

Wandering still further, one enters the porcelain flower garden, where artists are found fashioning those beautiful pieces which appear to have dainty flowers frozen over their polished surfaces. What wonderful dexterity these men use in forming the tiny blossoms! For each little petal and smallest leaf is fitted into its place separately, while the gentle curves and graceful stems are patiently shaped by skillful fingers.

As the dishes and figures wait to be fired, a metamorphosis takes place, the articles turning from light gray to pure white as the moisture evaporates.

We are now introduced to the ovens, which are heated with impure gas. Great elephantine affairs they look, as they open their huge jaws to receive the porcelain, which is put into plaster of Paris cases to be burned. The mouths of the ovens are then filled with plaster, which has to be broken after each heating, thus causing the replacing of the doors at every firing.

Now comes the test which decides between fine and coarse porcelain, for the wavy appearance in china is wholly due to improper firing. Having endured the first heating, which averages six or seven hundred degrees, the porcelain is next made acquainted with the glacier, a mixture of the materials out of which it was originally made and *Maenesit* and *Marmor* —the dipping being done quickly by hand while the glacier, in huge tubs, is occasionally stirred with a perforated paddle or shovel. This treatment not only gives the article a glossy, polished appearance but renders it capable of enduring a second heating of eighteen hundred or two thousand degrees, as a ball of feldspar melts after six hours while a ball of glacier does not dissolve for sixteen hours, the temperature being the same in both cases. If certain parts of an article are left unglazed, and yet it is desired to have them polished, the work is done by hand, a certain kind of building stone which never becomes dull being used, while the dust is blown off by bellows.

The ware is now ready to be painted, and the men who do this are artists, not artisans. Flowers, faces, and scenes seem to grow under their magical touch, and yet every thing is done in a thoroughly methodical style. A plate, for instance, is divided into quarters before a brush is put to it, but having thus taken his bearings the artist humors his mood. There are specialists in this branch of the work, for there are men who paint nothing but flowers, while others give themselves wholly to faces or scenes; but there is no machine work, each man drawing and painting his own design as the spirit moves him. After the last firing, which sets the color, the gold work is finished, being polished by an agate-tipped instrument or a bloodstone, which is considered the best thing for the purpose. The most precise system of marking is used, so that the amount of work done in the factory and by whom it is done can be easily traced. Each turner has his own mark which he always uses. Some letter or number signifies a certain set of plates; another number designates how many plates in the set, this plan being carried out on every article. If the piece is painted, the painter's mark in red is also added, while the mark of the factory, a blue scepter taken from the royal coat-of-arms, is never omitted. Thus what appears to be hieroglyphics at first sight unravel themselves into very readable matter when the kind attendant gives one the key.

From the beginning this factory has possessed a secret, and no other place has ever been able to produce the peculiar iron-red color for which it is famous. Once seen it is recognized from all other reds, and has remained the same from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the present day, as one can prove by carefully comparing some of the older specimens now on exhibition in the Industrial Museum in Berlin with recent products of the factory, much of which is so truly artistic that there seldom is a pilgrim at the shrine of beauty who does not carry away with her a dainty souvenir of her morning in the Royal Porcelain Works, where she watched china grow from its birth in the grinding room to its graduation in the polishing department.

DIAMONDS.

BY SARAH BRENTWORTH.

THIS may indeed be called the golden age of diamonds, for these jewels have never been distributed so generally throughout the world and particularly in the United States, where their use is so common as to be almost universal. And this is not to be wondered at, for what in the long list of precious stones more delights the eye of a lover of jewels than a pure, sparkling gem of the first water, rivaling in splendor and brilliancy the morning dewdrops which tip the tiny blades of grass or the glory of winter's icy down sparkling at the gentle touch of the cold morning sun?

Centuries ago diamonds were known by the people of the Orient and they were used as ornaments by the Romans, but compared with other gems, particularly the ruby and sapphire, they were considered of little value owing to their adamantine quality, the nature of which the Greeks three centuries before Christ fully described when they called the diamond "the unsubduable stone."

A few years later Pliny, who gives an account of the diamond, says, "It exceeds in value all human things. . . . The only way it can be subdued and broken down is by dipping it in fresh, warm goat's blood." As late as the sixteenth century, Benvenuto Cellini, in giving a list of valuable stones, placed the ruby first, the sapphire and diamond second and third respectively, the principal use of the diamond at that time being to cut and engrave other stones.

But these ancient ideas concerning the diamond were completely revolutionized about the middle of the fifteenth century by Ludwig von Berguen, who discovered a method of cutting and polishing the adamantine stone, a discovery which was the means of giving it the highest place among gems rare and costly.

For many years chemists worked faithfully trying to discover the exact nature of the stone. They now tell us that it is composed almost entirely of pure carbon, crystallized usually in the form of an octahedron, the lines of cleavage being parallel with the faces of the crystal. Though much harder than any other known mineral, it is very brittle and readily breaks under a hard, sudden blow. Experimenters have also found that acids and alkalies do not affect it and that in a vacuum it may be heated to whiteness without visible injury; but when exposed to intense heat in the presence of pure oxygen or air, combustion takes place, leaving little residuum.

Contrary to the common supposition, it varies in color from black, which is extremely rare, through many tints and hues to a perfectly transparent, colorless, flawless crystal, a gem of the first water, which is most highly prized, though the rose-red, green, and blue tints are also much esteemed.

Geologists have been at a loss to know in what geological formation the diamond originated. Certain are they, however, that it is found in recent alluvial deposits, sometimes on the surface but more frequently at a depth varying from one foot to several thousand feet, in a bed consisting of clay and stones cemented together, to reach which the miner must dig through a layer of sand, gravel, and loam, and a deposit of black clay or mud.

Until a century and a half ago, India was the source of the world's diamond supply, where, according to an ancient fable, the stones existed in enormous quantities at the bottom of a deep valley entirely surrounded by unscalable cliffs. To obtain the gems, diamond seekers threw pieces of meat over the cliffs to the ravenous vultures which, swooping down into the valley below and seizing the meat, flew back to the rocks above to enjoy their feast. But the enjoyment was of short duration, for the hunters, knowing what would be brought up with the meat, drove the birds away and collected

the gems with which the meat was filled.

For about a century mankind looked to this part of the Orient for its gems, when the Brazilian fields startled the world with their riches which have been excelled only by the mines of South Africa discovered nearly thirty years ago, since which time those of South America have been practically abandoned.

The first diamonds discovered in Africa were found by a trader who saw some children playing with what they supposed were pebbles, one of which, at least, proved to be a diamond worth $3,000. Even at that early day the news of the discovery was not long in spreading to different countries, and not many years passed before so many claims were taken up that it was impossible to keep them separate and the result was one vast mining district some 15,000 square miles in area, controlled and worked by various corporations and syndicates. Besides these there is a large number of individual diggers.

The mining in the African fields is done by thousands of wild-eyed, black-skinned, natives. These Kaffirs are large, powerful men, cleanly in their habits, and during the time for which their labor is contracted, usually a month, they are deprived of all freedom. Communication with any one outside the limits of the mine is forbidden. They are compelled to live within the walled inclosure or compound owned by the company. While in their employ the Kaffirs are clothed and fed by the company, and if sick or injured they are cared for at the expense of the corporation.

In companies of from twenty to thirty persons under the supervision of one man, the miners enter the mine at seven in the morning through an underground passage which connects it with the compound. Here they earn about sixty cents a day.

The blue soil, quarried out in large, hard lumps, is spread out on a plot of ground some distance from the mine, where, after several days' exposure to the atmosphere, it can easily be broken up and separated into its component elements, which seem to be pebbles, iron-stone, and carbon.

By throwing this conglomerate against a coarse sieve it is freed of large stones. A washing-machine is then brought into play. It consists of a shallow iron tub about twelve feet in diameter furnished with a half dozen or more revolving rakes, the long teeth of which are set about six inches apart. By the action of the rakes combined with that of water, which enters the tub with the soil, the entire mass is completely disintegrated, the lighter portions flowing with the water over the edge of the tub while the heavier part, including the diamonds, sinks to the bottom. The residue, carefully collected and sifted through sieves of various degrees of fineness until all detritus is removed, is quickly culled of all diamonds by expert Kaffirs who earn from $10 to $12 per week.

Every possible precaution is taken to prevent the native workmen from stealing the gems. A wire netting covers the top of the compound, making it impossible to throw a stone over the walls to be picked up by a confederate or an illicit diamond buyer. Every night at five o'clock as the miners leave their work each is searched with great rigidity by the company's agent. So expert have the natives become in their robberies that every portion of the body is carefully examined with a "sounding hammer," and by the light of a candle the sole of each foot is examined for the telltale refraction of light which reveals a diamond pushed under the thick skin of the foot through an incision so deftly covered that it is easily overlooked. But the searcher has become as great an adept in his work as the robber in his robberies, until it is almost impossible for the thief to successfully secrete a stone, and the prospect of severe punishment or of several years' imprisonment in a South African dungeon has no doubt had its influence in reducing the robberies to a minimum.

Before the diamond is ready for the jeweler it must be operated upon by the cutter, in whose hands it passes through several processes—combinations of cutting and grinding. Two diamonds in the rough, each cemented into the end of a handle, are

rubbed together until the rough points are worn off. The dust thus produced is mixed with oil and placed on the steel disk against which, rapidly revolving, the stone is held to be polished by friction with its own dust. Even by this process, much less tedious than by the use of sand, as once was the custom, several months are sometimes required to finish the polishing. It is said that one piece of Brazilian bort was kept on a hard-iron wheel one foot in diameter and revolving at the rate of 2,500 times per minute seven and one half hours each day for nine months, at the end of which time only one square centimeter of surface had been polished. Another stone, the Regent, was polished only after two years of labor. The cutting is done by means of a wire armed with the diamond dust or by a chisel and hammer, many valuable stones having been destroyed by the latter process.

The favorite style of cutting and the one which best exhibits the refractive power and the brilliancy of the gem is what is termed the brilliant.

For many years Holland was the center of the diamond-cutting industry. Its few expert workmen—less than a dozen in number—carefully guarded their secret, only bequeathing it as a rich legacy to their sons. But since the gems have become so common in the United States, diamond cutters have come into this country from Amsterdam and so many Americans have learned the art that, according to recent statistics, more diamonds are cut in New York than in any other large city in the world.

Though the United States is said to be the best diamond market in the world and though fifteen New York ladies own collections representing an aggregate of $1,275,000, the largest and most valuable individual gems are owned by Europeans, but they are seldom worn. Of these the best known are probably the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," owned by Queen Victoria, and the Pitt diamond, the care of which caused its owner so much anxiety that he never spent two consecutive nights at the same house for fear of robbers.

Since the earliest days of which we have any record gems of all kinds have been used for ornaments and for the decoration of wearing apparel. During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries there seemed to be a jewel craze. The crowns of Europe and the wealthy nobility vied with each other in the display of valuable jewelry and robes embellished with magnificent jewels. It is said that when Jeanne de Navarre was married to the Duke de Vendôme she was attired in a robe of cloth of gold so heavily laden with jewels that she was unable to walk under its weight.

The love of display and a desire to outdo others account, in a great measure, for this passion, but doubtless it was also partly due to the supposed curative and protective properties ascribed to gems during earlier centuries. That the diamond worn so that it would touch the skin of the left arm would prevent all nocturnal fears was a common belief among the early Romans. Pliny was of the opinion that it would "baffle poison" and ward off insanity, while others as firmly believed that it was a deadly poison. Among other peculiar notions of Sir John Mandeville concerning the diamond is the idea that when wearing it no accident will happen to the body and the wearer will have sufficient strength and firmness to resist all enemies.

This craze has by no means continued until the present day, but there is still a tendency to a lavish display of jewelry and jewels even among those who have only a moderate degree of wealth. It can scarcely be the practical utility which causes such a fascination for the small stones which bring a price out of all proportion to their size, for only to a limited extent are they used in the practical arts. Is it not rather a desire to own what others own—a desire to follow closely in the wake of the world of fashion? Gems, particularly diamonds, are beautiful objects, and their value, which was fixed by fashion many years ago, has been perpetuated by the same strong power, aided by the influence of the mystic charms and peculiar attributes with which the superstitious age surrounded them.

THE WOMEN OF NORMANDY.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

ONE'S first impression of Normandy is that it is like England. The same hedgerows dividing the narrow fields, the same clustering thatched roofs in the little villages, the same air of careful and thorough cultivation everywhere, touched to the finer issues of beauty by the wealth of flowers, the marvelous roses festooning the fronts of the cottages and the neat railway stations, the purple foxglove and golden broom lighting up the hillsides, and the poppies running like lines of fire through the wheat. Everywhere deep green pastures where fat, mottled cattle graze, or slopes set thick with apple orchards to remind one of the fame of Normandy cider; everywhere splendid roads, white and smooth as a lady's hand, along which heavy two-wheeled carts are jogging, the horses harnessed tandem—three, six, even eight great Percherons who step with the slow dignity of conscious blue blood. Mile after mile the landscape unfolds, always the same dark woods at the horizon, the hedgerows where rosy thorn and creamy elderflower light up the green, the fields between starred with daisies and cornflowers, and avenues of elms overarching the sunken lanes that lead to farmhouses set far back from the road. There are few birds, you notice, in these lanes and fields. The thrifty farmer eats them that they may not eat too much of his crops. For thrift is the first and strongest characteristic of the Norman.

But as you look longer you see the difference from England. It is a wilder landscape, less entirely subdued by man to domestic uses. It keeps a touch of savagery still, and the stone houses with their low walls and narrow windows have, even in the villages, the air of fortresses. The surface is more broken and picturesque, and the lines of trees, all carefully trimmed to their tops so that they may not shade the ground beneath, tell you that this is a land where no sunshine can be wasted. The whole land has a look of rude and untamed vigor. And the people are like their land, sturdy, hard-working, saving, feasting a few times in a life—at marriage and burial—but for the most part content with scanty and coarse fare and unlimited cider. They are materialists, the old hereditary savagery coming out in quarrelsome tempers and love of lawsuits. The popular songs of Normandy are all drinking songs, and the proportion of crime to population is said to be the largest of any province in France. When you have seen the province and people you understand the brutal coarseness of some of Guy de Maupassant's tales. Norman himself, it is the Norman peasant whom he takes as his type; and often he seems indeed a human beast.

Normandy is a rich land. We saw no beggars, none who seemed desperately poor. The towns with their narrow, cobble-paved streets between lines of tall and toppling houses are clean, quiet, and a little sad. But there are not many of them. It is a farming and grazing country, with, along the shore, the treasures of the sea to draw on. And every acre is used. Where the land will bear no crop cattle may find subsistence, and the barren shore impregnated by the salt of the sea can be used as a fertilizer.

The peasant still wears his long blue blouse; he carries his money in a little linen bag the housewife has made for him. Seeing him at stations and in third-class cars you find him fairly clean, but often not unlike, as to features, a well-groomed pig. He has bristles, his humor is coarse, and as to religion you feel sure that he leaves all that to his women-folks. This world is good enough for him and he thinks more of his stomach than of his soul. He is like his own Percherons, strong to work but with a heavy intelligence, and, unlike the Breton,

with no spiritual sense to be discerned.

And if that is the Norman peasant, what of his women-folks? Sturdy and hard-working of course, used to field labor and to mussel fishing off the coast, able at need to tow a fishing boat out of harbor with their strong arms, to rake the hay, and to glean in the harvest fields as Millet's pictures show them to us. Such strong, keen faces as many of these women have!—old before their time, for out-door labor bronzes the skin and sunshine brings premature wrinkles. But the forms were vigorous, the carriage often stately and sculpturesque, and that with a basket of fish or a bundle of wet clothes on the head. They do not drag the cart or the plough in a land famous for its horses; their field labor is light, and housework to them means chiefly scrubbing. No baking is done in the house except in remote districts, and the basis of the meals is the soup-kettle which takes care of itself on the low fire.

And their Woman's Club is the washing place. All along the streams, in village and country alike, you see lines of women, from a half dozen to a half hundred, kneeling in little boxes on the bank, beating their clothes on the stones with a wooden paddle, and talking, talking! All the gossip of the town is dished up there, tasted by each in turn, each adding if she can a spice of her own in some fresh bit of news. In the June sunshine, with the singing stream, washing becomes a pastoral and poetic affair. One recalls Nausicaä and her maidens and contrasts it with the hot kitchen and steaming tubs at home. One contrasts too the flushed, frowzy maid at home with these neat figures, each with a beruffled and stiffly starched white cap on her head, the strings tied up to keep them from soil. The coquetry ends with the cap; but the short skirts and wooden shoes are neat if primitive. The clothes washed, they are tied in a sheet, poised on the head, and taken home to be hung on the hedges or spread on the grass to dry. We saw twice a bit of clothesline, but that was in a town. Where or how the crimping and fluting of those wonderful caps is done is not so evident, but it cannot be half as entertaining as the washing.

Women are postmistresses of the little villages, and more than once we saw them bringing the big post bags; they sell the tickets and preside at the news stands; they bring their eggs and butter to the weekly market—another delightful place of gossip—and they knit endless blue and gray stockings in the intervals of trade. They have largely abandoned their peasant costume, but not to follow the vagaries of Paris. Everywhere the plain black skirt and bodice, innocent of big sleeves, and the cap. We saw a peasant funeral, all the friends following the bier on foot; and here a veil of black tissue covered the caps. We saw a peasant wedding—the same plain gown and cap, but with the regulation wreath of orange blossoms a-top. And we saw a religious festival in Coutances and noted that, though there were Paris dresses and bonnets in the great cathedral, the black gowns and white caps were the majority which gave the dominant note in the long nave and aisles. They seemed to us a symbol of the Norman woman's life—monotonous, colorless, in a narrow and colorless world.

Twice in her life comes a gala day: her first communion and her marriage. At fourteen, robed and veiled in white, she walks in procession to the church as a "little bride of heaven." The eyes of father and mother follow her proudly, fondly, for this is a family festival as much as a religious form. Her marriage comes a few years later, duly arranged as to dowry by the parents. There is little romance about it; but then she is brought up to take business views of life. She and her "man" are partners in the farm, the shop, the fishing; and if all goes well they will begin at once the saving which in turn will establish their children. So from generation to generation the life goes on, in the same village or farmhouse; for, as the census tells us, more than half of the population live in the same district all their lives, often in the same house. Their roots go down deep in the soil; they are a home-keeping race and have the homely wits which come therefrom.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

BY LINA BEARD.

DIAZ could do a great kindness in an off-hand fashion. One day he went to Paris to try to dispose of three drawings for his friend Millet. The next night he returned to the humble peasant-like home at Barbizon having sold the work for sixty francs. Knowing the family to be in dire distress and standing in need of everything, there being not even a crust in the house to eat, the benevolent friend stopped on the way and changed one of the silver pieces for the needful. With his pockets filled he arrived that autumn evening to find the house in utter darkness, presenting a desolate appearance.

Diaz, stamping his wooden leg on the hard ground to let the family know of his approach and to bring hope to the discouraged household, finds the door suddenly opened by Millet. Immediately he calls cheerily for a light, at the same time drawing out from his pocket a tallow candle, which is soon lighted and placed in an old tin candlestick; then Diaz with an encouraging laugh brings forth a large loaf of bread and placing it on the table calls the children to supper.

The poor mother cannot thank her friend in words, her heart being too full, but her glance tells it all. Millet silently grasps his comrade's hand. The hungry children's eyes shine with delight, and all join in preparing the meal. From the pocket of his velveteen trousers Diaz brings forth Millet's remaining silver pieces. The poor artist though cheered remains thoughtful, because the small sum will not last long and again starvation will stare them in the face. Diaz sees it all and encouragingly assures his friend that he brings an order for companion sketches to the drawings just sold, the price to be twenty-five francs instead of twenty, "to which Millet replies resignedly, 'If I could only sell two drawings a week at that price all would go right,' and Diaz, blowing the smoke from his pipe and making rings to amuse the children, says, 'Are you not ashamed? Fifty francs a week! Go to, you financier!'"

Most of the Barbizon school suffered from poverty. Rousseau one day when talking on the subject said, "We were always without a sou, but we never spoke of money, for money counted for nothing in our ambition."

All true artists value their art far beyond money. Jules Dupré is one among others who could not be induced by the offer of a reward in money to alter the character of art, as he understood it, to suit the opinions of one who though rich in worldly goods was poor indeed in true perception of art. Dupré was forty thousand francs in debt when he went to housekeeping and a wealthy merchant offered to wipe out the obligations if the artist would make some concessions in his work to suit others. Dupré was sorely tempted, but hesitated, and his wife understanding him said, "Refuse; we will pay our debts slowly in time." And they did; success came to the faithful household and a feeling of peace supplanted that of anxiety.

Meissonier is another artist whose art is valued above all price. Many times he has slashed into bits a picture which would have brought an immense price if offered for sale, but which he condemned as unworthy of representing his interpretation of the idea.

The public is ever trying to force artists to paint in a style differing from the one natural to the painter and characteristic of him and his translation of nature. Daubigny, unwillingly conforming to the custom of throwing open his studio once a week to visitors, suffered tortures during those hours which compelled him to see the works he valued highest remain unnoticed while the stream of visitors gladly admired one eternal style. Irritated beyond bounds the artist exclaimed when asked again and again for the same thing, "Let me alone!

The best pictures are the unsalable ones."

Again there are some picture buyers who would purchase works of art as they would dry goods. Poor ignorant souls, they know not the grievous mistakes they fall into constantly. Not long since a young painter fresh from Paris and its all-enveloping atmosphere of artistic appreciation had an interesting experience with a pair of parvenu picture buyers. As the artist labored with a complicated scheme of color there came an uproarious knock on the door; a fat man with a blotchy red face thrust a crumpled card into the artist's hand and himself into a big easy chair and asked to see "all the nice things" in the studio. After a thoughtful glance at his array of old pistols, swords, and muskets ranged upon the wall, and a swift calculation of the large amount of gore which his aggressive guest contained within his ample person, the young painter resignedly set about humoring his visitor's whims. After exposing his ignorance fifteen times a minute for two hours, the would-be connoisseur went away, having selected a large and expensive painting to be bought upon his wife's approval. Then came the woman on the following day. She saw the picture and admired it, said it was "two sweet for anything" and—refused to pay for it. Why? Because it didn't match the lovely new furniture that John had sent home the week before last. The painter had nothing to say to this; he could only look dazed and stare fixedly at the skylight.

Even though artists may not travel, their works go forth from country to country, giving us a variety and wealth of art productions. But notwithstanding that the art of Japan has greatly influenced our modern art-world, there remain some minds which have not yet grasped the beauties of the Orientals' peculiar productions. One writes:

"A Chicago man says he had a chance the other day to look at the treasures of one of the most highly educated men in Japan, who has spent years in travel, was educated in Europe, speaks English, French, and German fluently, and writes on all sorts of topics for the foreign periodicals. He brought out first a painting which he said was by one of the most famous artists Japan has produced—worthy to rank with Raphael or Titian—but we, in our innocent Yankee way of looking at things, could not find head or tail to the picture, and asked him what it represented. He replied that it was not a representation of anything in particular, but a fantasy, an original conception of the artist. We thought that this was entirely probable, for it resembled nothing that we had ever seen or heard of either in the heavens above or the earth beneath, although the lines were distinguished by a vigor and a dash that any one could appreciate."

Possibly the picture referred to by our western friend may have been painted somewhat in the same manner as were those by the Japanese artist Watanaba Seitei. It is said: "His manner of painting is somewhat peculiar. Folding his legs beneath him this Oriental sketches with lightning-like rapidity the bare outlines of his subject. This done he places his colors in square, octagonal, and circular patches all over the picture. At this stage the painting strongly suggests a crazy quilt. Having made a variegated chessboard of his canvas, Seitei blends his colors with delightful deftness, all the while chanting a song to his pet deity in supplication for success. Many times this remarkable Japanese has executed his clever brush-conceits upon an inverted canvas, drawing and painting the entire picture upside down."

If one does not understand Oriental art one should not condemn it. Why is it that any one, even the most ignorant on such subjects, often dares to venture a criticism on a work of art? Is it for the same reason that fools rush in where angels fear to tread?

One day the great artist Gérôme was told that he did not pay enough attention to the critics. He replied, "It is certain that I have or have not talent. In the first case they can criticise or decry my pictures as long as they please and it will not affect them; they will speak for themselves and the public will sit in judgment. In the second case no amount of praise will en-

hance the value of my pictures. I am very strict in dealing with myself and am my own severest critic, for I never delude myself concerning my work. The approbation and the sarcasms of the self-styled critics find me equally indifferent, for I have ever had the most profound scorn for the ignorant vermin calling themselves critics who make their living off from artists."

Some people have queer ideas regarding artists' work; others seem to take the fact for granted that pictures exist, but how or why they know not; they probably think they "just growed" like Topsy. One spring morning a lady called for the first time in her life at an artist's studio; it was the workroom of one of our best-known illustrators. "Why!" she exclaimed, "do you draw pictures with pen and ink from models? Why, I thought black and white pictures were merely made by printing, just the same as in a letter-press. I didn't know you had to go through all that work."

A similar incident occurred when one of our well-known New York artists was off on the coast of Maine making water-color studies. One day when the painter was comfortably seated and hard at work out of doors there sauntered up a critic in the person of a native, who, after intently watching the artist work, called out to a companion lounging in a boat on the water, "Oh, John! come over here and see this man; he is taking pictures without any machine."

It is sometimes amusing to note the reasons given by certain collectors for purchasing one artist's work in preference to another's. A case of the kind happened when a distinguished French artist was staying in New York. An American asked his advice in regard to selecting a painting from the many on exhibition in a dealer's gallery. He was advised by the Frenchman to take the three hundred dollar picture painted by an American.

"Oh, no!" said the collector. "How could I hang on my walls a picture by that artist? See! there is another one opposite nearly the same size; why not buy that? It is by a foreign artist, too."

"But," replied his adviser, "the one you select, though by Lerolle, is not as good as the American work and the price is five times greater."

"It does not matter," replied the American. "I can show this to my friends and be able to boast it is a Lerolle."

So he purchased the foreign picture against the Frenchman's intelligent advice.

At an American exhibition not many years ago a certain picture by one of our celebrated New York artists was hung with many other valuable pictures. At the time of the exhibition the painter's funds were at a very low ebb, he not having disposed of any work for some time, and to add to the trouble the artist himself was ill and confined to his bed. A friend and brother Academician called to see the invalid just after the opening of the Academy of Design and began the conversation by saying,

"Well, there are not many pictures selling these days."

"No," said the sick man dolefully, "it seems not."

"And those that are sold do not begin to bring their prices."

"Of course not," came from the bed in a feeble voice.

"Well I've been to the opening of the Academy," announced the visitor.

"Have you?" said the exhibitor in an indifferent tone.

"Yes," spoke on his tormenter, "and I saw your picture."

"Where was it?" inquired the artist.

"Oh, on the line in the best gallery."

At this the poor man's eyes brightened.

"And sold," continued his friend smiling.

"Sold!" reiterated the painter, sitting up.

"Yes, and for its full catalogue price," came the answer.

With one bound the invalid leaped from the bed to the middle of the floor, and catching his staid and dignified companion around the waist executed a wild fantastic dance then and there. The messenger's good news was exactly the medicine needed, for the artist was well from that hour.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

ELEMENTAL PLEASURES.

It has been said that large, strong natures find comfort in simple and elemental pleasures, and that weak natures turn for delectation to artificial sources. A glance at history, which is, indeed, but composite biography, will show that truly virile men have always been more or less primitive in their tastes and habits. From John the Baptist, who stands for the typical reformer, down to Abraham Lincoln, there is scarcely a truly great name which does not connect itself in spirit, if not in fact, with the deepest significance of camel's hair raiment and a diet of locusts and wild honey.

We are not justified, however, in concluding that it is the crude taste that constitutes the greatness or in any way aids it; for there are thousands of men wholly worthless to the world who dress meanly and are content with very coarse food. Simplicity may be the result of ignorance and ill-breeding, of poverty, isolation, or native mental indolence. But a nature which cannot be sophisticated with artificial elements, and which at the same time grows to the best stature of its age, is simple in the largest sense of the word. This sort of simplicity gathers into itself the ever-immanent residuum of primal human nature and preserves the absolute traits of mankind, the worst and the best.

Napoleon, Peter the Great, Lincoln, and Sir Walter Scott represent in widely different ways and degrees what these residual traits are worth in the stress of abnormal human exigencies or in the making of super-excellent intellectual efforts. Greatness rarely whittles; it is not given to carving cherry seeds; but it loves a smack of simples fresh from the sweet growth of the earth. As we let go our taste for what over-cultured people call "savage pleasures" we see oratory decline into mere talk; poetry sinks away to mere analytical jingle; romance changes throughout its structure and becomes a tissue of social commentary. And still more significant of decadence is the power which money and money-getting asserts over every political, social, religious, and artistic movement and aspiration. Pleasure soon becomes a mere name for what a large income can command; nothing is interesting that is not expensive. We are constantly made aware of this insincerity in both our intellectual attitude and our physical appetites.

But are we not great? We boast that we are. We point to our achievements in science, invention, financial progress, political, social, and religious freedom. Still, what is life without happiness? And can we say that we are living happily in the best meaning of the word? We are daily reminded, each in his own heart, that a return to a simpler standard of taste is the one thing needful. Nor does this mean a reversion to camel's hair robes and dishes of locusts; but it does indicate a sensible return to nature in her best and sweetest simplicity.

We need not cast aside wealth and science and high ideals; the call is for a better use of wealth, a loftier comprehension of science, and a more direct application of ideals. If we could but forget mere selfish show, mere greed for distinction, and mere ambition to live in the whirl of artificialities, we could turn upon true life with something of the primitive taste for unsophisticated pleasure. Nature would not then mean to us a coarse mixture of brutalities; its deepest significance would lie open to us.

The trouble for most minds coming to consider this subject is in separating the true from the false simplicity of taste. To them the simple man is the bumpkin, the simple woman is the unlettered rustic wife. They fail to grasp the possibility of combining culture with nature. They measure always with the artificial standard. Culture is one thing, taste another. If we could but train the intellect without sophisticating the best sources of natural taste, what a saving to human happiness!

THE CLEAN TREATMENT OF UNCLEAN SUBJECTS.

In literature, as in life, it may be at times necessary to handle unclean things, although there can rarely arise any great need for such frankness as has lately characterized English fiction. Many writers claim for their productions the shield of a high moral purpose whenever the spear of adverse criticism is leveled against them on account of what seems to be very objectionable dealing with subjects not considered fit for discussion in the open family circle. Nor is it easy to controvert arguments in favor of such writings without becoming offensively frank.

Scarcely one of us, however, can have failed to realize the need of reform in the tone of a great deal of current fiction. What is known as the French cast of novel—fiction depending for its chief fascination upon some phase of illicit love—has recently taken a deep hold in England, and the English novelists have largely supplanted our own in America. This brings the question squarely before us for serious consideration. How far shall this thing go? How far ought we to permit it to go? The answer must be based upon no trivial or evasive discussion.

No thought of mere commercial interests, notwithstanding the moral demands of a pure civilization, ought to enter into the settlement of such a problem. The effect upon society, life, and breeding, should be exclusively considered. The old saying: "To the clean mind everything is clean, to the unclean mind everything is filthy" will not bear close scrutiny. A clean mind is ever quickest to discover impurity and to recoil from it. The pure-minded critic is never hoodwinked by the poet or novelist who expresses by graceful innuendo what, if said in open terms, would be suppressed as obscene. Nor is the average reader so dull of comprehension that he will not feel how cleverly the law is evaded.

Extremes are never safe, and we gain nothing by overestimating the evil or the good in anything set before us for judgment; but certain moral truths stand out as clearly as mathematical axioms. One of these is expressed in the familiar saying: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Moreover, they also corrupt good morals. But what is an evil communication? Doubtless it is the expression in an unclean way of what is unclean. The words may be delicately chosen and cunningly set into superficially clean phrasing; yet if the evil is made delectable by this trick of style the smirch upon morals is all the darker on account of the art. Here is the burning shame of a great deal of our best-written fiction. By consummate artfulness the writers place themselves in an attitude of great concern for the morals of society. They hold up their hands; see how clean they are! But what subtle pictures of social pruriency they have suggested, and with what tact they have made those pictures appeal to a morbid taste for forbidden things, while at the same time they have pretended to show at the end the inevitable catastrophe!

Doubtless it is necessary to art that evil shall have due representation, and especially in fiction; but we may take either horn of the dilemma, that art is for teaching or for rational delectation, and we shall see that if it is for teaching, evil must not be made interesting; if it is for delectation, evil must not be made delightful. There is a wide space between handling dirty subjects in a clean way and handling them with mere delicate evasion of responsibility. It was said of a certain great diplomat that he could curse so gracefully and musically that his profanity was scarcely noticeable. Some of our novelists attempt to reach the same perfection in rendering salacity invisible on the surface of their works while all within is moral rottenness. This sort of literature, meant for the delectation of young people, has taken up too large a part of our bookstalls, and the time has come for reform.

The best censorship in such a case is an awakened public attention. The public may be trusted to take a sound view when once it is forced to look. What we need is this sound view. And there can be no surer way to the public heart than through the press, the pulpit, and the schools. Taste may be an inherited quality, but much can be done in educating it.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.
The Republican Candidate for President.

THE national convention of the Republican party which met in St. Louis, Mo., from June 16–18 nominated Hon. William McKinley of Ohio for president and Hon. Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey for vice president. Both nominees were chosen on the first of their respective ballots and both nominations were made unanimous. The details of the presidential ballot were as follows: William McKinley, 661½; Thomas B. Reed of Maine, 84½; M. S. Quay of Pennsylvania, 61½; Levi P. Morton of New York, 58; William B. Allison of Iowa, 35½; J. Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania, 1; with four votes reported blank and scattering. The ballot for vice president gave 533½ votes to Hobart and 277½ to H. Clay Evans of Tennessee, while the remaining votes were divided among nine other candidates. The platform adopted by the convention favors a protective tariff, the maintenance of the "existing gold standard" of currency, and reciprocity with other nations. It declares for a vigorous foreign policy and maintains that the United States should control the Hawaiian Islands, build, own, and operate the Nicarauguan Canal, and purchase the Danish Islands. It reasserts the Monroe Doctrine, declaring that European powers must not "on any pretext" extend their possessions on this continent. It asserts that the United States should exercise its influence to end the Armenian atrocities and to restore peace and give independence to Cuba. It favors strengthening the navy and coast and harbor defenses, extending the immigration laws to exclude from the United States foreigners who can neither read nor write, enforcing and extending civil service reform, and creating a national board of arbitration to adjust differences between employers and employed engaged in inter-state commerce. The gold-standard plank was vigorously opposed by a number of delegates representing silver states and its adoption was followed by a dramatic scene, when twenty-three delegates from the states of Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Montana, and South Dakota left the convention. The prominent bolters were United States Senators Teller of Colorado, Cannon of Utah, Dubois of Idaho, and Pettigrew of South Dakota. The following is the text of the protection and currency planks adopted:

GARRETT A. HOBART.
The Republican Candidate for Vice President.

"We renew and emphasize our allegiance to the policy of protection as the bulwark of American industrial independence and the foundation of American development and prosperity. This true American policy taxes foreign products and encourages home industry; it puts the burden of revenue on foreign goods; it secures the American market for the American producer; it upholds the American standard of wages for the American workingman; it puts the factory by the side of the farm, and makes the American farmer less dependent on foreign demand and prices; it diffuses general thrift and founds the strength of all on the strength of each. In its reasonable application it is just, fair, and impartial, equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to sectional discrimination and individual favoritism. We denounce the present Democratic tariff as sectional, injurious to the public credit, and destructive to business enterprise. We demand such an equitable tariff on foreign imports which come

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a special C. L S C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

into competition with American products as will not only furnish adequate revenue for the necessary expenses of the government but will protect American labor from degradation to the wage level of other lands. We are not pledged to any particular schedules. The question of rates is a practical question, to be governed by the conditions of the time and of production; the ruling and uncompromising principle is the protection and development of American labor and industry. The country demands a right settlement and then it wants rest."

HON. MARCUS A. HANNA.
Manager of the McKinley Forces at St. Louis.

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payment in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote; and, until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolable the obligations of the United States and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

On June 29 the official notification committee proceeded to Canton, Ohio, and notified Governor McKinley of his nomination. In an address to the committee Governor McKinley discussed the platform and asserted that it met with his unqualified approval.

Boston Journal. (Mass.)

William McKinley was born in Niles, Trumbull County, on January 29, 1843. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment. [After various promotions] he was brevetted major March 13, 1865, and mustered out of the service July 26, 1865, after more than four years of continuous active campaigning. . . . Returning to Ohio, he was admitted in 1867 to the bar, and then began active practice in the town of Canton, where he has made his home ever since. From 1876 to 1890 he was a member of Congress and from 1891 to 1895 was governor of Ohio.

Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, is 52 years old. He is a native Jerseyman and a graduate of Rutgers College. He was speaker of the house of assembly and twice president of the state senate, and in 1884 was the Republican caucus nominee for United States senator. That same year he was chosen a member of the Republican National Committee, and he still represents New Jersey in that body.

REPUBLICAN COMMENT.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The Republican national platform is magnificent. It has the surpassing merit of stating the beliefs and purposes of the party on the main issues with absolute clearness and with convincing power.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

Major McKinley represents both sound money and protection. Both are necessary to the prosperity of the country.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

Ohio gives William McKinley to the nation, convinced that whatever is best for the people will be typified in his benignant rule. He has never yet betrayed a trust nor proven false to any man. He has been faithful over a few things. He will be made ruler over many.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The Republicans of this state are not any the less Republicans because they refuse to follow the lead of Wall Street. They remain where they stood twenty years ago, but the party, through the action of the St. Louis convention, has drifted away from its old moorings and has given its indorsement to a principle heretofore unknown among its articles of faith.

The Tribune. (Detroit, Mich.)

The candidate is all right, but the platform on the only important issue before the country is unpatriotic and unrepublican. The situation is a most embarrassing one for every conscientious voter.

The Indiana State Journal. (Indianapolis.)

The ticket is a strong one personally, and the platform makes it invincible.

The Kansas Capital. (Topeka.)

The success of McKinley and Hobart, on a platform declaring for sound money, protection, and reciprocity, will mean the triumph of all measures that can foster and promote the interests of the people and the welfare of the country over those that now obstruct the progress of the nation.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The tariff is naturally the subject of first attention. It is the leading issue. Upon this issue the Democratic party is to be held to strict account for the devastation and ruin which befell the country after Cleveland's inauguration.

The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Already there are signs that the indicated position of the party on the money question has relieved the business situation and a better state of feeling resulting in improved business conditions is likely to follow soon.

DEMOCRATIC COMMENT.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The withdrawal of Teller and a few other free silverites will tend to help rather than to defeat the Republican party. It is stronger without them. The evidences are that the gold standard is gaining strength even at the West.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

McKinley is the fittest candidate of all whose personal interests lie in the taxing of the many for the benefit of the few.

The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)

The whole country may now behold the spectacle of a candidate who secured his nomination because he was supposed to be friendly to silver, standing on a straight-out gold platform. The immediate result of this has been the defection of the western delegations; the remote result will be the defection of every Republican voter in the country who is opposed to the gold standard.

The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

Looked at from the standpoints both of right and of expediency the silver Republicans should support the Democratic nominee.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Even if McKinley should be elected to the presidency, there will be no change in the tariff. The Republicans will probably out-number the Democrats in the next Senate, but they will not be able to increase tariff rates without the support of the Populists and silver senators, but as they cannot get this without voting for free silver, the tariff will have to remain as it is.

The Banner. (Nashville, Tenn.)

This financial plank is in its substance what the Democratic party should adopt at Chicago. It represents the sound, conservative view of the issue and is the policy which this country must maintain or invite disaster.

Detroit Free Press. (Mich.)

There is the same old phraseology about protecting the American producer and the home market and maintaining the wages of labor; but there is the utmost solicitude not to hint that the McKinley tariff or any measure of that sort will be put on the statute book. It is very clear that they are afraid of it, just as some of the leading men of the party have openly declared they are.

The Chicago Post. (Ill.)

The people of the United States will elect McKinley because they know that, while checking a senseless and dangerous jingoism, he will uphold the doctrine of America for the Americans—in trade, government, dominion, and every other feature of national life.

INDEPENDENT COMMENT.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

Everybody acquainted with the trend of public sentiment west of the Alleghanies knows that there are thousands and thousands of hitherto Republican voters who are not going to accept willingly the gold platform which the party has adopted.

The Commercial. (Louisville, Ky.)

The Republican party has nominated a good ticket and adopted a good platform and will control the destinies of the country after next March.

The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

When McKinley becomes president of the United States he will enter upon that lofty office more untrammeled than any man who ever occupied the presidential chair.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The silver forces cannot hope for success except through fusion on a single ticket, and fusion would be likely to cause a bolt of gold-standard Democrats from the Democratic party of greater dimensions than the bolt of free-silver Republicans at St. Louis.

The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

The bolt, headed by a life-long and highly respected Republican like Senator Teller of Colorado, will be an object lesson in adherence to honest principle in spite of party affiliations, which will not be lost either on the Republicans or on the Democrats.

The Journal. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The Republican party goes forth to the battle this year with a ticket and platform which mean aggressive loyalty to a high and unstained public credit, and to the great policy of protection, whose meaning for our country's welfare can be studied in its effects from 1865 to 1893.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

THE first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress adjourned June 11, having been one of the shortest sessions in the history of the country. Less than 250 bills and resolutions passed both houses and received the president's signature, though 9,500 bills were introduced in the House and 3,250 in the Senate, which exceeds the number introduced during the Fifty-third Congress. Of the bills that became law, many were appropriation measures; those of more general interest were the Venezuela Boundary Commission Bill, bills to stop prize fighting in the territories, to amend the lax divorce laws of the territories, to repeal the free-alcohol clause of the tariff law, bills pertaining to pensions, the Filled Cheese Bill, and the Confederate Disability Bill.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

On the whole the work has been well done. It is to be regretted that more was not done, but the lack of a Republican majority in the Senate made this impossible.

(Ind.) The New York Post. (N. Y.)

At no time within the lifetime of the present generation has the public opinion of the national legislature been so contemptuous, and so deservedly contemptous. Never since 1860 have the tendencies in Congress been so unhealthy and even alarming.

(Dem.) The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

Even if the Republican legislators as a whole had forgotten to smother legislation there was Tom Reed, with the presidential fever, ready to kill any bill which meant anything.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The House has in the main met its great responsibility creditably, and if its measures for the relief of the government and for the benefit of the business interests of the nation had met with proper coöperation in the Senate there would be nothing but praise for the present Congress.

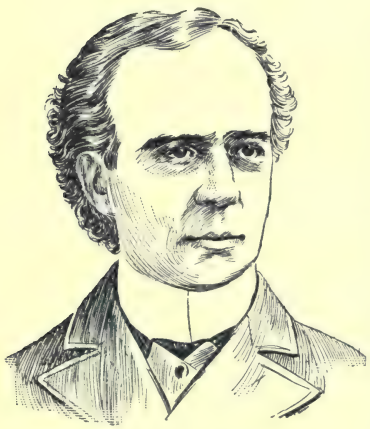
(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

In the matter of embroiling the country in a foreign war this Congress has done what it could. It meddled with every conceivable matter which does not concern us. In the Senate the jingo and the Populist ran riot until America became a byword in every capital in Europe. It is but simple justice to admit that the Republican House was not so bad as the Populist Senate.

(Rep.) The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The country will welcome the day when the close of the Fifty-fourth Congress shall relieve the country of its incapable and mischievous Senate and make way for a legislature in harmony with the administration of President McKinley.

THE LIBERAL VICTORY IN CANADA.



WILFRED LAURIER.
The New Canadian Premier.

THE general election held in Canada June 23 resulted in an overwhelming defeat of the Conservative party, which has been in power since 1878. The returns showed a majority of about fifty-five against the government and a straight Liberal majority of about thirty-five. Four members of the Conservative ministry were defeated. One of the surprises of the election was that Quebec, the stronghold of the Catholics, showed large Liberal gains, notwithstanding the fact that the Conservative government had favored remedial legislation on the Manitoba school question, and the Roman Catholic bishops of Quebec issued a joint mandament calling upon Catholic electors to vote only for candidates who favored separate schools in Manitoba. Quebec's action is perhaps partially explained in that the Liberal victory will bring to the premiership Mr. Wilfred Laurier, a French Canadian and Roman Catholic. The Liberal party is said to favor an amicable settlement of the vexed school question, a reduction of the present high tariff, and reciprocity with the United States. The House meets about the middle of July.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The decisive Liberal victory ought to simplify some internal questions, but it may not make much difference to the United States, since the friendliness of the successful party will be hampered both in other ways and by its tariff views, which are in striking opposition to those recently affirmed by one great party here, which expects to be in possession of the government a few months hence.

Boston Journal. (Mass.)

Perhaps the most striking feature of the result is the plain evidence which it affords that, with the

secret ballot in his hands, the French Canadian Catholic voter is capable of listening in silence to the political demands of his church and then going to the polls and disregarding them.

(Lib.) The Free Press. (Ottawa, Canada.)

Our future is now bright. We have a political Bayard at the head of affairs. He will choose his lieutenants of similar stamp, and the name of Laurier is a guaranty that purity and honesty in the administration of public affairs is assured.

(Cons.) The Chronicle. (Quebec, Canada.)

Upon him [Mr. Laurier] will devolve the task of settling the Manitoba school question. He says he knows how to do it. He will now have the opportunity of putting his boast to the test. There is no use crying over spilt milk. The government has been fairly beaten and the Liberals are coming in.

(Patrons.) Canada Farmers' Sun. (Toronto.)

As never before the people of Canada have appreciated the responsibility resting upon them and they have burst the shackles of partisanship that have bound them in the past and have gone to the polls as freemen, realizing their power to increase the opportunities to earn a livelihood and to create a condition that will insure a higher degree of brotherhood and unity of action throughout the nation.

St. James Gazette. (London, England.)

The rock upon which the Conservatives came to grief was state rights. The real moral of the result is that even if Canada had home rule the system does not work smoothly.

The Globe. (London, England.)

There is good ground to hope that neither the Dominion nor its relations with the mother country will suffer by the transfer of power. Laurier is a professed free-trader, but only as President Cleveland is a free-trader. . . . The French Canadians are, if possible, more averse to annexation than the British, and if any Americans look to Laurier to betray his country they are most certainly doomed to disappointment.

JULES SIMON.

JULES SIMON.

FRANCE has lost another eminent statesman in the person of ex-Premier Jules Simon, who died at Paris on June 8, after a long illness. Born on December 31, 1814, at Lorient, Jules François Simon Suisse was educated in his native town and in Vannes for the profession of teaching. In 1839 he succeeded Victor Cousin as lecturer on philosophy at the Sorbonne. About this time he dropped his last name. For twelve years following he was noted throughout France in his specialty, and in 1845 was made a knight of the Legion of Honor. In 1848 he was elected to the constituent assembly, but on account of his unrelenting opposition to Louis Napoleon was obliged to retire from office and after that emperor's *coup d' état* in 1851 his lectures at the Sorbonne were stopped on his refusal to vow allegiance to the empire. He then applied himself to literature and political science until 1863, when he was returned to the *corps legislatif* by a Paris district. In this capacity he acted till the empire's downfall, being the acknowledged chief of the Republican party and an advocate of free trade. After the surrender of Sedan in the Franco-German War he became minister of public instruction and fine arts in the government of national defense, and on the restoration of peace was elected to Thiers' cabinet as minister of public instruction. On December 16, 1875, he was elected senator for life. Two years later President MacMahon made him premier but in five months forced him out of the cabinet. M. Simon was elected to membership in the French Academy in 1875 and in 1880 the Academy made him a member of the new supreme educational council. In 1882 he was elected permanent secretary of moral and political science. His active political career closed in 1891, when he vainly championed free trade. M. Simon was a prolific writer on politico-economical and historical subjects, and aside from his contributions to the principal reviews he was the author of a long list of books.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The impress he leaves on the period in which he did his severest fighting is an admirable one. As premier he met the fate of many makers of French governments and held his office briefly, accomplishing but little. But as a senator he, more than any one else, helped to clear French schools of the surveillance of the church and his fierce fight in this cause is perhaps his greatest contribution to the honor of his country. His services in literature

are of permanent value and among the honors he bore in life the membership of the Academy was especially significant. History will record him, however, as a man fighting for principle in the thick of political life, and it is in this guise that he is most admirable from the American point of view.

The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

What greater tribute could be accorded a dead statesman than the acknowledgement of his bitterest opponents that the lofty integrity of his nature and the unflinching firmness of his principles were unquestioned?

THE NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO.

At last the United States has effected a treaty with Mexico for the abolishment of Indian depredations along the Mexican border. The treaty was drawn by Secretary Olney representing the United States and Minister Romero representing Mexico, its formal ratification taking place June 7. It enables either United States or Mexican troops to cross the mutual boundary of the two countries for the pursuit and capture of renegade Indians escaping across the border.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The new treaty with Mexico does not, as has been represented, enable Mexican troops to follow political refugees into the United States. It merely permits each country to send an armed force into the territory of the other in pursuit of renegade Indians, who have been in the habit of committing depredations in either country indifferently, and, when pursued, escaping to a refuge on the other side of the Rio Grande. It is specifically aimed at "Apache Kid" and his followers, a band of Indian outlaws that has made life and property on both sides of the border insecure for several years. The band is not thought to number more than fifty, and it will soon be subdued or exterminated if the troops sent in pursuit of it are not compelled to stop at the Rio Grande while the outlaws escape to the other side.

Boston Journal. (Mass.)

The new treaty with Mexico will relieve a difficulty which has sometimes assumed dangerous proportions.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

On July 1 at Hartford, Conn., occurred the death of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the immediate cause being congestion of the brain. Born on June 14, 1812, at Litchfield, Conn., Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was the sixth child of Lyman Beecher and sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher. When four years old she was bereaved of her mother and was then cared for by her grandmother at Guilford, Conn. Here she learned to enjoy the "Arabian Nights," the poems of Sir Walter Scott, of Robert Burns, and of Byron. Later she returned to Litchfield and attended the academy there. From 1824–32 she went to her sister's school at Hartford. In 1832 the family moved to Cincinnati. Here Harriet compiled a school geography while engaged in teaching with her sister and in 1836 she married Mr. Stowe. Her residence in Cincinnati with her frequent visits to the slave states acquainted her with southern life in all its phases. She frequently sheltered fugitive slaves in her home and assisted them to escape to Canada. In 1849 Mrs. Stowe published a collection of her contributions to the press under the name "The Mayflower, or Short Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims." In 1850 the Stowes moved to Brunswick, Me., Dr. Stowe having received a professorship in Bowdoin College. It was here, at the height of the *furore* caused by the Fugitive Slave Law, that Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It first appeared as a serial in the *National Era*, at Washington, D. C., but in 1851 came out in book form. In 1852 Mrs. Stowe sailed to Europe for her health. She went abroad again in 1866. Since 1864 the Stowes have made their home at Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Stowe was a prolific writer until her health failed. Many critics have pronounced "The Minister's Wooing" to be her ablest work from a literary standpoint.

* See "A Group of Eminent American Women," in The Chautauquan for July.

Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

Nothing that Mrs. Stowe has written, except "Uncle Tom's Cabin," can lay any claim to literary merit, and we seriously doubt whether that book will last, save as a queer contribution to the passions of a passionate time. It fails both in art and in fidelity to facts and nature.

Pittsburg Christian Advocate. (Pa.)

She was a woman born to do work for which training and natural predilection alike prepared her. She had elements of power which made her mighty in the world of morality and yet never took one gem from the crown of her true womanliness. No other woman in America was ever at the same time so tenderly loved and so fiercely hated. . . . . Had Mrs. Stowe never written her masterpiece, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she would yet have been one of the successful American novelists, but that once before the world her other work sank into commonplace repute. To have written such a book, and to have lived such a blameless life as did she, give sufficient claim to immortality.

THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

ENGLAND no longer pretends to conceal the object of her expedition up the Nile. The brave mettle of the Egyptian troops was proved in a fierce battle at Firket, resulting in the capture of that fort with eight hundred dervishes slain and four hundred and fifty taken prisoners. News of this success was received from Akasheh on June 8 and on June 12 in the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury committed his country to the recapture for Egypt of the regions lost in 1882 and 1884. He emphasized the fact that for the present Dongola was the farthest objective point of the campaign. According to advices of June 27, France had placed before Lord Salisbury a plan which provides that the British evacuate Egypt within two years after the neutralization of that country and that no one power shall exercise an armed protectorate over that territory without the consent of the other powers. In her diplomatic movement against England France is upheld by Russia.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The significance of the avowal lies in the fact that England is ready to make it, or that she has made such terms with the European powers as warrant her in entering openly on a great campaign to reclaim the Soudan, and that she is prepared to carry out a definite program come what may of long campaigns and stubborn resistance.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

France is extending her territories eastward across the African continent from the north and west. England probably fears that unless she interferes the French territories will extend from ocean to ocean. A system of railroads under French control would soon follow, and that would mean a quicker route to India than the route around the cape. It is natural that England should wish to shut this off by extending her territory southward, for as she now occupies Egypt, Eyptian territory is virtually British territory.

The New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Not many years ago they [the Egyptian troops] were just about the poorest soldiers in the world. Before a determined charge of a single Arab regiment a whole army of them would be scattered like frightened sheep. But they have learned something in the last dozen years, and under the lead of British officers they are well able to cope with their Arab foes. This in itself is a vindication of British rule, and an argument for its continuance, at least until the Soudan is resubjugated and the "Turkish question" finally disposed of.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The expedition will go no farther than Dongola, though Lord Salisbury says that he recognizes the necessity of recovering Khartoom in order to restore Egypt to the position it occupied when the English took possession. There may not be much difficulty in pushing the advance to Dongola, and possibly Lord Salisbury's remarks had partly for their object an assurance to the dervishes that they need not fear an attempt at the present time to attack Khartoom.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

It may be surmised that the success which the Egyptian troops have lately had against the dervishes has encouraged the bold avowal that Khartoom will be sooner or later attacked. Yet this broader campaign in prospect means unquestionably a strengthening of England's interest in Egypt and of her hold in the country, and that will create a fresh grievance against her on the part of Russia and France.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

France will have to try something more weighty than paper protests and court decisions before she shakes the hold which England has upon the delta of the Nile or prevents the extension of the territory virtually under British rule farther and farther up the river.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

As things look now, both Turkey and Egypt may soon be under Russian control, and the quarreling nations may not be permitted to have much voice in their affairs.

GENERAL BENJAMIN HELM BRISTOW.

GENERAL BENJAMIN HELM BRISTOW.

On June 22 the earthly career of Gen. Benjamin Helm Bristow, ex-secretary of the United States treasury, was ended, his death resulting from peritonitis. Mr. Bristow was born in June, 1832, at Elkton, Todd County, Ky., of English parentage. He graduated at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and turning to law was admitted to the Kentucky bar in 1853. Soon afterward he married Miss Abbie Briscoe and settled down to practice his profession in Hopkinsville. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Bristow entered the Union Army as lieutenant colonel of volunteers. Fighting under Grant he was wounded at Shiloh. Just after the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863 Mr. Bristow, having been elected state senator, returned home to exert his influence against the secession of Kentucky. At the close of the war he resigned the senatorship and for five years served as United States attorney for the district of Louisville. In 1867 he began his famous warfare on whisky distillers. In 1870 he was appointed solicitor-general of the United States, which office he resigned two years later to become attorney for the Texas Pacific Railroad. He soon returned to Louisville and in June, 1874, was appointed secretary of the treasury by General Grant. He now gained prominence in public life and his administration was characterized by his opposition to the whisky ring. At the Republican National Convention in 1876 he was a promising candidate for the presidential nomination, but finally was defeated by Mr. Hayes. Two years later he left Louisville for New York and as head of the law firm of Bristow, Peet, and Opdyke acquired a wide practice. A wife, one daughter, and one son survive him.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Benjamin H. Bristow was one of that sturdy race of Kentuckians who combine strength of mind and body as do the natives of no other states except Vermont and New Hampshire.

Boston Journal. (Mass.)

As secretary of the treasury Mr. Bristow hunted down with untiring zeal every one implicated in the nefarious transactions of the whisky ring. When the shock occasioned by these scandals was followed by Mr. Bristow's apparently enforced retirement from the cabinet because of his fidelity in pursuing the plunderers, public indignation over the frauds made the suggestion of Mr. Bristow as a presidential candidate a natural way of expressing detestation of the methods that prevailed. Mr. Bristow would have made a good president had he been nominated and elected to that office. He had excellent executive ability, a knowledge of public affairs, and great fearlessness.

THE BOND INQUIRY.

The storm of caustic discussion on the currency question that lately has been sweeping over the country originated in the Senate early in May, when active steps were taken by the Finance Committee to investigate the bond-sales of the present administration. A sub-committee to conduct the investigation was appointed on May 12, consisting of three Democrats, one Populist, and one Republican. On May 22 Senator Butler, of North Carolina, introduced into the Senate an anti-bond bill and on June 2 the bill passed that body by a vote of 32 to 25, being favored by 17 Democrats, 10 Republicans, and 5 Populists and opposed by 16 Republicans and 9 Democrats. Enacting "that the issuance of interest-bearing bonds of the United States for any purpose whatever, without further authority of Congress, is hereby prohibited," the bill practically repeals the Resumption Act of 1875, which authorizes the secretary of the treasury to issue and sell bonds in order to maintain the gold reserve. The bill was not passed by the House.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

What would have become of our national credit had it been necessary to get the consent of this same crank-ridden Senate before our gold reserve could have been protected during the perilous times of the past year? Does any one suppose that a bond measure could have gone through without a free-silver clause attached?

(Rep.) Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

It is a bill which is most mischievous in its tendencies. It forbids the president to issue bonds under any circumstances. Its intention is to force the government to pay silver in place of gold. It means rank repudiation and absolute financial dishonesty.

(Dem.) Cincinnati Enquirer. (Ohio.)

Is it possible that more than thirty years after the war, in a time of peace, when there is no emergency, some one man must be constantly clothed with the bond-issuing power? . . . Talk about repudiation, bankruptcy, and dishonesty as a result of the president not having the bond-issuing power is a travesty on American statesmanship.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

The effect of the proposition upon foreign investors cannot be favorable. But it is to be hoped that the honest-money congressmen of both houses will make clear to the world and the country the fact that the whole thing is a cheap and nasty trick of a disreputable cabal.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

It is passing strange that no senator took occasion during the heated debate on Senator Butler's bill to make the point that the present revenues of the government would be ample for all its necessities if the salaries of federal officers, from the president down, and other expenses should be reduced to correspond with the increased purchasing power of money under the single gold standard. It is a well-established fact that the purchasing power of money in this country has increased about 40 per cent in the last twenty years, whereas no reduction whatever has been made in the salaries of public officers.

TURKISH TROUBLES IN CRETE.

PUBLIC attention is diverted from the Turkish outrages still going on in Armenia to those in Crete, for the uprising of the Cretans against Turkish rule, necessitating foreign intervention, has reopened the whole eastern question. The Cretan trouble brewed in early spring, when the Porte replaced the Christian governor of the island by a Mussulman. Peasants when robbed and abused by the soldiery got no redress from the police corps, mostly Mussulmans, and early in May they broke into open revolt. Desperate fighting occurred at many places, in which the Turks were worsted until Turkish reinforcements reached the island. On June 12 the German ambassador in Constantinople warned the sultan that a continuance of atrocities in Crete would lose for Turkey the good will of the powers. This warning was emphasized later by the German ambassador. On June 15 a fresh outbreak of Cretans in the Rhetuna district occurred with great fatality on both sides. The British consul affirmed on June 18 that Turkish soldiers sacked Bonita. Turks have seized other Christian towns. Still the Cretans are strong and are determined to obtain either unity with Greece or autonomy under the guarantee of the powers. According to advices of June 25 the representatives of the powers at Constantinople joined in urging the Porte to keep order in Crete. Three days later a governor of the Greek faith was appointed for the island with a view to ending the contentions between the Turks and the Christians.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Just what sort of refinement of cruelty will follow this fresh act of presumption on the part of the representatives of the great and mighty governments remains to be seen, but the Turkish government risks little in refusing to pay heed to the warning. The Porte well knows that the powers are practically powerless to do more than protest, on account of mutual jealousy.

The Argus. (New York, N. Y.)

It may be that the indignation of Christendom at Turkish atrocities in Armenia is making an impression, though a tardy one, at Constantinople. The appointment of an Albanian Christian, Georgi Berovitch, as governor of Crete certainly appears to be a conciliatory move, and is in marked contrast with the previous action of the sultan.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Geographically and racially Crete should belong to Greece. The island lies just south of the Greek peninsula, and is much nearer to it than to the Turkish mainland. The islands near it also belong to Greece. As the kingdom of Greece is too small to excite jealousy—having a population of only about two and a quarter million, and an area of about 25,000 square miles—the powers of Europe might interfere and annex Crete to Greece if it were not for the fact that such a course would again precipitate the dispute over Turkish territory. If the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire is again begun, it would be difficult to limit it to this island.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The sorest problem in Europe to-day is how to give good government to countries of mixed Christian and Mahometan population. The example of Armenia shows the urgent need of change. But that of Crete shows, with equal plainness, that not yet is it wise to make the change to unrestricted self-government.

Vossiche Zeitung. (Berlin, Germany.)

This is no time for long diplomatic correspondences. An end must be made of the over-great tenderness with which the Porte has been handled of late.

LYMAN TRUMBULL.

JUDGE LYMAN TRUMBULL.

On June 25 at Chicago, Ill., death removed one of the chief leaders of the old Union and Anti-slavery party, Lyman Trumbull. Mr. Trumbull was born in Colchester, New London County, Conn., Oct. 12, 1813. At Bacon Academy in his native town he laid the foundation for that fine education which he afterward acquired, and though he never graduated at any college both McKendree College of Illinois and Yale conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws. On leaving the Bacon Academy he taught a village school. He went to Georgia about four years later and while teaching in the academy at Greenville studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1837 and began his law practice at Belleville, Ill. In 1840 Belleville district elected him to the state legislature on the Democratic ticket. In 1843 occurred Mr. Trumbull's marriage with Miss Julia M. Hayne. He was elected justice of the state Supreme Court in 1848 and in 1853 he was sent to Congress. The second year after he was elected state senator over Abraham Lincoln and General Shields, being re-elected in 1861 and in 1867. During the Civil War Senator Trumbull stanchly upheld President Lincoln and supported the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution, the former of which he drafted. He was one of the five senators who in 1865 voted against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and having by this act cut loose from the Republican party, during the rest of his term in the Senate he sided with the Democrats. In 1863 Mr. Trumbull had removed his family from Belleville to Chicago, and in 1873, having finished his work in the Senate, he returned to Chicago to resume his practice of law. A few years before his death he became a Populist. His wife having died in 1868, in 1877 Mr. Trumbull married Miss Mary J. Ingraham. She and several children survive him.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It was not so much for the long service and the credit of his administrations of various posts that Trumbull will be honored as for his unyielding devotion to high principles and his unvarying efforts to lead the public to better things. From the start he was a teacher and leader of men. Wherever the public conscience could be stirred or the public mind enlightened he was to be found working for what he believed to be the right, and in the main his belief was right. If it were only for his work in securing the abolition of slavery his name would be remembered and revered by all truly patriotic citizens. He belongs to the great band of men who first urged the adoption of the constitutional amendment declaring that liberty should be universal and not limited to any race or sect.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Even those who disagreed with him radically and sometimes bitterly had to acknowledge that he was always actuated by the highest motives of duty and of integrity.

TSOU-HSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

A REMARKABLE instance of climbing through the various ranks of life to the highest places is seen in the career of Tsou-Hsi, dowager empress of China, who died on June 19. Tsou-Hsi was born November 17, 1834, of humble parents. They sold her for a trifle to a Tartar general, with whom she won such favor that he adopted her for a daughter. He afterward presented her to his royal master, Emperor I-tchou, who on account of her beauty made her one of his wives. She now sought out her brother and shared with him her wealth. Tsou-Hsi gained great influence over the emperor, and on his death in 1861, the two succeeding emperors being mere infants, she continued to make her power felt, under the title Empress of the West, as co-regent with Hsaï-tchoun, known as Empress of the East. Her more forceful character enabled Tsou-Hsi to dominate over the Empress of the East and at the death of the latter she assumed all the powers of sovereign. In 1889, when Tsai-t'ien, the present emperor, became of age the dowager empress nominally gave to him the reins of government, but it has been generally acknowledged that she has continued to be the real ruler. Empress Tsou-Hsi established a number of laws tending to the enlightenment of the empire. Among them is that granting to Protestant Chinese subjects equal protection with those of other religions.

Boston Journal. (Massachusetts.)

The late dowager empress of China was not exactly a "new woman," but she started life as a foundling who was bought for a trifle, became servitor in the royal household, and developed such force of character as to make her the chief governing force in the most populous empire of the globe.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

For a generation before her death she was one of the most influential personages in China; not so much the power behind the throne as in front of it, for there was no concealment of the influence which she exerted in affairs of administration and policy. She was generally, but not always, an ally of Li Hung Chang, in sympathy with his ideas of progress and social reform, and had brains enough to appreciate his value. Nor was he unmindful of her own unusual qualities and endowments. With her death an important figure in Chinese politics passes from the stage and into history. It will declare of her that she was an extremely clever woman, who, under equally propitious conditions, might have been as great a ruler as Elizabeth or Catherine.

TRANSVAAL COMPLICATIONS.

CECIL RHODES.

THE four leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, Colonel Francis Rhodes, George Farrar, Lionel Phillips, and John Hays Hammond, who were condemned to death for participation in the invasion of the Transvaal, and subsequently had their sentences commuted to fifteen years imprisonment, were released the middle of June upon the payment of fines of £25,000 each and the signing of an agreement not to interfere in the politics of the country. Colonel Francis Rhodes refused to sign the agreement and was banished from the republic for life. On June 23 the grand jury of the central criminal court, Old Bailey, returned a true bill against Leander S. Jameson and the five other leaders of the Transvaal raid who had been committed to trial by the Bow Street police court for violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The Transvaal government has demanded that Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit, directors of the British South Africa Company, be brought to trial at once on charges similar to those against Dr. Jameson and asks that the entire control of the British South Africa Company be transferred to the British government. On the 26th of June the directors of the British South Africa Company announced that they had resolved to accept the resignations of Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit as directors of the company. The Matabele uprising is not yet suppressed.

The New York Recorder. (N. Y.)

Kruger has euchered Chamberlain and Salisbury. He has maintained his nation's self-respect, and has built up for himself a reputation as a diplomatist which is recognized by the whole civilized world.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

For many years to come, and probably during the term of the colonel's natural life, stock jobbing politics will not be in very high favor in the Transvaal, even among the Uitlanders.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

The sturdy Dutch have demonstrated an ability to take care of themselves that may serve them well in future troubles.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

We are apt sometimes to attribute the present trouble [with the Matabeles] to the encroachments of the South Africa Company and to talk of British aggression, but it should not be forgotten that white settlers have gone into that country to build up homes for themselves, and that their position is much the same as was that of the settlers of our vast Western States in relation to the Indians.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

There is an end for the present to the troubles in South Africa, but they may break out afresh in the future, and if that should be the case the recent clash would make the next conflict all the more bitter.

The Washington Post. (D. C.)

Anything more wicked than the conspiracy headed by Jameson, fomented and operated by Hammond and his coadjutors, and aided and abetted by the British Chartered Company in South Africa, it would be difficult to imagine. That the Boers have treated them with such amazing mercy proves that the people ruled over by President Kruger are truer Christians than the world has seen since Christ preached peace and all forgiveness from the Mount of Olives.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
Democratic Candidate for President.

On July 7 at noon, in the South Side Coliseum at Chicago, Hon. William F. Harrity of Pennsylvania, by virtue of his position as chairman of the National Committee, opened the first session of the Democratic National Convention. A heated contest was entered into at once by the free-coinage and anti-free-coinage factions over the temporary chairmanship. The result, unprecedented in Democratic conventions, was the rejection of the National Committee's recommendations for this position, Senator David B. Hill of New York being set aside for Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, whose election was carried by the silver men with a vote of 556 to 349. The same factions had an exciting contention in the committee on credentials over the seating of rival delegates, especially those from Nebraska and Michigan; the final decision, reached on July 8, was in favor of the silver men. On July 7 the committee on resolutions, with Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas as chairman, began its session, and a sub-committee was appointed to draft a money plank. The platform was reported on July 9 by this committee and accepted by the convention. It declares for allegiance to the general principles of Jeffersonian democracy and of resistance to the centralization of governmental power; for political liberty and religious freedom. It demands "the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation," demanding that "the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private," and it favors "such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract." It opposes the issuing of interest-bearing bonds of the United States in time of peace and advocates tariff for revenue, the duties to be levied so as not to discriminate against class or section, declaring opposition to the McKinley law. The platform further reads: "Until the money question is settled we are opposed to any agitation for further changes in our tariff laws, except such as are necessary to meet the deficit in revenue caused by the adverse decision of the Supreme Court on the income tax. . . . We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from its reversal by the court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burdens of taxation may be equally and impartially laid, to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of the government." It proposes to protect home labor by preventing the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with American labor, and favors arbitration of differences between employers engaged in interstate commerce and their employees. It states: "We denounce arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions, and we especially object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression, by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the states and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners, and we approve the bill passed at the last session of the United States Senate, and now pending in the House of Representatives, relative to contempts in federal courts and providing for trials by jury in certain cases of contempt." In it is recommended the early admission of the territories into the Union as states, adherence to the Monroe Doctrine, and the extension of our sympathy to the struggling Cubans. One plank affirms: "We are opposed to life tenure in the public service. We favor appointments based upon merit, fixed terms of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness." Others assert the ineligibility of any man to a third term as president of the United States

ARTHUR J. SEWALL.
Democratic Candidate for Vice President.

and impose on the federal government the improvement of the Mississippi River and other great waterways of the republic. At the evening session of June 9 the nominations began. Congressman Richard Parks Bland of Missouri was the first proposed for president; then followed William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, "the Boy Orator of the Platte," Gov. Claude Matthews of Indiana, Hon. Horace Boies of Iowa, Senator Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, and John R. McLean of Ohio. On July 10 ex-Gov. R. E. Pattison of Pennsylvania was nominated and the balloting began. Congressman Bland led up to the fourth ballot; before the fifth the convention voted Bryan's nomination to be unanimous and he was nominated on the fifth ballot. The next day the convention brought its work to a close with the nomination, also on the fifth ballot, of Hon. Arthur Sewall of Maine for vice president.

The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

William J. Bryan, who has been nominated by the Chicago convention for president, was born in Illinois March 19, 1860, and was therefore 36 years old last March, one year older than the limit of age fixed by the Constitution. He was liberally educated, graduating in 1881. He began law practice at Jacksonville, and remained there until 1887, when he removed to Nebraska, settling at Lincoln, the capital. He practiced his profession there. He served two terms in Congress.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

Arthur J. Sewall is 61 years old, but might pass for a man a decade younger. Born at Bath, Me., in 1835, he grew up among the scenes of the shipyards and the sea shore, and in due time was inducted into the mysteries of the shipbuilding business. There is hardly a corporation in Sagadahoc County, Me., of which he is not a stockholder and a director. He has been president of the Maine Central and other lines. He is still a director in a number of railroads. He is at present the president of a national bank in Bath. Mr. Sewall has been an ardent advocate of free silver for the last four years. He has been prominent in politics for many years, but has never held any political office. He has been a member of the Democratic National Committee for two or three terms.

REPUBLICAN COMMENT.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Any crazy body of dynamiters might indorse the Democratic convention, because its action aims to subvert law and order, to overturn the established principles of government and finance, and if possible perpetuate errors in trade relations and in political economy which have been demonstrated to be errors by the experience of all nations, by the outcome of all parties founded on similar fallacies, and by the logical deductions of all sane men.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The bolters will be fewer at the end of the campaign than at the beginning, for the silver cause will grow in strength as silver coinage is discussed.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

[The] reference to the action of President Cleveland sending federal troops to Chicago during the riot in that city two years ago in order to protect the transportation of the United States mails was placed in the platform at the demand of Governor Altgeld. The deliverance of the convention on this issue will be spurned and rejected by all decent American citizens who believe that national authority is paramount and must be maintained at all hazards.

The Kansas City Capital. (Topeka, Kan.)

Rather than to be turned out of power, the Democratic party has sacrificed both principles and men. It's anything to win—even free silver.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

One reason why the Democratic party will not ruin the country in the next four years is because it has ruined itself this year.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The rebellion against civilization and honesty which the Democratic party now undertakes would be more destructive and more bloody than the Civil War itself if the anarchistic demands of Chicago were pushed to their natural result; but the world knows that they will not be. The Democratic party lends itself to the basest and most dangerous ends only because it has been beaten out of all hope of continued existence except as an agent of the enemies of honesty, prosperity, and social order.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye. (Iowa.)

With the majority of the party blindly and willfully running on to ruin, it seems to be the duty of the conservative minority to save as much as it can for the future by an open bolt.

INDEPENDENT COMMENT.

The Star. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The platform has been adopted and is before the people; it is direct and clear in its terms and it is known that the candidate is in accord with every line and every word of it.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

This is no question of the West against the East or the East against the South. The issue is between honor and dishonor, the debt-paying classes everywhere against the repudiationists wherever found.

The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

If the Democrats in Chicago accept the suggestions of Senator Jones as readily as Attorney General Jones and his convention followed those of Farmer Todd it will begin to look as though these Populists were getting very handy at running things by proxy.

The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

The platform of the Democrats is, in brief, an ably compiled and ably presented document, of which nobody will be able to say that he does not understand it. It is clearness itself.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

It was a convention of anarchists, Populists, communists, free silverites, and cranks. Democrats repudiate it. It stole the name Democratic to give it cohesion, to give it what little respectability it had, and that was very little.

The Binghamton Herald. (N. Y.)

The Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ never made more heroic resistance than have these men [Senators Hill, Whitney, etc.] against the onslaughts of the repudiationists, fiat money makers, theorists, and cranks of all sorts and kinds.

DEMOCRATIC COMMENT.

The New Haven Morning News. (Conn.)

It is time for the friends of true Democracy to step forward and fight to compass the defeat of such a platform and a presidential candidate whose socialistic speech upon the floor of the convention was his sole recommendation. Now for a new ticket and a new platform.

The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

If we regard the platform candidly we find nothing in it violative of Democratic precedent, nothing enabling any one to assert that the Democracy is no longer the Democracy. The charges of Populistic and anarchistic influences amount to nothing, for the reason that in New York every man who favors an income tax is called an anarchist, and every person who dares disagree with the financial views of Tammany Hall is a Populist.

The Free Press. (Detroit, Mich.)

If the ascendency of an issue borrowed from the Populists is accompanied by revolutionary and destructive tactics and an insolent disregard of party precedents and traditions, honest money Democrats cannot be expected to acquiesce in such supremacy.

New York Mercury. (N. Y.)

Read and compare the Republican and Democratic platforms. The latter has the true ring. The plutocrats had no hand in making it.

The News and Courier. (Charleston, S. C.)

Northern and Eastern States which have been faithful to the South and the Democratic party in all times of distress and tribulation will not be with the South in its wild career toward financial ruin.

The Times. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The platform should be shunned by patriotic voters as they would shun pestilence, and the candidates must be opposed because they represent the purposes of revolutionists.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Hundreds of thousands of Democrats will be dissatisfied, and some of them will probably vote the Republican ticket. Any organized bolt, however, would defeat its own object, and make the success of the convention's nominee more probable.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The free coinage of silver mentioned in this declaration means that every owner or purchaser of silver bullion shall be permitted to bring it to the mint in unlimited quantities and have it coined, free of charge, into dollars, each containing 371¼ grains of pure silver and 41¼ grains of copper, or 412½ grains altogether, which dollars shall be a legal tender equally with gold coin. As the gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold, and, with 2.58 grains of copper alloy added, 25.8 grains, the silver dollar weighs 16 times as much as a gold dollar and the ratio between them is, therefore, said to be 16 to 1. The effect upon business of the adoption of this coinage scheme would be to make dollars containing a little over three quarters of an ounce of pure silver each equal in debt-paying power to gold dollars. An ounce of pure silver containing 480 grains can now be bought for about 69 cents. Hence the silver dollar would cost only about three quarters of that amount or, say, 52 to 53 cents. While it would pay debts as well as the gold dollar we have now, nobody would take it on the same footing in payment for fresh purchases of goods or for labor. Nor could we use it abroad on equal terms with gold in purchasing goods to import. Coffee which now costs 10 cents per pound would cost 20 cents; raw sugar would cost 6 cents instead of 3 cents, and refined 10 cents instead of 5 cents. For tea for which we now pay 25 cents per pound we would pay 50 cents. The price of articles exported would also rise in the same way. Wheat and wheat flour would double in price, and so would pork, beef, butter, lard, petroleum, and all other necessaries. Hence, a readjustment of prices would have to take place in every commodity that is bought and sold, and, consequently, in wages and salaries. While the adjustment was going on endless confusion and conflict would prevail; and, in the end, nobody would be benefited except the men who happened to owe money when it began, and what they gained would be so much lost to their creditors.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

June 6. The Filled Cheese Bill and the Arizona Funding Act receive President Cleveland's signature.

June 9. Governor Morton of New York appoints the Greater New York charter commission.

June 10. The Contempt of Court Bill passes the Senate.

June 12. President Cleveland appoints members of the commission to investigate the condition of fur seal herds in Behring Sea.

June 13. The families of the Italians killed in Colorado and the Englishman disabled in the New Orleans levee riots receive indemnity from the government.——State boards of health hold their national conference at Chicago.

June 14. Children's Day is celebrated in many churches.——A meeting of the Supreme Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, is held at Buffalo.

June 23. Credit men hold their national convention in Toledo, O.——A convention of the National Photographers' Association is held at Celeron, N. Y.; of the International Home League of Press Clubs, at Buffalo, N. Y.; of the International Sunday-School Triennial, at Boston, Mass.——The Northern Pacific Railroad Company is reorganized with E. W. Winter, general manager of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railway company, as president.

June 24. The freshman boat race at Poughkeepsie is won by Cornell.——The new Japanese minister, Hoshi Foru, arrives at Washington, D. C.

June 26. A. P. A.'s establish headquarters at Washington, D. C.

June 28. A cave-in of the Twin Shaft at Pittston, Penn., imprisons about sixty miners.

June 29. The Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada hold their first convention in New York City.

June 30. Confederate veterans open their sixth annual reunion in Richmond, Va.

July 4. The one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence is celebrated throughout the United States.

FOREIGN.

June 8. The Irish Land Bill passes a second reading in the House of Commons.——The new shah of Persia, Muzaffer-ed-Din, is formally enthroned.——The czar of Russia and his family leave the vicinity of Moscow for St. Petersburg.

June 9. The congress of British chambers of commerce opens at London.

June 10. The czar subscribes 250,000 roubles to charities in commemoration of his coronation.

June 11. A Chinese mob ransacks the Protestant mission at Kiang-Yin.

June 12. At his court-martial, held at Massowah, Africa, General Baratieri, commander of the Italian forces defeated by the Abyssinians, is found not guilty of the charges of incompetency and cowardice preferred against him.

June 14. Cuban insurgents cut off Havana's supply of water by blowing up that city's water works with dynamite.

June 15. Li Hung Chang, in his audience with Emperor William, asserts that there is more friendliness in China's relations with Germany than with any other power.

June 17. Earthquakes and a tidal wave in northern Japan cause the death of more than 30,000 persons.——The British steamer *Drummond Castle* sinks off the coast of France near the Ile de Molène, with the loss of 244 lives, only three on board surviving.

June 18. It has been admitted by Viceroy Li Hung Chang that a Russian railway will be built through Manchuria, though it will not curtail Chinese sovereignty.

June 20. In Rome, the Societa Immobiliere goes into bankruptcy.

June 21. President Diaz of Mexico is renominated for a fifth term.

June 22. Elizabeth Gardner and Adolphe William Bouguereau, noted artists, are married in Paris.

June 24. Turks massacre 400 Armenians at Van, Armenia.

June 25. The Mexican government grants an English firm a fifty years' lease for the Tehuantepec national railway.

June 29. Frederick Errazwiz is elected president of Chili.

June 30. The British steamer *Santarense* sinks in a collision with the bark *Dundonald*.

July 1. Turkish troops at Jiddah, Arabia, refuse to advance to Hauran, Syria, until they shall receive their back pay for this year.

NECROLOGY.

June 6. General Rafael de Quesada, Cuban patriot.

June 8. Frank Mayo, famous actor. Born 1839.

June 12. Isaac H. Maynard, ex-judge of New York Court of Appeals. Born April 9, 1838.

June 23. Sir Joseph Prestwich, professor of geology at Oxford.

June 25. Duc de Nemours, son of King Louis Philippe. Born Oct. 25, 1814.

July 7. Sir John Pender, great promoter of ocean telegraphy. Born 1816.

PIASA CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

The Piasa Chautauqua will hold its ninth annual session at Piasa Bluffs, Ill., from July 23 to August 20, 1896. This Assembly which "pays more money for talent and receives more money at its gates than any other Chautauqua west of New York or Maryland" has prepared a program up to its usual standard of excellence. On the platform will appear Dr. P. S. Henson of Chicago, Mr. John Temple Graves, Prof. Samuel Phelps Leland, Prof. Louis Favour, Dr. G. M. Brown, ex-Gov. J. W. Giddings, Dr. W. F. Oldham, Dr. Eugene May, and other speakers of wide reputation and acknowledged ability. Departments of instruction well-manned by efficient teachers have been provided, under the general supervision of Rev. O. M. Stewart, D.D., superintendent of instruction. Recognition Day has been fixed for the 5th of August. Among other special days are Farmers' Day, August 6, W. C. T. U. Day, August 12, Talmage Day, August 18, and Music Day, August 19.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

A Lady of Quality.

With her usual skill Frances Hodgson Burnett has created another remarkable character, Clorinda Wildairs, the Lady of Quality.* Indeed one wonders as he makes her acquaintance if she can be altogether human. Her mother, "a poor, gentle creature of no spirit," dies soon after her birth, in 1685, and Clorinda is left to the care of a meek relative and unreliable servants who are unable to restrain her wild, imperious nature. Her father, an irascible, blustering roisterer, makes her acquaintance when she is six years of age and she completely wins his affections by a display of fierce temper and a volley of oaths worthy of a nature so much like his own. From this time until she is fifteen she is constantly with her father and his boon companions, joining in their hunts, their banquets, and carousals, usually in the character of a boy. Then she doffs her masculine attire and appears always in feminine robes of exquisite beauty and richness. Becoming the wife of an earl many years her senior gives her the social powers and position for which she longs. After the death of the earl she becomes the wife of the Duke of Osmonde, whom she weds for love—no ordinary sentiment, but a consuming passion which softens her imperiousness and proves a refining power. But before the transformation is complete there is a murder committed unintentionally, in the heat of passion, and the death-bed confession of a sister, whose weakness and servility are brought into strong relief by contrast with such a character as Clorinda, who is quick-witted, shrewd, and all but omnipotent. By her bright, animated style the author has presented a vivid picture, and the delicate hints at happenings which are not at once mentioned keep the reader in a happy state of expectancy until the conclusion is reached.

Other Fiction.

The first and last words from the pen of every great author always interest the literary world, and particularly is this true of "Weir of Hermiston,"* the last composition of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Though left uncompleted the strength and excellency of the story are very evident and one can but wish that it might have been finished by the graceful, animated pen of the author. However the reader need not rely entirely upon his imagination for the outcome of the story for an editorial note contains the outline so far as it was known. The scene of the romance is Scotland and the interest centers in the misunderstanding arising from the incompatibility of the lord justice-clerk, Weir of Hermiston, and his son Archie. The father is the personification of stern justice whom no ties of consanguinity can hinder from performing what he pleases to call his duty. The unfamiliar Scotch words which occur in the story are explained in an appended glossary. The book is handsomely bound in green and gold and is an excellent example of typographical art.

"Cinderella and Other Stories"† is a collection of unique productions by Richard Harding Davis. These stories, as do others by this renowned author, reveal a remarkable genius for character sketching and an originality rarely equaled. The five stories are a mixture of humor and pathos and the scenes depicted are wonderfully vivid.

"The hope of our country is in our rich men's sons," is the opening sentence of a short story‡ which points out the obstacles which are a stumbling-block to the young men surrounded by wealth and luxury. Mrs. Emma Lefferts Super has admirably set forth the results of the unique plan of education adopted by the wealthy parents of one young man.

Knowing that the principal characters in a novel are two attractive young women and a young man susceptible to the charms of all that is beautiful in

*A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 374 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Weir of Hermiston. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 266 pp. $1.50.—† Cinderella and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. 205 pp. $1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ One Rich Man's Son. By Mrs. Emma Lefferts Super. 209 pp. 90 cts. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

woman, and that the title of the story is "A Man of Two Minds,"* it takes very little imagination to fill out the essential parts of the plot. Though the young man of course does the right thing at the last, one feels a sort of contemptuous pity for his weakness.

Good, homely common sense characterizes "Aunt Belinda's Points of View,"† which she expresses in unlearned English at the Woman's Club. A modern Mrs. Malaprop is a prominent member of the club, where several other peculiar and particular types of womanhood are first introduced to the reader. The author shows a ready hand in character sketching.

Number V. of the Antonym Library is entitled "The Red Star."‡ It is an interesting semi-historical story, the scene of which is the eastern frontier of Prussia where France in 1806 was warring against the allied forces of Prussia and Russia. The fate of a captain of the Russian Imperial Guards and a Polish girl who were forced by the order of the emperor to wed against their wishes is the subject of the plot.

Bridget, who figures conspicuously in a novel called "Nobody's Fault,"‖ is a striking character and highly original in all that she says or does. The story of her life is well told and though some of the incidents related may be a trifle too dramatic they make very interesting reading.

That the world judges man and woman by different standards of morality is a fact not to be doubted after reading "Sleeping Fires,"§ by George Gissing. Though the characters may be true to life one can but deprecate some of the sentiments contained in the book which show an inclination to wink at the follies of youth.

The fateful events which resulted in the capture of Quebec by the English in 1759 are the historical facts on which Gilbert Parker has founded a remarkably strong story which he calls "The Seats of the Mighty."¶ It purports to be the memoirs of a certain Captain Robart Moray, who was captured by the French at Fort Necessity, taken to Quebec, and there held as a prisoner of war until the fall of the city. With breathless interest the reader hurries on from page to page to learn the outcome of the plotting and counterplotting, the love and hatred, and the unrelenting persecution of which the prisoner was the object. The illustrations represent persons, places, and events of this historical period and the volume is prettily bound in red.

Cleg Kelly* was a veritable "arab of the city," yet an honest, kind-hearted, if a rough one, and that too in spite of the example of his father, whose business "consisted in the porterage of other people's goods out of their houses, without previous arrangement with the owners, and in a manner as unobtrusive as possible." The author, S. R. Crockett, with inimitable grace gives us sly hints of humor which add charm to the pathetic and at times almost tragical story of this young man's adventures and progress.

Oratory and Elocution.

In "The History of Oratory"† the author, Lorenzo Sears, L. H. D. has given a "brief account of each typical orator's place, to note the rhetorical principles that he exemplified, and to observe the trend of eloquence in the several periods which may be designated as the Greek, Roman, Patriotic, Mediæval, Reformation, Revolution, Restoration, Parliamentary, and American." With admirable skill he has incorporated a vast amount of information in a comparatively small space and produced a very readable book.

A very practical and helpful work on "Public Speaking and Debate,"‡ prepared by George Jacob Holyoake, has reached a second edition. With perfect simplicity and perspicuity he has given to public speakers a manual replete with excellent advice which they will do well to heed.

"The Art of Controversy"‖ is the title of a small book which contains translations of several posthumous papers by Arthur Schopenhauer. Nearly one half of the work is taken up with an explanation of logic, dialectics, and an elucidation of the stratagems to which debaters resort to gain the advantage in polemic discourse. The remainder of the book is devoted to psychological observations, aphorisms on the wisdom of life, and papers on the relation of interest and beauty in works of art.

After reading Hiram Corson's little book on "The Voice and Spiritual Education"§ no one can doubt that successful interpretative reading depends upon the voice and the degree of the spiritual—one's absolute being or personality—which enters into it. Forceful and clear are the arguments he uses.

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*A Man of Two Minds. By Francis Tillou Buck. 338 pp. $1.00.——† Aunt Belinda's Points of View and a Modern Mrs. Malaprop. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. 302 pp. New York: The Merriam Company.

‡ The Red Star. By L. McManus. 225 pp. 50 cts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‖ Nobody's Fault. By Netta Syrett. 240 pp. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

§ Sleeping Fires. By George Gissing. 211 pp. 75 cts.——¶ The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. 386 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Cleg Kelley. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. 388 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† The History of Oratory from the Age of Pericles to the Present Time. By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. 440 pp. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company.

‡ Public Speaking and Debate. By George Jacob Holyoake. 274 pp. Boston: Ginn & Company.

‖ The Art of Controversy. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A. 126 pp. 90 cts.——§ The Voice and Spiritual Education. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. 198 pp. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Those interested in becoming cultured speakers and readers will do well to read "The Art of Reading and Speaking,"* by James Flemming, B. D. Clearly and concisely he has given many wise suggestions on the voice, articulation, expression, gesture, self-possession, and kindred topics. The appendix contains several selections for practice in reading with directions for their correct rendition.

To develop individuality in the student is the aim of a book called "Public Speaking and Reading,"† by E. N. Kirby, A. B. Delivery is the subject of the treatise and the author has taken into consideration the principles of psychology involved in the correct oral presentation of thought on the public platform. Several selections are appended for supplementary practice.

Educational.

Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, of the University of Michigan, is the author of a work on "Teaching the Language-Arts,"‡ one of the International Education Series. In a simple yet forceful way he presents the principles on which practical language culture is based, with methods and devices for giving scientific instruction in language, and he shows the comparative educational value of grammar and rhetoric.

Another volume of the International Education Series contains the translation of "The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play."‖ The commentaries have been translated into excellent English by Susan E. Blow, whose introductory chapter furnishes a fine exposition of the philosophy of Froebel and his relation to the philosophic movement of his time. The mottoes have been rendered into English verse by Henrietta R. Eliot and the illustrations are reproductions of those originally prepared under the supervision of Froebel himself.

In the opening chapter of "The Psychology of Number,"§ the authors show by careful, lucid arguments what psychology can do for the teacher. After an explanation of the psychical nature of number they show the origin of number and explain its development and discuss "the numerical operations as external and as intrinsic to number." Then follow chapters on teaching number in primary grades, the fundamental processes, fractions, decimals, percentage, and evolution. After reading this volume the teacher must feel that there are certain psychological principles underlying the presentation of the subject of mathematics.

Unity—unity of teacher and pupil; unity of the organism which regulates the complex school system; unity of the real self of the pupil with his ideal, is the fundamental law on which Arnold Tompkins has founded "The Philosophy of School Management."* Many practical thoughts and suggestions are given which make the question of discipline an easier one to solve.

A series of twenty articles describing how English is taught in the same number of American colleges and universities, written by professors in the English departments of these institutions, forms the text of a book called "English in American Universities."† The appendix is composed of five articles of educational value and interest and the introductory chapter ably discusses several subjects suggested by an examination of the articles which follow.

Selecting Rabelais, Francis Bacon, Comenius, Montaigne, Locke, Fénelon, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel as educational types and leaders, James Phinney Munroe has carefully traced the development of the ideal in education‡ from the revolt against medievalism through classicism and feudalism to the present high conception of the methods and purpose in education.

Six interesting essays on various educational subjects make up a volume entitled "Studies in American Education."‖ "Has the Teacher a Profession?" "How to Study History," and "How to Teach History" are some of the subjects which the author has discussed.

The principles and laws which underlie mental growth and development are clearly set forth by arguments and illustrations in a "Psychology for Teachers"§ by C. Lloyd Morgan. It is written in a pleasing style, free from long, involved sentences, and the reader will find it an instructive as well as interesting book and he will be stimulated to carefully observe mental phenomena.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 353 to 384 of the July issue.

* The Art of Reading and Speaking. By James Flemming, B.D. 250 pp. $1.00. New York: Edward Arnold.

† Public Speaking and Reading. By E. N. Kirby, A.B. 210 pp, $1.00. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

‡ Teaching the Language-Arts. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D. 230 pp. $1.00.——‖ The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play. Mother Communings and Mottoes Rendered into English Verse by Henrietta R. Eliot. Prose Commentaries Translated and Accompanied with an Introduction Treating of the Philosophy of Froebel, by Susan E. Blow. 338 pp. $1.50.——§ The Psychology of Number and Its Applications to Methods of Teaching Arithmetic. By James A McLellan, A.M., LL.D., and John Dewey, Ph.D. 323 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

* The Philosophy of School Management. By Arnold Tompkins. 236 pp. 85 cts. Boston: Ginn and Company.

† English in American Universities. By Professors in the English Departments of Twenty Representative Institutions. Edited with an Introduction, by William Morton Payne. 182 pp. $1.00.——‡ The Educational Ideal. An Outline of its Growth in Modern Times. By James Phinney Munroe. 270 pp. $1.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

‖ Studies in American Education. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. 156 pp. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

§ Psychology for Teachers. By C. Lloyd Morgan. With a Preface by J. G. Fitch, M.A., LL.D. 261 pp. London: Edward Arnold.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING.
VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

See page 695.

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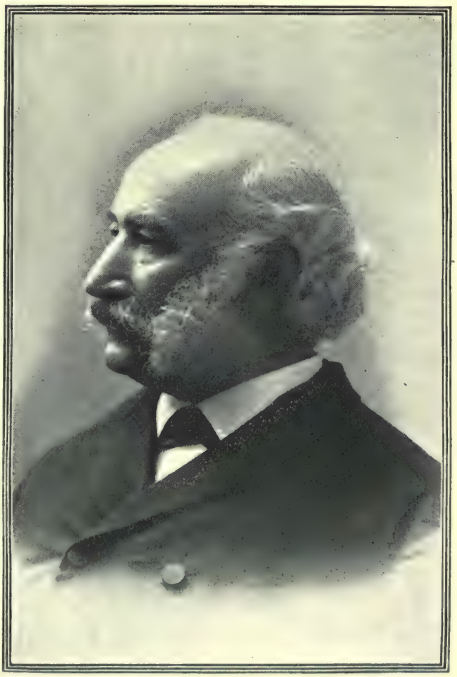
THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

SAN FRANCISCO is a genuine city, not an overgrown town, like so many American cities in the West. It has distinctive features which make it unique; it is as genuinely cosmopolitan as New York, and being a seaport and the gate of a rich Oriental and South Sea trade it has many elements of the picturesque which even the great eastern metropolis lacks. More than this, it has not outgrown a certain lawlessness and defiance of the conventionalities which it inherited from the California pioneers. These men, who knew no such word as fail, have handed down a legacy of the great virtues and the chief vices of California life, and these traits are mirrored more perfectly in San Francisco than in any other place in this far western state.



ADOLPH SUTRO, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps to the observer fresh from the East the feature of San Francisco life which impresses him most strongly is the carelessness of the people in regard to everything which the residents of any conservative eastern city hold most dear. The *laissez-faire* principle rules. Few local ordinances are observed; yet the hourly violations of public right and comfort are not punished because no one appears to have leisure or inclination to make a fight for the general welfare. Thus one may observe any day the dangerous overcrowding of cars; the stopping of cable cars squarely on the crosswalks; the carting of sand and building material in wagons with movable bottoms, thus littering the streets with refuse; the encroachment of contractors on the sidewalks of main business streets and their seizure of the

G. Y. OKADA, EDITOR OF A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

entire sidewalk and more than half the street in the residence quarter; the nuisance of blind hand-organ grinders and other swindling professional beggars on the chief thoroughfares; badly-paved streets which serve as catchments for dust and sand swept in clouds through even down-town avenues by the strong trade winds every summer afternoon. These are a few of the things which would be promptly remedied in most eastern cities. To them may be added the continental observance of Sunday, which permits German shooting clubs and picnic parties to march through the streets on Sunday evening to the strains of full brass bands, and which countenances the opening on Sunday of most of the theaters, variety halls, and concert gardens and all the saloons and suburban places of resort, as well as groceries, fruit-stands, bakeries, restaurants, and many stationery and other stores.

This continental Sunday is due partly to the large foreign population and partly to the pioneer resentment against any infringement of the largest personal liberty. Both the Latin and the German races are largely represented in San Francisco, and their custom of making Sunday afternoon an open-air holiday has been imitated by young Americans. Hence, though the city supports as many churches as eastern cities of its size, the congregations are smaller and the religious spirit is not so zealous. No contrast could be greater than that between Sunday in Portland, Ore., and in San Francisco. In the Oregon metropolis church-going is general and the streets in the afternoon are well-nigh deserted. In San Francisco thousands go out to the suburban resorts; the park is filled with fine teams and thousands of wheelmen, and the theaters are crowded with matinée audiences, while in the evening the streets are thronged with promenaders and amusement-seekers.

San Francisco sprawls over a sandy peninsula shaped like a clenched fist, with its face to the east and the noble land-locked bay which the navies of the world would not crowd, and with its back to the Pacific Ocean, which rolls in without a break from China, seven thousand miles away. It covers an area of twenty square miles, though much of this is built over in straggling fashion. It

JOSEPH B. DIMOND, ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S EFFICIENT SUPERVISORS.

has thrice as many hills as Rome boasted of, but over the highest of these the cable cars climb. Seen from the bay at night, the spectacle is superb, as the streets are transformed into parallel lines of twinkling lights that seem to ascend, like Jacob's ladder, to the stars. Justin McCarthy in "Lady Judith" gives the most poetical as well as the most faithful picture of this remarkable sight of San Francisco from the bay. Had the original builders of the city adopted the Italian custom of carrying streets around the hills, with terraced gardens, San Francisco would be the most beautiful city in the world. As it is, many of the streets are merely great unsightly ditches that run in ugly parallel lines up the steep hills and through their summits. From a score of points of vantage one may get superb views of the bay, the harbor with its picturesque islands, the encircling hills, and the Golden Gate, the narrow entrance through which come and go the ships to the Orient.

HORATIO C. STEBBINS, PASTOR OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The growth of San Francisco has been stimulated greatly by the system of cable and electric cars, which is one of the most perfect in this country. The Market Street system includes more than three quarters of all the lines. Its roads are mainly cable. All the cars start from the ferry depot at the foot of Market Street, run up this main thoroughfare, and then branch off on various streets. The system has 38 miles of double cable track and 25 miles of electric track, besides 20 miles of steam motor and horse car track. Other cable roads have 43½ miles of track and two electric lines have 31 miles of track. By means of transfers one may ride from the ferry to the ocean beach, nine miles, for a single five-cent fare.

A. T. HATCH, ONE OF THE LARGEST CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS.

What impresses the visitor to San Francisco most forcibly is the peculiar fondness for the bay window; but this taste seems natural and sensible when he is told that it is due to the necessity of getting all the sunshine that can be secured. Here, as in Italy, between sunshine and shade there is the difference between summer and winter. The San Francisco climate is the greatest climate in the world for continuous work, as the mean temperature is 65 and there is no summer heat. But it is a trying climate for any one with weak lungs or tender throat. The summer is harsher than the winter, as cold trade winds and heavy fogs render the nights chilly and make a grate fire comfortable. September is the finest

month in the year as the trade winds do not blow and the days are warm and sunshiny. The vagaries of the climate, the sudden changes of temperature induce equal vagaries in costume, and thus furs may be seen in San Francisco streets in July and straw hats in February.

The city government of San Francisco is about twenty years behind that of any large eastern city, so far as efficiency and checks on fraud and extravagance are concerned. The city is still administered under what is called the Consolidation Act, drafted over thirty years ago. Twice an attempt has been made to secure a charter incorporating the best features of modern municipal government, but each time the effort has failed. At the coming election another attempt will be made to adopt a charter. Meanwhile the city government is carried on as it was twenty years ago. The auditor is the only check on extravagance. There is no board of public works, no centralization of power. The heads of the various departments spend money as they please, taking care only to stop within the prescribed limit and not to arouse the suspicion of the auditor by too flagrant demands.

A TYPICAL CHINESE WOMAN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The city is governed by the mayor and twelve supervisors. As a rule San Francisco has had good mayors, but their influence in the way of honest and economical administration has been nullified by the supervisors. These are chosen, by a vicious method, from each ward instead of from the general body of citizens, and in this way the best quarters of the city have no larger representation than the worst. This system also encourages ward politicians to take up residence in districts where they have no fear of contest. For these reasons most of the boards of supervisors have been intent on personal profit from commissions and fees—what the practical politician calls a "divvy." Instead of advertising for supplies for the various departments, contracts are given to business houses that promise the largest "divvy." In this way during the past year it is estimated that the city has been robbed of $250,000. With a population of 320,000 it cost during the present fiscal year $6,400,601 to carry on the government. Although the growth in population in ten years has been only 30,000, the expenses of city government have increased over two millions. The estimate in 1885-86 was $3,895,545. The fire department then found $327,763 ample for its needs, but this year it used $753,600 and it wants $894,705 for next year; the police department then was content with $511,586; now it uses $764,650 and wants next year $788,450; the street department then used $380,181;

now it spends $559,000 and it estimates that next year it will need $1,558,180. The same showing is seen in all the departments.

When it was given out in May that the estimates for the new fiscal year would call for $2,500,000 in excess of the large appropriation of $6,400,000 for the year just ended, there was an outburst from long-suffering taxpayers. It was shown that one quarter of the rents of business property on the main streets was absorbed by taxes, with a levy of $2.35 on the hundred. As the new estimates will demand $3.50 on the hundred, this extra burden is not to be endured. The main hope of relief is from the new charter, which will be submitted to popular vote in November next. This charter provides for a board of public works which will keep in check the waste in the street department and which will be accountable directly to the mayor. Under the new charter the tax levy would not be in excess of $1.17 on the hundred dollars — a rate that compares favorably with the tax rate of eastern cities of the same population as San Francisco. The signs of the times indicate that the charter will be adopted. If it be not, then there will be a popular uprising for municipal reform which will be as strong and as effective as the movement which struck down Tweed and crippled for years Tammany's evil power.

Mayor Sutro was elected on a reform platform. He gained a large vote because he had just won a bitter fight against the Southern Pacific Company, forcing it to give one five-cent fare to the ocean beach. He promised that the city should enjoy a business man's government, but he soon found that the officials were too strong for him and that he could make no reforms. Sutro, it seems to me, is an honest man, but he is eccentric and his infirmity of temper makes it easy for his opponents to so bait him in meetings of the city council that his influence is wasted. He is a millionaire, owning hundreds of acres of suburban land, but unlike many rich Californians he has not waited until death came to share his possessions with the public. He has thrown open his fine grounds at Sutro Heights, on a high bluff overlooking the Golden Gate and the ocean, and the place is really a public park more beautiful than any in the city. He has also built near by the finest bathing pavilion in this country, the price of admission to which is merely nominal. He has given a site in the suburbs for the affiliated colleges of the state university, and he proposes to erect on this college quadrangle a fine building for the large library that he will give to the city. It is easy to ridicule Sutro, because he lends himself to caricature, but no other Californian, not even excepting Leland Stan-

A TYPICAL CHINESE MERCHANT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ford, has done so much for the people of San Francisco.

The police force of the city, which now numbers 450 men, has proved its efficiency

MRS. SUSAN B. COOPER, PRESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

on many occasions. For twenty-five years the department has been in charge of Chief Crowley, who is acknowledged even by those who do not like him to be an honest official. With him for more than a generation has been associated, as chief of detectives, Captain Lees. These two contrived to suppress the dangerous mob during the anti-Chinese excitement aroused by Denis Kearney's sand-lot appeals, and on other occasions when prompt and decisive measures were needed they have never been found wanting. Probably Captain Lees' finest work was the mass of evidence which he secured against Theodore Durrant, the young criminal who murdered two girls in a church. The police last year made 25,960 arrests, of which half were for drunkenness. The percentage of crime is not high when it is remembered that many fugitives from justice seek San Francisco as a place of refuge and that annually 400 convicts, released from San Quentin prison just across the bay, make the city the scene of their return to crime.

San Francisco, by its position at the gateway of commerce from the Orient, the South Seas, and the Pacific states of Spanish America, is sure to remain one of the great shipping ports of the world. It ranks now as the third commercial city in the United States. Despite many rivals, its trade has increased steadily. This increase will be maintained, but the opening of the Nicaragua Canal would give San Francisco and the whole Pacific coast an enormous impetus. Even now the trip from London to Hong-Kong can be made by way of San Francisco five days quicker than by the unpleasant Suez Canal route, and the return voyage is two days shorter. For thirty years wheat has been the great staple of export to the United Kingdom and South America, and for ten years, since the statistics have been kept accurately, San Francisco's sales of wheat have averaged $60,000,000 yearly. Besides the large grain fleet for Europe there are two steamship lines to China, one to Australia and Honolulu, besides regular lines to Central and South America and Alaska, and ships for China, Japan,

IRVING M. SCOTT, A LARGE SHIP-BUILDER AND SHIPPING MERCHANT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Asiatic Russia, and the islands of the South Seas. It will astonish any one who has not made a special study of the subject to learn that San Francisco is now the chief

whaling port of the world, sending out an average of 37 vessels annually, several of which spend the winter in the Arctic. It is a curious fact, showing the change in the base of food supplies, that San Francisco to-day actually supplies Boston with her cod-fish and beans.

The business life of San Francisco is directed by the Chamber of Commerce, an organization of leading merchants which has 384 members. The president is W. H. Dimond, a large shipping merchant. It maintains a valuable library and it holds frequent meetings to discuss the needs of the city and state. The chamber has done much to stimulate interest in the Nicaragua Canal and to induce Congress to improve the waterways of California. Its adjunct, the Board of Trade, is mainly useful in settling commercial difficulties.

The city has 28 banks—16 commercial banks with capital of $77,000,000, 10 savings banks with capital of $115,000,000 and two national banks with capital of $11,000,000. The clearings of the San Francisco clearing-house in 1895 were $692,079,240, a gain of $33,552,434 over the previous year. The internal revenue collections for 1895 were $2,067,946 and the customs receipts were $5,488,897.

San Francisco is the natural distributing point for the greater part of this state and Nevada. Hence it enjoyed the advantage of the enormous production of precious metals on the Comstock lode in Nevada from 1869 to 1876. A stream of gold and silver estimated at $10,000,000 a month flowed into the city and gave an impetus to mining-stock speculation and real business such as has never been paralleled in this country. Wealth seemed within the reach of every one and the largest enterprises were entered upon with confidence. The crash came in 1878, when the silver mines ceased to produce largely, and though the reaction was severe the city recovered fully in about seven years and once more entered upon a period of rapid growth. The California mines yielded last year in gold $15,600,000 and in silver $1,900,000. The greater part of this treasure was handled by San Francisco. Its manufactures in 1895 amounted to $88,500,000. Among the most valuable of these were heavy mining machinery which is shipped to Australia and South Africa; refined sugar, of which it handled 400,000,000 pounds; woolen goods, clothing, shoes, cigars, and furniture.

While the trade between San Francisco and the Orient has been large and lucrative, the influence of the Chinese on commercial and social life has been evil. The Chinese were of enormous aid in the rapid building of the Central Pacific Railroad and of the Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to El Paso, but for the last fifteen years their presence in California in large numbers has checked seriously the development of the state. The ease with which gangs of Chinese may be hired for harvest has encouraged the maintenance of great wheat farms that are untenanted during nine months of the year, and the same influence is seen in the tendency to combine thousands of acres of fruit ranches under one manager. Without these Chinese, who camp in tents and cook their own food, it would be impossible to maintain these great ranches and they would be split up and rented or sold to small farmers, thus establishing thrifty settlements with churches and schools where now one may ride for hours without seeing a cabin or any sign of life.

The Chinese makes an ideal factory operative, for once thoroughly trained he will work for eight or ten hours a day as automatically as a machine and as tirelessly. The California argument against the Chinese is not that they work for lower wages than white men but that they spend only a trifling percentage of their wages in this country, and that they rarely settle here for life. By every steamer to China the Chinese laborer sends back the greater part of his monthly earnings to the old country, and he toils on with the hope of ultimate return to the Flowery Kingdom. If he dies, he is assured that his society will see that his bones are safely shipped to his home so that his sons may pay them the

proper rites. If a Chinese settles here permanently the reason is that he is proscribed in his own country and dares not return.

Another ground of objection to the Chinese is his refusal to drop any of his national traits or customs. Chinatown in San Francisco is a bit of the native quarter of Shanghai or Peking in its filth, its squalor, and its absolute disregard of all municipal regulations. Only by constant fines for violation of ordinances can the Chinese be forced to obey the simplest sanitary laws. Their quarter occupies one of the fairest parts of the city and is about seven blocks long by three blocks in width. Many fine old business buildings have been absorbed by the Chinese, who pay absolutely no attention to cleanliness or repairs. Old rags and papers are used to stop broken windows; blinds hang by a single hinge; the entrances of all structures are black with dirt and smoke. The many galleries and balconies, the bright red paint, the lavish gilding, and the many varicolored lanterns make the quarter so picturesque that it is the delight of artists. Its restaurants, its theaters, and its joss houses are well worth a visit, because they give so true a glimpse of Oriental life.

The Japanese have had far less influence on the life and trade of San Francisco than the Chinese, but the signs show that, like the Chinese, they will soon have to be excluded by law, unless California is willing to encourage a great servile class of aliens that regard this country merely as a temporary place of refuge. Into Hawaii the Japanese have swarmed in five years so that now they outnumber all other foreigners. The Japanese in California are willing to work for less wages than the Chinese, but they are far less valuable as farm hands or in any other capacity, since they are slighter in physique and of less stamina and power of application. Even members of the coolie class are uncertain in temper and it requires much patience to deal with them, as they are suspicious and revengeful of imaginary slights. The great majority of the Japanese now in San Francisco are of the better class—merchants who open small curio and furniture stores and students who gladly accept menial work for the sake of securing tuition in English. These young students are bright scholars, showing unusual ability in mathematics and the natural sciences. They all discard the Japanese dress and they are quick to adopt American food and customs. Most of the Japanese women brought over here are immoral and the fate of these poor creatures is so hard that something should be done to abolish a traffic that is virtual slavery of the worst type.

The population of San Francisco is about 320,000, of which fully one half is foreign. The Americans came from all the states, and as many of them still refer to the East as "home" the close ties uniting Californians to other states may be appreciated. The South and the middle West furnished a very large percentage of the ablest pioneers, though New York and the New England States are well represented. Of Europeans, the British colony is the largest and most influential. Next to these come the Germans, the Italians, and the French. Certain streets in the northern section of the city, called North Beach, are so distinctively foreign that one hears little spoken except French, Italian, or Spanish. In the Chinese quarter are about 25,000 Mongolians.

All these nationalities have their own churches, clubs, social societies, and newspapers. This gives San Francisco more daily journals and weekly periodicals than any city of its size in this country. The two leading American newspapers are as large and as ably conducted as any newspapers in New York or Chicago and they surpass all except two New York journals in the beauty of their illustrations. The city boasts of the oldest pictorial comic weekly in the country.

Religious and charitable work in San Francisco is active, but the tourist or the transient observer sees little sign of it. Of the Protestant denominations, the Methodists lead with twenty churches; the Presbyterians have nineteen, the Congregation-

alists fifteen, the Episcopalians fourteen, the Evangelical twelve, and the Baptists eight. The Roman Catholics are very powerful, having thirty churches, including two large and costly cathedrals. The Hebrews have eight synagogues and the Greek Church is represented by the Russian Cathedral, which contains superb decorations. All these churches maintain social and charitable societies that have a great though quiet influence on the social and moral life of the city. The church congregations are large, but these cut no figure in comparison with the thousands that select Sunday as a day for out-door recreation. The bicycle fad has added to this popular craving for Sunday excursions.

Despite the great fondness of the younger generation for athletic sports, the statistics of libraries show that this is a reading community. The Free Public Library contains 75,000 volumes, and has an average of 17,000 books drawn and 1,200 readers monthly. The Mercantile Library has 70,000 volumes, housed in one of the finest rooms in this country. The Mechanics' Institute has 70,000 volumes, including many rare scientific and technical works. The Ligue National Française has a valuable French library of 17,000 volumes. The Bancroft Library, gathered by H. H. Bancroft to secure material for his history of the Pacific States, numbers 50,000 volumes, and is the finest collection of Californiana in the world.

Socially San Francisco has always betrayed its cosmopolitan character. Society is split up according to nationalities, the British, German, French, Italian, and Hungarian colonies each forming a distinct *coterie* and each comprising many people of wide culture and charming personality. The basis of American society was established by the southern families that came here in pioneer days, and among them and their descendants may be found the most influential social leaders of to-day. It is only necessary to mention the families of Tevis, Gwin, Haggin, McAllister, Hager, Coleman, McMullin, Wallace, and Thornton to show how powerfully these southerners, with generations of culture and good breeding behind them, have impressed themselves on the social life of San Francisco. To them is largely due the custom of suburban homes on the English system, with country houses that are the scenes of large parties. The dinner hour is a sure test of the social standing of a city. In San Francisco this has always been after six o'clock, in the European style. Many eastern visitors to San Francisco express surprise at the lack of concert between various *coteries* or sets of society; they declare that much more could be accomplished were acknowledged leaders to be given control. The winter is usually gay with balls and parties and the season lasts longer than in the East because of the lack of hot weather. Theaters and concerts are liberally patronized. In fact theatrical managers declare this to be one of the best "show towns" in the country.

This craving for amusement is seen in all classes. People of slender incomes spend far more on theaters than those of the same class in eastern cities, and they dress more expensively. Even foreigners, immigrants fresh from Europe where they have known nothing but bitter poverty, soon demand all the luxuries of their richer neighbors. It is in such extravagance in dress and food that the earnings of many San Francisco workingmen melt away. The saloons and the race track absorb the lion's share of the remainder. Last year San Francisco had the unenviable distinction of leading all American cities of its population in the number of its saloons. In exact figures there were 6,639 saloons. This year the revenue returns show that they have increased until now they are a trifle over 7,000, or one saloon to every fifty persons, men, women, and children. The liquor license is absurdly low and every corner grocery sells whisky and beer; thus its barroom is the active source of misery among workingmen's families.

Closely allied to the saloon is the pool-room and the lottery agency. It is estimated that the race-track gamblers have drained $1,500,000 from the community

every month for nearly a year, and most of this was taken from poor people who cannot afford to lose it. Nearly every defalcation that has come to light in recent months may be traced directly to "playing the races." The police have made great efforts to shut up the pool-rooms, but they have been beaten by legal technicalities, and public opinion is not strong enough to demand the closing of these open sources of corruption of the young. Another thing which encourages gambling and drinking among young men is the failure of parents to enforce their authority. Young people of both sexes have more freedom than in most eastern cities, and getting their growth at thirteen or fourteen years they are peculiarly liable to temptations that result in irreparable injury to character.

Some virtues of San Francisco, however, cover a multitude of faults. These are the genuine Americanism of the city, which has never outgrown pride in all honest work and failure to recognize defeat — the two best legacies of pioneer days,—and that ardent patriotism which was seen in the equipment of several regiments for the Union cause at the outbreak of the Rebellion and the contribution of a royal fund for the Sanitary Commission. With such traits as these, nothing can check the growth and development of San Francisco.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN GERMANY.

BY G. H. DRYER, D.D.

THE greatest change since the battle of Waterloo in the map of Europe has been caused by the founding of the German Empire. In many respects it is the most important adjustment of political power and awakening of national life of the century. This achievement was due to the genius of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and yet they would have been powerless to accomplish this great result but for the character of the king of Prussia and of his family. In any monarchical country the royal house represents the continuity, and to some extent the character, of the national life. This is emphatically the case in Prussia, where the government was an absolute monarchy until the middle of the present century, and where genuine parliamentary life has been in existence only about forty years, and where it is now more limited by the royal power than anywhere else in Europe, except in Russia. The stanchest republican cannot understand German history, or politics, or social life without knowing something of the character and work of the house of Hohenzollern.

The first historic mention of the counts of Zollern, or Hohenzollern, is in 1061, but tradition goes back to the tenth century. Frederick III., count of Zollern, became count, or *burggraf*, of Nuremberg in 1191 through marriage with its heiress. In 1415 the *burggraf* of Nuremberg, a thrifty and wealthy descendant of the house which had its ancestral castle and estate at Hohenzollern in the Alps, from which it takes its name, through the Emperor Sigismund became elector of Brandenburg, in the center of what is now the kingdom of Prussia.

Things ran on as with most princely families of the time for about one hundred years, the electors showing the family traits of firm government, prudent management, and thrift. Then broke out the great Reformation. The elector Joachim I. was a strong Roman Catholic; he exiled his wife for holding Protestant opinions, but died in 1535. His son, Joachim II., succeeded him and in 1539 became a Protestant. His grandson, John Sigismund (1608-1619), became a Calvinist. Though the population was strongly Lutheran the royal family remained steadfast to the Reformed faith until the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in the German Evangelical Church in Prussia in 1817.

The son of this first Calvinist elector, George William, was the weakest prince of

the dynasty who ever reigned. He and the Lutheran elector of Saxony, John George, who ought to have been leaders of the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War, did almost as much to hinder its success as the arms of the Roman Catholic generals Wallenstein and Tilly. It was reserved for two foreigners, the Swede Gustavus Adolphus and the French cardinal Richelieu, to save it from destruction.

The curse of the cowardice and incapability of these princes rested upon Germany for two hundred years. This worthless prince was succeeded in 1640 by his son Frederick William, the Great Elector. His long reign of nearly fifty years saw his territories, which were depopulated and impoverished by the great war, placed on an excellent economic footing and the army more than sufficient for all purposes of defense. He broke down the representative institutions of the country and was the author of that royal despotic and bureaucratic (state official) administration which prevailed until the middle of the present century. He gave to his dominions, to which East Prussia was added, independence, prosperity, and the respect of their neighbors, placing them in the front rank of German states, next to the head of the empire, Austria. Considering the condition of these lands when he came to the throne and the obstacles to his success, he was one of the greatest rulers ever produced by this ancient house.

In 1700 his son Frederick became the first king of Prussia, and so was raised in title, as by the ability and thrift of his father he had been in power, above his brother electors, the foremost princes of the German Empire. The history of this famous royal house may be grouped around the names and personality of the two most distinguished women who have borne its name, living at the beginning of each of the centuries of its rule.

Sophia Charlotte was the wife of Frederick the first king of Prussia. Her favorite residence was the palace built for her about four miles from the royal *Schloss* in Berlin, in a little village which was called after her name Charlottenburg. It now has 77,000 inhabitants and is the finest residence part of Berlin. The palace is beautifully situated on the banks of the Spree and is a large, rambling structure built of brick, two stories in height, with a low mansard roof and long ago painted yellow. In a lovely park at the rear of the palace, in a mausoleum which would be anywhere remarkable for the richness of the material, the severity of its style, and the simple dignity of its effect, lie the remains of the Emperor Wilhelm I., who died in 1888, and of his wife Augusta and his father and mother.

Sophia Charlotte had a rich and buoyant nature. She greatly enjoyed her life in the new palace here. Her husband, a small and slightly deformed man, delighted in state and ceremony. She annoyed him often by smiling at the ludicrous at inopportune times, and even by an ill-repressed yawn when the tedious ceremonial was too prolonged. She had a fine and well-cultivated mind, and was the congenial friend and correspondent of Leibnitz, the greatest philosopher of the age. In 1705, after a wedded life of about twenty years and at the age of thirty-seven, very suddenly an apparently slight illness took a fatal turn. With death so unexpectedly at hand she never for a moment lost her composure. When it was suggested that she should send for some clergymen she said, "No, I know what they will say. I have said it all to myself many times." Speaking of her husband she said, "He will have the opportunity for a great ceremonial, which he loves, at my funeral." So passed away a high and philosophic spirit. Leibnitz sincerely mourned her departure, and spoke of her knowing now the things concerning which they had held high converse. Well would it have been for her son, whose faults she discerned and tried to correct, if she could have lived a few years longer. Her rare and radiant presence seems even now to give character to the beautiful park where she walked and thought, and to the low, roomy, and thoroughly homelike palace where she lived. Her son, grandson, and

great-grandson ruled Prussia from her husband's death until the end of the century, from 1713 to 1797.

Frederick William, her son (1713–1740), laid the foundations of Prussian greatness as a royal power. He was a rude, uncultivated boor in nature and education, coarse and gross in his tastes, a selfish and cruel tyrant in his home, but he gave himself to the welfare of the Prussian state. His father had been the only prodigal prince of the Hohenzollern line. The son kept three points steadily in view: the improvement of the revenues and the severest economy in administration and expenditures; the drilling and perfection of his army until it should surpass any other in Europe; a drill equally severe and minute for the civil servants of the state, that in ability, integrity, and responsibility they should be as unexcelled as his troops. He formed the modern Prussian state official—the most diligent, faithful, and economical public servant in Europe.

His son, Frederick II., the Great (1740–1786), was the ablest general of his time, the friend of Voltaire, and the greatest of the Prussian kings. Truth compels me to add that he was cynical, irreligious, and morally unscrupulous beyond any ruler of his time—and a bad time it was for honor and truth among princes. Like his father he gave his life to the welfare and greatness of his kingdom. His disregard of morality in taking Silesia at the beginning of his reign brought on the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), which destroyed every ninth man of the population and left the country impoverished and in debt. But he kept what he took and left his kingdom to his nephew larger by Silesia, taken from Austria, and a slice of the kingdom of Poland.

He reigned for twenty-three years after the war, gave the kingdom a flourishing economic position, and enjoyed a great reputation as the wisest and ablest monarch of his time. During the life of his father he was married as a matter of state convenience, but never lived with his wife, and had no child to succeed him. He saw his wife once in several years. Carlyle tells us that on the last occasion, some years before his death, he took dinner with her. On his arrival he greeted her, during the two hours' stay he conversed with the servants, and only addressed her again when he departed. Great in ability and in devotion to the state he certainly was, but in heart and moral nature a fit exponent of the godless philosophy which he professed. He gave greatness to the Prussian power and name and hence is almost adored by her people and historians. In the Monbijou palace are preserved his flutes, which he loved to play, his uniforms, his furniture, his clothing, even to the shirt he wore when he died, and the stuffed figure of his favorite horse. This most famous of Prussian rulers was a small man, his weight not exceeding 120 or 130 pounds. But so have been the great generals Alexander, Napoleon, and Von Moltke. The highest executive ability does not seem to require a large frame.

His successor, Frederick William II. (1786–1797), was perhaps the most stupid, as he was the most profligate, of the Hohenzollern kings. He was in size the largest of the Prussian kings. His reign began a policy without honor or principle, which culminated in the disastrous overthrow at Jena and the seven subsequent years of subjection to Napoleon. The gains of his reign in territory from the partition of Poland, including West Prussia and Posen, did not compensate for the moral decay which left Prussia defenseless in her hour of trial.

From such rulers it is a relief to turn to the second great woman of the Hohenzollern house. Queen Louise was born March 10, 1776. In her eighteenth year, on December 24, 1793, she married the crown prince of Prussia, who on the death of his father became Frederick William III. (1797-1840). Queen Louise was a woman of rare beauty, and of a gracious presence and manners which charmed and attached her friends to her. She is now as near the patron saint of Prussia as is becoming a Protestant kingdom. She had seven children. Her oldest son became Frederick William IV., the second son Emperor Wilhelm I., and a daugh-

ter, Alexandra Feodorovna, the czarina of Russia through marriage with Nicholas I. (1825–1855). Her grandson was the Emperor Frederick III., whose untimely death Germany will long mourn. Her great-grandson is Wilhelm II., the present emperor of Germany. Queen Louise was the stay of her husband during the evil years that followed Jena, but she did not live to see the deliverance which came in 1813. In 1810, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, the cruel disease cancer, which smote her grandson, Frederick III., struck her down.

At the old palace of Monbijou they preserve the playthings, embroidery frame, the furniture, including the cradle and bed, of Queen Louise. On the walls are portraits taken at different periods of her life, and a touching group of her children's portraits taken in childhood. In all the stores are photogravures and reprints of famous pictures of her. In the Thiergarten is a life-size statue which was dedicated in the last years of his reign by her son, the Emperor Wilhelm I., then ninety years of age, who to the day of his death almost adored her memory. On the tenth of March, the anniversary of her birth, this statue is surrounded with flowering shrubs and plants. But the most beautiful representation of her and the one which most justifies contemporary accounts of her beauty is the recumbent statue which rests above her grave at Charlottenburg. In the park Sophia Charlotte loved so well lies all that is mortal of Queen Louise. There the marble form shows how death outstripped age and, though he took her life, left her beauty untouched; it not only preserves the beauty of the true-hearted and gracious queen but made the fame of the sculptor Rauch.

Her husband lived on twenty years to mourn her loss. Stolid, unbending, and with narrow perceptions, Frederick William III. fell into the bad politics of the rulers of the times after the overthrow of Napoleon and tried to force Prussia back into the eighteenth century instead of advancing in the path of liberty of the nineteenth.

At his death his son, Frederick William IV. (1840–1862) came to the throne. His accession was hailed with acclamations by the brilliant throng of painters, sculptors, musicians, philosophers, and learned men who were the glory of his kingdom and his age, and whose friend and patron he was in many cases. They hoped he would be as liberal in his politics as his father had been the reverse. But he was a dreamer, unfitted for rule, failing lamentably in the Revolution of 1848. He fell into the reactionary policy of the kings about him, especially favoring the Roman Catholics and Jesuits, influenced perhaps by his wife, a princess of Baden. He became insane in 1858, and, as he was childless, on his death in 1862 the crown passed to his brother Wilhelm.

Wilhelm I. (1862–1888) was a ruler of whom the Germans may well be proud. Simple in tastes, straightforward in character, and thoroughly loyal and devoted to his conception of duty, in a great and splendid place he did not fall below its requirements. Had he been a greater man or less able or conscientious he would not have accomplished his work. The founder of the New German Empire, he left behind him a monument more lasting than marble or bronze.

His son, Frederick III., was perhaps the best fitted to rule of any monarch who has come to the Prussian throne. Instead of long years he bore the imperial title only a few brief months, and those were days of torment and pain from which those who loved him best prayed for a blessed deliverance.

Wilhelm II., son of Frederick III., came to the throne June 15, 1888. He was then twenty-nine years of age. He married in 1881 the Empress Augusta Victoria, the daughter of the duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The empress is nine months older than her husband, and the mother of seven children—the crown prince, Frederick William, now fourteen years of age, Eitel Frederick, Adalbert, August Wilhelm, Oscar Karl, Joachim, and Louise. The emperor is indefatigable in the performance of his duties as king and ruler.

The princes of the house of Hohenzollern have some strongly-marked characteristics. They have been prudent and economical in regard to financial matters. They have strong military tastes, they have known the trade of war, and been brave in battle. With two exceptions the monarchs of the house have been faithful husbands and set a good example to their subjects. With the same exceptions they have been personally religious. While in the main they have been good managers of a great estate, only two of them have been men of superior abilities, the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. Wilhelm I., his son, and grandson, have been men of high character; Frederick William IV. and Frederick III. men of cultivated tastes. The family life of the present emperor is pure and attractive; the royal home is a happy one. The court is perhaps as free from scandal as any in Europe.

HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

BY J. T. MCFARLAND, D.D.

IT is now fifty years since Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the distinguished superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, undertook the education of Laura Bridgman, a girl at that time not quite eight years old, who was blind, and deaf, and dumb, and with the senses of smell and taste so nearly destroyed as to be of little value as avenues of perception. To her imprisoned soul there was open but one avenue of approach, the sense of touch. The loss of her sight and hearing took place at the age of twenty-six months, so early that she had no recollection of sights and sounds. Up to her time this double misfortune of blindness and deafness had only rarely been observed, and in no case had much ever been done to relieve the deplorable state of such exceptional wretchedness. Indeed such cases had through the most of human history been considered beyond the hope of any help, and had not been treated even with the tenderness of compassionate sympathy. Among the ancients even the deaf and dumb who were not without sight were remorselessly destroyed as monsters lacking souls. The laws of the nations until comparatively recent times regarded the deaf and dumb as on a level with idiots, and accorded to them no legal rights. Even the great English jurist Blackstone, speaking of cases where blindness and deafness are combined, says:

"A man is not an idiot if he hath any glimmerings of reason so that he can tell his parents, his age, or the like matters. But a man that is born deaf, dumb, and blind is looked upon by the law as in the same state with an idiot, he being supposed incapable of understanding, as wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas."

It was before the prison-house of a soul in this most pitiable bondage that Dr. Howe sat down—a "soul built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help that an immortal soul might be awakened." To one capable of appreciating high achievement in the realm of mind and spirit, or of sympathizing with that highest and most beautiful type of philanthropy which attempts to extend help to the most helpless and to bring hope to the most hopeless, the history of Dr. Howe's unselfish and noble enterprise, so patiently and earnestly wrought out to a success far surpassing the expectations of the great philanthropist himself, reads even now like a section from some transcendent romance. The heart must be cold that will not kindle and the blood sluggish that will not tingle as the story of that siege of the castle of silence and darkness is recited. Slowly, slowly with a patience that is almost incredible, week after week, month after month, he waited before that citadel, knocking at the one only gate through which entrance could be hoped for, until the soul within should give some answering sign to the mind

that was trying to lead it forth. At last that token of recognition was given, and the pitiful hand of the little prisoner was extended to take from the strong hand of the man the key that was to open the doubly-barred doors of ignorance and darkness—the magical key of language.

It was fifty-eight years ago that this immortal achievement was accomplished. The fame of it spread rapidly around the earth. It sent a thrill of joy through thousands of hearts, and breathed a new quickening and inspiration into the souls of philanthropists and educators in all lands. The steps of the progress of her education were followed eagerly by the greatest minds of the world, and Dr. Howe, because of the noble thing he had done, was admitted into the lasting friendship of the noblest spirits of the age—Carlyle, and Dickens, and Florence Nightingale, and Sydney Smith, and Harriet Martineau, and Maria Edgeworth, and Mrs. Sigourney, and scores of others eminent in letters and philanthropic service.

But both the master and the pupil now belong to the silent past of history. In 1876 Dr. Howe closed his illustrious career of reformer and philanthropist, a career surpassed in exalted motives and fruitful achievements by few if any in this century of great men and great deeds. In May, 1889, at the age of nearly sixty years, after a life of cheerful usefulness spent chiefly in teaching in the institution where she herself was taught, Laura Bridgman followed her great liberator into the unseen world, where, with unveiled eyes and unsealed ears, she sees and hears things hidden from the fleshly senses. At the memorial services held in Music Hall, Boston, February 8, 1876, in honor of the character and work of Dr. Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes recited a poem, in which occurred the following lines:

"He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

"He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveler's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

"What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first the depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt—

"Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star!"

I thus set in the foreground of this article a picture of Dr. Howe and Laura Bridgman, because Helen Keller is the intellectual child of Dr. Howe, and Laura Bridgman is the permanent prototype of all blind deaf-mutes who have been since, or in the future shall be, led out into intellectual and spiritual light.

Helen A. Keller was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., June 27, 1880, and so is now about sixteen years of age. She has most excellent hereditary advantages, her parents being superior people, physically vigorous, and more than ordinarily endowed in mind and moral qualities. The sickness which destroyed her sight and hearing occurred at the age of nineteen months. In the case of Laura Bridgman the sense of sight was not wholly destroyed until about her eighth year. From the time of her severe sickness, at the age of twenty-six months, which totally destroyed her hearing, Laura was able until her eighth year to dimly distinguish light from darkness, being able to locate a window in a room. At the eighth year, however, the last ray of light disappeared, and left her in unbroken darkness as she had been in unbroken silence; but in the case of Helen Keller, both sight and hearing were entirely destroyed at the earlier age of nineteen months. It seems certain that from the time the fever flamed in her eyes in that dreadful sickness all sight perception entirely ceased, and no sound ever again entered her brain.

Nothing was done toward her education until she was seven years old. At that time Miss Anna Sullivan was employed as her teacher. Miss Sullivan was peculiarly qualified for the important work to which she was called. She entered upon it with an enthusiasm born out of her own experience of almost total blindness during the greater part

of her life. She was herself educated in the institution made famous by the labors of Dr. Howe and was intimately familiar with the methods pursued in the education of Laura Bridgman. By a skillful surgical operation her own sight, in her more mature years, was restored to such a degree as to enable her to see with comparative clearness. She entered upon the work of Helen's education March 2, 1887. I cannot do better here than to quote from Miss Sullivan's own account of the first steps which she pursued in awakening and drawing out the imprisoned mind of her little pupil. She says:

"I found her a bright, active, well-grown girl, with a clear and healthful complexion and pretty brown hair. She was quick and graceful in her movements, having fortunately not acquired any of those nervous habits so common among the blind. She has a merry laugh, and is fond of romping with other children. Indeed she is never sad, but has the gaiety which belongs to her age and temperament. Her sense of touch is so acute that the slightest touch enables her to recognize her associates. She inherited a quick temper and obstinate will, and owing to her deprivations neither had ever been subdued or directed. She would often give way to violent paroxysms of anger when she had striven in vain to express intelligibly some idea. As soon, however, as she learned the finger alphabet these outbursts ceased, and now she seldom loses her temper.

"When I had been with her long enough for intimate mutual acquaintance I took her one morning to the schoolroom and began her first lesson. She had a beautiful doll which had been sent her from Boston, and I had chosen it for the subject of this lesson. When her curiosity concerning it had been sufficiently satisfied, and she sat quietly holding it, I took her hand and passed it quietly over the doll. Then I made the letters *d-o-l-l*, slowly with the finger alphabet, she holding my hand and feeling the motions of my fingers. She immediately dropped the doll and followed the motions of my fingers with one hand while she repeated the letters with the other. She next tried to spell the word without assistance, but rather awkwardly. She did not give the double *l*, and so I spelled the word once more, laying stress on the repeated letter. Then she spelled *doll* correctly. This process was repeated with other words, and Helen soon learned six words, *doll, hat, mug, pin, cup, ball.* When given one of these objects she would spell its name, but it was more than a week before she understood that all things were thus identified.

"One day I took her to the cistern. As the water gushed from the pump I spelled *w-a-t-e-r*. Instantly she tapped my hand for a repetition, and then made the word herself with a radiant face. Just then the nurse came into the cistern-house bringing Helen's little sister. I put Helen's hand on the baby and formed the letters *b-a-b-y*, which she repeated without help, and with the light of a new intelligence beaming from her expressive features. On our way back to the house everything she touched had to be named to her, and repetition was seldom necessary. Neither the length of the word nor the combination of letters seemed to make any difference to the child. Indeed she remembers *heliotrope* and *chrysanthemum* more readily than she does shorter words.

"Helen now understood that everything has a name and that by placing the fingers in certain positions we could communicate these names to each other. Since that day my method of teaching her has been to let her examine an object carefully and then give her its name with my fingers. Never did a child apply herself more joyfully to a task than did Helen to the acquisition of new words. In a few days she had mastered the manual alphabet and learned upwards of a hundred names. At the end of August she knew six hundred and twenty-five words."

It now became manifest to Miss Sullivan that her pupil was no ordinary child, but that she had awakened a mind of most extraordinary quickness and power. Compared with Laura Bridgman she in every way excels her. It required Dr. Howe nearly three months of most patient and persistent effort to awaken Laura's mind to the perception of the fact that things have names which can be communicated by signs. Helen grasped this idea within a week after her instruction began. And comparing them in their subsequent development Mr. Anagnos, the present superintendent of the Perkins Institution, says of Helen, "The sum total of knowledge which she acquired in four months exceeds that which Laura Bridgman obtained in more than two years."

Helen's education has been carried forward with great wisdom under Miss Sullivan's direction, her method being to deal with her pupil as nearly as possible as with a seeing and hearing child, encouraging and stimulating her in the acquisition of knowledge of things about her, and as she became able to read putting into her hands books in the raised letters and point characters for the blind, and permitting her to read at her will, thus constantly enlarging her sphere of knowledge and enriching her vocabulary.

From the beginning she manifested a remarkable facility in acquiring a knowledge of language and a rare faculty for its employment. Her memory seems never to loosen its hold upon anything which she once learns. Her compositions, of which there are many preserved, must amaze all who read them; and it is safe to say that among children not beyond her age there is not one in the United States who in conversation and composition can employ the English language with a correctness and skill surpassing her, if indeed there is one that can equal her; and I do not regard it as extravagant to say that she has a knowledge of history and language and literature such as nine tenths of the young women who graduate from our best high schools have not attained, and that many of her compositions are of an absolute degree of high excellence independently of the age and deprivations of the author, and are literary gems of the first water.

Out of a great variety of examples illustrating the astonishing quickness of her mind and the capacity she has for detecting and appreciating the finest qualities in literature, together with the brilliancy of her own imagination, I select almost at random a few instances. When Helen was but eleven years old she was one morning reading for the first time Bryant's poem, "Oh Mother of a Mighty Race!" Miss Sullivan requested her, when she had read the poem through, to tell who she thought the "mother" is. When she read the line,

> "There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,"

she exclaimed, "It means America! The gate, I suppose, is New York City, and freedom is the great statue of Liberty."

As illustrating her keen appreciation of natural beauty, take this extract from one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, also written in her eleventh year:

> "I could imagine how beautiful the leaves were, all aglow, and rustling in the sunlight. . . . Sweet, wise Mother Nature thought we might miss the wondrous summer days, so she sent us September with
>
> 'Its sun-kissed hills at eventide,
> Its ripened grain in fields so wide,
> Its forest tinged with touch of gold,
> A thing of beauty to behold.'"

All that she has ever read seems to come to her by spontaneous suggestion in connection with every new object or experience. Visiting the Abbot Academy, when she touched the head of a bust of Zeus she gave at once the quotation from Homer relating to Athena:

> "She sprang of a sudden from out the immortal head, shaking her pointed lance; huge Olympus was shaken to its base under the weight of the gray-eyed goddess, and all around the earth groaned terribly."

While examining a baby figure, when her hand touched the baby forehead she quoted the lines,

> "A brow reflecting the soul within,
> Untouched by sorrow, unmarked by sin."

In a company at one time, a clergyman having made some inquiry concerning her religious knowledge, she was asked, "Do you pray?" to which she at once replied in the lines,

> "I pray the prayer of Plato old,—
> God make me beautiful within,
> And may mine eyes the good behold
> In everything but sin."

Even her teacher was not aware that she knew these lines of Whittier's, and the effect of her beautiful response upon the company was tenderly impressive. Mr. Wade, of Hulton, Penn., who relates the incident, says: "A cry of delight burst from the auditors, followed by the comment from one of them: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, oh Lord!'"

Or take the following extract from another letter to Mr. Anagnos, written in August, 1891, as showing the vigor of her imagination:

> "We have had several thunder-storms this summer, and teacher and I have watched from our window the great black clouds chasing one another swiftly across the sky, seeming to growl angrily when they met, and sending bright flashes of lightning at each other like swords. I like to fancy that there was an army of warriors living on the planet Mars, and another army of giants living on Jupiter, and that all the noise and tumult was caused by a great battle going on between them."

As this extract indicates, some of Helen's most beautiful thoughts are expressed in her letters, which she is very fond of

writing. To one whose letter had indicated that his heart was sad about something she wrote:

"I wish I knew the magical word that would dispel the darkness that you say has descended upon your spiritual sight; but sometimes by simply waiting things come right. The darkest night brings with it its own lamp, and while we are waiting for God to light it we can multiply sweet acts of love and hold out a tender helping hand to those more unfortunate than ourselves."

To another, speaking of a photograph of her teacher and herself which she sent as a New Year's remembrance, she writes:

"In it my teacher is reading to me and I am catching (when they do not fly too fast) the words as they escape from the wonderful language box in her throat, and taking hold of them with my finger-tips as a magnet picks out the iron filings. And what curious things they are! One hardly knows what to do with them at first; but when we examine them closely we find they are as wonderful as they are curious—strange, transparent things, shaped and colored by the thoughts and feelings of those who send them forth. . . . Sometimes they are bent and twisted to express the evil that has somehow crept into the hearts of God's children. Occasionally they are radiant and beautiful like splendid tropical birds. These are the gifts of the Great and Wise to the world of thought, and happy are we if any of them find a sheltered nest in our hearts, for some day we shall find that our beautiful birds have laid golden eggs, from which in due time shall come love, and wisdom, and happiness."

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom she dearly loved, she wrote in 1890:

"Your beautiful words about spring have been making music in my heart these bright April days. I love every word of 'Spring' and 'Spring Has Come.' I think you will be glad to hear that these poems have taught me to love the beautiful springtime, even though I cannot see the fair, frail blossoms which proclaim its approach or hear the joyous warbling of the home-coming birds. But when I read 'Spring Has Come,' lo! I am not blind any longer, for I see with your eyes and hear with your ears. Sweet Mother Nature can have no secrets from me when my poet is near. I have chosen this paper because I want the spray of violets in the corner to tell of my grateful love."

To Mr. Millais, the famous English artist, to whom she wrote her thanks for a contribution he had made to a fund she was raising for the education of Tommy Stringer, a blind deaf-mute little boy, she said:

"I used to think, when I read in books about your great city, that when I visited it the people would be strangers to me, but now I feel differently. It seems to me that all people who have loving, pitying hearts are not strangers to each other. I can hardly wait patiently for the time to come when I shall see my dear English friends and their beautiful island home. My favorite poet has written some lines about England which I love very much. I think you will like them too, so I will try to write them for you:

'Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak with rooted grasp
Her slender handful holds together,
With cliffs of white and bowers of green
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between,—
Our little mother isle, God bless her!'"

And she closes this letter thus:

"To-morrow [the letter was dated April 30, 1891] April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May. I wonder if the May-days in England are as beautiful as they are here."

Did ever child of eleven years write such letters as these?

It is important that the reader should know that Helen is no longer dumb. She has for the last five years employed articulate speech as almost her sole method of communicating with those who can hear. She was not quite ten years old when one day she startled Miss Sullivan by spelling upon her fingers, "I must speak." She had learned of a deaf and blind child in Norway, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught to speak. At once the determination seized her that she also would speak. Nothing could discourage or dissuade her; and so she was taken to Miss Sarah Fuller, of the Horace Mann school, to receive her first instruction in articulation. Details of the process of that instruction cannot here be given. Suffice it to say that "in less than a month she was able to converse intelligibly in oral language." Only eleven lessons and the child was talking more distinctly than the majority of deaf children under the best instruction in articulation are able to do after several years of effort! There is something which touches the fountain of tears in the pathetic yet exultant words of the determined girl when she found herself

able to speak: "I am not dumb now!" It was the writer's privilege at Chautauqua, in July, 1894, to have repeated opportunities to converse with this most interesting child; and while her articulation was by no means perfect, there was but little difficulty in understanding all she said. It was the writer's privilege also to personally test her remarkable ability in lip-reading by touch. He found her able with great facility to understand in a protracted conversation what was said, by putting her fingers upon his lips.

During the past two years Helen has been under instruction in the Wright-Humason school, in New York City, where, while her general education has been systematically carried forward, particular care has been given to her lip-reading and speech. In *The Educator* of March, 1895, the valedictory number of the periodical published under the auspices of the Mt. Airy Institution, of Philadelphia, Mr. Humason gives a very interesting account of the work that had been done by their pupil up to that date. The effort, he explains, has been "to correct her faults of tone formation, and to render her voice pure and clear, and to give it flexibility." And he says:

"So remarkable have been Helen's attainments in this line, and so delicate has her sense of touch proved, that she is now able to distinguish differences of pitch, in musical instruments or the voice, as small as a half tone; and what is more wonderful, she can, by placing her hand on the throat of a singer, determine the pitch of the tone she is singing, and can produce a tone of the same pitch with her own voice. The effect of this work upon her voice is such as we expected; the average pitch is higher than it was six months ago, the flexibility is much increased, and the quality is improved."

The following extract from a personal letter to the writer from Mr. John D. Wright, of the Wright-Humason school, dated June 19, 1896, brings the statement of the progress of her education up to the close of the present school year. Mr. Wright says:

"You know that she came to us primarily for the purpose of cultivating the faculty of reading the lips with her fingers, and of receiving special instruction in speech and voice training. We are told by all who have known her in the past and meet her again now that her speech is much improved, and she is now able to understand the speech of most people with considerable ease and readiness.

"We have found in teaching her to read the lips that it is quite analogous to teaching a foreign language to an ordinary pupil. She thinks in the manual alphabet almost exclusively, though with every year that she lives now, using speech so entirely, her thought processes are becoming more and more like ours. Speech-reading, therefore, for her must at the present involve mental translation into her thought vernacular. This in itself is a complex process, and is the chief obstacle in the way of her rapid and fluent understanding of speech. We have now given her such a start that if she continues to use it as a means of communication she will gain great facility.

"In addition to her speech work on these two lines her studies have been carried on in mathematics, history, literature, and the languages. She has acquired the ability to read and write both French and German quite correctly, and to speak them with sufficient intelligibility to make herself understood by Frenchmen and Germans. It is now proposed that next year she enter a school for young ladies in Cambridge, Mass., and continue her studies in preparation for entrance to Radcliffe College (formerly Harvard Annex). She is now quite capable of doing this. She will, of course, require a companion who can interpret to her and guide her, but she will pursue the same course as the hearing and seeing young women of the school."

We close our sketch with the words of Dr. Job H. Williams, principal of the Institution for the Deaf, at Hartford, Conn.: "Laura Bridgman was a brilliant example of what may be accomplished under great difficulties. Helen Keller is a prodigy. There is no one, nor ever was any one, to compare with her."

FLAVIA.

BY ANDRÉ THEURIET.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

I.

WHEN I recall my memories of childhood there is one especially which appears to me mild as the dawn, sweet as the honeycomb—the one which the morning of Palm Sunday gave me. I can still feel on my cheeks the harsh caress of the north wind and the tears of the April showers which were falling every few moments from the changing sky, now gray, now blue. The weather was not settled, and we received more than one downpour on the way from our house to the vestry. But all the same you could see that spring was near. In the gardens by the river bank the plum trees were blossoming, the blackbirds were whistling. On the very porch of the church, which you would reach fairly soaked, you could breathe in a keen and acrid odor through the drippings of the wet umbrellas. Every worshiper held in his hand one of those boxwood branches which we call in our country "Easter twigs." There were baskets full of them on the flagging of the choir, and that abundance of freshly cut twigs made a green shimmering in the dark nave.

I loved Palm Sunday for its chiming bells, its spring perfumes, and also because it opened the period of Easter vacation. My father was a judge in the court at Villotte. I myself was a day scholar at the academy, and the festival of Palm Sunday gave the signal for a fortnight's escape to the country. We owned a little house in the village of Ériseul, a little house which bore the picturesque name of Chèvre-Chêne, where we used to go regularly and pass both the Easter and the long vacation. As soon as high mass was over and a hasty lunch swallowed we would shut the doors and windows of our house in Clouères Street, put on our traveling suits, and followed by Scolastique, our servant, laden with baskets, we would take our way to the Verdun diligence office where a *coupé* had been reserved for us and whither our trunks had been sent in advance. On our way the neighbors would peek out of a corner of the curtain in their curiosity and would whisper, "There's the judge Du Condray and his son James starting for Chèvre-Chêne." I was flattered to attract public attention thus, and I would straighten up proudly beside my father, while the passers-by would bow to us and wish us a pleasant trip.

We would climb, with some difficulty, into the *coupé* of the modest yellow coach drawn by three horses. At exactly one o'clock Vautrin, the driver, his silver-laced cap cocked over one ear, his register book between his teeth, would lumberingly mount the steps to the outside places and seat himself under the leather top, by the side of a furious white wolf-dog, his traveling companion. Then he would rouse up his horses with a shrill whistle, a wide-sweeping flourish of the whip, and off we would go.

The road that we followed for twelve miles had nothing particularly attractive about it. After we left Naives forest it would rise and fall through monotonous fields of grain, with here and there a coppice or a farm roof on the horizon. Now and then we would go through a village with its low houses bordered by dung heaps; we would perceive as in a vision the dumpy church, whence would come the humming of the vesper service, the public square planted with lindens where boys in blue blouses were playing nine-pins; then we would fall back into the flat desert of fallow and cultivated fields which the aërial warbling of larks alone enlivened. Scolastique was asleep, her nose on the handle of her basket; my father was reading his newspaper, and I—I was enjoying in anticipation the joys which that fortnight of complete freedom was promising me. What a delight it would be to run through the woods

or prowl around the village gardens in company with Tintin and Flavia Brocard, our neighbors' children!

Tintin—his real name was Saintin—was a boy a little younger than I, son of the elder of the Brocard brothers, Nicholas the lumber dealer. Small, with light hair, a quick eye, a skin full of reddish spots, he looked like a squirrel. He had the quickness, the agility, and the wayward humor of one. It was a pleasure to go with him into the woods; we were always sure of making some astonishing discovery there, such as hedgehogs rolled up into balls, tomtits' nests, black-birds' or thrushes' eggs. Tintin was reputed to be the most zealous bird-finder, the most lucky frog-catcher in the country. With him we never came back checkmated. And then he was endowed with many gifts which excited my envy and admiration. He could cut sonorous whistles from the sappy branches of the willows, he knew how to chirp with an ivy leaf between his teeth and imitate the singing of every bird, he could make ingenious cages out of bits of reed, to hold grasshoppers.

But I prized the company of Tintin's cousin Flavia even more than I did his. She was the daughter of the younger Brocard, the maker of brush handles and chair rounds. For her I had more than admiration. I was attached to her by the ties of a tender friendship. Although she was nearly six years older that I we felt ourselves attracted toward each other by a secret affinity. When at about the age of seven I first knew her, she was already a tall girl and promised to become a very pretty one. A brunette, slender and lithe, with very white skin and blue eyes shaded by long eyelashes, she resembled a youthful Madonna. At our first meeting she conceived an affection for me. My city ways and clothes, contrasting with the primitive manners and neglected dress of the village urchins, doubtless gained for me her preference. She adopted me as a kind of page or attendant squire. She played little mother with me, giving me lessons in good breeding, setting to rights my rumpled dress, scolding me in a tone that was severely affectionate whenever I did any foolish act, but also rewarding my docility by winning embraces. Her girlish lips which at times rested on my forehead were all the more sweet to me because, having lost my mother when very young, I had been forced to do without feminine caresses. Ordinarily Scolastique was the only one who would peck at me from time to time; but her clumsy, harsh kisses were very much like as many bumps with a pig's snout, while Flavia's lips were delicate and cool.

From the beginning of our acquaintance we used to see each other twice a year, at Easter and in September. Flavia went to school at the convent in Verdun and her vacations coincided with mine. Each year, on Palm Sunday, I found her more charming. Her black school dress, relieved by a pink ribbon, gave her a serious air which suited her wonderfully and which penetrated me with an admiring deference. As she grew up she treated me with more reserve. No doubt in her convent they had told her that a good, modest girl should not allow herself to kiss boys, even when they were six years younger. During the first few days of vacation she would keep me at a distance and seemed to avoid my too lively expressions of friendship. Little by little, however, under the influence of the open air and free country life, her apparent coolness would evaporate and her affectionate disposition would show itself anew; for it was the essence of her nature.

What friendly afternoons we would pass together in the meadows of the Fosse-des-Dames or on the outskirts of Chânois wood! The convent atmosphere had quickened Flavia's religious soul, and her mind liked to turn toward pious deeds. We would employ a part of our time in plucking spring flowers destined to adorn the altar of the Virgin. I would help her make many chaplets out of the cowslips which abound in our meadows, by stringing them on a long string.

Now you will understand all the better the inward joy I felt on that Palm Sunday when this story commences and the jolting mail-coach was carrying us three, my father, Scolastique, and myself, along the Verdun road. I was then entering on the fourteenth

year of my age, and being fed on classical and romantic reading I was already getting a clearer knowledge of myself. I distinguished more exactly the nature of the emotion which was agitating me at the prospect of seeing Flavia again. My affection for her was not as unselfish as it had been in its beginnings. Henceforth I associated her in my mind with Virgil's Lycoris, and Amaryllis, and Galatea. Often in thinking of her I would repeat that verse of the Seventh Eclogue, which sounded in my memory like exquisite music:

"By the coming of our Phyllis all the woods will flower."

But it was not Phyllis, it was Flavia I was thinking of, while looking at the white road winding through the grain and the coppices budding on the horizon. The horses were trotting altogether too slowly for me, in spite of the crackings of Vautrin's whip. From time to time the savage barking of the wolf-dog rang in from the outside, where he was insulting in his own tongue the cows who were browsing on the sides of the road. Cradled by the rocking of the coach, I was repeating to myself, following the cadenced rhythm of the sonorous-hoofed horses, "I am going to see Flavia again, and the woods will flower." As the distance decreased I felt my nascent love pushing forth higher than the woods' new shoots. A slight trembling took possession of me when I asked myself in what disposition of mind and heart I should find my last year's friend.

At Heippes the coach stopped suddenly before Mangeot's saloon with its sign of a juniper bush waving and reeling like a drunken man in the east wind. There Coco Jacquin, our farm hand, was waiting for us with his carryall hitched to a farm horse. We got out and installed ourselves as best we could in the midst of bundles of hay designed to deaden the joltings of the cart, which had no springs. The coach soon disappeared amid the noise of the barking of the dog and cracking of the driver's whip. Coco whipped up his beast too and the wagon ran down the Heippes road, whose deep ruts and recent fillings-in made fat Scolastique fairly dance on her straw-covered bench.

The sun was already bending toward the woods of Benoite Vaux, and was pouring a flood of purple and gold over the loam of the ploughed lands, the grayish wastes of the hillsides, and the fresh verdure of the meadows. Above the noise of bells and the rattling of the old iron on our wagon I could hear at intervals the short and gay roundelay of the chaffinches in the plum orchards. And suddenly my heart thumped when at a sharp turn in the road I distinguished the slate belfry of Ériseul halfway up the slope. In a few more turns of the wheel the entire village met my happy gaze. At first, way down below us at the edge of the woods, two little white houses stood out against the tender green of the meadows like lost sentinels. Then came the main body of houses spreading out below the church or straggling over the Fosse-des-Dames brook, which runs along the narrow valley with a hurried air and flutelike warblings. Above the roofs blue smoke was rising straight toward a sky sheathed with salmon-colored clouds. Through the filmy smoke I could see on each side of the stream two broad, tall buildings. One, with its slate roof, was the house of Nicholas Brocard, the elder brother. The other, pierced with many windows now reddening in the setting sun, topped with a narrow chimney whence came a filmy vapor, was the factory of the younger Brocard, and there lived Flavia.

I had scarcely time as we passed by to get a glimpse of the porch covered with honeysuckle and the open door of her dwelling. Coco's horse, scenting the stable, had quickened his pace and dashed like the wind along the only street of Ériseul, at the end of which our country house of Chèvre-Chêne showed its main structure, flanked by a square tower, led up to by a linden-planted terrace. A quarter of an hour later we were busy with getting settled. Night overtook us in the midst of our preparations. After a hasty meal the household, tired out, went to bed and slept without a break until early morning.

I was awake at dawn, roused by the resounding crowings in the barnyard. If I had but hearkened to my desires I would have gotten up at once and run to Flavia's house. But it was too early and I was forced to exercise some patience. I killed time by paying extreme attention to my toilet and loitering before my window which opened on the orchard. From it I could see the sloping meadow planted with plum trees, the fields of lucern, and the waving of Chânois woods. The sun, still pale, was touching the ridges and the treetops. In the background the roofs of the houses were beginning to appear, drowned in a grayish mist. Voices of men, lowings of cattle, cluckings of hens, were coming up to me from the midst of that fog. A streak of white vapor was creeping along toward Récourt, hiding the road, while overhead the sky was growing blue and was echoing with the songs of invisible larks. I said to myself: "At this moment Flavia is waking up and is hearing the same music, the same noises scattered in the fog."

I mused thus until breakfast time, then, judging that the hour had come when I could decently present myself at the younger Brocard's house, I hurried into the street and reached the edge of the stream along which lay the buildings of the brush factory. I had not taken twenty steps when I ran into my friend Tintin. Straddling a willow log he was watching the movements of a school of gudgeons in the clear water. Bareheaded, dressed in a short blouse made of red cottonade, with his quick eye and turned-up nose, he looked more than ever like a squirrel. His rumpled hair had in it yellow shades, and his face was all spotted with freckles. He saw me coming and hailing me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes said:

"You here, Jim? Good! I know of a screech-owl's nest near Pontoux. If you like we will go and get it this morning."

"Thanks," said I disdainfully, "I'm going first to Flavia's house. Won't you go with me?"

A shadow came over Tintin's bright face, and with a shake of his head he answered:

"By no means! Papa has forbidden me to."

"Hah! Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"Because—because we are out with the factory people. We don't speak to them any more. You won't come with me? Once — twice — thrice — you understand? Then I will go alone to Pontoux."

We left each other rather coolly and I ran toward the factory. The news of this quarrel between the two brothers rang in my ears. "What has happened?" I said to myself with an uneasy curiosity, while going up the porch steps leading to the kitchen.

I entered, and the first person I saw in the room, which was shining with copper kettles and frying-pans, where a sparkling fire of boughs was brightening up the fireplace, was Flavia occupied in skimming some milk pans ranged along the dresser. Wearing a gray woolen skirt and a tightly fitting black waist with a little flat collar showing part of her throat, she seemed to me to be decidedly a grown person.

"How do you do, Flavia?"

At the sound of my voice she turned around, smiling. Yes, she was taller, and how pretty! Her slender figure was growing round, her blue eyes had taken on a deeper color—they seemed almost black now. Her hair fell low on her cheeks in separate brown folds, making a soft frame for her oval face, slightly tanned, where two dimples showed themselves at the corners of her lips when she laughed.

"How do you do, James? I am very glad to see you. How is your father?"

I found her so tall and so imposing in her fresh blossoming beauty that I remained motionless, opening my eyes wide with astonishment and not daring to speak. She evidently saw my confusion, for she added with a shade of mockery on her lips,

"Well! Is that all you have to say to me after a seven months' absence? Don't look so stupid but come nearer to me."

She was not obliged to say this twice, for I rushed forward to kiss her. But when I got to the dresser where she, her sleeves

rolled up, was still filling a red beflowered salad dish with cream, I was again seized with timidity. While before I had been in no way embarrassed at kissing Flavia I was now paralyzed by a foolish reserve. The caresses that a boy of my age could bestow on a girl of nearly twenty appeared to me in a new light. The common and allowable kiss which consists in touching with your lips a cheek that is mechanically offered you seemed to me insufficient to express my affection and satisfy my heart. On the other hand I was afraid of making Flavia angry by showing my tenderness too pointedly. Suddenly I noticed her bare arm and taking it quickly in my hands I bestowed on it a fervid kiss.

She seemed surprised and asked me with a roguish smile:

"Come, Master James, who taught you to kiss young ladies' hands in that way?"

"No one," I stammered. "It came to me of itself."

"It 's nice and not vulgar!" she murmured. "Now if you wish we will go to the garden and you may help me pick up the washing."

As soon as she had put her pans away she opened a door which led to a flight of out-door steps that went down into the garden. This garden had already made its spring toilet. The beds had been hoed and raked. The seed, however, had not come up yet and only the pear and cherry trees in bloom were scattering their white petals over the bare gray earth. Here and there, however, the stalks of the purple lilies and tulips in the flower beds were pushing out their green shoots, the gooseberry bushes were budding, and tufts of white violets were perfuming the morning air.

When we had taken the linen from the hedge where it was drying we brought an armful of it to a stone table built in the shade of a walnut tree and surrounded by seats. There while Flavia folded tablecloths and napkins I could admire her at my ease in her active work, lighted up well by a pink ray of sunlight, and I thought about that dispute which had arisen between the Brocard brothers with an itching of curiosity.

"Listen, Flavia," I said. "Is what Tintin says true?"

She knit her eyebrows and in a rather disturbed tone of voice exclaimed:

"What nonsense is Tintin saying?"

"He says he has been forbidden to come to your house, and that his father has had a quarrel with yours."

My friend's smooth white forehead grew darker.

"It is true," she sighed, "we don't see my uncle any more."

"What has happened, then?"

"Nothing new. Things hadn't gone on well for some time on account of my aunt, who is a wicked woman. In fact," Flavia added, "you are a good enough friend of ours for me to make no mystery of the matter with you, and I can tell you about this whole wretched business."

II.

UNDER the rustic roof of the walnuts, through whose unfolding leaves the bright sunlight could still penetrate, Flavia talked for a long time, and yet I did not find the time long, for while she was talking I was looking at her brown hair and white throat flooded with light, her blue eyes which dark points spotted like the black stamens of an ideally blue flower, and this sight was a feast to my eyes.

According to what she told me and what I learned elsewhere this is the sum and substance of how and why the two brothers had become embroiled with each other:

Nicholas Brocard and his younger brother Numa had formerly been as closely united as the fingers on your hand. From childhood on their close friendship had been proverbial in the village. Older than Numa by three years, Nicholas would yet never leave his younger brother. At school their mutual affection was so well known that in order to win the obedience of one the master had only to threaten to hold the other responsible for the freaks of his companion. They had entered a boarding school at Verdun on the same day, had left it at

the same time, and their friendship had been further strengthened by the restrictions of their school life, just as certain plants subjected to hothouse air burst the more rapidly into flower.

Returning to the paternal roof they passed their early youth at home, engaging in their father's trade of lumber dealer. Little attracted by the passion of love and not thinking it was worth as much as the pleasure of living with each other, they stayed very much at home, taking very little part in the dissipations of the village youth. The force which drew them together was in no way weakened by their difference in disposition.

The younger was more demonstrative, more sensitive, and also more chimerical. He liked to attract attention, to show off his advantages. At the same time he lacked determination and yielded easily to outside influence. Quite handsome in figure, lithe and of fine carriage, he had a long narrow face, staring blue eyes, a high and retreating forehead indicative of an easy-going, credulous nature inclined to take its own defects for good qualities.

The elder, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, was better balanced. His square forehead, his keenly observant gray eyes under bushy eyebrows, his prudent and crafty mouth, his massive jaws gave you an impression of strength and intelligence. He was very positive, somewhat underhanded, not saying what he really meant, and speaking frankly only when he intended to. You could not easily read on his face what he was meditating in his mind, and, besides, when he was concerned in any serious undertaking he had the habit of frequently passing his broad hairy hand over his mouth for fear that the expression of his lips might betray his thought. Therefore he was always cited as a great hand at driving a bargain. His competitors were as afraid of him as of fire when they saw him appear at lumber auctions, and those with whom he would make a trade were almost sure to find themselves more or less worsted by the able, stubborn, and crafty merchant.

The two Brocard brothers, therefore, did not resemble each other at all, and yet they loved each other, no doubt on account of the law of contrasts. So long as their parents lived they neither of them thought of marriage, and when the old Brocards died, three years apart, their children remained together in business and continued to dwell together in the paternal house. They had already passed the age of thirty and had been classed as hardened bachelors, when Numa took a notion to marry.

One fine day it was learned that he was going to marry a Mlle. des Encherins, daughter of a Sonilly notary. He had met Des Encherins, the father, in a hunt. The latter had invited him to his house, and Numa had allowed himself to be cajoled by the airy ways of the young lady, who had been educated at the Sacred Heart convent, and who possessed a very fair dowry. Perhaps he had unconsciously yielded to still another motive. Vanity was his besetting sin and he felt flattered at entering into a family which boasted of belonging to the nobility—gentry, the evil-speakers would say, the Des Encherins being merely the descendants of noble glass manufacturers.

On the Brocard brothers, whose grandfather had been a simple peasant, the title of nobility exercised the fascination of the serpent's eye. Even the positive Nicholas did not show himself insensible to that frivolous consideration. The dowry was a fine one. The father-in-law was a notary, and that vainglory of being allied with nobles, entering over and above into the bargain, had brought about his final conversion to the idea of seeing his junior break his vows of celibacy. "I have no intention of marrying," he said to him, "and it would be an unpleasant thing to me that our property should fall, after us, into the hands of distant relatives. You have therefore acted wisely in thinking of reëstablishing the Brocard family. Mlle. Lucia des Encherins is merry, amiable, well provided for. She is what I call a good pigeon. Bring her home. We will see that the cage is worthy of the bird, and we will all three of us live like pigs in clover."

The marriage took place at Sonilly, and five days after Numa brought the bride to

the Ériseul house, where Nicholas Brocard indulged her to the utmost. Madame Numa Brocard was a dainty brunette with lively eyes and quick motions. Elegant in person, supple and wheedling, she concealed under a demure appearance an insinuating spirit, a selfish character, and a devouring appetite. At first all went well and Brocard senior seemed to let himself be managed by his sister-in-law. As for Numa he was past recovery. He could deny his wife nothing, being very much in love with her. On the birth of Flavia, Nicholas of his own accord offered to be her godfather, and at the dinner which followed the christening he let it be understood that being determined to remain a bachelor he would not only make the child his goddaughter but his only heir also.

Nevertheless from the beginning of the second year the delight of Brocard senior in his pretty sister-in-law seemed to lessen. Having once got a foothold in the house and completely sure of her rule Lucia judged it useless to further restrain herself. She showed herself such as she was, vain, capricious, extravagant, liking finery, dress, and fond of hoodwinking people. Vain and weak of character himself, Numa Brocard was by no means armed to resist the whims of his wife. The elder risked a few remarks which met with a cool reception. Seeing that his discreet remonstrances were not heeded Nicholas spoke more decidedly and stated that in his position as a business partner he had a vote in the matter, since the money which was foolishly spent came out of the common capital.

Shortly afterward the younger Brocard came with an embarrassed and uneasy air to find his senior, and revealed to him his desire to divide the paternal estate and set up for himself. He wanted to buy a chair and brush factory, located a few yards from the family home, which was for sale just then.

"You understand," he said, "that when you have a wife and child the situation is no longer the same and you must think of the future. Our parents' old dwelling is too small for two establishments to live in comfortably. I will turn it over to you, you will pay me for my share of it, and I will buy Raulin's factory. It 's a chance I shan't find again, and I think there 's money to be made in the manufacturing of brush handles."

"That," answered Nicholas with a movement of his eyelid, "that is a notion of your wife's, my poor brother. It would never have suggested itself to you alone. Well, just as you please! I have never intended to be a hindrance to you. We will settle up our business affairs and live each by himself. That is better than to quarrel."

Like a wise man Nicholas Brocard took his bad fortune calmly, but in his inner soul he kept a deadly grudge against his sister-in-law. The partnership was dissolved, the accounts squared, the factory bought, and Numa moved his family into the new house. All this took place without any argument, without bitterness. But people noticed that after the firm had separated the elder was rather reserved and rarely entered his brother's house. Their relations were still apparently cordial, but all intimacy had ceased, and henceforth Madame Lucia could live as she pleased without having to fear her brother-in-law's remarks.

Numa Brocard, however, still preserved some illusions. He had no consciousness at all of the wound inflicted on his brother's self-esteem, being one of those heedless and superficial characters who imagine their wrong-doings are blotted out the very moment they themselves forget them. He felt in his own heart the same spring of warm affection for his senior, and would have been much offended to learn that Nicholas' affection had considerably cooled. He began to suspect it only the day when the latter entered the factory, sat down in the room where Madame Lucia was embroidering, and with a gleam of irony in his keen eyes and a pretended good nature on his shrewd lips addressed the married couple somewhat as follows:

"My good friends, the proverb is right that you should not say, 'Fountain, I will never drink your water!' I had sworn to myself to die a bachelor, and I indeed believe if you had helped me I would have

kept my oath to the end. But you left me in the house by myself and I can't stand solitude. I was bored, and I decided to marry in my turn. I shall marry a person you know well, a widow, Madame Leclerc. The wedding will take place in a fortnight and I have come to ask you to it."

Widow Leclerc was a woman some thirty years of age who had lived in Ériseul since her husband's death. She had a daughter named Celenia and owned good farm lands. With a bilious complexion and flashing eyes she was neither ugly nor pretty. People said she was very close and of a difficult disposition to please.

The Numa Brocards naturally greeted this unwelcome and unexpected news with a forced pleasure. They put on a good face, however, and dryly congratulated Nicholas. But when he had gone Madame Lucia's wrath exploded like a handful of torpedoes. She already saw herself deprived of her brother-in-law's inheritance, considered his breaking his word insulting to her, and was loud in her affirmation that he had acted like an ill-bred man. Numa Brocard did not hide his disappointment either. But being of a good-natured disposition he tried to calm his wife by pointing out to her that the future bride might not succeed to Nicholas' fortune, and that at all events it was not a wise thing to quarrel with him.

Madame Lucia yielded and dissimulated her rancor. She was present at the wedding, complimented the bride, and even succeeded at first in obtaining her good graces. But when, two years later, a son was born to this union anger flamed anew in Lucia's breast, and she was unable to conceal her vexation. The relations between the two sisters-in-law grew tense, and a few sharp words were exchanged. However, they continued to see each other now and then. They dined at each other's houses on the great holidays of the year, and the two brothers remained on good terms.

"You see, James," Flavia said to me in finishing her story, "when the hearts don't agree hatred always comes to the surface, and this was bound to end badly. My mother is a good woman, but not patient. Last winter some meddlesome persons told her that my aunt said that young Madame Brocard was ruining her husband. Mamma could not keep from reproaching her sister-in-law to her face for being a bad relative. Aunt answered that truth alone wounds. The quarrel grew bitter, they applied to each other such words as are never forgotten, papa and my uncle fell out, and this time it is a quarrel to the death. We don't speak to them any longer, and Uncle Brocard has forbidden Tintin to enter our house. He has even hinted to our mutual friends that they may have to choose between his house and ours, and I believe, my poor boy, that if you continue to come to see us you also will run the risk of falling out with Tintin."

"That's all the same to me," I answered, taking Flavia's hands. "Between Tintin and you my choice is made, because it is you that I love more than anything in the world."

III.

Yes, I loved Flavia with all my might, and on seeing her again that year, at Easter, in the young springtime, when all is springing up, fermenting and budding, I felt that my affection had entered on a warmer, more exclusive and more absorbing condition. Besides, people around me noticed it. My father and the Numa Brocards would not call me anything but the "lover" or the "husband in embryo" of Flavia. In their eyes the infatuation of a fourteen-year-old boy for a girl who was going on to twenty meant nothing at all. They were amused at it and joked about it, which angered me, especially when the teasing took place before the young girl. I would lose my composure, would blush, stealthily watching Flavia all the time. If she had laughed I believe I would have had hysterics. Fortunately she maintained her calm little air, and when our relatives had turned their backs she would console me by saying, "Don't listen to them, James. All that is pure joking."

And in comforting me she would fix her

sweet blue eyes on me, and then that would produce the same effect on me as when on leaving the darkness of a forest you are suddenly flooded with the friendly light of the full moon. My heart would expand, a warm tremor would run through my veins, and I would bury my eyes in the pure eyes of Flavia.

During that happy Holy Week it was a delight for me to go and visit Flavia early in the morning. I would run up the porch steps, hasten through the shady kitchen, and climb the staircase to the first story, four steps at a time. When I had reached Flavia's room I was so moved that my heart pounded away like a bell-clapper and I could hear the pulsations of my arteries. I would knock timidly at the door. A clear voice would answer me and I would enter radiant, as one would enter paradise. Flavia had been up for a long time already. She had ended her toilet, had set everything to rights, and the little room was as shining and neat as a water-wagtail's nest. Through the open window the sun threw a golden shaft of light on the waxed flooring. There was nothing expensive in the room. Blue paper on the walls, cretonne curtains of the same shade, a walnut bedstead with white spread, two small rugs before the bed and bureau, four straw-seated chairs, and that was all. Besides the two flower pots where crocuses were blooming the mantelpiece was decorated with the photographs of school-girl acquaintances and those inexpensive trinkets that you get at village festivals, such as shell boxes, boats of spun glass, chaplets with red and black beads, and porcelain flower vases. The toilet table was becomingly furnished. Flavia used pure water for a cosmetic, and owned only one bottle of cologne, from which she would shake a few drops on her handkerchief.

When I happened to find her smoothing her brown hair before the oblong mirror I would turn over and over in my hand this precious bottle, looking covetously at it. Merely by my gestures she would guess my thoughts.

"One moment, James," she would say. "Come, let me perfume you."

She would turn a little cologne into the hollow of her hand and would gaily rub my neck and chin with it.

When she had finished settling her room she would take some crochet work from her work-basket and would sit down near the window. I would seat myself in front of her on a low chair and we would gossip away, while the cherry trees in the garden were scattering their snowy petals over the gray earth. The bells had "gone to Rome" on a pilgrimage. You could have said that the life of the village had gone with them. With the exception of the gurgling of the stream the deep silence of Holy Week brooded over the green country. A kind of religious repose was in the air. We ourselves kept still or spoke only in low tones, as in a church.

On Saturday of that week we passed the day in coloring Easter eggs. I had brought some basil wood, onion peel, and anemones and with the aid of these coloring matters we obtained shades which gave our eggs wonderful iris tints and marblings. When we had colored several dozen Flavia said,

"That 's enough, friend James. For your trouble I am going to treat you by taking you to-morrow to our pew to hear high mass. We will have a twofold pleasure, in the first place by being together, and then of vexing Aunt Brocard and her long bean-pole of a Celenia."

Sunday morning I was ready with the second ringing for mass. I had put on for the ceremony my new jacket and a certain pair of pearl-gray trousers which, to my notion, were bound to dazzle the people of Ériseul. The village seemed entirely given over to Easter happiness already. The bells were ringing out full peals. Their sound was borne through the woods from one parish to another. A rather cool east wind brought us the merry chimes of Heippes, Sonilly, Récourt, and Benoite-Vaux, each in turn. Up the rise of ground leading to the church the worshipers in Sunday clothes were already hastening, the women in plaited bonnets of immaculate whiteness, their shoulders covered with Indian shawls fastened by a pin below the neck, the men with their square

cut jackets or their wedding frock coats, wearing silk hats of styles no longer in fashion. Before the porch where urchins were playing with red eggs, chattering like a flock of sparrows, I stopped a moment to wait for Flavia. A swain who is watching for the arrival of his sweetheart at the trysting-place is not more impatient than was I during the five minutes I was waiting.

At last I saw her coming. Prayer-book in hand, with a step both light and gliding, she walked a little ahead of her father and mother. Madame Numa, whose movements were still very youthful, was proudly displaying a dress of flaming silk with a cape of the same material. Dress became her, and she followed the fashions closely. Her husband, incased in a gray frock coat and very proud of his wife's finery, was looking to right and left to glean the marks of admiration which Madame Lucia's ornaments were bound to provoke. As to Flavia, she was simply clad in a blue merino dress, her eyes were laughing under her straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons, and the chilly air had brought a rosy hue to her cheeks. All three greeted me kindly. We entered the church together. I hastened to the font of holy water and dipping my fingers in it I presented the water to Flavia.

We were scarcely seated in our pew when the Nicholas Brocards made their entrance and seated themselves in the one next to us. No nods were exchanged. The two brothers turned away their heads and assumed a meditative appearance. But the women stared at one another and their hostile glances crossed like so many daggers. Madame Nicholas, dry as a stick, was dressed entirely in black. A cape with trimmings of jet covered her sharp shoulders, and under her black bonnet adorned with bunches of pansies her bilious face looked like a lemon. Celenia, her daughter, thin like her mother, was slyly looking at us with a disdainful smile. As for my comrade Tintin, he had espoused the feuds of his family and already was evidently including me in his aversion, for while his parents were kneeling he winked at me behind their backs and put out his tongue irreverently.

But I didn't care for his grimaces. I was too proud at finding myself seated near Flavia. I could feel my friend's dress brush against me. When we knelt her arm touched mine, and this caused me such jubilation that from the heights of my happiness I took pity on Tintin's petty insults. I had not brought any prayer-book, but read mass out of Flavia's, and when the profane thoughts that agitated my heart took me too far from the service my friend, placing her finger on the open page, would point out the lines of the ritual and would oblige me to take up again the thread of the gospel or the creed. It was delightful, that way of hearing mass! The men singers would joyously intone the paschal hymn:

"*Vide pedes, vide latus,*
Noli esse incredulus."

The choir boys would join in with "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" in their clear voices. A breath of happiness and triumph would pass over all the worshipers. But the church pæans seemed lukewarm to me by the side of those which the warm sentiments of my first love were calling up in me. Flavia was singing the verses of the gloria and sanctus in a clear and true tone, I was joining my voice to hers, and was thus experiencing the sensation of a closer union of our two beings. This state of exaltation lasted an hour and I found the mass too short.

On Easter Monday, in the lands along the Meuse, it is the custom to spend the afternoon in the woods and take tea there. Each family invites its friends and picnics are gotten up. It is the first out-of-door recreation, the first excursion to the country after the imprisonment of winter. Entire villages flock to the forests with baskets overflowing with provisions. You sit down near a spring, under the thin shade of newly budding beeches, and a noisy gaiety runs throughout the coppice. It had been agreed upon the evening before that we should go and spread our cloth in the woods of Benoite-Vaux with Brocard junior and his daughter. The next day at noon I was promptly at the meeting place. Flavia was wearing that day for the first time a bright-colored dress, and

it was a delight to see her walking slowly along the foot-path which leads through the forest to Benoite-Vaux. Numa Brocard, with a broad felt hat on, led the way, carrying the luncheon in his game-bag. We followed him far in the rear, delaying often to pick the liverworts and cowslips which were blooming in masses among the dry leaves. Through the high bare branches a silky blue sky was laughing above us and the warm rays of the sun were scorching our shoulders. A tender odor of violets was perfuming our way, and we were fairly intoxicated with sunlight and the springtime by the time we reached the brook where we were to have our tea.

Numa Brocard, who was a heavy eater, did honor to the provisions. The rest of us, less famished, nibbled away at a slice of cake dipped in a glass of pale wine. You would have said that the April airs had already satiated us and that a spring fever was taking away our appetite. As for me my hunger was appeased by a secret languor and I was only looking for the moment when, the lunch over, I could enjoy to the full the pleasure of roaming the woods with Flavia. This desired moment came at last. After having cleaned a small ham to the bone and emptied his bottle, Brocard, wishing to visit several customers scattered through the hamlet, left us near the church, where Flavia went in for a moment to pray to Our Lady of Benoite-Vaux. Left alone we went first to visit the miraculous fountain to which at certain periods the people of the surrounding country go on a pilgrimage. This fountain, shaded by lindens, works wonders with its water, which gushes forth from a stone basin. It cures fevers, sore eyes, and rheumatism. Besides it serves as an experimental laboratory for girls who wish to marry. They throw pins into its current. If the pin sinks straight to the bottom they will find a husband within a year.

Flavia knelt on the edge of the basin, dipped her hands in the water, then bent over to look through the bubbling of the transparent and boiling spring at the glistening bed made up of thousands of pins. In this posture she was even more attractive, with her brown hair falling in a low knot at the back of her neck and her calm rosy face over which the reflections of the water spread luminous spots. Standing behind her I was watching the prettiness of her lithe movements. Suddenly she took a pin from her waist and threw it into the reservoir. This unexpected motion gave me a disagreeable impression, something like a pricking of jealousy. What need had she of consulting the fountain since I was there, I who adored her? The pin wavered a moment in the eddies of the spring, then the strong current bore it away before it had time to sink to the bottom. I experienced from this an inward relief but Flavia seemed annoyed by it. Her pretty mouth puckered sorrowfully and rising suddenly she went toward the wood.

We sat down in silence on the turf, which was thicker near the coppice. Before us a strip of meadow was growing green between two wooded slopes. Bright yellow butterflies were flying there, and in the grass cowslips with little bunches of yellow flowers were blooming by the hundred. Flavia sitting with her feet drawn up under her, her head leaning on her arm, would look at the deep blue sky and the thick bloom of the cowslips in turn. Then she would sigh.

"James," said she to me after a moment, "the meadow is full of cowslips. Go and get me a bouquet of them, please."

I should have preferred to remain with her and I went off rather sulkily. I picked the cowslips in a rage and soon filled my hat with them. Their delicate penetrating odor entered my nostrils. In my hurry I still found time to look slyly at the young girl lying on the slope with her parasol over her head, and I found her still prettier in that unconscious pose, which brought out the soft lines of her throat and chin. I returned to her and treacherously poured over her face and shoulders the contents of my hat.

"Have you got enough?" I asked with an accent in which a little ill humor could be distinguished.

"Wretch!" she cried without stirring, "could you not tie the bunch with a stalk

of grass instead of throwing it at me in that way? Come, pick up the cowslips."

This task pleased me better than the first one. The cowslips were scattered everywhere, on her lap, on her neck, and in the ruffles of her waist. I picked them up one by one very slowly. Then, my task over, I seated myself by Flavia's side, while she sheltered my head from the sun with her parasol.

"Flavia," I asked suddenly, "why did you consult the spring? You don't need to ask it for a husband. You know very well that I love you entirely and that I will marry you as soon as I grow up."

My reproach evidently touched her, for she turned toward me, smiling her sweetest smile, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Dear James," she sighed, "I love you very much also. You are a good boy and a good little friend."

It seemed to me that her kisses were more tender, more responsive than formerly. All the joys, all the sunlight, all the enchantments of April poured into my heart.

"Yes, I love you very much," she began, "and I am very happy to see you. For this reason I have planned a surprise for you. Day after to-morrow Vitalina Perrin is going to be married, and I am to be her maid of honor. In order to keep you near me I have had you asked to the wedding. Are you glad? You don't seem so!"

Well, no! I wasn't glad at all. I had counted on passing all my vacation alone with Flavia, and this wedding, where she naturally would be forced to busy herself with others, seemed to me an act of robbery of which my affection was the sole victim. This piece of news spoiled the rest of our afternoon for me, and when Numa Brocard came to get us I had become silent and gloomy.

We went back across the meadows already invaded by a cold shadow which froze the pools, here and there in the grass, into violet hues. On the edge of the wood the budding oaks stood grayly out against the brown mass of the beeches. Here and there at long intervals the golden dust of a dogwood in flower or the grayish green of a willow would brighten up the dark tints; but nevertheless the whole view took on the austere look of deepening twilight. The melancholy impression which came from it, further increased by the harsh tones of the stony fields and the last whistle of the blackbirds about to choose a lodging place for the night, was in harmony with my state of mind. All my pleasure was spoiled by the prospect of that unlucky wedding. I accompanied Numa Brocard and Flavia to the door of the factory in sadness.

"Wednesday!" said my friend on leaving me. "Don't forget! We will take you up at Chèvre-Chêne."

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*September 6.*]

IT is evident that there must be more than one kind of agnostics—I took it for granted they had given up inquiry.

Many of them have. Said one, "I never discuss the subject, or even talk about it." Said another, "I am satisfied that no book you can send me will make any difference." Twenty, fifteen, ten years ago unbelievers were eager for discussion. To-day they attend lectures, even where questions are invited, in greatly diminished numbers, and apparently rather from the hope of getting an "intellectual treat" than from interest in the subject. It would almost seem as if the *mot d'ordre* had gone forth, "No more discussion!" Lectures on Christian evidences are, perhaps, better attended than ever; but those who go are for the most part of two classes, Christians who seek

confirmation of their faith and doubters who wish to believe. Some agnostics do not seem to have any wish of the kind; the old earnestness, such as made Mr. Bradlaugh a power, seems to be dying out. Call it indifference, call it despair, call it cynicism, it is a melancholy spectacle. But whether cynical, despairing, or indifferent, this agnosticism is confessedly unscientific. An earnest agnostic turns from it in disdain. There is one comfort. As I have said elsewhere, if the theory of evolution be true, it cannot last. Unbelief has passed through every possible form, and has finally reached in silent agnosticism a terminus. But movement there must be, and the only movement possible is in the direction of Christ. Nevertheless there are many agnostic doubters of another type. Perhaps these really earnest inquirers might take for their motto, "There is much we do not yet know, but we hope to know."

I look upon agnosticism as the turning point of unbelief. If we look at the subject historically we shall find that, step by step, every article of the faith has been called in question; there is not a single point which has not been denied. The blessed Trinity has been given up, and the world has been asked to believe in three distinct Gods, or in one God under three distinct names. The incarnation has been assailed on every conceivable side. Instead of the eternal Son incarnate, truly and properly God, the opinion has been set forth that the Son was in fact a creature of superhuman, superangelic excellence and dignity, but still a creature. Instead of truly and properly man, the human nature has been represented as body only. Instead of the human mind in its integrity, there was offered a mental machine without a will. And then the incarnation was given up altogether. Jesus Christ was still regarded as if divinely commissioned; the authority of the Holy Scriptures was not denied; the reality of miracles was taken for granted. But in time the divine commission was reduced to that which any good man may be supposed to have; the authority of the Scriptures was leveled to that of any other sacred writings, and miracles were regarded as imaginations.

Then there arose questions as to whether the Christian story was not altogether a myth; and the incarnation, alike on its divine and human sides, passed out of the sphere of skeptical thought. Still, belief in God was left to men; but not the God of Christianity. Pantheism made its appearance, and the universe became God, or God the universe. That was not satisfactory, and deism asserted its claims. This in its turn was examined and found wanting, and atheism stepped to the front, denying, not the possibility, but the existence, of adequate evidence. Then came, as apparently the last step, positivism, denying that, on such a subject, there could be any evidence at all. Here the terminus was reached, and no further step could be taken, except by turning round in the direction of the faith.

That returning step has been taken. It is called agnosticism. Now, when you see a man at the end of a road terminated by an insurmountable wall, he is still at the end, whichever way he looks. But it makes a great difference whether it is his back or his face that we see. If it be his back, then we know that he has gone as far as he can, and apparently means to stay there; but if it be his face, we know he has turned round, and we hope he is coming to us again. That is the way with unbelief. It has gone as far as it can get, but in agnosticism it has turned toward us. Give it time enough, and it will come back all the way. Some have already started on the return journey.

Still, are you not in some danger of giving the inquirer too much sympathy? You state his case warmly.

My brother, I have not forgotten my own experience. But I do not consciously sympathize overmuch. My aim is simply to be just. But I do not think there is much danger. In fact the earnest seeker ordinarily finds himself in great isolation. Amidst the crowd of disputants who rally to the attack or the defense of the Bible, he is as one in some forgotten city garden,

walking alone, while the roar of many voices fills the air around him. He ponders deeply questions which the disputants ignore; they seem to him to be fighting about the history of wells, while his one desire is to draw and drink the living water.

Believers and disbelievers desire to make good their contention as to how the wells are to be regarded: these say their sources are in God; those affirm their sources are in man; some that the waters are deep enough to spring from the fountain where the life of God and man are one; few remember that the quality of the water is to be ascertained by drinking it. The disbeliever especially errs. He is ever seeking to prove the Bible is of human structure; not seeing that, even so, he is but dealing with the walls of the wells, not with the water that rises within them. For my part, the amazed seeker may say, I am more desirous to know how much of the Bible is divinely true than how much is humanly false; nor am I content to die of thirst by refusing to drink until I am able to discern and separate the divine and the human elements in the living waters. The disbeliever seems to act on the principle that he will risk the loss of great truth rather than risk the acceptance of some error; he will perish of hunger with the bread of life before him, while microscopic criticism is endeavoring to pick out mistakes. The man who will risk no error will receive no truth. It is better to risk believing ten small things that are false than to risk the rejection of one great thing that is true. Better truth with error than no truth at all.

[*September 13.*]

I HAVE laid down principles which may, I think, rightly guide the inquirer, but it is absolutely necessary to consider some more of his points. Let us begin with the Holy Scriptures. The first thing, perhaps, that strikes him in looking into the Bible, is that it was written not for the doubter but the believer. This is manifest in every page of the Old Testament. It is true that in the New Testament only St. Luke says what his object in writing was, but the others, as much as he, imply knowledge of, or belief in, Christ, on the part of those for whom they wrote. Some of them had probably seen the Lord, a much greater number probably had not; but to all the Gospel was evidently a familiar story. Very much, therefore, that one might expect in a gospel addressed to thoughtful, scientific students who were not themselves eye-witnesses must not be expected. The contact of Christianity with Jewish unbelief, however, is marked enough in the gospels and in the Acts; and the latter gives information as to its contact with Gentile unbelief also.

The next thing to be noted is the implication that we have only a number of selected writings. This, we need not doubt, is true of the whole Bible; it is certainly true of the New Testament. St. Luke makes it clear that there were many narratives besides his own. He does not seem to have considered the story he wrote for Theophilus to be superior to other narratives, but only better adapted than they to his correspondent, who probably felt the need of more systematic statement than other narratives gave. How many stories perished we have no means of knowing, but the way the three other gospels begin shows no indication of the intention to write any connected and formal history.

St. Mark begins with the words, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God," implying that those whom he addressed knew without further explanation who Jesus Christ was. St. Matthew begins a little more formally, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ the Son of David, the Son of Abraham," and then gives the genealogy and birth, but in such terms as imply that readers had other sources of information. The opening of the fourth gospel is really an exposition rather than a narrative, and implies knowledge elsewhere obtained. In the Acts one notes an opening similar to that of the third gospel. The Epistle to the Romans begins with a statement which implies familiarity on the part of his readers with the story of Christ. It would be absurd to

complain that we cannot know all that was then known, for a like complaint might be made of all history, except that which we make ourselves. At the same time it is right to bear the fact in mind, for otherwise we may be unfairly called upon to give assent to things about which it is impossible to have the certainty either of the writers or of those to whom they addressed themselves in their writings.

Another thing which must strike the reader is the peculiar character of the contents of the Bible, the strangeness of the events narrated and of the doctrines set forth. Confining ourselves for the present to the New Testament, the first words of St. Mark's gospel are sufficiently startling: "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God." But when we turn to St. John we meet a series of statements more startling still: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that hath been made." Scarcely less surprising is the commencement of the Acts of the Apostles or of the Epistle to the Romans. The evidence needs to be very strong which renders these assertions credible, stronger still to make them credited. For one thing they are apparently outside of our own experience, and all reasonable inference therefrom. For another, some of them are outside of any immediate experience we can conceive possible. We cannot imagine John knowing directly that the Word was in the beginning, that the Word was God, and that the Word made all things. If knowledge at all, it can only be in the sense of inference from observed facts. It does not, of course, follow that John was wrong. His inference may, for anything we have yet seen, turn out to be as fully justified by the facts as is the modern theory of universal ether. But the statements are in themselves so little in accord with what we personally know as to warrant the demand for the most trustworthy and decisive evidence.

[*September 20.*]

We have now to observe the way in which the question is affected by the distance of time and difference of language. If Christianity is to be rationally accepted by the people on any other ground than that of the authority of the church, it must be presented, as we have seen, in a form that does not demand scholarship on the part of the acceptors. It is true that many of the results at which learned men have arrived are easily appreciated even by those who have little learning of their own; but this is really a case of acceptance on authority, whether on the one side or the other.

It is, as every observer knows, entirely inaccurate to imagine that it is Christians alone who follow the leadership of others. It may even be that, in proportion to their whole numbers, there is more of such dependence on the part of skeptics than on the part of Christians. At all events I have met many who appeared to have no other reason for their unbelief than the supposed example of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Laing, and Renan. In comparison with such submission of the judgment to great names, the course pursued by the average Christian seems positively scientific, because, besides the weighty authority of the whole church, he has the witness of his own experience to the beneficent effects of Christianity. But unless the question is to be settled by comparison of authorities alone, in which case Christianity has decidedly the best of it, so far as historical learning is concerned, we must be able to fix on some simple and central propositions, as important to the most as to the least learned, on which ordinary men are capable of forming a judgment.

Speaking in broad terms there are very few thoughtful men who are not as competent as scholars to determine these two fundamental questions: Is it possible to account for the Bible in general on any other supposition than that of its substantial truth? Is there, in particular, any other adequate explanation of Christianity than that it requires the God whom Christ

reveals to account for the Christ the New Testament presents? If these two questions can be truly answered in a hostile sense essential unbelief will have shown itself well founded; if they can be truly answered in a favorable sense essential belief will stand forth scientifically justified. But nothing of any real moment will be determined until these two questions are answered. Happily, for the solution of these great problems no more learning is needed than is within reach of most, if not all, of those who are interested in the evidential aspects of Christianity.

In the lapse of time there has come a change of another kind, one whose full import can hardly be realized without reading the whole of the sacred books—the contrast between what may be called the religion of the Bible and the kind of Christianity with which we are most familiar in contemporary life. One can quite understand why it is that, on the part of all kinds of opponents, attacks on the church are much more severe and longer sustained than those directed against its Founder.

The usual reason given for this, though true, is not the whole truth. It is, indeed, much easier to find fault with historical Christianity than to shock almost universal sensibility by setting one's self against a character of such supreme moral loveliness. But there is yet another motive. If it can be proved that Christianity is a failure, and that there is no probability of its being anything else than a failure, then it may be in fact disposed of without directly attacking Christ at all. Englishmen are preeminently practical, and if Christianity cannot prove itself true to their moral and religious experience, and of power sufficient to meet the moral and religious needs of their nature, they will ignore it as completely as its half-unconscious absorption into their lives will permit. At the same time its relation to the evolution of society cannot be justly overlooked. Whether supernatural or not in its origin, whether continuously supernatural or not as a divinely imparted life in each soul that receives it, it is yet manifestly subject to natural laws of growth, and it would therefore be unscientific to examine what it is at any point without regard to what it has been and what it is becoming. Possibly from the standpoint of evolution it may yet be acknowledged that history shows no other success that comes within measurable distance of it.

What about the Bible and current scientific philosophy?

The subject is of grave interest. If the New Testament is to be held responsible for what scientific men suppose to be the teaching of the Old as to the formation of the worlds, the origin of species, the descent of man, the story of the fall, the history of the flood, and perhaps one or two other points, the problem will be speedily solved in opposite senses by different men. Some will back the Bible against science, and some will back science against the Bible. But a doubter, if of scientific spirit, may well decline to be bound by any such alternatives.

This is not one of the subjects on which the church has pronounced judgment, and therefore, from the standpoint of the faith, one is not bound to have any opinion at all as to which is right, or as to whether both are right. But, putting aside the church, I may answer for the inquirer that neither in logic nor in honor is he bound to reject Christ because of any decision in favor of Darwinism. He may well say, "I have to reason the matter out with the aid of what light I can get from all sources, and I know of nothing in the philosophy of science which obliges me to put a peremptory end to all inquiry at its very threshold by deciding for or against genesis or geology. Even were I compelled to abandon, as unscientific, half a dozen pages of the Bible, that in itself is no scientific reason why I should give up all the rest." Surely this is right. The questions already described as fundamental do not involve for their settlement any such points as the scientific accuracy or inaccuracy of the two or three chapters which touch on points of science. The ultimate inquiry will probably be, not how the errors, but how the truths, of the Bible are to be accounted for.

[*September 27.*]

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of the writers of the Bible is their calm unconsciousness of any other needs than those which it supplies. This is probably explicable enough, but it must be confessed it is a little provoking. The apostles and evangelists do not seem to have any idea that one might legitimately have other interests than those distinctively called religious. In some of their writings there are manifest signs of strain, of high tension, as of those who were literally waiting for the coming of their Lord. It is difficult for the doubter to feel that this is a justifiable attitude. The Sunday atmosphere may well be the highest, but there could be no highest without a higher, no higher without a high, and no high without a low.

Now, to keep up the tension of Sunday all through the week may be possible to apostles, saints, and heroes, but it is not possible to ordinary men. Besides God is God of Monday as well as of Sunday. The business of the world is God's business. Allow as much as one may for human freedom, it is still a freedom with limits. The human will directs forces, but even the direction is limited by law. If the direction be man's, the forces and their laws are God's. But the direction itself is limited not only by laws of forces but also by laws of evolution, as science phrases it; by divine providence, in the language of religion. Overruling all the purposes of man is the purpose of God, a fact peremptorily declared in the Bible times without number, and recognized in all departments of human experience. Agriculture, manufacture, commerce, industry of all kinds, government, social institutions, public and private amusements, family and individual life have as really as the Bible a divine as well as a human element. The songs of love, and hope, and trust, and joy, touching earth and earthly interests, derive their melody from him. The nursery, the playroom, the school, the college, the study, the boat, the cricket-field, the gymnasium, the public house, the theater, the lecture hall, the chamber of legislation, the offices of government, the farm, the mill, the shop, the merchantman and man-of-war, the drill ground of volunteers and the barracks of the soldier, the hospital, the asylum, the refuges for the poor, have all their Shekinah as well as the church and the place of private prayer. God moves the great world, and the great world moves in God. Life is not only rhythmical, it is full of rhythms. It is not possible to continue in one state. But in reading the New Testament one seems to be always in church.

There may, however, be good reason for this. Perhaps it was not possible adequately to emphasize the truths to be conveyed without a temporary increase of strain under which ordinary interest would slacken for the time. Perhaps it was for this that the natural misconception of the apostles as to the date of their Lord's return was allowed to pass. Perhaps there could be no adequate feeling of the eternal without diminished feeling of the temporal. Perhaps it is the tension of the climber, who for the while forgets all else than the lofty height he must reach, but who, when he returns to lower earth, carries back with him to common life a vision which henceforth never leaves him. Perhaps it is a rising as on eagles' wings, though the altitude nearly strain blood and eyes to bursting, that we may see the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, as God sees them, and that we may never forget that sight when we come back to earth, and that, in the strength it brings we may run and not be weary, walk and not faint.

These are, at least, possibilities; and should it appear that what looks at first like excess of emphasis is really a revelation of the eternal in the temporal, given not to destroy but to direct aright all earthly interests, then this peculiar feature of the New Testament will tend to the acceptance of Christianity as specially divine. So far forth it will be regarded not as a substitute for, but as a special revelation which interprets, all other teaching. Through the atmosphere of the world a finer atmosphere will penetrate at every point. Spiritual glory will encompass and enrich human life. The light of God will shine into and on all the ways of men.—*Alexander J. Harrison, B.D.*

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

BY E. A. HEMPSTEAD.

THE library of Congress, for the accommodation of which a new building has been in course of erection at the national capital for the past ten years, was begun in 1800. It was burned in 1814 in the fire by which the English army destroyed the old Capitol. Soon after the close of the war Congress started the library anew by the purchase of the collection of Thomas Jefferson, who was short of money and sold his books to the government to relieve his needs. In 1851 the library had grown to 55,000 volumes, when it was again destroyed by a fire, this time accidental. The following year Congress appropriated $75,000 for the third beginning, and this sum, with an average annual appropriation of about $11,000, a few gifts, and the two free copies of each book copyrighted in the United States which are by law exacted as a part of the copyright fee have served to bring the library up to its present magnificent proportions. It now contains about 750,000 bound volumes and 220,000 pamphlets, and includes the valuable collection of scientific books of the Smithsonian Institution, the donation of Dr. Joseph M. Toner, of Washington, numbering originally 27,000 volumes, to which the generous giver makes frequent additions, and the law library of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The library is especially rich in books, periodicals, and pamphlets relating to American history, and all departments of literature are well represented.

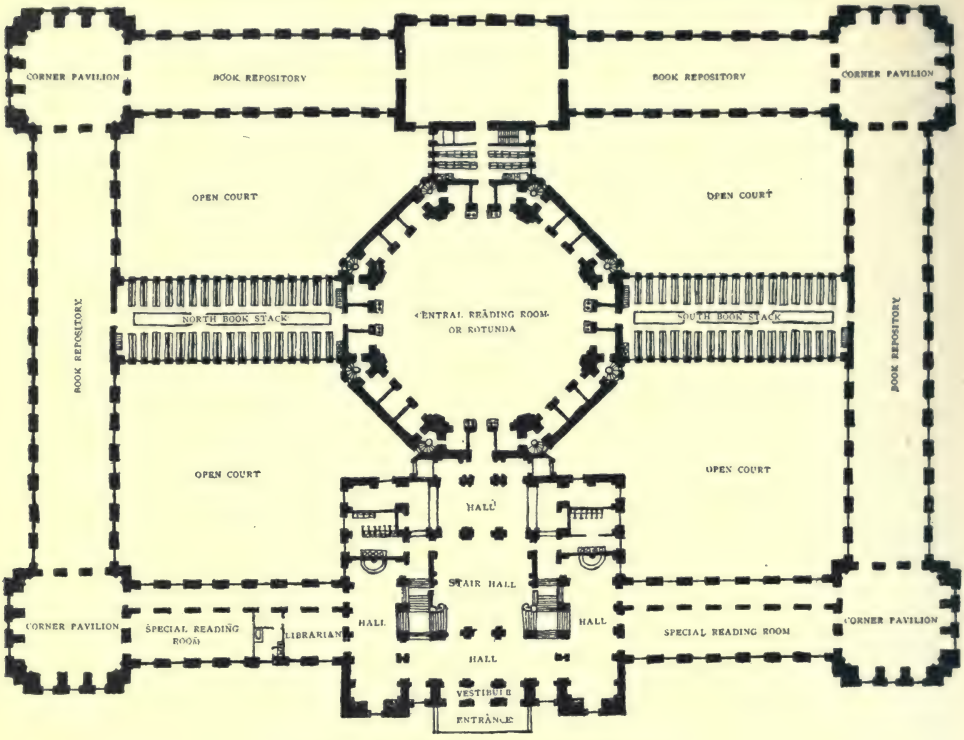
This great collection is primarily for the use of members of the two houses of Congress, and they and a small number of government officials are alone privileged to take books away. The general public can use the books in the library every day in the year (Sundays excepted) between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., or during the session of Congress until the hour of adjournment. During the session the daily visitors are numbered by the thousands, and a considerable portion of them come to read and study. It is not unusual for visitors to travel hundreds, even thousands of miles to consult books which can be found here. It is perhaps not too much to hope that, when finally arranged in its magnificent and commodious new home, this great collection may be made more popular and available; that instead of readers coming long distances to see the books here, the books may, under proper restrictions and with proper safeguards, be sent for a brief time to them.

The new building for the library had its inception with Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the efficient and accomplished librarian. In his annual report in 1872 he first called attention to the growing necessity for more and better room for the proper housing of the large and rapidly growing collection. It then filled and now much more than fills the large projection of the Capitol on its western front. Books and periodicals are piled everywhere, several feet deep on the main floor, and ceiling-high elsewhere, and many of them are and have been for years almost inaccessible because there was not shelf room nor room for more shelves. The room now used long since became wholly unsuited for the purposes of such a library as this, and there will be a great sigh of relief from library officials and users when, sometime during 1897, the removal has been accomplished and every book, however little known or used, and every periodical is made accessible on a minute's notice to any citizen of the republic who may wish to consult it.

In 1873, in response to a request of Congress, seventy-nine plans for the proposed new building were submitted in competition by prominent architects. After a long consideration by the joint committee on library of the two houses of Congress, the plan of

Mr. John L. Smithmeyer was adopted, the site condemned, and under the provisions of the act of April 15, 1886, the work was entrusted to a commission of three persons.

Two years later some dissatisfaction was felt with the progress of the work and it was feared the cost of the building would largely exceed the first estimates, as too often had been the case with large public buildings. army at the time, devolved the duty of preparing them. He employed as architect Mr. Paul J. Pelz, who, under the direction of General Casey, drew the modified plans which have since been used. General Casey, early in his administration, wisely addressed a letter to Mr. Spofford, the librarian, asking for details as to the interior arrangement of the building to meet the require-



PLAN OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING, FIRST STORY.

Accordingly, by the act of Congress approved October 2, 1888, the plans then in use were abandoned, all contracts rescinded, provision being made for compensation to those who might be damaged thereby, the commission which had charge of the work up to that time abolished, and the entire control of the enterprise placed with the chief of engineers of the army. This officer was directed to have prepared general plans for the entire construction, which were to be submitted for the inspection and approval of the secretary of war and the secretary of the interior. Upon General Thomas Lincoln Casey, who was chief of engineers of the ments of the library and its various collections. In his answer Mr. Spofford gave an outline of the needs of the institution and of those who would use it, which was at once so simple and practical that it determined the general arrangement of the interior, and has no doubt largely and properly dominated the work of architects, engineers, and superintendents.

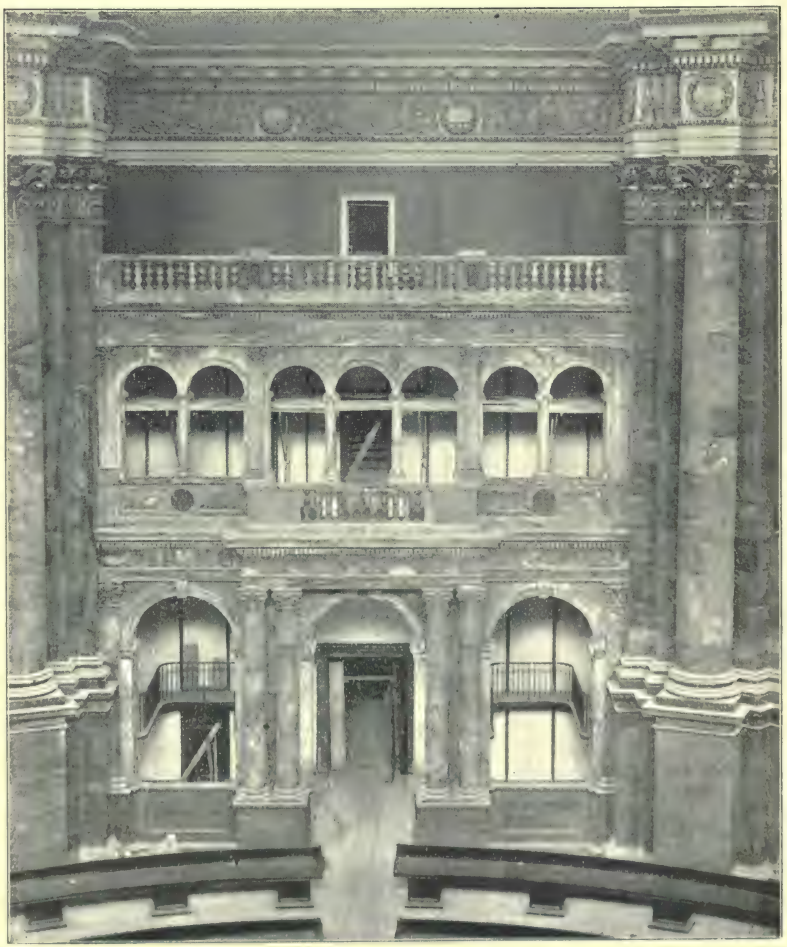
The library is a noble, imposing, monumental structure, by far the finest building in the national capital, in many respects the finest public building on the continent, and, in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the finest library building in the

world. That a building of its size, solidity, thorough construction, and elaborate and artistic embellishment should be completed ready for occupancy for less than seven million dollars is a matter for national congratulation. Not only will it be completed for less than the original estimate, but within the time limit set nearly nine years ago. It is, therefore, both a monument of good taste in architecture and the decorative arts and a testimonial to the ability of the government, acting through its regular officials, to plan and direct great public works, to finish them within the time originally fixed, and to keep within original estimates of cost—and these are no slight gains.

The location of the library building, next to that of the Capitol itself, is the best in the city of Washington. The library it is to house, as its name indicates, is first and foremost a library of Congress, and it is of course desirable above all else that it should be near the Capitol, where Congress does its work. It occupies, with the approaches, driveways, and lawns, the southern half of the entire block of land lying directly east of and adjoining the Capitol grounds and extending from First to Second Streets.

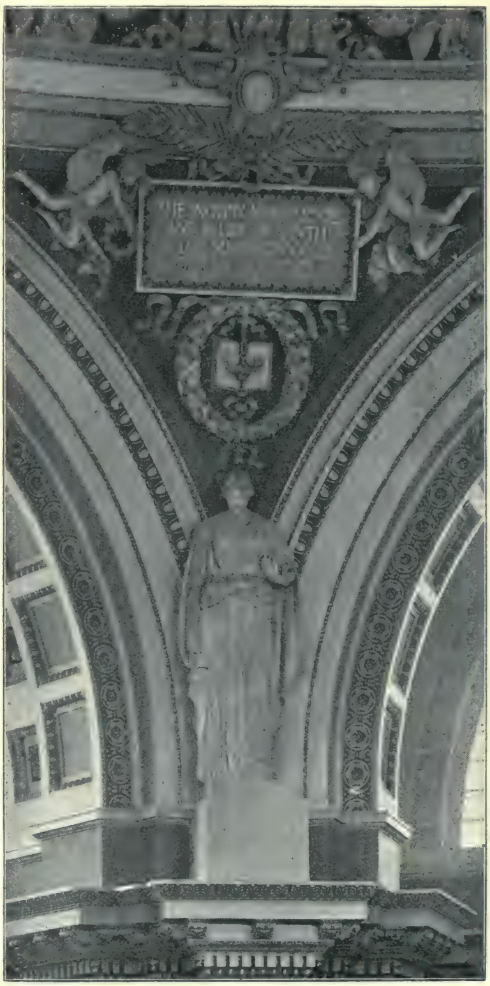
The building is of course fireproof. Little that will burn has been used in its construction. The exterior walls are of gray granite. The interior or court walls are of creamy white glazed brick. The framework of the roofs and ceiling of the dome surmounting the rotunda is of iron and steel. Fire-proof material has been used between the iron girders in all floors, and the partition walls are of brick. Floors and wainscoting, stairways and balustrades are nearly all of marble, and there is good authority for the claim that more of this material has been used in the building than there is in any other building in the world. With the exception of the colored marble in the rotunda it is nearly all American marble.

The dome above the central rotunda is covered with gold leaf, and many and various are the estimates as to the cost of this par-



AN ALCOVE IN THE ROTUNDA.

ticular portion of the structure. The lowest estimate in circulation in Washington was $8,000; the one in most general circulation was $70,000, and often one heard that several hundred thousand dollars of the good money of the taxpayers of the republic had been used in paying for the gold leaf exposed to the natural elements on the outside of the roof. This latter estimate is designed to make the people in some parts of the country lose their sleep o'nights. For their benefit, and that of all others, it may be stated on the authority of Mr. Bernard Green, the engineer in charge of the construction, that the entire cost, including the labor of putting it on, of the gold used in gilding the roof of the dome and the small lantern which crowns it was $3,750, no more, no less.



A STATUE IN THE ROTUNDA.

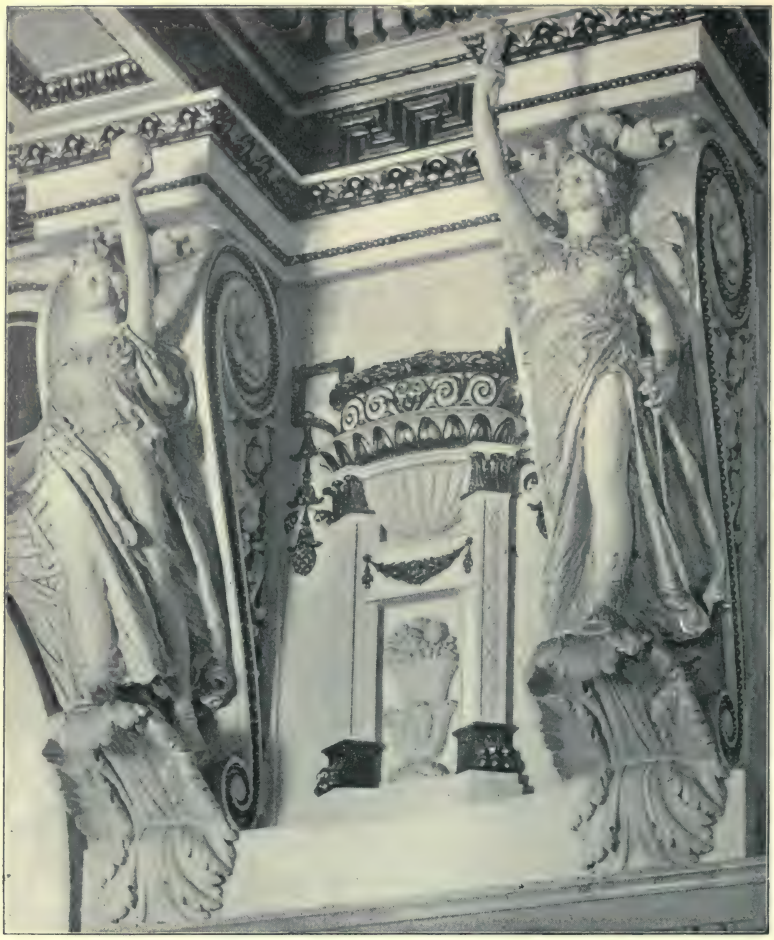
The building covers a large area, although not quite so large as the Capitol. Its dimensions are 471 feet in length and 340 feet in breadth. The drawing of the first or main floor plan which forms one of the illustrations of this article shows at a glance the general arrangement of the interior. The basement below and the story above are arranged upon nearly the same lines. It is a rectangle, built around a large court, the outer lines of the four long walls being broken by stately pavilions at the corners and by a noble and imposing pavilion, containing the main entrance or vestibule, which projects beyond the front lines on the west side. The free use of columns in these pavilions adds a strong touch of the classical to the academic effect of the exterior lines. The dome surmounting the great central rotunda is, from the exterior, the least satisfactory feature. From many near-by points it is barely visible. Indeed, spacious as are the grounds surrounding the library, there is no point near it from which can be had a good view of the whole structure, the dome included. The steps of the balcony on the east front of the Capitol afford perhaps the best view.

The main entrance is in the central pavilion on the west front. It is reached from First Street by four flights of granite steps — two on each side of a large fountain — which end in a broad esplanade. From this a single broad flight of steps leads to the great doorway. The main hall on this floor extends around three sides of the grand staircase and communicates through a broad passageway with the main floor of the rotunda or central reading room, and, by corridors bordering the interior courts, with the Senate and House reading rooms and the many other rooms of the southern, eastern, and northern curtains of the building. The staircases leading from this hall to a similar hall on the floor above are bordered by

heavy marble balustrades deeply and exquisitely carved. These staircases terminate in a magnificent *foyer* surrounded on three sides by a great hall. The latter is characterized by much artistic work in carving, sculpture, gilding, and other ceiling ornamentation. The *foyer* and surrounding hall are separated by many marble columns connected by a heavy balustrade. These columns support the lofty ceiling of the *foyer*, with its great skylight and beautiful ceiling. A short flight of steps leads to a passageway to the balcony or promenade surrounding the rotunda, and to the north and south open vistas of the magnificent corridors, pavilions, and halls set apart for various exhibits of rare books, maps, and engravings.

SECTION OF A WINDOW ARCH IN THE VESTIBULE.

In the great central court, a little in the rear of the center of the building, is the octagonal rotunda or central reading room. It is connected by a broad corridor with the main vestibule in front, and by book stacks with the north, south, and east façades. Covering this magnificent room, 100 feet in diameter and 125 feet from the floor to the ceiling of the lantern, is the great gilded dome or roof, supported by groups of massive and stately piers and columns of rich African marble. Alcoves with fronts of Siena marble fill the spaces between these groups. Passageways to the stacks and other parts of the building occupy the first floor of these alcoves, rooms for special readers, with books or magazines, the second floor, and on the third is an uncovered promenade around the entire room, just below the spring of the arch of the dome, for visitors who wish to be merely "lookers on in Vienna" of the busy scene below. In the center of this great reading room is to be located the elevated desk of the librarian in charge, below and around it the desks for his



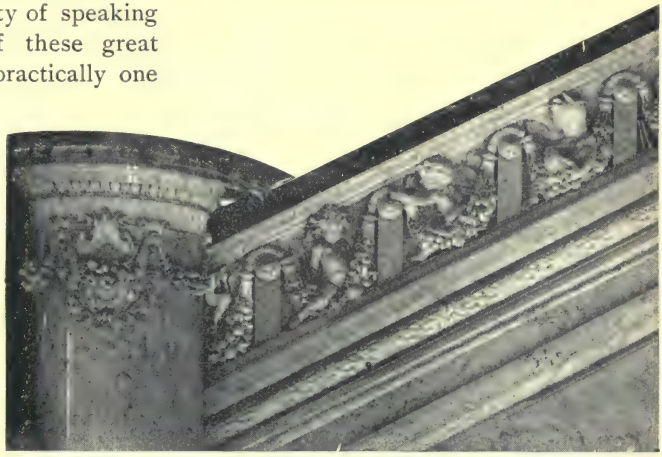
FIGURES IN THE MAIN HALL, SECOND STORY.

assistants, and on the level floor surrounding these desks three rows of desks for individual readers, about one hundred and fifty in all. The central desks are connected with the book stacks by specially designed automatic book-carrying apparatus, and through the basement, directly underneath, with the library terminus of the tunnel to the Capitol.

The rotunda or central reading room is the crowning feature of the library, in design, in construction, in ornamentation, and in practical, everyday usefulness. It is the heart of the library and its administrative center. Its magnificence cannot be told in words. The massive piers and graceful columns of rich, rose-colored marble, from which spring the great arches of the dome: the alcoves which separate the piers; the great windows, one on each of the eight sides, opening upon the court-yards, flooding the whole interior with abundance of light; the finely carved capitals of columns and piers; the paneled and coffered ceiling; the broad collar between the ceiling and lantern of the dome, embellished with Mr. Blashfield's beautiful paintings; the ceiling of the lantern, with its artistic group in fresco, also by Mr. Blashfield, and a wealth of statuary surmounting pier and balustrade, form together one of the most magnificent interiors wrought, in recent times at least, by the skill and art of man.

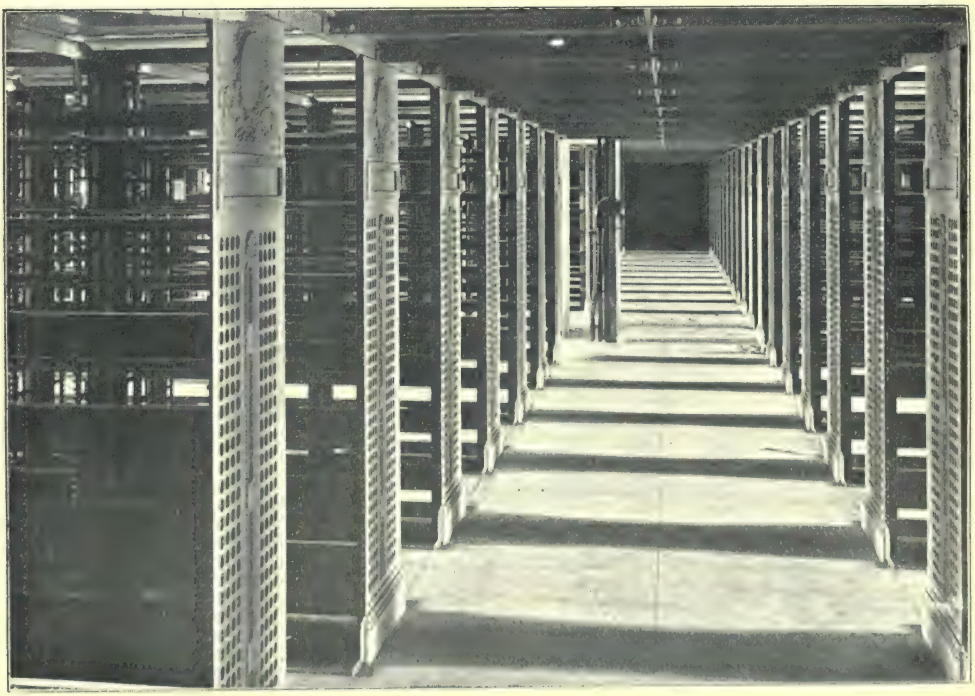
While for years to come the building will have much space which can be devoted to other than library uses, it is first and foremost of all a library building and a home for the library of Congress. In the alcoves adjoining the central reading room or rotunda is room for many thousands of books, and here will be kept those in most frequent use. Leading to the north and to the south from the rotunda are the two main book stacks, each nine stories in height and fitted with iron bookcases and shelves, of special design, and so perforated that the great desideratum of a library, perfect ventilation for the books, will be secured. The floors or decks of the book stacks are of

marble. By a novel arrangement they are left open around the sides so that attendants on any floor can speak with those on any other floor, when in search of a book, doing away with the necessity of speaking tubes, and making each of these great stacks with its nine floors practically one room. By aid of the automatic carrying apparatus specially designed for this library by Mr. Bernard Green, the very efficient and capable engineer in charge of the construction since 1888, the books from either of these stacks are carried to the basement and thence upward to the central desk in the rotunda. The time required to procure any book will be almost unappreciable, though it be on the topmost shelf of the farthest case. The side view of one of these stacks, showing its nine floors, and the interior view, both included among our illustrations, give a very fair idea of their construction and capacity. Connecting the rear of the rotunda with the east front of the building is a short book stack, of the same height as the larger ones.



SECTION OF THE BALUSTRADE OF THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

The library at present contains over 750,000 bound volumes besides 220,000 pamphlets. The three book stacks now completed, together with the alcoves immediately adjoining the central reading room, will hold 1,168,000 volumes, which

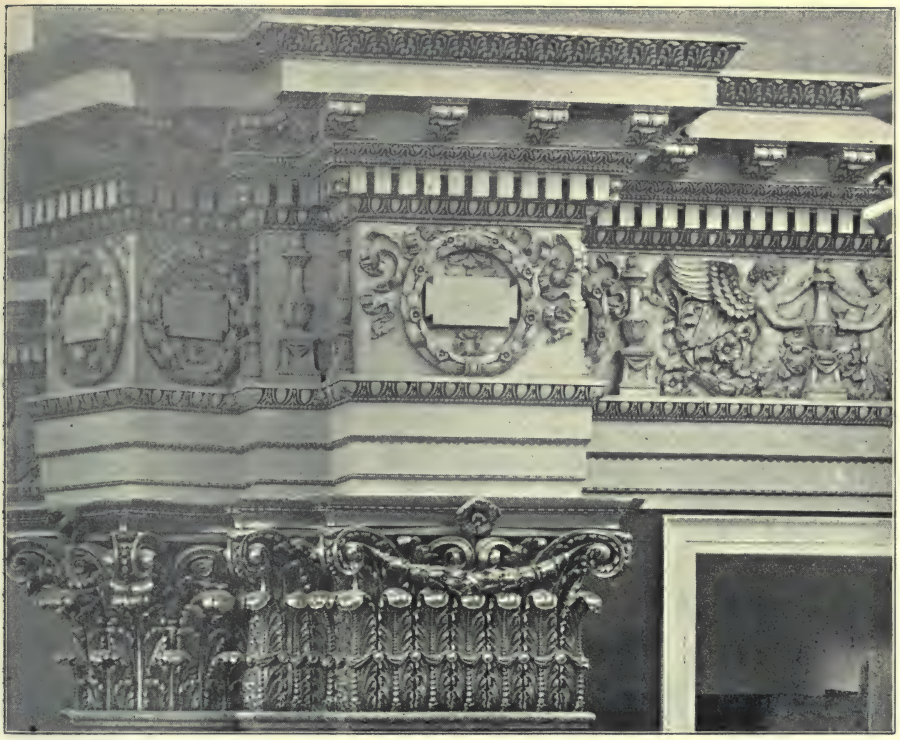


INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH BOOK STACK.

will provide for the growth of the library for 15 years at the present rate of increase, about 30,000 volumes a year. The unassigned rooms will hold 1,047,000 volumes, which will provide room for all additions for 50 years. For the growth after that date, the main rooms of the first and second stories of the north, east, and south sides will hold, on the stack and alcove systems of storage, 1,322,000 volumes, increasing the total capacity to 3,537,000 volumes, which will be sufficient for about 90 years from this date. This capacity can be still further increased by 1,100,000 volumes by the building of one-story stacks in the interior courtyards, without in the least interfering with the light in the second and third stories and only slightly obstructing the light in a few interior corridors of the first or basement floor. Unless the additions shall be more numerous than is now expected the new building will, therefore, prove ample for the needs of the library for 125 years, its total capacity being about four million volumes.

Besides quarters for the library of Congress, the new building will contain, in the basement, rooms for general storage and for several working administrative departments, including that of the repair and binding of books. Here, also, are the immense steam-heating plant, with its

A CORRIDOR IN THE BASEMENT.



CAPITAL OF A COLUMN IN THE ROTUNDA.

scores of miles of pipes and great fresh air chambers and ducts for the heating and ventilation, the electric light plant, the machinery of the automatic book-carrying apparatus, and the terminus of the tunnel to the Capitol. This tunnel, which was opened during 1895, is six feet high and four feet wide. It will contain the apparatus for carrying books, pneumatic message tubes, and telephone wires for communication with various rooms in the Capitol. It is large enough to permit of the passage of a workman to make repairs to the book carriers, tubes, and wires. The transfer of books from the library to the Capitol through the tunnel will require not more than two minutes.

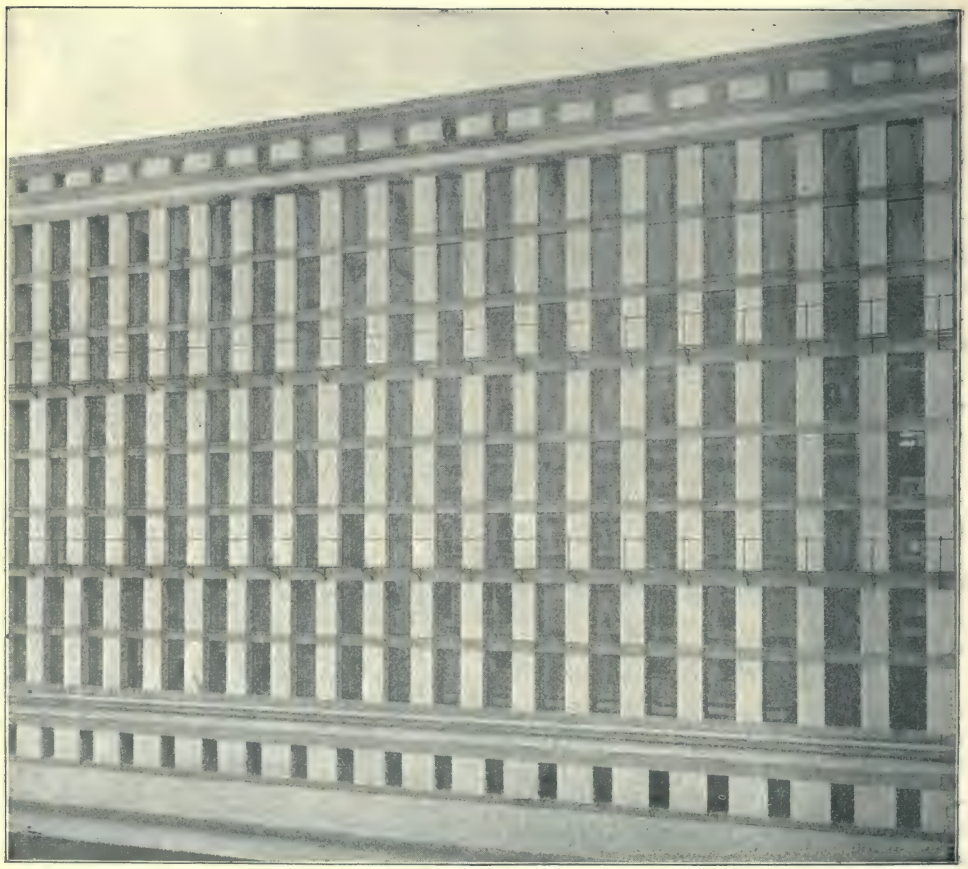
On the main or first floor, on the west front, are the large rooms devoted respectively to the reading rooms for senators and members of the House. On the second floor the great art hall, 35 feet wide by 217 feet long, will occupy the entire façade on the south side. This will be devoted to an exhibition of works of the graphic art. To reach this hall one passes through a magnificent corridor and pavilion at the southwest corner. These are to contain, in glass cases, early printed books. Another corridor will be devoted to rare and precious volumes, largely American. The corresponding hall of the same size on the north side of the second floor will be devoted to the storage of maps. A suite of rooms will be given over to the copyright department of the library, and a number will of course be used by the superintendent and other library officials, but the rooms in the building are as yet largely unassigned.

The frescos, carving, statuary, and other art features have only been touched upon in passing. The building is in many particulars a great work of art. Upon its decoration carving, painting, and sculpture have been largely employed and with most admirable results. This branch of the work was entrusted to Mr. E. P. Casey, and he has employed in it many leading American artists and sculptors, who, when their work is done, will have something to show lovers

of art worthy of the noble building and of the great people whose representatives have directed its erection. Some artists whose work is already open to public view are Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Elihu Vedder, and Mr. George Willoughby Maynard.

Mr. Vedder has five groups on the main floor between the vestibule or entrance hall and the rotunda under the dome. In them he symbolizes the development of self-government. Good and bad government are pictured in bold and statuesque figures, and their natural concomitants, peace of the one and anarchy of the other, are most admirably depicted. The ideal of all government is represented in the central panel, on which is shown a woman seated between two genii. The woman holds in one hand the scepter of righteous rule and in the other a tablet inscribed with Lincoln's immortal words, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." These panels will add to the high reputation of the illustrator of Omar Khayyam for strong and original work, and are worthy of the prominent place they occupy.

Passing from Mr. Vedder's panels one enters the great rotunda and almost involuntarily glances upward as though to measure the great height. As the eye rests at last upon the broad collar, 150 feet in circumference, just below the lantern and separating it from the dome, it is met with a view of Mr. Blashfield's masterful and beautiful composition representing the intellectual evolution of the human race. Twelve figures are shown, each representing a different department of art, letters, and science. The English nation is named as representa-



SIDE VIEW OF THE SOUTH BOOK STACK.

tive of literature, France of emancipation, America of science, Egypt of written records, Judea of religion, Greece of philosophy, Rome of administration, Islam of physics, Italy of the fine arts, Germany of the art of printing, Spain of discovery, and the Middle Ages of modern languages. The wings of the figures overlap and form an effective background for the strong and admirably drawn images with their appropriate insignia. A single group, filling the ceiling of the lantern of the dome, fittingly crowns the artistic interior of which it is a part.

Mr. Kenyon Cox has two panels in the splendidly decorated corridor of the second floor (third floor, calling the basement the first) leading from the main entrance hall south to the pavilion at the southwest corner. The woodwork of the corridor is ivory white, the ceiling of ivory white and pale blue. The corridor itself and the pavilion to which it leads cannot fail to be object lessons in color to the multitudes who will pass through it in the years to come. One panel is devoted to the arts—poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, and ceramics; the other to the sciences—mathematics, physics, astronomy, botany, and zoology. The work shows Mr. Cox at his best and will add to the reputation he had already earned as one of the strongest, boldest, and most original draughtsmen and clever colorists among American artists.

In the southwest corner pavilion, just beyond, Mr. George W. Maynard has four panel groups, representing respectively adventure, discovery, conquest, and colonization, and another group in the center of the arched ceiling.

But few other of the art features may be mentioned here. Over the windows of the exterior of the main entrance pavilion are busts by well-known sculptors, and in the same pavilion spandrel figures by Mr. Bela Pratt. On the main floor of the interior of this pavilion there is a wealth of carving in the white marble wainscoting, in ceilings of the arched windows and doorways, and in the stair balustrades and capitals of the columns. This carving is almost bewildering in its variety and beauty. The basement itself, like all other portions of the building, is floored and wainscoted in white and colored marbles, and the coloring of the walls and ceilings would attract attention in any ordinary building for its artistic grouping and contrasting of colors.

In the rotunda, the tops of the great piers and the balcony balustrades are to be graced by statuary by eminent artists. One of these statues is shown in an accompanying illustration. Mr. Niehaus will have figures of Gibbon and Moses, Mr. St. Gaudens of Homer, Mr. Baur of Beethoven, and Mr. Macmonnies of Shakespeare. Other figures are Plato, Bacon, St. Paul, Herodotus, Columbus, Michael Angelo, and Newton. A few only of these are now in place, but all will be put in position during the present year. Mr. J. W. Alexander is decorating one of the corridors with a series of six frescos in which the evolution of the book will be shown. Messrs. Edward Simmons, Charles S. Pearce, Gari Melchers, Walter McEwen, W. L. Dodge, A. H. Thayer, H. O. Walker, and Carl Gutherz are others who contribute of their artistic skill in the decoration of this superbly finished interior. The whole, judging from what is now open to the public view, will redound greatly to the credit of American art.

In conclusion, the new building for the library of Congress is in every way a credit to its architects, to the men who have superintended its designing and construction, and to the artists who have given freely of their best talent in its decoration. It will be a lasting monument to the great free people whose representatives have caused its erection. To view it will be worth a journey from the remotest corner of the republic, and with its unapproachable stores of literature, its opulence of statuary and mural decoration, it is sure to become one of the great centers of the intellectual and art life of the nation. If the Congress which has provided so well for the building will now treat the library itself with the generosity which its importance would seem to merit, it may in time be made, as it should be, the greatest library of the world.

ON CONVERSATION.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, D.D., D.C.L, OXON.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

II.

AT the close of my last paper I was speaking of the moral duty of not tolerating for one instant in conversation allusions or anecdotes which are not morally clean, and I added that in Ireland at least our wits are not subject to this charge, and that Irish fun, even though it be coarse in expression, is as a rule sound and healthy. This topic leads me to speak of the serious or improving side of conversation, which I had carefully kept out of my book. It was not without every precaution that I did so. I urged that in discussing conversation as such it was expressly social converse, the relaxation and amusement of society, which was in question, and not the higher uses to which it could be applied. It is a means to many such higher ends, but in my book of theory I was regarding it merely as an end in itself. How often will it be necessary to repeat that there is no theory on the subject possible which does not so regard it, and that this proves the seriousness, and not the frivolity of my analysis? It is only when this is admitted that I am ready to confer with my readers upon the serious aspects which our conversation may take, and say some practical words upon its uses for weighty purposes beyond its own sphere. Every theorist should be prepared to discuss the practical applications of his speculative system, and show that none of them conflict with his analysis.

The educational uses of conversation seem to me strangely neglected in the present day. That is due to two causes: first to the spread of that modern pestilence, competitive examinations; secondly to the diffusion of text-books or handbook, wherein the student imagines he can learn a subject far more quickly than by the oral teaching of a master.

Competitive examinations are not absolutely bad in themselves, and there may be occasions when they afford the best means of finding a fit man for a vacant place, but the spread of these examinations, the vast number of the candidates, the various centers at which they are held, have led men to be content with examination by papers, without using the vital test of *vivâ-voce* questioning. In Trinity College, Dublin, we have saved ourselves from this deprivation, and in all our important examinations *vivâ-voce* questioning forms an essential department, which most of us regard as a surer test than mere paper answering. At the examinations for the higher degrees at the German universities a *colloquium* is arranged, at which the candidate is questioned by a board of examiners in the subjects which he has announced as his specialty. Unless a student can give an account of his work by word of mouth, unless he is ready with a reason when asked for it, we do not hold that he has really mastered his subject.

This is the reason why the ancients were so much better educated than we are. They knew indeed less about science, they cared not to have many languages, but what they knew they knew perfectly, and they were better able to follow an argument than our average man. Look at the epistles of St. Paul. The ordinary audience which understood and followed his arguments, though not the higher or intellectual classes, were far more acute, far better versed in subtle reasoning than any modern congregation. That means that they were better educated, in the strictest sense. I believe the main difference not to have been in their superior intellects, but in their superior training, because they were not trained by reading books, but by conversation. We see the whole process most completely in Plato's "Dialogues." He insists upon all philosophical instruction being by dialogue, that is by conversation, where

teacher and pupils all take their part. The schools of the other philosophers were worked after the same method; all the deepest studies were prosecuted by talking about great subjects. That is still the basis of our universities—the really teaching universities. The student who resides in them has the advantage not only of reading books, which requires no university, but of having these books explained by men eminent in the subject, of going daily to their class rooms, and putting to them the difficulties which perplex him, of discussing not only with them, but also with his fellow students all the problems of science, of philosophy, and of literature.

Here then conversation is the great vehicle of higher teaching and a method which no private study, no hurried reading of handbooks, no answering of examination papers can replace. Let us suppose that a really great man has been secured as professor in a university. The highest and best work which such a man does is not the writing of books or the conducting of examinations, nor even the delivery of formal lectures, but the daily intercourse with the young men, the habit of talking with them familiarly and discussing with them their difficulties—the position of a spiritual father to whom they will come for intellectual advice, encouragement, and consolation. For all this the necessary vehicle, and the only vehicle, is conversation. Any man who has long experience of teaching knows well that if he can persuade a pupil to walk with him, to join him in leisure and recreation as well as in the class room, that pupil will learn far more from him in this way than in the hours of formal instruction. All this is the very essence of university education, wherein the *word* is the beginning and the end of all real teaching, nor do I think there can be any worse sign of the system of Maynooth College, where the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood is trained, than the traditional habit of the professors to have no intercourse with their pupils save in the class room.*

This function of a university, bringing growing boys into colleges, where they reside as in a large family, and securing for them the conversation of both intelligent equals and superiors, is only the prolongation of what ought to take place in every intelligent home. When I was a lad in Trinity College we all looked forward to commons (dinner) as an intellectual treat. We knew that a group of friends would sit together and discuss the affairs of the college and the world with keenness and with humor.

The education of children at home should be conducted on the same lines, by conversation of the family at meals, and at such other times as they sit together. Parents who have any knowledge will best convey it by discussion, by conversation, by drawing out the child, as well as by telling what they know, and it is for this reason that the children of an educated house, with traditions of good books, of learning, of refinement all around them, have a start in life which is very hard for the rest of the growing world to overtake. Here too, at the home table, is laid the foundation of an agreeable habit of talking. When the children of the house look forward to their meals as moments of pleasant intercourse, they naturally bring what news they can, what pleasant reading they have just left, what problems they have attempted, to the common fund, and thus acquire a habit very different from that of Roman Catholic theological seminaries or of some girls' schools, where silence or the use of a foreign language is compulsory during dinner—a stupidly unsocial arrangement.

The habit of discussing things in intelligent conversation at dinner is the real reason why civilized people have adopted that form of hospitality above all others. Those who have been taught for years to be silent at that hour of the day may find it difficult to undo the mischief and acquire the habit of free and friendly conversation.

Thus I would supplement my book of theory by showing the constant serious indispensable uses of conversation in education. I will not add any system of rules concerning these branches of the art, except

* This most reprehensible practice is admitted and discussed in the "Centenary History of Maynooth," pp. 467 *sq.*, by Bishop John Healy, Dublin, 1895.

the old and trite observation that in talking at table for the mutual benefit of the members of a family, or of intimate friends, the discourse should be about things, and not about people. The aphorism requires a word of explanation, for *people* only means our friends and neighbors, not the great men and women who have taken their places in history. These must be classed among the things, or impersonal topics that are the proper subjects of an instructive and ennobling talk. This caution that the conversation is not to occupy itself with the people around us and their affairs is not only valuable but needful, seeing that to most people gossip is exceedingly amusing, especially if it assumes the aspect of scandal, and consists in divulging and discussing things about our neighbors which they desire to be secret, because of the fault and feebleness of character which these things imply. There is no form of conversation more seductive in its way, and none more mischievous, not only in what it may circulate, but in debauching the mind of him who indulges in it and making it unfit for, or averse to, higher and purer pleasures.

What I have further to say on this subject is said so fully and carefully in sections 36–7 of my book on conversation that I am loth to go over the same ground here; for I am in good hopes that those of my readers who take an interest in the subject will obtain the book and read it for themselves. But there I admitted that so far as conversation was merely recreation, which is commonly the case, so far, and so far only is gossip of a harmless kind, an excellent amusement in which almost any company will readily join. Here, as we are concerned with the serious uses of conversation, I will conclude with the loftiest of all, its use in religion. The theory of the Church of Rome, quite apart from services and sacraments and sermons, requires an intimate dialogue, which can only be held by personal intercourse and in words between each member of the flock and the priest. By this means only can the priest sound the inmost character and estimate the principles of those whom he has under his spiritual charge. It is usual for Protestants to inveigh loudly against the confessional as liable to actual or possible abuses of the gravest kind, but how thoroughly the Church of Rome has understood the problem of reaching individual souls is shown by the practice of the extremest revivalist preachers, who frequently invite those of their congregation who feel anxious or doubtful about their salvation to have a private conference with them. Thus the ultra-Protestant agrees with the Roman Catholic that conversation, the intimate and personal dialogue between spiritual teacher and pupil, is the best and surest way to promote religious knowledge.

Nor is the use of conversation in religion confined to these most solemn moments. How can the mother teach her child, the father his growing son, the teacher his pupil, in things moral and spiritual, how can he wean him from what is trivial or base to what is serious and noble, how can he gradually probe and draw out his higher nature by any other process than by constant friendly, encouraging, stimulating talk, making the youthful mind blossom out in answer and in argument, meeting its objections, respecting its difficulties, soothing its ebullitions, feeding its higher aspirations? There is one youth in a thousand whose spirit can be influenced by the mere reading of books. The mass of men can only be worked upon by the personal contact of another mind, and that personal contact can only be obtained by constant, serious, affectionate conversation.

In these manifold and far-reaching employments it is however not an end, but a means, and therefore did not come into the theory where conversation as such was only considered. It may be here added that as a means of knowledge it is not only in most cases necessary, but in the remainder preëminent above other means by its insinuating, seductive, subtle influence. Under the guise of recreation, under the cloak of banter, the sympathetic talker will sow his seed. The ancients have shown us one of the greatest examples in Socrates, the philosopher who never wrote down a word of

his system but who nevertheless created all the subsequent schools by the force of his personality, manifested in constant and stimulating conversations. We have two accounts of this eminent man from his intimate pupils, one from Xenophon, a man of the world, who turned the training he had received to practical life, the other Plato, a man of the academy, who clothed his own high thinking in the form of Socratic conversations. We know from these trustworthy sources that Socrates would not even give a continuous lecture; he insisted upon question and answer; he desired that every one present should take part, should contribute, should show that he was attending and thinking. If modern teachers were more alive to this method, if they modeled their lessons on the pattern of the old Greek master, we should have less cramming, less dull "making up" of books, less dead knowledge, but more living thought.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO HORTICULTURE.

BY DAVID B. ALSTED.

THE obligations we owe to horticulture in its broadest sense are new every morning and fresh every evening, not to say anything about the midday meal, which is also made up largely of the fruits of the field, orchard, and garden. If it were possible for one to be transplanted back in time to the dawn of civilization, or, more exactly speaking, to the days when mankind fed upon the products of vegetation as they were found in the natural condition, it would be strikingly evident that much has been done to improve the crops that now feed the world. In short, the better races of the human species would not fare well, even if they could exist, should the native forms suddenly take the places of the various kinds of cultivated plants.

The systematic growing of various groups of plants falls under several heads, none of them very distinct from each other, and therefore the term horticulture as used in the heading of this paper stands generally for plant culture, and this may include agriculture (field culture), floriculture (flower culture), sylvaculture (forest culture), of which there is far too little in this country, and a long list of cultures from viticulture (grapes) to agariculture (the growing of mushrooms).

The number of species of plants that have been subjects in the molding hands of the horticulturist are among the thousands, but so far as food products are concerned only a few hundred. It is not the place here to attempt an enumeration and the writer must be content, in the short space at his disposal, with giving some idea, of course general, of the changes that have been effected in plants through the processes of culture. It is doubtless true that some plants possess greater possibilites than others as food plants for man, just as certain species of animals seem to have been designed specially for service. It is, so-to-speak, as natural for the wheat to yield grain as the pig to lay on fat, and the beet to become large-rooted as the sheep to be covered with a textile material. Cows are for milk and horses for strength and speed, while certain plants are rich in starch, as the potato and the corn, and others have their seeds covered with long hairs that yield our cotton or produce seeds that are rich in meaty substances (beans) and cause their culture and improvement to be a profitable industry.

As a rule the plant itself suggested to man in the early days of his development the particular product for which it might be grown, and if it were the purpose here to trace the history of cultivated plants it would be shown that the first step from the wild state was the locating, fencing in, or in some way declaring ownership of certain wild plants. Following this was the partial exclusion of the undesirable plants from the area chosen, and this protection and stimulus in themselves were causes for further development. No one kind of plant can be

good for everything, for one quality often excludes the possibility of another, as for example superiority for heavy draught precludes high speed in a horse. If one grows a certain crop for the closely condensed tender leaves that compose the so-called "heads," as in the cabbage, he must forego the idea at the same time of producing the choicest blossoms for buttonhole bouquets. In like manner the turnip produces its most valuable product below ground and is not grown either for its fruit or as a shade tree. These remarks seem absurd at once but the serious thought is that among cultivated plants there is a great division of labor, and those persons who have had the most to do with developing our choicest fruits and flowers were impressed with the fact that they must as a rule work for a single end in any one species of plant.

It has been seen that the plant in the wild state gave the hint and upon that man has acted, and the results are seen wherever a field of grain yellows for the harvest in the summer sun, an orchard is fruited deep in autumn, or a bed of pansies turns its bright face-blooms toward the morning light.

The world's debt to horticulture is truly great and the writer realizes his own inability to make the reader feel his obligations in the matter, because of its vastness and constancy. A person does not weigh and measure his indebtedness for the air he breathes each moment or the sunshine that bathes him in floods of gold. It therefore remains to show something of the progress that has been made in the culture of plants and to point out however briefly some of the methods by which the improvements have been effected.

Horticulture as its name indicates is garden culture as distinguished from agriculture, which is the culture of the field. Farm crops are agricultural and all others are conveniently placed under horticulture, and those of the orchard are considered as among the leading ones. It is therefore to our purpose to consider horticultural methods as they are met with in the orchard. The list of fruits that are grown for the table is a long one and the mere mention of them by name would fill several lines of this printed page.

As the apple heads the list alphabetically arranged it may be well to glance at it as a type for all the others. This fruit has been cultivated for more than four thousand years and grows wild throughout Europe south of the Caucasus Mountains. That improvements have been made in it goes without saying, and one only needs to contrast a fair specimen of a standard sort with the small, tough, and bitter natural fruit of our wild species to be struck with the advances made.

The writer is appalled at the task before him in attempting to treat of apple culture in a paragraph. It is a vast subject in itself; to it millions have given a large part of their lives and upon it many persons have left the impress of their best thought through long years. Instead of the worthless wild fruits there are thousands of cultivated sorts, each with its distinct characteristics and its own individual history, long or short. Before me lies Downing's "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," with its thirteen hundred pages, giving descriptions of apples from A to Z (Abbott to Zoar). Some are large, some are small, some are early and some are late, some are sweet and some are sour — seemingly enough for all and of qualities sufficiently varied to suit every one. It almost makes one's mouth water at the sight of these hundreds of kinds tastefully arranged upon plates at a horticultural show. So attractive are they that one may naturally forget all the pains that it has required to bring them to such perfection. If space permitted it might be shown how the seeds were sown in nursery rows and afterward the sorts desired were budded or grafted upon the stocks, and how still later the nursery trees were set in orchards where they needed almost daily care.

A pause might be made here to enlarge upon the fact that the growth to perfection of fruits is attended with an almost constant strife against their enemies. It would seem as if the artificial development of certain parts of plants as found in our field, orchard, and garden crops rendered those parts more than ordinarily susceptible to attacks

of various blights and insect foes. A volume could be filled with the descriptions of the worms, beetles, flies, rusts, molds, mildews, blights, and the like, that infest the orchard and render apple-growing not only a high art but a warfare in which the spraying pump is one of the weapons by means of which when loaded with compounds of arsenic and copper the insidious enemies are kept in check. More than this it might be interesting to consider the complicated structure of the flower and show how the beneficial insects are needed to carry the pollen from one bloom to another to make it possible for fruit to follow the flower. Still further it would be interesting to show how by this process a cross can be secured between two sorts, and a new variety obtained that possibly may so combine the superior qualities of both parents as to be more valuable than either. In short there is a breeding of apples in the same sense as there is of horses or sheep and for the same end; namely, the improvement in them of the qualities for which they receive attention.

While America may well be proud of her apples, as they bring the highest prices in the markets of the world, it is our grapes that may well make us still more exultant. The apple came into use from the Orient, an ancient fruit even in the early colonial days, but the grapes of our vineyards are largely of our own making. Our climate is unfavorable to the growth of the foreign grapes, and their culture, after repeated failures out of doors, is now confined to the greenhouse save in the sub-tropical sections of the country. For our vineyards it was necessary to start with the native grapes, of which there are several species. If we indulge a trifle in history just here it may be stated that a grape discovered growing wild by a gardener to William Penn and afterward bearing his name (Alexander) began the systematic growing of American grapes with the opening of the eighteenth century. The older readers may remember when the Isabella was the leading variety of grape. The introduction of this sort of grape brings us to the beginning of our own century. The Isabella and the Catawba were the leading varities a half century ago. Just what blood flows in the veins of the Catawba is not well known; possibly in the attempts to grow the foreign grapes in this country may be reason enough to account for the strong suspicion of European parentage in part.

To-day, while the Concord is styled "the grape of the million," there are many other varieties that have a better flavor. Of late there has been a fondness for the so-called "white grapes" and the Niagara and a long list of this group have been introduced and grown so that it is no unusual thing in the city markets to see grapes of a dozen tints of amber, black, and green displayed side by side. The best of all is that they are grown so abundantly that this truly American fruit is within the reach of every one.

In the production of this fruit there are many points of culture that have been worked out after much careful experimentation, particularly the methods of pruning and exposing of foliage and fruit upon the trellis. The viticulturist has learned much in recent years concerning ways and means of combatting the black rot, the mildew, and a whole host of other fungus diseases and can put his choicest products within the reach of all. Surely in grapes alone the world's debt to the viticulturist is very great.

If we should at harvest time visit the large peach orchards of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, or, further west, the peach belt of Michigan there would be no question about this Oriental (Chinese or Persian) fruit being a factor in the orchard industries of our country. From the standpoint of esthetics it represents the type of beauty in fruits and gastronomically considered it never fails to give a maximum of satisfaction. When the crop fails, as all realize is too frequently the fact, there is a species of mourning that is sensible when the news is spread by the public press that the frosts have done their deadly work. It is a sad but certain testimony to the greatness of the debt the world owes to this branch of horticulture.

And so the whole range of orchard fruits could be gone through, forgetting not those

sub-tropical forms grouped together under the generic term of Citrus fruits. For beauty nothing surpasses the fruit-laden trees of an orange grove save the fragrance and charm of the blooms that preceded. Should the frosts cut off the Florida and California crop of lemons we find consolation in the certainty of the groves in Sicily and the border states of the Mediterranean. While letting our thoughts in passing reach out to the tropics with its wealth of fruits and nuts, a few only of which reach the northern markets, as the date, fig, pomegranate, banana, pineapple, and cocoanut, we will return to a small, humble, prostrate plant that has endeared itself to every lover of deliciousness. Of it a noted divine once said—and he was quite a horticulturist, by the way—"The Lord might have made a better fruit, but he did not."

The horticulturist finds much of interest in the strawberry as related to his art. It is one of these garden fruits that come into bearing quickly and the one who is striving for new and improved sorts need not resort to grafting upon trees of fruit-bearing age, as in case of the orchard fruits generally. He can mix the blood of two species and within two seasons is able to gain a good idea of what the result is to be from the standpoint of productiveness, quality, and the like. Also it is a plant that propagates very rapidly by means of its runners, so that when once a choice kind is produced it is soon easy to have enough plants to set out an acre. In many other ways the strawberry differs from ordinary fruits. The botanist finds in it an instance where the fruit, strictly speaking, is not edible but are numerous minute single-seeded fruits scattered over the surface or sunken in small pits of a fleshy, not to say delicious, receptacle. In short we eat the dry fruits and crack them between our teeth for the sake of the pulpy environment, being thankful, nevertheless, for the possibilities which the horticulturist has found and developed in this luscious receptacle. In briefly disposing of this earliest and to many best of all our fruits it may be only fair to it and to the strawberry experts to remind the young readers that they enjoy in the matter of perfection and plentifulness of this fruit what their grandparents not even dreamed of. In short the improvement in the fruit, although great in many ways, has been closely followed by a growing sentiment that any one with ordinary land can enjoy the pleasure of raising and eating his own strawberries. This feeling that fruit-growing need not be confined to the few is one of the large debts that the world owes to horticulture.

There is space for only a glance at the market garden and its long list of vegetables. If we glance at beans alone what progress has been made! Instead of the tall poles and straggling pods the bush sorts stand in close rows showing scarcely other than golden wax fruits—at least in the gorgeous seedsmen's catalogues. Some of our college graduates are employed by the seed firms to combine qualities and make improved sorts, so that truly it may be said that a few persons at least are beginning to "know beans."

But a word must be said about the tomatoes. Our grandmothers raised a few plants in the yard grounds and placed the small, rough, red fruits upon the mantel as ornaments, calling them love apples and pronouncing their seedy, watery contents poisonous. Now tomatoes are not only eaten but there is no end to the ways they come upon the table, and at all seasons of the year. The writer can well remember when the bulk of the fruit of the garden plants was cut off by the frost and only picking saved them. Future generations may look back to us and remark that we did not know what tomatoes were or how to grow them. This may prove true, for we should not be so conceited as to hold to the view that we are nearing the end of progress in this line of horticulture. Only a few months ago the writer was informed by a tomato breeder that he had put a beautiful blush upon a yellow sort and believed that some day he could place tomatoes upon the market that would vie in beauty if not in flavor with the choicest rareripe peaches. I am not so sure, but

already the tomato has gained such a foothold in the culinary department of the world's people that for general usefulness it stands ahead of the peach. Imagine the dismay if the tomato crop should fail! We are indebted to a long line of tomato breeders who with pollenizing kits of tools and pruning knives have blessed the world with large, smooth, solid fruits that come true to seed, and abundantly, every year.

Thus far the debt we owe to horticulture has been glanced at entirely from the side of food production. This perhaps should come first, but there are many other views to be taken and this paper should not be closed without a word in connection with hygiene. It is not contended that the orchard and garden furnish bone and sinew, so-to-speak, of our food stuffs. Our bread and our beef come from the farm; but there is great need for those lighter articles of diet that come to the table as fruits or vegetables. They are the more palatable portions of our diet and being so argues their importance from the standpoint of hygiene. No lengthy plea is needed, for it is borne out by statistics that the fruit-eating people are the healthier.

But there is another phase of this whole subject, namely the healthfulness of the exercise, mental as well as physical, that is needed in the growing of orchard and garden crops. The advances in horticulture have increased the range of products as to fruitfulness and profits of the same, not to forget the lively interest in the practical operations of the art. In short, advancing horticulture makes the people healthier not only by producing a longer list of fruits and vegetables for the table but by inducing many to exercise more in the open air. For the half sick and the semi-invalid often nothing could be better than an acre of fruit and garden plants among which to live and grow strong.

Then there is the flower garden deserving a whole paper by itself. This is the poetical side of horticulture. The progress here has been more than great, and new societies of growers of roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, etc., are being formed each year. The reader may have visited some of their floral shows. Floriculture makes the world more beautiful and our debt in this direction cannot be easily estimated.

Enough has been hinted at in this paper to lead the reader to the conviction that every person every day is placed under obligations to the great array of earnest men who have tamed the wild plants of the earth by training them for special service, some to yield fruits, others vegetables, and others flowers, and of the kinds that add to the blessings of a cultured humanity.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF THE BALLOT.

BY LEE J. VANCE.

AS this is a presidential year it may not be amiss to call attention to the subject of voting. There are many interesting facts connected with the ballot which it is well sometimes to remember, and in its growth it has taken such varied forms as to make a suggestive study.

In those good old days when all civilized peoples were ruled by kings there was not much need of a ballot. An independent, self-governing tribe like the ancient Germans was satisfied with *vivâ-voce* voting. The Jews, before they had kings, were more or less a self-governing people. However, their theory of government consisted in putting everything in the hands of God, and strictly speaking it was a theocracy. So that if a public officer had to be elected he was named by the priest or prophet, who was God's representative.

Another method was to cast lots, and it was calculated that God would send the right lot to the right man. Sortilege, or the casting of lots, was practised among ancient heathen peoples as well as the Jews. The use of the lot received divine sanction,

as in the story of Achan related by Joshua. Later on the practice fell into the hands of the sorcerer, the name signifying lot-taker. But before taking a vote it was customary to offer up a prayer. In the mouth of the sorcerer the prayer became a mystic incantation, or magic formula.

Now there are good reasons for believing that our modern custom of "counting-out" is simply a survival of sortilege, or divination by lot. Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, who has made a study of this subject, thinks he has proved that the counting-out rhymes and doggerels which are found all over the world are relics of the spoken charms used by sorcerers in ancient times in conjunction with their mystic incantations. Curious indeed it seems that when our children, wishing to choose who is to be "it," begin with,

> "One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
> Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John," etc.,

they are "repeating in innocent ignorance the practices and languages of a sorcerer of a dark age," and yet such is probably the fact.

There were several different ways of voting in ancient Greece. The use of a pebble was one means; the show of the hands was another, and often officers were appointed by lot. The Greek ballot was originally a pebble; a perforated one for a "no" and a whole one for a "yes" vote. Sometimes a stone was used, and it was simply dropped into a "yes" or "no" box, or receptacle of some kind. Such was the kind of ballot used in enacting laws and in courts where there were a number of judges.

When the Greeks chose officers by lot the voters used white and black beans. It is said that those who were chronically hungry for office were called "bean-eaters." But the Greek idea of dividing the offices was a simple one. Every citizen of the state was supposed to be good enough for almost any office, and every one was considered to have an equal show. It was perhaps a more impartial way of dividing the spoils than the modern method of giving them to the victors of a party fight.

The Greeks used the secret ballot to vote against certain men. It was never employed to vote for candidates, as in modern times. When factional spirit ran high, and a leader was growing too strong, it was regarded as the right thing to order a vote of exile. Whereupon each citizen wrote a name on an oyster shell and put this vote secretly into the box. If there was a sufficient majority against him the leader was obliged to leave the state for ten years. Sometimes this peculiar institution, called ostracism, did not work right. As classical scholars will remember, on a certain important occasion lightning failed to strike either of the prominent leaders, but hit a comparatively inoffensive person. The facts in the case are not as clear as they might be, but we know that soon after this event ostracism fell into disfavor and went out of use.

Just when the ballot was introduced into Roman politics is not known. In the latter days of the Republic the voter cast his vote on a waxen tablet. The tablets were made of wood covered with wax, and were used by the Romans for various purposes, chiefly for writing letters and the like. There were several sizes, none of them large, and one kind, called *pugillares*, was small enough to be held in the partly-closed hand. A sharp iron instrument called a *stilus* was used to make the lines and marks. One end was pointed for scratching on the wax; the other end was flat and was used as an eraser. Two tablets were fastened together with wire, which served as a hinge. When the writer finished his letter he tied his wooden slate by a strong cord, made a knot, and after placing wax on the knot stamped it with his signet ring.

In voting the names of all the candidates were written on this waxen ballot. The Roman voter made holes with his *stilus* in the wax opposite those of his choice and dropped the tablet in the box. In the days of the Empire there was no use of a ballot. The Prætorian Guards, or the army, did most of the voting, and the only safe way to dispute the count was with another army. After the downfall of the Roman Empire voting again came into favor and fashion,

and some curious and cunningly-devised ballot systems were invented during the Middle Ages, especially in the small states and councils of that period.

Undoubtedly the most elaborate system of voting was that in vogue in Venice. The method of choosing a doge was hedged in by an absurd number of details, and the election was really determined by the use of the lot.

When a doge was to be chosen the great council consisting of four or five hundred members was called together. The first thing was to bar out from the proceedings all those below thirty years of age. The names of the rest were written on slips of paper, and then a small boy was called from the street and brought in to draw out thirty names. Of the thirty, nine only could go on with the election. They were allowed to choose forty others, as follows: four of them nominated five each, five of them four each, and then each of the forty had to be confirmed by a two-thirds vote of the nine.

The forty thus selected in their turn cast lots to decide upon twelve names. The twelve in the same way chose twenty-five others, as follows: the presiding officer nominated three, and each of the others two. A three-fourths vote was necessary to elect. Of these twenty-five, nine were taken by lot. The nine in their turn chose forty-five others, of whom eleven were picked out by lot. The eleven in the same way nominated forty-one to choose the doge, and each of the forty-one must be confirmed by a majority vote of the great council.

The forty-one now got down to business. They were locked up together in a big council chamber, and not allowed to have any communication with the outside world till at least twenty-five of them agreed on a doge. There was nothing too good for the forty-one while they were locked up. Each of them could have whatever he asked for, regardless of expense, but all had to be treated alike. Thus it is related that once an elector delayed matters by wanting a copy of Æsop's Fables. His whim was gratified, but not till all the libraries of Venice were searched to find the necessary forty-one copies. At another time one of the electors ordered a rosary, and of course forty-one rosaries were distributed around, and no elector could complain that he had been slighted.

Not so complicated as the Venetian system, but elaborate in its carefulness, is the form of electing a pope. This form has been pursued for more than a thousand years, the chief object being to secure secrecy and independence in the voting.

When a pope is to be elected the members of the college of cardinals are called together. Their right to choose a pope dates back to the time when the parish priests of Rome elected the bishop of the diocese, who was then merely the bishop of Rome. This is the principle still applied to the election of the pope, for the members of the college of cardinals hold their places as titular pastors of parishes within the Eternal City.

The time fixed to elapse before the cardinals assemble and the conclave is closed has been nine days. But this interval was arranged at a time when all the cardinals were within nine days' journey of Rome. How are the American, Canadian, or Australian wearers of the red hat going to reach Rome within the prescribed time? Clearly they are barred out by the present arrangement. The cast-iron rule has been so far relaxed as to allow cardinals who are sick and unable to take the journey to vote by proxy.

The conclave is held usually either in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal, or in the Sistine when in the Vatican. Each cardinal has a separate room, and is allowed to be accompanied by two attendants; so that the *personnel* of the conclave will number about two hundred and thirty persons. All the cardinals are literally walled in their rooms and forbidden to have any communication with the outer world till they have chosen a pope. That is to say, the doors and windows are walled up, and food is passed in to the cardinals by two cylindrical dumb-waiters or wheel boxes.

Before taking a vote the conclave chooses

three *scrutators*, one from each order, and three *infermieri*, who collect the votes of the sick members. There can be an election by inspiration—that is, when "all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate as pontiff unanimously and *vivâ voce*." As a single dissenting voice is fatal to the success of this plan, it would be difficult to name a pope who has been elected by acclamation.

The usual method is to take a ballot every morning, followed by another in the afternoon or evening. Each cardinal receives a paper ballot, about four inches long and three inches wide. Each one writes his name in the upper part, the name of the candidate he favors in the middle part, and some motto from Scripture in the lower part. He folds it over so as to conceal his signature, and seals it with a seal not known to the *scrutators*.

There is a large table in the center of the room, upon which are two gilded vases —one chalice-shaped for the ballots cast, the other pyx-shaped for the ballots when counted. The votes of the cardinals absent through illness are kept in an ebony box, under lock and key. Going to the center table each cardinal deposits his ballot in the chalice-shaped vase, repeating at the same time this formula: "*Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu praestabo.*"*

Voting over, the first *scrutator* takes the ballots from the vase one at a time, opens it only so far as to read the motto, passes it to the second, who enters the vote opposite the candidates names, and passes it to the third, who reads it aloud. If there is not a two-thirds majority the ballots are burned, and the smoke tells the waiting crowd outside that there is no election. Some one has suggested that the discolored condition of Michael Angelo's famous painting of the "Last Judgment" on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is due to the frequent burning of the ballots in the many elections held in that historic part of the Vatican. When any candidate receives the necessary two thirds the sealed signatures are opened. If everything is all right, the result is announced to the waiting public.

Looking at the ballot as used by common mortals, and coming down to this century, a few interesting things may be noted. It does not appear that the modern Greeks have improved much on the voting system of their fathers. A little lead ball is the regular ballot in Greece at the present day. There is a box for each candidate, divided into two compartments. The voter goes from box to box, puts his hand into a funnel, and unseen drops his ball into the "yes" or "no" side. There does not seem to be any check against the voter's casting his ballot for more than one party.

The Hungarian ballot of thirty years ago is a most interesting specimen of the kind. It was simply a stick from four to six feet long. There was a room containing a number of ballot boxes, each bearing the name and color of a candidate. The voter went alone into this room and placed his stick in the box for or against the candidates. This method of voting by sticks has now been replaced by the use of printed slips of paper.

In Great Britain voting for members of the House of Commons was for a long number of years *vivâ voce*. The voter walked up to the polling place and cast his vote by calling out the name of his candidate or candidates. The vote thus announced was then and there registered in the polling-book. The whole system of voting in England has been changed within a comparatively recent period. In order to secure secrecy and independence of voting, the ballot and other reforms were introduced in the year 1872.

Our own system of voting was at first the same as the English. In colonial days and even after the adoption of the Constitution *vivâ-voce* voting obtained in a few of the states. It may not be generally known that, while our fathers did a great deal of talking and writing about voting, as a matter of fact very few of them availed

*"The Election of a Pope," by William Roscoe Thayer, in *The Century* for May.

themselves of the privilege. Prof. Franklin Jameson has shown that in voting upon constitutions in 1778, 1779, and 1780 the total vote in Massachusetts amounted to about five per cent of the population, although sixteen per cent possessed the franchise; in voting for governor in 1780 about three per cent of the population participated, and in the next six years about two per cent. In the last decades of the colonial period about six per cent of the white people of Virginia voted at the elections for the House of Burgesses. "We may not feel justified," says Professor Jameson, "in adopting the boast of Sthenelus that we are far better than our fathers, but we certainly vote much more than they did."

This peculiarly American habit of wanting to "vote early and often" has been the means of developing the most complete ballot system ever known. In order to "get out the vote" political wire-pullers devised ingenious schemes to "beat the ballot," and unfortunately they succeeded. There were "tissue ballots" and frauds of various kinds. They led to the introduction by law of the Australian ballot system, which is too well known to require much description. This system has been adopted in the United States, in England, and in many of the continental countries.

One of the leading features of the Australian system is the "official ballot." The tickets to be voted are prepared, printed, and distributed by the central or local government. In some of the states it is made a crime for any one to have an official ballot outside of the polling place. The common method is to arrange the candidates in a column, beginning with the most important office. There is a small blank space opposite each candidate's name for the voter to indicate his choice by a pencil or other mark. At the head of the column is printed the name of a political party, or perhaps a device, such as an eagle or a rooster. When the names of all the candidates for all the offices are put on one ticket it is called a "blanket ballot"—a very appropriate term to describe the big sheet of paper, often twelve inches wide and twenty inches long. Even this did not suit some politicians, and so we had "paster ballots," which could be stuck over the official ballot.

In order to make voting more correct ballot machines have been invented. There are several of these in use in the states, where they are legalized by acts of the legislature. The Myers machine, which may be taken as an example, is an iron-covered frame about seven feet high, divided into two compartments—one for the voters and the other for the counters. The voter goes alone into his compartment and pushes a knob opposite the name of the candidate he wishes to vote for. This counts one vote for the candidate on the dial in the other compartment, and at the same time locks all the other knobs of all the other candidates for the same office. And so for the candidates for the other offices. When the voter retires the knobs are ready for the next person. Voting over, the inspectors unlock the counter compartment and find the totals recorded on the different dials, and the result of the election can be tabulated within a very few minutes.

The question has been raised as to whether machine voting was voting by ballot. The New York constitution now provides for lawful use of any voting-machine system that secures secrecy of ballot. In former days the campaign orators and poets were fond of likening the paper ballot to

> "A weapon that comes down as still
> As snowflakes fall upon the ground."

But it looks as if the ballot of the future would be by a machine voting system.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLORS.

BY DR. SELLE-BRANDENBURG.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

FOR our century, with its rapid strides in art and science, has been reserved the honor of solving the problem of how to photograph colors in nature by the means of light. As early as the year 1810 Mr. Seebeck, professor in the Jena University, made the wonderful discovery that muriate of silver introduced among the gay colors of the spectrum usually assumed the colors with which it was in contact; that is, in the blue and red parts of the spectrum. This peculiar phenomenon thus gave a clue to the way in which a color reproduction of an object might be made by means of the light reflected from that object. One needed only to use in place of the ordinary sensitive plate of the photographic camera a substance sensitive to light which was capable of assuming sufficiently well the colors with which it was brought in contact and there one would have on the plate the reproduction of an object in its natural colors.

Even after muriate of silver was known to possess this peculiar characteristic neither Seebeck nor John Herschel, who decades later (1840) followed up Seebeck's experiments, succeeded in photographing more than a few colors of the spectrum. Edmond Becquerel's labors, continued with untiring industry from 1849 to 1855, were the first to yield better results, and Becquerel actually reproduced exactly the wonderful colors of the spectrum, on his silver plate, which had been covered electrically with muriate of silver in fine particles. But these color pictures were of a very perishable nature. As soon as the color plate was exposed to daylight, the glory of the colors changed to a tame grayish black, and all attempts were unavailing to arrest further action of the light by the so-called fixatives used in black photography, without spoiling the colors.

The next to undertake the problem was Niepce de Saint-Victor, nephew of Nicephore Niepce, one of the coinventors of photography, but he met with no better results. At last, in 1865, Poitevin succeeded in retaining on paper a few pictures of objects in their natural colors; still the colors were unpronounced and all of the pictures were pervaded with a disagreeable golden brown tint.

Poitevin's work was taken up by Zenker in Germany and improved upon. It was Zenker who first produced a theory to account for this wonderful color phenomenon. He described it as a condition produced by the interference of rays of light in the layer of muriate of silver—on the same principle as the beautiful colors are formed in a soap bubble or in a polished mussel-shell. The correctness of this theory was later abundantly proved by Weiner's experiments in Strasburg and by Lippmann's researches.

After several investigators, among them Veres in Klausenburg and Krone and Kopp in Munich, had continued experimentation in this line with little more result, suddenly at the beginning of 1891 came the astonishing news that fortune had again favored a French scholar, Professor Lippmann in Paris, who not only had reproduced the colors of the spectrum in their natural glory but also, what none of his predecessors had succeeded in accomplishing, had made them permanent. Lippmann arrived at the magnificent result of proving conclusively Zenker's theory that the interference of the rays of light is a necessary condition of colors. This he did by having his sensitive plate as nearly transparent as possible and placing it in his photographic camera directly opposite a reflecting quicksilver plate.

The photographs of the spectrum ob-

tained in this way were indeed brilliantly beautiful, but when they tried to perpetuate the mixed colors, that is the colors formed by a blending of the several spectrum colors, the task seemed hopeless—even in the best photographs of this kind, those obtained by Doctor Neuhauss in Berlin.

Meanwhile much better results, at least in regard to mixed colors, were obtained by a wholly different process. This process, in contrast to the above direct method of obtaining the colors through light itself, must be called indirect, because it requires the application of artificial coloring substances. From the start the process is both subjective and objective. The former, which only projects on the eye a subjective picture like a mirage, I will here touch on but briefly. It depends on the three prime color images which the Helmholtz theory, to be mentioned later, requires to impress on the retina of the eye, not objectively, but only subjectively; that was done as follows: by the use of red, green, and blue glass, called light filters, placed before the camera three ordinary black photographic pictures of the same object were made on glass, and by placing these back of their proper light filters they were made to show in their natural colors. Then these three pictures placed side by side were so projected on the eye by a peculiar apparatus that the impressions they made on the retina of the eye overlapped each other. Ives had tried to obtain this effect by three magic lanterns and in his photochromoscope by means of proper mirages.

In later times Joly simplified the same experiments in an ingenious manner. He separated the light filters like those described above into fine parallel strips and shoved them together so that a red, a green, and a blue strip were close beside one another. So by means of this one striped plate, comprising in itself the three other light filters, he preserved the three prime color pictures thrown on a single plate together; and by placing his color-striped plate behind the black glass positive he obtained really beautiful pictures in natural colors.

If we turn now to the objective method of photographing objects in their natural colors by means of artificial coloring materials I shall have to anticipate the knowledge as well as the theory of it as I worked them out in 1890. We shall have to go back to the question, What principally causes the colors? Of course we know that the white daylight strikes the object which we see, that one part of it is absorbed and the other reflected so that it reaches the eye and yields a colored picture of the object. Thus, for example, we see carmine red, because of the colors red, green, and blue of which the white light is composed the green and blue are absorbed and only the red reflected. Grass looks green because it absorbs red and blue from the daylight and reflects only the green. The *lapis lazuli* looks blue because it absorbs red and green and reflects blue. Thus we see all objects only in those rays of white light which are reflected by them.

On these premises we can obtain the color picture of an object not only directly, by preparing a sensitive plate, as above described, which will assume the colors of the rays of light falling on it, but also indirectly, by applying on a white surface artificial coloring matters corresponding in all points to the object, in such quantity and of such quality that the absorption from the white surface which takes place shall be equal to the absorption by the object in question from the white daylight.

If, for example, we wish to copy a red ray of light, according to the first, the direct method, we must have a substance sensitive to light, which assumes the color red whenever it comes in contact with a red ray of light. According to the second, the indirect method, we may arrive close to the same result by having absorbed from a white ground surface through artificial coloring materials approximately the same quantity of green and blue as the red ray itself absorbs from the daylight. When the unabsorbed quantities of light reflected to the eye are equal the ray of light and its picture will look the same color.

But how shall we determine the kinds and quantities of light which we must take away at its various points from the white of our hypothetical picture surface in order to reproduce the object in its natural colors?

According to the Young-Helmholtz theory, in spite of the enormous quantity of color-shading which we observe daily in nature the retina of our eyes perceives only three prime colors: a red, a green, and a blue violet. All other color sensations are made up in the consciousness from these three prime colors. For example, yellow is a combination of the sensations of prime red and green; light blue, of green and blue; rose, of blue and red; white, a harmony of equal quantities of red, green, and blue color sensations. Intermediate colors result from a combination of sensations of the prime colors in varying intensity. Thus in orange the red is strong, the green weak; in bright green the red is weak, the green strong; in dark green the green is strong, the blue weak; in lilac the red is weak, the blue strong; in purple the red is strong, the blue weak. When all three color sensations are united in varying intensities, there results such a large number of combinations of different tints that we can easily account in this manner for all the innumerable color-shadings.

According to the Helmholtz theory the eye dissects every picture which is formed on the retina into three single colors: a red, a green, and a blue; these three are reunited in the consciousness into one composite color picture.

Thus we have come to a conclusion as to what kinds of light we must have absorbed in our above-mentioned hypothetical picture plates in order to bring out before our eye the same impression as the object made on it. We only need to take from all points of our white picture plate the same quantity respectively of red, of green, and of blue as the object absorbs from the daylight in order that the same amount of red, green, and blue may be reflected to the eye from the picture as is reflected by the object itself.

How shall we take away the red, green, and blue? That is easy to answer. We know that our coloring material possesses in a superior degree the quality of absorbing certain kinds of light from the white light and of reflecting the others as a single color, if opaque, or if transparent of letting them pass through as a single color. Naturally we can use only the transparent coloring materials because we wish to place one above another and that of course with the end in view that one coloring material always shall absorb only one color and allow both the others to pass through it.

Thus in order to take away the red we choose a transparent, red-absorbing coloring material, which is blue; to take away the green, a transparent, green-absorbing coloring material, which is rose; and finally in order to take away the blue, a transparent, blue-absorbing coloring material, which is golden yellow.

Once clear on the color and texture of the coloring materials we need only to determine the quantity and location where we must apply them to our white picture plate. Here let us simply explain how to obtain the photographic negative of our picture to be copied:

First of all we take three colored glasses, called light filters, which conform to the Helmholtz prime colors, one allowing only red to pass through it, a second only green, and a third only blue. These we place successively before the object glass of our camera which projects the picture of the object to be copied, and we have in the camera successively three prime color pictures such as our retina reports them. Now we take these three pictures by the ordinary photographic method and so obtain three prime negatives of the object. In the first negative we find developed only the red, in the second only the green, in the third only the blue light rays of our object. As you know now the photographic plates become black (in the treatment with certain chemicals) where light has affected them; therefore the black places in the negatives show exactly where the red, green, and blue light beams of our object were reflected, while the white places show just as accurately that here no light was reflected, that

is, that here the object had absorbed all corresponding light from the white daylight. Therefore here we must apply our absorbing coloring materials, that is we simply copy our red negative in the red-extracting (light blue) color on our white plate, copy over that the green negative in the green-extracting (rose) color, and finally over that copy the blue negative in the blue-extracting (yellow) color.

If these three copies on the white surface succeed in covering it, we have at all points of our picture surface the same quantity and quality of light absorbed from the white of the plate as the object itself absorbs from the white daylight, —that is, we have preserved in the picture the same color impressions as are given by the object.

The practical result of this theory then simply is: in order to photograph an object in its natural colors one must prepare three imprints of the picture—one behind a rose, the second behind a green, and the third behind a blue light filter; then one must copy the negative in transparent colors complementary to their light filters, and in such manner that the copies cover a white picture plate.

The following example will illustrate the theory. Let us take the picture of a color table which has a field each of white, of red, of green, of blue, and of black. In the first place we get three negatives. I. (Fig. A) shows black only where the red beams of the white field (1) and of the red field (2) have passed through the red light filter. This filter does not allow green, blue, and black to pass through it, so the plate remains unchanged here. Negative II., taken behind the green filter, for the same reason shows the effect of light only in the white (1) and green (3); therefore the plate is blackened in these places. Finally, negative III., taken behind a blue filter which allows only the light rays of white and blue to pass through it, shows black only in 1 and 4.

Now we copy I. in light blue (Fig. B), II. in rose, III. in yellow, and place these positives over one another in Fig. C; first put II. on I., now 4 and 5, of green+blue and red+blue (red and green on the contrary do not pass through, but remain), placed together=blue. Finally when we place III. on II. and I., 2 of rose and yellow=red+blue and red+green=red, 3 of light blue and yellow=green+blue and red+green=green, 4 of light blue and rose=green+blue and red+blue=blue, 5 of light blue and rose and yellow=green+blue and red+blue and red+green=black together.

The practical result of this theory was guessed and proved a long time ago. But

Figure A. Negative.

		Red I		Green II		Blue III
White	1					
Red	2					
Green	3					
Blue	4					
Black	5					

Figure B. Positive.

		I		II		III
White	1					
Red	2					
Green	3					
Blue	4					
Black	5					

Figure C.

		I	(I + II	(I+II+III
White	1			
Red	2			
Green	3			
Blue	4			
Black	5			

COLOR TABLE.

as yet no one observed the strong point set forth by the theory, which determined the right light filters and the right copy colors, otherwise much better result, especially in France, would have been obtained.

France was also the birthplace of this second, the indirect method of making natural colors fast by means of light. The first suggestions were made by Baron von Ransonnet in Austria and Collen in England, while the actual study and elaboration of the problem was accomplished simultaneously in 1869 by Charles Eros and Ducos du Hauron. The latter arrived at the conclusion that by the threefold taking of one object respectively behind an orange, yellow, and blue colored glass and printing the negative with blue, red, and yellow colors, all the color tones could be reproduced. Now according to the above theory these colors are wrong, and consequently error continued in the results which Ducos was enabled to work out in 1873, after Vogel had discovered how to apply to green and red sensitive photographic plates the same method of sensitizing which formerly had been known only for blue sensitive photographic plates. Ducos made another grave mistake in that he reëstablished the positive pictures taken by the so-called pigment treatment in the opaque coloring matters, carmine, Prussian blue, and arsenic yellow, while the theory calls for absolute transparency in these colors.

On these accounts his experiments could not lead to satisfactory results. Afterward, when Albert in Munich worked on the same problem, he placed the plates to be printed by light back of the three negatives, but he also did not obtain the proper color tints. In more recent times (1890) the Ulrich chromolithography came into publicity for its much better grade of pictures obtained on the same principle. His colors were more correct although he did not conform to the theory, for in addition to the three color plates he used a fourth "black" plate to bring out the shadows of the picture; according to the theory this is wholly unnecessary and incorrect.

Vogel improved upon this treatment and succeeded in omitting the fourth plate. The treatment passed into practice as printing in natural colors by means of light, and while the colors ought to be improved it is by far the simplest process. Yet it is impracticable for use by photographers or amateurs because of the great outlay of time and money incidental to the zinc printing plates.

On the plan of the above theory a new copying treatment should be worked out which will correspond nearly to the above principles and may be put into practice easily without special expense and preparation. I have worked at this problem since 1890, and finally after much labor have succeeded in finding a treatment that, according to the results it yields so far, fully warrants a universal introduction. The treatment in question conforms exactly to the above theory.

Three impressions of the same object are taken behind one another, one behind a red, one behind a green, and the third behind a blue glass filter, which must be exactly in correspondence to the Helmholtz theory. The changing of plates and light filters may easily be done by automatic arrangements. The time of exposure is, of course, longer than for the ordinary sitting, the time for taking a portrait with a rapid lens being from fifteen to twenty seconds.

The three negatives then are copied by a special preparation upon three exquisitely thin, transparent films on glass. After an exposure to light these now almost colorless films are developed in certain color baths, so that the pictures on them appear in transparent colors complementary to the light filters used on them. These three are now placed one exactly above the other so as to cover the same surface, which is possible to do with the greatest exactness and without much trouble. The unusually fine film on which the composite color picture that will be a true representation of the object is to be taken may now be applied to glass or easily to other materials, such as paper or porcelain.

JOINING THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

FOR over half a century the question of finding a shorter water route from the Atlantic to the Pacific has agitated two continents, involved at least one country in financial complications, wrecked the fortunes and reputations of thousands of people, and sacrificed the lives of many more in the swamps and lowlands of Panama and Nicaragua. The civil engineer and the scientist have taken up the subject of interoceanic communication where the old navigators left off, and through the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars they promise to realize for all future ages the dream of Columbus and his contemporaries. Japan, Tartary, and India will be brought nearer to Europe than ever before, but another nation, whose foundations were not laid in the days when the hardy navigators first spread their sails upon the unknown waters of the Atlantic, will reap the greatest reward of the accomplishment. Her genius has not been slow to forward the enterprise that will join the waters of the two oceans, and, if future events shape themselves according to present prospects, to her alone will be due the glory of cutting a continent in two in order to facilitate interoceanic traffic.

Commercial interests of the world demand a shorter route between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and no matter how disastrous the failures of a De Lesseps or an Eads may have been in the past there will always be found plenty to take up the work and continue it to its fullest completion. Costly experiments instead of warning others away attract new geniuses to the enterprise. The squandered millions of the trusting poor do not forever shut off the source of money supply ; but the exchequers of two great nations appear ready to-day to pay the expenses of one or more of the great enterprises.

The three great routes that engage the attention of the whole commercial world have advanced to a stage of construction that will make the abandonment of either one a great financial and engineering disaster. The Panama route has so involved France and her citizens in serious complications that the records of the crimes and wasteful expenditures committed in its interests are fresh within the memory of every one. The Tehuantepec route has in recent years been so far overshadowed by the other two that many have forgotten even the name of the great genius inseparably associated with it and the many dollars that were expended to survey and build it. The third route is just now the most popular in this country and is often called the " American route." The interest that the national government has taken in connection with the Nicaragua Canal seems to justify the belief that this route will eventually be completed by Americans, and that the government will hold a controlling interest in its affairs. Already several millions of dollars have been spent on the Nicaragua route, as on the other two, and the abandonment of the work at this stage of its progress would mean the sacrifice of all this wealth.

The three great interoceanic routes are rivals in more senses than one, and it is a great mistake to imagine that either one is abandoned, although active work may be suspended for the present on all three. Their affairs are in a state of transition or settlement. The French government has not lost faith in the Panama Canal in spite of the gigantic failure of De Lesseps, and President Diaz is as fully convinced of the superior advantages of the Tehuantepec route as many Americans are of the Nicaragua Canal. The completion of the three routes may not be expected, but it is difficult to predict which one will be the first into the field. The advocates of each route are not wanting even in this country, but the fact that the American government has been en-

listed in the cause of the Nicaragua Canal seems to warrant the belief that the so-called "American route" will be the first to join the Atlantic to the Pacific midway between North and South America.

The Panama route is the greatest rival of the American, and at present it is the most unpopular because of the gigantic swindles connected with it; but these facts should not blind us to the actual condition of affairs on the isthmus, nor lull us into the peaceful belief that the canal will never recover from the blow administered to it a few years ago. The Panama route was selected by a great engineering genius as the shortest and most feasible one for connecting the two oceans, and the scandalous mismanagement of the company organized to perform the work does not in any way invalidate the original scientific claims of De Lesseps. Expert scientists and engineers have made elaborate reports to the French government since the exposure of the mismanagement of the old Panama Company, and under the direction of the French courts efforts are being made to determine the best steps to complete the canal.

Meanwhile work on the canal has not been abandoned. The expensive plant, consisting of locomotives, locks, shops, houses, machinery, and steam vessels and barges, has not been neglected and allowed to fall into ruinous decay, as some sensational newspapers in this country have represented, but the commissioners of the country now owning all rights to the canal have kept them in excellent repair. Nearly two thousand men are regularly employed upon the canal today, and while the fate of the canal is still undetermined it looks as if the present commission charged with the responsibility of looking into the affairs of the great enterprise is fully cognizant of the feasibility of the route.

The story of the Panama Canal is so well known that its repetition is unnecessary, but for the sake of comparison with the other two routes a description of the route surveyed for the canal may be of interest. The old Panama Company criminally wasted about $100,000,000, and of the $266,000,000 subscribed not more than $150,000,000 were ever expended upon the work of construction. The balance of the funds is in the hands of the French courts, and from these millions of dollars the present laborers and engineers working on the canal receive their salaries. A great part of the $150,000,000 was spent in buying machinery, locomotives, pontoons, steam vessels, barges, houses, machine shops, dredges, and a thousand and one things necessary for the successful prosecution of such a stupendous undertaking. The cost of transporting such machinery to the isthmus was enormous. Another great item of expense was the surveying of the entire route and drawing up maps and plans. All of this work was performed satisfactorily and no new surveys will be needed.

In addition to securing the plant and surveys of the whole route, the old Panama Company actually excavated about twenty miles of the canal. The distance to be completed from ocean to ocean is less than twenty-five miles, although the whole distance will probably have to be gone over again with more or less care. The twenty miles of completed canal extends twenty-eight feet below the sea level, and on both the Atlantic and Pacific coast good harbors for large ships have been completed. The engineering problems are pretty accurately known, for borings have been made on nearly every foot of the route to ascertain the character of the soil. Nevertheless, great engineering and constructional ability will be needed to complete the canal properly, for unexpected problems are likely to arise in spite of the best surveys and tests. Such an obstacle appeared in the creeping of the clays for about a mile along the Culebra summit. But such geological difficulties do not extend so far along the route as many newspapers have represented. When these creeping clays were first discovered it was pretty generally reported that they extended over half the length of the canal, and they were used as material for nearly doubling the cost of the enterprise, while a few doubted if the canal could ever be kept open for navigation as a consequence.

The misstatements regarding the Panama Canal are almost as gross as the misman-

agement of the company's funds, and it is only comparatively recently that trustworthy reports have been made to the public through reliable scientific sources. The commissions appointed by the French courts have made several reports, suggesting modifications of the original plan, and even describing the lock-level system that is now proposed. The third commission will probably make its report within the year, and upon their decision will the future of the canal largely depend. But the fact that work is going on continually on the isthmus seems to justify the belief that the commissioners have faith in the enterprise. According to the recommendations of the second commission appointed about $116,000,000 will be required to finish the canal upon the lock-level plan, and $200,000,000 will be necessary for a sea-level route. It would take at least five or six years to complete the canal after the full amount of capital was pledged.

If De Lesseps was enthusiastic over the construction of the canal across the isthmus another great genius was equally sure that the most feasible plan to solve the interoceanic problem was to construct a great ship railway. De Lesseps' motto was expressed thus in his own words, "A canal at sea level or nothing." Mr. Eads after making an exhaustive study of the isthmus, the nature of the soil, the route to be chosen, and the constructional difficulties wrote to the *New York Tribune*, June 10, 1879, as follows:

"My own studies have satisfied me of the entire feasibility of such transportation by railroad, and I have no hesitation in saying that for a sum not exceeding one third of the estimated cost of the canal, namely, about $50,000,000, the largest ships which enter the port of New York can be transferred, when fully loaded, with absolute safety across the isthmus, on a railroad constructed for the purpose, within twenty-four hours from the moment they are taken in charge in one sea until they are delivered into the other, ready to depart on their journey."

But De Lesseps had his way, and the Panama Canal was projected along the lines suggested by the French genius. Instead of $50,000,000 the company spent $250,000,000, and the canal is still far from being completed. Meanwhile Mr. Eads turned his attention to another project, which, had he lived, might have solved the problem of interoceanic communication long before this.

As far back as 1824 the Mexican government appreciated the commercial value of opening a route between the two oceans, and credit must be given to the republic south of us for being interested in the matter before the sympathies of either the French or American governments had been enlisted in the cause of canal construction.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec lying within the territory of the republic of Mexico was naturally favored by that government, and from the time of granting the first charter in 1824 by Santa Anna to the present day the project has been advocated and advanced by each successive ruler. But Mexico always lacked the capital, and even the engineering ability, to construct a stupendous railroad that could transport the ships of the world from one ocean to another. Its early attempt in 1850 to negotiate with American capitalists for the necessary funds to build the railroad failed. In 1852, however, a most exhaustive survey of the whole route laid out by the Tehuantepec Railroad Company was made under the direction of two Americans, Gen. J. G. Barnard, U. S. A., and J. J. Williams. The reports made by these two men covered the subject in a thorough and scientific manner, and the value of the route to the United States was clearly pointed out.

It was this route that Mr. Eads became interested in after his suggestions regarding a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Panama were neglected, and he found an enthusiastic supporter in the person of President Diaz of the Mexican government. Even to this day the progressive president of the republic has such faith in the railway that he has prosecuted work on the National Railroad with all the vigor that a depleted treasury and a stringent money market could afford, and has confessed publicly that it is his greatest desire to see it completed, with proper terminal facilities, before his death.

The premature death of Mr. Eads in 1887 interfered with the construction of the ship

railroad. Under his directions the most careful surveys and plans were made, and an elaborate description of the international plant, indorsed by prominent engineers throughout the world, was presented to Congress with a bill to obtain a charter, which was made possible through Mexican concessions. But unfortunately for the future of the ship railway the promoters of the Nicaragua Canal had completed their initial surveys and plans about this time, and they presented a similar bill to Congress. The two companies antagonized each other so fiercely that there was little likelihood of either receiving recognition from Congress. Mr. Eads shortly afterward died, and no other American of equal ability and enthusiasm was ready to take his place in advocacy of the Tehuantepec ship railroad as the great American route from ocean to ocean. Since then it has fallen largely upon the Mexican government to construct great harbor and terminal facilities according to the plans and specifications drawn up by the American engineer. Since 1878 Mexico has spent over $16,000,000 in gold and $2,700,000 in silver on the National Railroad route. The present National Railroad of Tehuantepec, now completed, will be of great benefit when the time comes to finish the ship railroad, as an auxiliary line to be used for freight and passengers and for distributing supplies, materials, and laborers along the route of the great ship railway.

Mr. Eads and his fellow promoters obtained concessions in 1881 from the Mexican government, changed and made more satisfactory four years later, in which 2,700,000 acres of land were given to them provided they constructed and operated a ship railway across the Tehuantepec isthmus. They were to operate the railroad for 99 years and have the right of way across the country, and the right to collect tonnage and wharfage dues. The Mexican government further guaranteed that one third of the net revenue of the company for fifteen years would be $1,250,000, and a similar guarantee could be obtained from the United States for the other two thirds. It was to take advantage of these favorable concessions that the promoters of the enterprise petitioned Congress to pass a bill for a charter making a guarantee similar to that of the Mexican government.

As to the possibilities of such earnings on the ship railway an expert of the census office, Mr. Thomas J. Vivian, was directed to prepare statistics for a report upon the probable traffic. This report was published, and the figures clearly justified such a guarantee by the government.

Mr. Eads' proposition that a ship railway was much cheaper to construct and easier to operate seems to be corroborated by all obtainable facts. The cost for maintenance and working the Suez Canal in 1883 amounted to $2,784,869, and both the Panama and Nicaragua Canals would require an immeasurably greater amount than this. The estimated cost of the ship railway across the Tehuantepec isthmus is placed at $60,000,000, and it would be large enough to accommodate vessels weighing 10,000 tons and carrying 7,000,000 tons of freight. The operating expenses would not be more than 50 cents per ton, and by many it is claimed that they would not exceed 30 cents per ton. The Panama Canal has demonstrated the enormous expenditures required for a canal and it remains to see what sum will be needed to construct the Nicaragua Canal.

The terminal facilities for the ship railway designed by Mr. Eads for the Tehuantepec isthmus are on a gigantic scale, and, proportionately, the most expensive part of the undertaking. The docks on both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans are to be provided with enormous steel pontoons with lifting power sufficient to raise the largest ships, with their cargoes, and to place them upon the railroad carriage provided to receive them. The ship carriage is sunk with the pontoons in the harbor under the ship so that the latter can be floated over it. The pontoons are then pumped out, and as they rise the carriage lifts upward until the keel of the ship rests upon the keel blocks and supports provided to receive the vessel. Every support that comes in contact with the vessel is faced with rubber, and adjusted

to the size and shape of the ship by means of hinged joints. As the pontoons are pumped out they rise on a level with the railroad, with the ship properly supported on the carriage, and then the locomotives are coupled on to draw the load across the isthmus to the other ocean. The very opposite process then slowly drops the vessel back into the water, where she proceeds on her journey. The railroad itself is to be built high enough so that rains and floods will never affect its perfect operation, while in the case of either the Panama or Nicaragua Canal interruption may come frequently in the rainy season, and extensive damages be caused by the floods.

Some time since a national commission was appointed by Congress to make a report to that body with reference to the feasibility of the plans proposed by the Nicaragua Company. This national committee has just made its report, and the estimates of the canal company of $69,893,660 required to complete the canal is, in the opinion of the experts of the government, totally inadequate to pay the cost of the great undertaking. The committee's estimate is a little less than $170,000,000, while many experts believe that the cost will ultimately be at least $250,000,000. The physical conditions of the Nicaragua route are less thoroughly known than those of the Isthmus of Panama, and considerable expert testimony is still required to give any construction company an exact knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered.

Like all of the other great interoceanic routes, the history of the Nicaragua Canal is replete with failures, reorganizations, and heavy expenditures before any visible work was performed on the canal itself. Nicaragua granted concessions for the canal in 1889 to the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua. This company was incorporated under an act of Congress in that year, with the provision that an annual report be submitted to the secretary of the interior. This corporation then contracted with the Nicaragua Construction Company to survey and construct the canal, locks, harbors, and docks, and after exhaustive surveys the route was determined upon and actual work begun in October, 1889. The first thing was to build an enormous breakwater at Greytown to protect the mouth of the channel. This breakwater extended a thousand feet out into the ocean, and was built of cement and concrete and filled in with brush and rock. The natural channel was widened and deepened by dredging, and the harbor otherwise improved and protected from the ocean by expensive measures.

Now the present location at Greytown is practically condemned, and the breakwater will either be removed or a new one built. An immense clearing extending ten miles back of Greytown was made through the forest, and a similar clearing of nine miles completed on the other end from Lake Nicaragua. A harbor dock 260 feet long was built, with machine shops, houses, and all modern steam apparatus necessary for prosecuting the work. A railway line was surveyed to Ochoa, twelve miles of it built, and telegraphic communications established over the whole route. Dredging was commenced west of Greytown harbor, and nearly two miles of the canal were excavated to a depth of seventeen feet, and from 150 to 250 feet in width.

According to the terms of the concession granted by the Nicaragua government $2,000,000 were to be expended during the first year of work, and on November 9, 1890, it was officially reported that the company had lived up to its agreements, and concessionary rights for ten years were obtained and confirmed. Work after that proceeded with more or less success, but the financial troubles of 1893 depleted the treasury of the company, and active labor on the canal was suspended for a time. Large payments, however, were required to keep the company's plant in good condition, and in time these expenditures could not be met and a receiver had to be appointed by the United States courts in August of 1893.

The company was reorganized later under the name of the Nicaragua Company, and efforts have been made to interest the United States government in the undertaking. In the reports submitted to Congress by the

Senate's committee the total expenditures of the construction company aggregated $4,451,568. The committee estimated that the cost of the canal would aggregate $100,000,000, including interest on the money, and Congress was recommended to pass a bill to the effect that the United States guarantee $70,000,000 of three per cent bonds to help complete the canal.

This would place the control of the canal's affairs in the hands of the government, which in the event of a war would be an important strategic point. Congress simply decided to appoint a commission of competent engineers to survey the route and report their findings to Congress through the president. This able commission was composed of M. T. Endicott, U. S. N., Col. W. O. Ludlow, U. S. A., and Mr. Alfred Noble. The chief feature of their report is the great increase in the estimates of cost, amounting to nearly $100,000,000 more than the canal company's original estimate—largely due, however, to changes and improvements recommended.

While the Nicaragua route has numerous advocates in this country, there are many others who look upon the enterprise as a very uncertain and unjustifiable expenditure of government money. It has been the experience of all canal constructors in the past that the estimates are always far too small. This is true not only of the Panama Canal but of the Suez Canal, the original estimate of which was $40,000,000 and its cost $115,000,000, and of the Manchester Canal, which will have cost when completed about $80,000,000—double the estimates made.

The Nicaragua Canal passes through a country subject to great rainfalls and violent volcanic eruptions. The problem of controlling the floods at certain seasons of the year will involve considerable engineering ability and probably a large annual outlay of funds. In the event of war the United States would have to control the canal against foreign invasion, and to do this successfully invulnerable forts would have to be stationed at each end. This would be an enormous expense to the government in the event of war, and in times of peace many millions of dollars would have to be spent in preparation for international trouble.

The advocates of the Tehuantepec ship railway claim that this route is more American than the Nicaragua Canal, both in reference to all commercial features and as a strategic point in time of war. The railroad could be controlled much easier than the canal, and it could be made easily accessible from the interior to transport troops and munitions of war to any part of the line. If Cuba should become a part of the United States the whole Gulf of Mexico would practically be held by this country. On the other hand the Carribean Sea is strongly guarded upon every side by British fortresses, and in the event of a war the Nicaragua Canal would be in considerable danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, or at least our war ships could be kept from reaching Greytown harbor by the presence of a powerful fleet that would naturally swarm in this sea. Altogether there are twenty-five islands and countries belonging to Great Britain within the immediate neighborhood of Nicaragua and Panama, and these would guard all approaches to the canal so effectually that our commerce would be ruined in that vicinity.

The value of a great interoceanic canal or ship railway connecting the Atlantic to the Pacific cannot be disputed, and it will not be many years before one of the three great routes will be completed; but it would be hard for any man to predict rightly at this time which will be the successful rival. The problems in either case are manifold, and the expenditures clearly beyond the limit of a private corporation. A nation's credit must be back of the gigantic undertaking, and three great countries are considering the advisability of lending a helping hand. France may, after due consideration, pledge its resources to the work of completing the Panama Canal; the United States is in a promising condition to help the Nicaragua Canal Company in their emergency; while Mexico under the influence of President Diaz has long been anxious to bring about a realization of the dreams of Eads in building the Tehuantepec ship railway.

ALASKA.

BY JOHN G. BRADY.

THE idea of the woman who bought the coffin plate because it was cheap and might be useful sometime seems to have been in Uncle Sam's mind when he purchased Alaska. That the bargain was a good one few will now dispute, though in 1867 all sorts of epithets were flung at Seward and Sumner and those who urged and carried through the purchase. The newspapers, blissfully ignorant of the truth about the country, made sport and cartoons.

The impression made at that time has not yet been effaced. It was deeply cut, for the efforts of twenty-nine years have not planed it out. It was difficult to get Congress to vote the purchase price and it has been difficult to get Congress to do anything for Alaska's welfare since that time. Alaska has not been properly appreciated. Her population and resources are just beginning to be talked about.

Alaska to-day has not the dignity of a territory, it is simply a judicial district, governed by the laws of Oregon that were in vogue before 1884, when what is known as the Organic Act came on the stage, and then too only such laws as are applicable to Alaska, the applicability being left to the judge of the district to determine.

This Organic Act is one of the most remarkable pieces of statesmanship of this century. The men who framed it and carried it through should be ashamed of their narrowness and want of foresight.

Suppose that when Oklahoma was organized the laws of Florida to date had been adopted and imposed by Congress for the government of that new territory and that no provision had been made for local legislation to meet the wants of the people as necessity demanded. Such a proposition would have been hooted by those western boomers. But this is the kind of statesmanship under which Alaska has suffered since 1884.

Alaska is separated from Oregon by a thousand miles, the natives are different in every way from those of Oregon, the Russian-speaking people who chose to remain in Alaska cannot be contrasted with any por-

ALASKA MINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE YUKON.

tion of the population of Oregon. The whites who came and are coming are largely from the East. The more the act is inquired into the more absurd it becomes as a law to govern American citizens in this detached portion of the United States.

When the act was going through Congress a senator who owned a large interest in the Treadwell mines saw to it that the general mining laws were extended; by this means the mining industry has been encouraged and developed in a wonderful manner.

titles before they die. Many who have been here for years are from the East, where they were born and grew up, enjoying all the blessings that our religious, educational, and political institutions offer to all; and while their hearts swell with patriotism to-day upon any threatening of danger to these institutions, they are pained and grieved by this long and persistent neglect of Alaska's welfare.

A district judge, district attorney, marshal, five commissioners, a collector of cus-

INTERIOR OF CHIEF KLART-REECH'S HOUSE, CHILKAT, ALASKA.

The general land laws were not extended. Upon the transfer of the country by Russia twenty-one fee-simple certificates were granted, but since that date no one has been able to lay claim to and perfect his title to a single foot of ground in Alaska. Some who located claims eighteen, twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-eight years ago are still holding on, hoping that the government may extend the laws and that they may make good their

toms, and a number of deputies, together with a governor, are the body of men to enforce and execute the laws.

One law prohibits the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Nine tenths of the criminal cases tried in the courts are directly or indirectly a violation of this law. The officers' hands are tied by the action of one of the departments, for when they try a brewer

for manufacturing beer he comes before the jury and shows the license which the United States internal revenue collector has issued to him and the stamps which he has bought to put on the bung holes of his kegs. The saloon keeper when he is brought up shows his receipts for what he has paid as internal revenue. The jury invariably brings in a verdict, "not guilty." There are six breweries in operation in southeastern Alaska, thirty saloons in Juneau, besides liquor-selling places in Sitka, Fort Wrangell, and Douglas Island. The government is spending money to maintain a court to enforce the Oregon and United States laws over Alaska and so far as the criminal part of the docket is concerned its action is paralyzed by the doings of the internal revenue agents. What the people demand on the part of the government is consistency. What can more forcibly illustrate what Macaulay calls "unwise neglect" than this conflict of action in regard to the liquor laws?

A SHAMAN WORKING HIS SPELLS UPON A SICK MAN.

The natives from Cape Fox to Copper River, on the islands and upon the coast, are improperly called Indians. All with the exception of a few upon the lower part of Prince of Wales Island call themselves Thlinkit. They speak a rather harsh guttural language, have a decided Mongolian cast of face and figure, live in permanent settlements just above high-tide mark, and build large communal houses. They are divided into tribes or clans, each one taking some bird or animal for an emblem, such as the raven, eagle, brown bear, or whale. The

A GRECO-RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS PROCESSION, SITKA.

TWO CANOES RETURNING TO SITKA DURING THE BERRY HARVEST.

members of each totemic tribe regard each other as brothers and sisters.

The Kok-wan-tan tribe is most powerful in many settlements and they have either the eagle or the bear for their badge. Members of the same tribe are not permitted to marry. An eagle must marry a raven. If a raven man marries an eagle woman all the children will belong to the mother's tribe and will be eagles. The idea appears to be to keep property privileges and power as much in the tribe as possible. If a man dies his sister's son may step into the house, take the uncle's place at the fire, own all the property and slaves, even take his uncle's wife for his own. Sometimes a lad of sixteen or eighteen years will be seen with a wife of sixty or seventy years. The old woman will often be proud of her young husband. It is a theory with the Thlinkit that a young man should have an old woman for a wife: he is unschooled in the ways of trade and barter and of conduct generally; she will be his constant and persistent teacher, drawing always from her own fund of observation and experience. When an old man marries he usually selects as young and beautiful a wife as it is possible for him to obtain through family influence and diplomacy.

The woman really enjoys an exalted position among these people. There is nearly always mutual consent concerning the sale or purchase of any object.

The Thlinkit do not now, and it is probable that they never did, worship idols. Their religion has been Shamanism. The sorcerer or shaman is in their tongue called an *icht*. When he was born he had a curly lock of hair, a supernatural sign that he was to be set apart to perform the offices of an *icht*. His hair was never cut; he was not to eat clams, crabs, nor any food gathered upon the beach; he was to live a chaste life, and when he grew to be a strong man he was to undergo an ordeal of an absolute fast for eight days and if he endured he would be possessed by a spirit called a *yake*. Hereafter this spirit would be more to him than ever Ariel was to Prospero.

Before or during the fast he made up a wonderful paraphernalia of masks, necklaces, headdresses, rattles, buckskin aprons, and charms carved out of ivory, bone, and horn, each piece having a deep significance. At the end of his fast he gave a performance around the fire in one of the large communal houses. He would work himself up to a state of frenzy and violence whereby the onlookers would be inspired with a sense of awe and fear. He was looked upon as the home and temple of the spirits which had entered into him. All of his

INDIAN RIVER CANYON FROM PINTA ANCHORAGE, SITKA.

knowledge and power was hereafter completely under the control of the familiar, or *yake*. Up to the advent of the missionaries this power of the shaman seems never to have been called in question nor doubted by any native.

The *yake* never performs a service gratuitously. It is only the well-to-do who seek the aid of the *icht*. If, for instance, a chief is sick and he sends for the sorcerer a fee is tendered, but usually the *yake* tells him it is not enough, for he knows how much property the chief has. After the *yake* is satisfied with the increase of fee the *icht*, making careful preparation, then begins his incantation to overcome and drive out the evil spirits or influences which are overpowering and destroying the sick man. These performances are weird in the extreme. The *icht* may continue for hours, until he is exhausted. If it is some abdominal complaint he may clap the head of a hideously carved monster upon the sore place, then begin to pull and get others to help him haul out the demon; then the *icht* will give a loud puff upon birds' down which he has ready and will command the sick one to arise for he is cured.

The more we know of mental influence over bodily functions the less there is room to doubt that these men wrought astonishing cures in certain kinds of complaints; and doubtless faith in their power was fostered by the fact that the cases of healing would be talked about and remembered while the failures would be thought of in silence and after a while forgotten.

The *yake* is almost but not quite all-powerful. It is right here that his ability to do mischief comes in. In an aggravated case, for instance consumption, he cannot counteract the sinister influences of witches. These beings are ever malignant and no torture or punishment can be too severely dealt out to them. They are believed to go to dead houses and to the carcasses of dogs to get particles which they secretly put into the food of sick persons, finally causing their death.

The *yake* tells the *icht* who the witches are. He makes it known to the family of the sick man. The witch is seized at once, securely bound with leather thongs, and put to torture. The awful cruelty that was constantly practised is too horrible to relate. The most merciful way was to tie the victim to a stake at low tide and let him drown.

These people are now emerging from this black night and are beholding the light which is freeing them from this direful

A BLIND SHAMAN, YAKUTAT, ALASKA.

bondage. There can be no doubt as to the good work which the missionaries have done and are doing for the natives of Alaska.

The waters of Alaska are well stocked with fish. Herring, cod, halibut, and salmon are abundant. The salmon pack of late years has been very large. The owners of the canneries live in California and Oregon. They put all their supplies, Chinese, and fishermen aboard a bark or ship and sail to their canneries, put up thousands of cases, load all on a vessel, and leave about the middle of September. Very little has been done to protect the streams from traps and obstructions so as to allow the salmon an opportunity to spawn. With reasonable freight rates Alaska cod and halibut could be sold in Boston at a good profit to the fishermen. These fish are plentiful all along the coast.

The fur seal fisheries are almost exhausted. England's conduct in regard to these animals is strange, for she has derived more actual benefit from the yearly catch upon the Seal Islands than has the United States. London was the market where the skins were sold, dressed, dyed, and largely made up. This industry gave employment to many of her people. It is truly a case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

The sea otter is not yet extinct. His enemies are ever on the hunt for him as his skin is very valuable. None are ever spared to perpetuate their kind. Females and pups are killed as well as the old males.

The polar, cinnamon, and black bears hold their own well, as do most of the fur-bearing animals upon the land, such as the fox, marten, mink, lynx, and wolverine. The beaver is an exception, as they are rapidly decreasing.

The timber on the coast and islands of southeast Alaska is spruce, hemlock, and cedar. It is abundant but will not have great commercial value for many years. Very much of the lumber now used in Alaska is shipped from Puget Sound. However it is convenient and valuable for all mining purposes.

This is one of the accessories which make a low-grade ore profitable. The mines of

A CHILKAT INDIAN, ALASKA.

A MEETING OF ALASKA MINERS FOR THE TRIAL OF CAMP THIEVES.

Alaska are drawing hundreds of prospectors. The placers on the Yukon and its tributaries and upon the head waters of Cook's Inlet promise richer rewards than the fleece of which Jason dreamed. The Argonauts are coming from all parts. One steamer has made three trips from Sitka to Cook's Inlet since the 24th of March and has taken about one hundred fifty persons each trip. Many kinds of craft have left ports upon Puget Sound and have sailed direct for the inlet. The first party that reached there found six feet of snow upon the beach when they landed from the steamer *Bertha*. Not one of the party quailed and returned. For the most part they are a fine lot of fellows and have made up their minds to endure hardship. The Yukon appears to draw the largest number. It is probable that one million dollars was cleaned up in the Yukon

CREMATION OF A THLINKIT CHIEF'S WIFE, KILLISNOO, ALASKA.

district during the season of 1895. The rich diggings on the inlet were not struck until late in the season, but a few men came out with their buckskin wallets well loaded with the yellow dust.

The quartz mining is developing more and more. The Treadwell mill on Douglas Island is one of the largest in the world. Two hundred and forty stamps dropping night and day for more than ten years with hardly a let-up is enough to make a fair test of a mine. It has not failed to pay a monthly dividend. The Mexican mine, only a short distance from the Treadwell, operates sixty stamps and sixty more are in process of erection. The stamps crushing ore number four hundred and fifty.

The Apollo mine on Wuga Island, situated almost one thousand miles west of Sitka, is being well developed. It is owned and operated by the Alaska Commercial Company. They have spent over $300,000 in opening the mine and in erecting a forty-stamp mill and other structures. The probability is that they will add forty stamps more before winter sets in.

The shipment of bullion from this mine is more than $20,000 per month, leaving the owners a good sum over all expenses. This is only the beginning of quartz mining in Alaska. The best mines doubtless await the diligent search of the prospector.

In southeast Alaska the valleys, flats, and mountain sides are covered with a dense growth of timber and underbrush and a thick covering of moss on the ground, fallen trees, and rocks. The prospector may easily pass over rich treasures hidden from searching eyes. Enough has been said to indicate that Alaska is rich. It would be well for the members of Congress to read Sumner's and Seward's speeches upon Alaska and the annual reports of the officers stationed here.

Alaska has no delegate in Congress and has no political power. There are probably more than two thousand souls in the Yukon district, yet no provision of any kind has been made for the orderly conduct of these people. They are calling for mails and for schools, for there are women and children living right at the arctic circle. The only officer representing the United States is an inspector of customs. The miners are simply left to be a law unto themselves. The behavior and orderly conduct of these men for the number of years during which they have been mining

BASKET MAKERS, SITKA, ALASKA.

is remarkable. They can soon organize a court, hear a cause, and bring in a verdict. Nor is it safe to set aside a verdict or make any showing of contempt.

Some of us in Alaska who have been willing to see Cuba and Canada and the Sandwich Islands brought under the American flag are beginning to doubt the ability or genius of our government to manage or control detached portions of territory. When its conduct is contrasted with that of Great Britain toward even the least of her colonies the United States will appear like the servant who hid his talent in a napkin.

A TRANSITION IN CIVILIZATION.

BY HARVEY L. BIDDLE.

THE civilization of this country has been in a transition state ever since the Civil War opened. That conflict was the greatest epoch in our national life. From it we date the greatest political reforms that have agitated the public mind, particularly the abolishment of slavery and the consequent introduction of 4,000,000 people to freedom—that 4,000,000 is supposed to be 8,000,000 to-day, and this is a large item in free labor. Social changes began there which may be characterized as a quiet evolution from that time till the present. The daily newspaper was comparatively weak and limited in its circulation until the demands for news both in the army and in the homes of the people called publishers to work gradually a most radical change in their facilities for gathering news, printing papers, and circulating them.

The immense railroad system of the country is very largely a development of the past thirty-five years. We rarely, perhaps, think of an express train as an educational institution, but it carries teachers to the schools, preachers to the pulpits, lecturers to the platform, books from the publishers, and newspapers and magazines to the people. Indeed an express train running at forty miles an hour is a sort of people's college on wheels distributing literature and living teachers and brightening the world with information. Associate with it the United States mail, the telegraph lines, the telephone, and the Atlantic cable, and in every town we have the facilities for a liberal education in these last days, whether that town is located immediately on the line of some railroad or removed from it twenty-five or thirty or fifty miles. Everybody may have knowledge because it is brought within easy reach, so that no man need grow up in ignorance but may be equipped with practical information for his vocation in life.

Our social structure has been greatly changed. The laboring man who in his little shoe shop, tin shop, blacksmith shop, or tailor shop, in the small town of thirty-five years ago, when he worked alone and lived alone save as he was brought into personal contact with his customers sees this condition of things entirely changed, so that now the mechanic rarely sees his customer, and is rarely, if ever, brought into personal contact with him. He learns a specialty in a trade and he is united with the labor organization and that is a part of the federation of labor and he acts with great bodies of men on the social side of his vocation or business. Labor has been dignified and made honorable and by being organized it has come to be a tremendous power in its relation to capital.

It will convey some idea of the magnitude of labor organizations if we cite some facts from the report on labor organizations in New York State presented to the legislature of that state in 1895 by the commissioner of labor statistics. Benefits have been paid by labor organizations during the year 1894 as follows: 473 organizations numbering 122,580 members report that they have expended in benefits the sum of $511,717.59 and that of this amount $106,801.69 was for the benefit of those who

were out of work; $60,107.98 for the support of the sick; $93,437.92 was what is termed death benefits, and $89,150.04 for the help of brother laborers who were on strikes. The sum of $10,676.74 was donated to other labor organizations and $151,543.22 was expended in benefits that were not classified.

It seems that at present eight hours is a day's work for thirty-two branches of trade with a total number of 50,829 people. Among these are stone masons, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, derrickmen, framers, lathers, plumbers, roofers, tile-layers, stair-builders, cigar-makers, glass-workers, machinists, brownstone-cutters, bluestone-cutters and flaggers, granite-cutters, marble-workers, printers, letter-carriers, carriage-makers, modelers, and wood-carvers. The report states that a small percentage do not work a full eight hours, while others work from nine or ten to fifteen or twenty-two hours as a day's labor. Among the latter are bakers, confectioners, coach-drivers, barbers, butchers, clerks and salesmen, trainmen, marine engineers, locomotive engineers, firemen and brakemen, conductors, tailors, waiters, brewery employees, and street surface railway conductors and motormen, and they all make a plea for shorter hours of labor to be regulated by law.

Labor organizations have increased in membership in the state of New York very rapidly from the date of their formation, but particularly since the year 1888. In that year 580 organizations reported 118,628 members. In 1894 in 689 unions there was a membership of 155,303, and these figures do not include the membership of numerous mixed assemblies such as Knights of Labor and mixed federal unions attached to the American Federation of Labor and other organizations that failed to respond to the inquiries of the officers.

These facts from the commissioner of labor's statistics in New York will illustrate how labor organizations are multiplying and will serve to suggest the large number of labor organizations and members connected with them in other states in the Union, especially in Pennsylvania, the New England States, and the other great railway, manufacturing, and mining commonwealths.

It also shows that while a company or corporation is organized for the investment of capital and for the purpose of conducting business the wage earners have also organized, and they invest their money to protect their rights when employed by companies or corporations as well as to protect the rights of their individual members in the courts of arbitration and criminal courts and in making public opinion. There can be no wholesome argument against organized labor as long as the members are law-abiding citizens and while in all their relations to capital they keep the peace and obey the laws of the land.

In the olden times capital was confined to old families and certain localities. Now capital is widely distributed and has gone into the hands of men who less than fifty years ago were poor people. It is concentrated to-day in mines, oil lands, railroads, banks, steamboat companies, great manufactories, ranches, and great trusts. The truth is that the social side of our life has been reconstructed as effectually as the federal government itself. Old aristocracies have passed away and new sets have grown up with new ideas, new properties, and an entirely new condition of things confronts the man who enters upon business life to-day as compared with that of thirty-five years ago.

The population of this country never was so mixed as it is now. When the Second Continental Congress assembled May 10, 1775, the population of the United States was 2,600,000. In 1860, just before the Civil War, our population was 31,443,321. In 1870, just ten years later, the population was 38,558,371. Our population now is estimated to be 63,000,000, and the total of immigration since the close of the Civil War on May 10, 1865, to 1894 inclusive was 11,831,537. These figures show what a marvelous change has been wrought in the population of the country and how mixed it has become, and this change is felt in every condition of life—farming, manufacturing, on lines of wealth, at the ballot

box, in moral reforms such as the observance of the Christian Sabbath and the temperance reform, and the administration of justice and in the work of the Christian church itself.

Many of our old towns have grown to the proportion of cities. New cities and towns have sprung up all over the land. The number of states in the Union has increased one third in thirty-five years. Schools and colleges and universities have increased in number and many of them have immense endowments. Churches of every name have become numerous and many of them are tremendous establishments numerically, financially, morally, and spiritually. English is the language of the general government and of our state governments, yet it becomes an embarrassment at certain places in the land to teach even the English language because there has entered in so many Germans, French, and Italians, and people of other tongues.

The churches have changed their character within thirty-five years in this: that many of them are very wealthy and are considered aristocratic, because they erect fine structures and people of great wealth are connected with them, and their ministers receive large salaries and their contributions to the missionary cause and other benevolent enterprises reach enormous sums. At the same time we have a multitude of churches that are in humble circumstances; the people worship in plain structures and the worshipers are plainly dressed. The preachers receive small stipends and their contributions for benevolent objects may be like the widow's mite, but little in the sum total yet a greater gift than all the others because it is the living of them that make the contribution. But with all this the word of God is preached in its purity and with unction and spiritual power to the rich and to the poor, and thus the kingdom of truth is extended. A powerful church press is at work in every religious denomination, teaching righteousness, explaining the church's views of Bible doctrines, and encouraging the workers to pursue their task with cheerfulness and heroism.

As we turn aside we find close to all these other institutions a perfect network of secret societies, lodges, encampments, posts, and clubs into which men for the most part enter under oath to keep the secrets and to be loyal to the organization. Some of them are founded on ideas of beneficence, some for patriotism, others for the promotion of moral teachings and the upbuilding of moral character, while clubs of men and women and fire companies in towns and cities give us another view of the social side of our civilization which is a most interesting study and a remarkable exhibition of the tendency of human life among us to band together for the protection of personal interests, the development of social character, the promotion of moral ideas, industrial and moneyed interest which lie near to the heart of the members.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

BY D. CORTESI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

WE call it a new spirit, but it is as old as the world, as old as the human soul whose essence it is. A philosopher once said that man is a metaphysical animal, and the entire history of the human race proves the verity of this expression. From the time that the spectacle of death, which is the real inspirer of every philosophy and every religion, struck the mind of primitive man with its great mystery we can say that the indefatigable research into our destiny began. The Congo negro bent before his fetish and Plato's divine philosophy both obey a common need of the human soul, both are the expression of its inmost sentiments, and these are to

discover the way in which man may put himself into communication with the infinite.

There have been epochs in history, long ones too, when this preoccupation seems to have been set aside for a time. They were the epochs of relapse into barbarism, when poverty, the struggle for existence, the lack of leisure for thinking made this living flame of the mind grow pale. But it burned up again with new luster every time that a new civilization bloomed. So this religious and moral flame has ever lived in the heart of society. Sometimes its heat has irradiated the entire social body, sometimes it has been restricted to a single part of it, but never in the history of the world has there been a real break in the continuity of religious feeling.

We are not speaking of contemplative India, where religious problems seem to have found their fatherland, where from time immemorial down to the present day the forests are peopled with innumerable hermits, who with eyes fixed on a sky eternally serene seem to demand from the living light of the sun and the enchantment of starry nights the word that may reveal the great mystery to them. But in ingenuous and laughing Greece itself, in the midst of Jove's wanton escapades and Juno's jealousies, close by the charms of laughing Aphrodite the mysterious initiations of the Orphic cult speak to us of something which points to the beyond, while chaste Hyppolite, who escapes the allurements of nymphs and goddesses, is a precursor, even in earliest times—the times of myths, of that flower of spiritual life which is Christian purity.

In the midst of the renewed Italian paganism of the Renaissance, when Pomponius Leto offered sacrifices in his house to the genius of Rome, when a literature, splendidly voluptuous, formed the delight of the cultured world of that time, the sermons of Saint Bernard of Siena aroused whole populations, while later on the Society of Divine Love gathered to itself the most brilliant spirits of that very Rome, in which the elegant offenses of prelates and cardinals had pushed Luther on to the dry rationalism of the Reformation. Among the splendors of the Medicean court Savonarola's voice rang out deep and severe, inciting her citizens to cast into the fire those licentious books and naked statues which had made a new Athens of Florence. The great Filippo Neri, before whose moral majesty the pagan Wolfgang von Goethe himself bowed in the magnificent biography he has left of him, was also a godson of the Renaissance.

In the second half of the sixteenth century sainted men and women begin to come forth everywhere in southern Europe like the flowers of springtime. There was Ignatius Loyola, the holy knight, who wished to die for Christ as he would have died for his earthly love and who created in the moments of a sublime asceticism the most practically strong institution that the Catholic Church has gathered to its bosom. There was the great Girolamo Emiliani, a miracle of charity and love, who collected the orphans of all Italy. There was the marvelous Saint Theresa, who breathed into the bigoted aridity of Spanish convents the breath of a new life. An impartial history of the Catholic renaissance in the second half of the sixteenth century is still to be written. Intellectual prejudices and hostile rationalism, which has hitherto animated all historical studies, have hindered us from seeing how amid a thousand defects and faults this renaissance followed out the great practical idea of forsaking dogmatic disquisitions and devoting itself entirely to good deeds.

In the seventeeenth century the great religious questions which agitated France under Louis XIV. show how great was the preoccupation regarding human destiny among the most cultivated people of the time. Mild Fénelon, condemned by the papal censure, read his own condemnation from his own pulpit, and commanded his flock to forget his wonderful book on the "Maxims of Saints," into which he had poured the stream of moral enthusiasm that had animated him. Besides this, the foundation of the Trappist order by an elegant *abbé* of the court of Louis XIV., an order in which asceticism is pushed to its ultimate results, proves what a living faith, what a potent life of the soul

agitated the thinking world of those days. This movement tended to reach the Protestant churches also, through the Episcopal Church in England, by means of the Armenian disputes in Holland, and strove to remove from them the cold intellectual character that was killing them, infusing into them our southern passion. The pulpit, said Schopenhauer, is the emblem of the Protestant Church. The altar is the symbol of the Catholic.

Things went on somewhat after this manner until the middle of the last century, when a truly violent crisis was reached, a dissension between reason and faith. At this time the church began to be fiercely assailed in its dogmatic parts. For this great work of demolition arms were borrowed from the Italian naturalists of the sixteenth century. Galileo's discoveries, all the positivist work of the scientific institutes had sown a seed of doubt in regard to the Christian dogma which arrogantly fructified in the eighteenth. The results of the investigations in physics and chemistry were thrown up in the face of the church. Even political economy was used as an arm against her. The dissidence was born, and was most acute. All the philosophy which followed the French Encyclopedia was more or less anti-religious. Hegel's rationalism in Germany, Comte's positivism in France, and the lukewarm eclecticism which was the form of philosophy under the citizen king Louis Philippe—all these systems claimed for themselves the monopoly of religious truth and denied it to the different Christian confessions. Then came about the profound cleft between thinkers and believers. Philosophy and religion sounded like a kind of *contradictio in adjecto*, to use the old scholastic phrase. And to all these systems was added that movement which took the name of modern science, and which boasted that it would hunt religion out of its last hiding places.

"The unknowable does not exist," said Lewes, one of the most zealous English positivist. "Only the unknown exists, and the field of this unknown will grow ever smaller until that age shall come when we can exclaim, 'Mystery no longer exists.'"

Auguste Comte defined metaphysical and religious feeling as a pathological form of the brain. "Those who still think of a beyond," he said, "think with their heads turned backwards," meaning that Comte believed the metaphysical organ was placed near the cranium.

This great dissent, this great estrangement of faith from reason, was the chief creator of that unwholesome moral state which Alfred de Musset describes so well in his "Confessions of a Child of the Century," and which, a few years before, had sent Chateaubriand's René away over the sea to hide in the forests of America, hoping to hear in the murmur of the wind-tossed treetops the voice of the unknown God who gives us peace. To this great dissent we owe Byron's cries of anguish and Leopardi's lofty despair; to this great dissent we owe that profound upheaval which moral principles have undergone in recent times, as left to themselves they wander about seeking a living and whole organism in which to dwell.

But suddenly a great change takes place in the universe. There is no writer, there is no thinker who is ambitious to-day of an influence over his contemporaries, who does not speak of the old French and German intellectual movement as of a thing already antiquated, and supplanted by another mode of feeling. There is no writer or thinker who does not make profession of a religious faith, however vapory and uncertain it may be, at all events essentially different from that professed by the philosophers of the first half of the century. The great dissent seems to have disappeared. For a time religious life flourished particularly among the humble and illiterate; now what strikes the observer is the assent which the cultivated and thoughtful classes give to a movement to which up to this time they had been entirely opposed. The intellectual objections with which they formerly opposed religious sentiment seem no longer to have any influence on the minds of our contemporaries. Metaphysics, those mathematics of the infinite, have been left to one side.

We feel a need of doing something. New

remorses, formerly dulled by the intellectual direction which absorbed all minds, raise imperious cries in the conscience and urge us on to action, to an action still uncertain and confused, but to an action nevertheless, and one which differs far from the empty fancying of fifty years ago. The great mystery, the beyond, imposes itself on the modern conscience with an unwonted vivacity, almost unknown, I might say, to the times that are past. This religious and moral awakening animates the different Christian confessions with a new life. The Jewish world is also moved. Among thinkers who are not enrolled on the lists of any religious organization it takes the name of Tolstoïism, theosophy, and the like. Emerson made himself its herald in America, Tolstoi in Russia, Desjardins in France, and it offers notable manifestations in Italy. A new sentiment is profoundly agitating the heart of the human race, and of this new manifestation it is important to know the origins, the development, and the probable future.

When Schopenhauer set for the base of his philosophy the great conception that the world has no intellectual explanation for itself, but has a moral one, the truth of religious sentiment was established on foundations that cannot be moved. The superficial criticisms of rationalism and materialism were shattered on this cliff raised by the great thinker of Dantzic.

To Schopenhauer's influence, which, whether we wish it or not, has filtered into all modern thought, is due the moral awakening that is constantly gaining ground in those cultivated classes which fifty years ago were under the dominion of rationalistic and materialistic ideas. Not that we call Schopenhauer the inaugurator of religious sentiment. The faithful had no need of a philosopher in order to keep their faith. Intellectual movements make very little impression on those who are rich in the life of the heart. Schopenhauer's influence has been preëminently shown in the world of philosophy and science, among those whom his cogent logic compelled to believe. It is he who has demonstrated the emptiness of intellectual constructions for the explanation of the world, who has likened these conceptions to a stone which, thrown into the air, falls back on the head of the one who threw it. His words were the dawn of the new life which has run through the modern world of intellect, or rather that world which up to now wore itself out in speculations purely intellectual.

In 1892 Melchior de Vogué, in a brilliant article entitled "The Swans," undertook to describe this moral movement of which we speak, then just born. Tolstoi, who had laid down the luminous pen with which he had given life to the greatest creations of modern art in his immortal romances, was already beginning to publish those moral essays that reveal the beneficent disturbance of his mind. Already in the midst of a thousand gropings the fundamental conception of the new faith was unfolding; neo-Christianity based wholly on the Sermon on the Mount. To be more exact the neo-Christianity of Tolstoi is based on the idea: "Do not resist evil." According to Tolstoi, the day when men shall decide to condemn war, which is the highest type of evil, when men shall decide not to have recourse to tribunals, but undergo all oppressions with a serene mind, the truth of Christianity will have its full development, and all social questions which have their ultimate origin in being willing to use force will be solved.

Darmsteller in his book on "The Prophets of Israel" had already collected the contribution of the Jewish world to this movement. According to him, prophecy is the anchor of the human race. It is necessary to return to the sentiments and ideas with which the prophets of Israel, before and after its era of servitude, sought to raise that stiff-necked Hebrew people to moral grandeur. In prophecy are to be found in germ all the truths necessary to the moral and material progress of the human race. Charity, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the forgetting of injuries, the love for a heavenly father, have never in the world received a more complete affirmation than in the books of Amos, Ezechiel, and Isaiah.

That moral preoccupation which, with a certain amount of Germanic heaviness, appears in Ibsen's painful dramas, is also a proof of what we have said above. The public, though repelled by them, feels something new in those scenes that quickens its pulse, and to this feeling we believe the author owes his success. Some years ago a Frenchman by the name of Wagner published a book called "Youth." In its pages, vague and uncertain as they are, is seen a vivid preoccupation for the moral interests of the human race. A music sweet and new pervades his writings, and they give out that perfume by which the representatives of the "New Word" are recognized. What they feel has not yet taken on an intellectual shape. It is natural that, when they wish to transport into the world of thought the energy of the sentiments that animate them, they lose themselves in logomachies.

This movement, by a fatal necessity of the mind, had already begun to take on an intellectual character, and was consequently threatening to turn out as vain as all those that had preceded it, when it received a practical and special bent that merits the whole attention of the observer. The few literary manifestations it has produced are of slight importance—in France a periodical, *The Present Duty*, published by Paul Desjardins, in Italy a journal, *The Present Hour*. The impulse actuating both is one of social duty. With this purpose of helping others we find in Rome a society for moral welfare, well supported by the citizens. In Naples an association of university students, to which several army officers also belong, looks out for the education of waifs. This means that in the trades classes, which up to now were noted for their egotism, a moral awakening is taking place, and the founding of such periodicals as we have mentioned, however indefinite their ideas may be, is a proof of the force of such a movement.

Spiritualism, the spiritualism laughed at for its charlatanry, is also a form, a gross one if you wish, of this desire to escape from a materialistic conception of the world. Another manifestation of this new sentiment is even seen in the foundation of a musical society at Rome, which takes the name of Bach. It is sufficient to read the program of this society to see that it has a highly moral and religious scope, and uses art only as a means. Returning to Bach's purely Christian inspirations the society proposes to refine the sentiment of its auditors and thus contribute to their moral improvement.

One curious feature of the new idea in Italy is the proposal to found a monastery at Milan, a lay monastery, in which the skeptics and materialists of our day may find peace and comfort. I would not have noted this peculiarity if the newspapers had not busied themselves with it. But as a sign of the times I think it should not escape the eye of the observer, however puerile it may be regarded.

And now it is time to finish. As I said at the start, he who from the slight importance of these manifestations should be led to treat them as of small account would be greatly in error. One must have questioned individuals belonging to different classes, especially those classes far removed from the directing and cultivated classes so-called, in order to have become persuaded of the radical change that our sentiments are undergoing.

Will all this be the dawn of a new religious conscience, or the delirious chattering of a society in decadence? I believe the question is a complicated one, and I shall develop it if I have time. For the present it is enough to have called the attention of my readers to that almost unknown working which is going on in the world, and which might shake to pieces the social edifice we have dwelt in up to the present.

THE WESTERN GATE.

BY CLIFFORD LANIER.

GOLD in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! 'Tis twilight now;
Dusk wanes the day; old voices croon,
And pale the aureole on age's brow.
Fitful the flame upon the cottage fire
Burns like the heart of chill desire;
The limbs with ache like worn-out timbers creak,
And scarce the smoke may climb the chimney peak.
Dim sounds of uproar that the Present makes
Come through the window; Memory louder shakes
Old sides to laughter and old hearts to tears;
All brave delights of youth give way to fears;
Grandchildren romp not with the glee of yore;
A sadness never felt before
Creeps in the mind; the hand clasps not as strong;
New songs sing not as that old song,
Clear with the truth
Of candid youth,
And sweet forsooth
As the limpid, twinkling sheen of the Romance well,
Or sweetheart gospels lovers tell—
As truest chime of the marriage bell,
As loveliest child-bloom ever fell
From gardens where home-blisses grow
And joys of heaven with angels dwell
And Love's uncankered roses blow.
Cometh now life's afterglow;
O'er yonder sun the clouds drift slow
Like sleepy birds that seek the nest
On drowsy-moving wings almost at rest,
So smooth their flight into yon darkling West.

Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! New soft lights beam
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream;
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE STORY OF LÉONIE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE main street of old Mackinac follows the beautiful curve of the shore between the lake and the cedar-crowned bluff from which the fort looks down in picturesque ugliness that even its perennial whitewashing cannot seriously mar. Old-fashioned houses, with terraced yards, where thickets of lilac, and snowball, and cinnamon-roses stand knee-deep in the tall grass, range themselves along the street until, toward the eastern end, they drop off into longer distances, and a ruined church ends the procession.

Beyond is a common where buttercups and daisies gossip sociably, where sweet-brier grows rampant in the hollows, its perfumed green set thick with the exquisite pink of the morning bloom among the paler roses of yesterday, and, nearer the shore, rank upon rank of wild flag, so luxuriant in its purple bloom, so lovely in its deep coloring that one sees it day after day with a new fascination. Winding here and there as if on errands of their own go narrow, straggling foot-paths—to the irregular white buildings of the old Mission House, to the battlements of rock that sentinel the east point, or, most enticing of all, climbing slowly toward the bluff, among the quaint cabins of the industrious population to whom the summer visitor with her lavish array is a reliable source of income—the cheerful and patient "Madonnas of the Tubs."

Strolling at the beck of such a loiterer, I came one morning to the very doorway of a whitewashed log cabin. The house was long and low, with a chimney of irregular stones at each end. The roof had settled into comfortable curves, the threshold was worn into hollows, and just within the door my smiling old laundress was busy with the ruffles of a dainty white gown that looked as if it might have blossomed out under no clumsier touches than the dew and the sunshine.

Marie came forward with a beaming face, pushing aside the grandchildren that swarmed over the floor as contented as so many puppies, and hastened to install me in a tall carved chair whose seat had been replaced by a deerskin.

"Madame will pardon," she said, going back to her work; "it would be a thousand pities the dress should dry. It is Lisé will wear it at first communion."

I nodded approval and sat upon my throne, taking in every detail of the quaint interior, that was like a Flemish picture: the low black beams overhead, the sunken hearth, the faint glow in the depths of the chimney, the clumsy furniture, the crockery in its black cupboard, and the ruddy, white-capped figure in the strong light of the doorway. The enticements of the cupboard drew me nearer to inspect a prayer-book with brass-bound covers, and there it was that I saw, under a glass case, a carved ivory crucifix on which was laid an old-fashioned miniature in an oval setting, with a slender gold chain dropped about it, and read upon a black-edged card these words:

"LÉONIE.

"*Pray for her repose in heaven.*"

The miniature was in my hand, the delicately tinted face, with its sensitive mouth and soft appealing eyes, looking up at me like an embodied prayer, as Marie finished her work and seated herself with her youngest grandchild in her comfortable arms to tell the story.

"The story of Léonie? but yes, if Madame wishes, only it is not a story; just something that came in a girl's life. Many such things come, but only the good God

knows them. I suppose it is that it would make us too sad if we knew all, even of what goes on right about us, and sometimes I used to wonder how the good God himself could be happy in his heaven while such things were on earth. That is what I said one day to Father Xavier, when Jean Crevier died and left seven hungry mouths without a morsel of bread, and Father Xavier shook his head and said sorrowfully,

"'There's a deal in this world we can never understand, Marie, any more than David did in his day.'

"And so I left off to wonder, because if Father Xavier and David cannot understand what call has a foolish body like me to know? One must leave it to the good God to take care of his own business.

"Madame knows of the great family Legardeur? Not? well, but it was long ago. There was once a Commandant Legardeur, before your American people came to the fort, and always they were very grand people.

"My *grand'mère* was a poor girl, doing service for the sisters at St. Agnes in Quebec, and with no thought but to go on in that way always. But one day there was much stir in the convent because Mademoiselle Sophie Legardeur had been sent for to come to the island and marry her cousin to whom she was betrothed, and she chose my *grand'mère* for her maid. When she knew she was to go with Mademoiselle Sophie it was all one as if heaven opened before her, and indeed much better. For a young girl with no vocation for religion is more drawn to earth than heaven, which must be the way the good God meant it, else we should all be saints.

"There were gay times at the fort in spite of the Indians and the British, and the lady was very happy with her young husband, but she was a delicate thing for such a life, and when her baby was only a few months old she died.

"It was just before she went that she and my *grand'mère* made each a little cut in the arm and mixed their blood, as the Indians do to take one from another tribe, and then whatever happened my *grand'mère* was bound to care for the baby like her own blood. And that is what she did, for very soon Monsieur Legardeur was called home to France because of some one who died, and there was consoled and married again. Men are that way, Madame sees; where one woman goes out always the door is open for another to come in, and that is well, since it pleased the good God to make men too stupid to care for themselves.

"My *grand'mère* married also with Pierrot, who was chief of the *coureurs de bois*, and the little Heloise was not long without companions. My mother, who was oldest, was her foster sister, and when the little Mademoiselle was to be sent to St. Agnes to learn what a lady must know my mother went also, for that was ordered by Monsieur Legardeur. They were most miserable at St. Agnes, those two. When the spirit of the forest is born in one's blood always it draws and draws, and will not let you rest, shut in from the sky and the wind and the water.

"Mademoiselle was so unhappy that she fell sick with a slow wasting, and one day she heard the sisters saying they had sent for her father. Then what did they, those foolish ones? Madame sees the little Heloise did not know her father, and she was terrified to be taken away to a strange country. All she loved was here upon the island, and when one of my *grandpère's coureurs* was sent to bring word of them they persuaded him that he should take them home with him, and so he did.

"My mother planned it that they stole away, and they made all the long journey safely and came to the island, ragged and brown, but quite well. Sometimes when I am about my work many thoughts come to me of how it would be if they had not run away, those two. If Monsieur Legardeur had taken his daughter to France, and my mother also with her, then what would have been for me? There might not have been any Marie at all, and where wouldst thou have been, Pierre, thou rascal, with no *grand'mère* to tend thee?

"It all ended that Monsieur took his daughter home the next spring, but he would have none of my mother, lest she

might again run away. After that they only once heard from a trader that Mademoiselle Heloise had married a British man, and was cast off of all her family, but my mother was herself married long before the news came and had plenty to keep her thoughts busy without troubling about the years that were done with. She lived to hold her grandchildren as I am holding mine, and when she lay dying, just at dusk of a Lady Day, she gave me the little picture Madame sees—the poor, pretty, young thing that had to go away and leave her baby to another. Does Madame think a mother can do that and not be homesick in heaven? Because here in this world one never forgets the warm little mouth at your breast, and the head pressing in the hollow of your arm, downy, like a young bird. My man made me put the picture away lest it should bring us bad luck, but often I used to go and look at it and say, 'Are you glad or sorry now that you went so soon?'

"It was one day when I stood like that, thinking my foolish thoughts, that there came a rap at the door, and as I turned about my heart gave a big jump, and then was like to stop altogether, for there stood a gentleman, holding a young girl by the hand, and it was all one as if St. Joseph himself had come down from heaven and brought the poor sweet lady to answer me. I came near to drop on my knees, for the gentleman had a grave, sad face and he was wrapped in a long gray cloak exactly like St. Joseph in the altarpiece, but the young girl said in the sweetest way,

"'I am sure this is Marie, grandfather,' and so I made out to bring back my senses and bid them in.

"That was Léonie Sinclair, and she was the great-granddaughter of that Sophie Legardeur who left her picture for her little Heloise that they might not be strangers when they met one day in heaven. They must have met long ago—Léonie also, and her mother, who was not thought of in that day, and I suppose they are all at peace, even those who hated each other in this world. They had come to the island, those two, because Léonie was ailing and the *grandpère*, who had only this one left in all the world, fancied she would grow strong in the air her *grand'mère* loved so much.

"That was before the Agency House was burned, and they had taken some rooms there, but they had no servant, and one could see they were poor, and she coughed, this dear Léonie—even then the saints were making a place for her.

"She wanted to see her great-grandmother's picture; the *grand'mère* had told her of it, and how she had left it that my *grand'mère* might show it to Our Lady and pray that she would send back the child of this one that was with the good God and must be well known to her.

"'She was no older than I,' she said, holding the picture in her thin little hand, 'and to think of all the years she has been in heaven.'

"I wanted to give her the picture but she would not take it. She said she would come every day to see it, and that she did. Many days also they climbed up the hill, those two, to see the grave in the old cemetery where was buried Sophie Legardeur. And by and by when the air grew sharper, because the ice was making beyond the strait, they stopped climbing the hill and walked along in the sunshine under the bluff.

"Always when I asked for Léonie the old *grandpère* would say,

"'She is gaining, my good Marie; one can see how red her cheeks grow; in the spring she will be quite strong again.'

"But I think in his heart he knew.

"That was a hard winter for poor folk. The cold was fearful, and many fell sick on the island. Partly it was the fever, and partly that they had not much to eat. Almost every day some one died, here and at St. Ignace. Father Xavier was sore tried with it all, and having to let his bees starve, because he said it was not right to feed them when there were children who needed all and more. The old *grandpère* was a heretic but he always went to church with Léonie, and once when Father Xavier spoke of the true church he said,

"'The true church, father—only the good

God knows who belong to that for he alone keeps the keys.'

"Léonie looked troubled, but Father Xavier only smiled and said,

"'That is quite true, but since he knows, we may all love each other and leave it to him.'

"Things grew always worse with them, one could see that, and no letters came. The old *grandpère* began to take his walks alone, and sometimes he would come in and sit where Madame sits now, and look quite dazed and helpless. It was late when the straits opened and there was much danger, but a steamer ventured out for supplies, and the *grandpère* would go with her to bring back the doctor from Sault Ste. Marie.

"Two of Father Xavier's men brought Léonie to stay with me while he should be gone, and it breaks my heart now to think of the gray old man, kneeling before her chair, with his darling's arms around his neck and her white face against his, and both of them trying to part bravely. I went to the window with my baby, not to see them, till I heard the door shut and saw the *grandpère* go down the path holding his cloak close about him and never once looking back. When I turned away my Léonie had fainted in her chair; her pretty head hung like a flower with the stem broken, and my little Françoise was patting and kissing her hand. It was not long to wait till she was smiling again, though I saw her shiver when she heard the wind, for a storm was getting up, and even so far away one could hear the big waves tumble and sss-sss along the beach.

"Madame knows of the steamer that was wrecked and burned off Charlevoix? This was she. Not one of those most unhappy came back, but up in the cemetery Madame may see where their names are kept. Many times in the gray of the evening I have thought I saw the old *grandpère* coming slowly up the road as he went away, his head bent and his cloak up around his face.

"We kept it long from Léonie, but at last we had to tell her he was dead, though she never knew of the wreck and the fire. After that she used to sit with the picture, and the blessed crucifix that she had made the *grandpère* kiss at parting, and her face came to look as if she was already in heaven. And one day she said,

"'Marie, by the grave of this one is a small little corner; I shall ask Father Xavier that they may put me there so I need not be lonesome, and people may know I belong to somebody who was good and dear. And I should like to have a little stone, Marie, a very little one, not to cost much, that would say for me what I have written on the card. Will you tell Father Xavier, in case I should go before he gets back from St. Ignace?'

"And of course I said I would, though I could not speak much for crying, and little thinking it would come true.

"For the good God took her that very night, and Father Xavier only came in just as her soul was passing. It was too late for absolution, but Father Xavier took the crucifix from her fingers and said,

"'The good God has absolved her; they were speaking together when she went.'

"She was buried as she wished, in the small little corner by the grand tomb of Sophie Legardeur, but Father Xavier himself died soon, and the stone was never brought.

"I was always thinking to do it myself; but there—Madame knows when there is much care for the living one must leave the dead to the saints. My father was ill pleased that so much money was wasted because my mother would have me taught at the convent, so he gave me no portion with the rest, and now so many years have gone, and all must be with Léonie as the good God wills. Does Madame think that up in heaven she still cares for the little stone?"

In the red glow of the sunset I climbed to the old cemetery and found, in its tangle of wild shrubs and untrimmed grass, the stone, grand for its day, that commemorated the brief life of Sophie, wife of Louis Legardeur. One could still read the in-

scription—"*To recall her to the memory of the faithful, who may devoutly visit this cemetery, and that they may pray for her repose in heaven, her family, sorrowing, have erected this stone.*"

The rain and the wind and the winter snows had quite leveled the mound in the "small little corner," but a creeping garden-plant, set, no doubt, by Marie's faithful hands, had covered it with a close broidery of pale green leaves and small yellow stars. A little brown bird dropped down upon a branch that swung above it, ruffled his soft throat, and poured out his ecstatic song to his mate in some haunt of the thicket, setting all the woods a-throb to the music of his love. And so I left them—the palpitating dust that held the mystery of life and love exulting above the dust from which both had fled.

Had they all found repose in heaven—the young wife, so long forgotten, this Léonie whom no stone recalled "to the memory of the faithful," and the gray old man who found such stormy burial?

Was the story of this life forgotten, or was it a part of that? and did they remember the sorrows and the losses of earth only to smile at them, as one smiles in maturer years at the grief and the gladness of childhood? Who could tell?

One can only say with Marie, "They are with the good God, and it must be with them as he wills."

QUAINT HOUSES IN THE BERMUDAS.

BY MARY F. HONEYMAN.

"The aspect of the venerable mansion has always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive also of the long lapse of mortal life and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within. Were these to be worthily recounted they would form a narrative of no small interest and instruction, and possessing moreover a certain remarkable unity which might almost seem the result of artistic arrangement."

LOS DIABOLOS was the uncomplimentary name bestowed by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago on the group of low-lying islands that were afterward to be known as the Bermudas. Menaced by coral reefs and adverse gales, they were obliged to abandon their purpose of landing and taking possession for the crown of Spain, so they set sail for some less inaccessible port, and by way of appeasing their pique sought to give the land an evil name.

A misnomer it proved, however, for long ago it retired to the obscurity of the archives, where the curious may search for it to-day.

Later, when the English came, they, with their characteristic love of domesticity, proceeded to convert the smiling islands into a land of homes. Their descendants, rather more English than the English themselves, so sedulously do they cherish all the ancient traditions, have inherited not only the venerable homesteads where the generations of their families have dwelt, but a love of home in which they are not to be outdone by any people whatsoever.

Insularity doubtless has its effect in intensifying this sentiment. Their island domain apparently inspires in its inhabitants an affection that is in inverse proportion to its rather microscopic dimensions.

Climate and the material used in their construction are factors in the permanence of the houses. They are built of the limestone or coral rock that underlies the islands. The roofs are made of the stone as well, thin slabs of it laid over a framework of wood. Once erected, all that is necessary to keep the exterior of a house in good repair is a liberal application of whitewash. Never is there any frost to crack and deface walls or to undermine foundations.

Nor alone the houses, but the roads—uncommonly good roads they are, too—and wharfs and garden walls are of stone, in color a chalky white. This aggregation of white-

ness glittering in the sunshine is, in the towns, sadly trying to the eyes. But in the country the low white houses set in gardens full of flowers and flowering trees, with cultivated fields intervening, are rather picturesque. Many are but one story high, most are not more than two stories, so built probably with reference to the violent storms that at times sweep over the islands with hurricane-like force, unroofing buildings and uprooting trees.

Devoid of architectural pretensions, the houses are as a rule plain, substantial structures, not lacking in a certain homelike hospitable air withal. Not a few very old dwellings are to be seen in different parts of the islands in ruins, the former homes possibly of old families that have died out or whose younger scions have emigrated to "the States" or elsewhere. Too sadly suggestive are they in their varying stages of dilapidation, and calculated to make one wish that to each

"Corpse of a home that is dead"

suitable funeral rights might be accorded.

Naturally the ancient houses that still are homes enlist a livelier interest. They are so numerous that it is difficult to decide which of them, by reason of an individuality perhaps more strongly marked than that of its neighbors, has the better claim to attention.

Somewhat grim of aspect, it must be admitted, is the first to invite friendly investigation, the older portion of which is said to be more than two hundred years old. Something about the extremely thick walls, the small windows, the ponderous deep-set doors, with their huge locks and bolts, suggests a fortress. And when we remark these features we are told that in the old slave days the white population lived in constant dread of an uprising of the blacks. When at night the latter withdrew to their quarters the dwellings of the white people were barred and bolted to an extent that would have enabled them practically to withstand a siege. Low ceilings and deep window recesses darken the interior overmuch and this effect is not dissipated by the somber old-fashioned furnishings. Not here will be found the "house with its scrap art bedight." Nothing could be in sharper contrast to the too common American practice of overcrowding rooms with furniture and bric-a-brac than the almost severe simplicity that prevails in the arrangement of Bermudian interiors generally. Adjoining the house is a curious cave-like kitchen, the floor of stone, the one small window (filled with tiny panes of dim glass) in line with the heavy rafters that form the roof.

Without doubt the pleasantest feature of the old place is the veranda that projects from the second story wherein is a low-swung hammock—the most delectable nook in which to take a siesta, for the veranda commands the garden of this particular house not only, but all the neighboring gardens as well, where humming-birds are busy with the roses, and bananas ripen in the sun, their tropical foliage outlined against the dull green of a cedar grove. And in the shelter of the cedars—for it is winter, all the winter that these fortunate islands know—lie the fields bearing crops—potatoes and blue-green onions and ranks of satin-white lilies all growing in democratic proximity in the coppery-brown mold, while over all broods the soft, intense blue of the southern sky.

Farther seaward is a patriarchal homestead belonging to one of the old estates. It was built in 1786 on land that shelves down to the shore in such a way that while there is but one story in front there are two at the rear.

A big Lamarque rose clambers over the porch that opens into a broad hall from which the great rooms radiate. Antedating the house itself, in all probability, are two antique objects in the hall—a tall and solemn clock that fills one corner from floor to ceiling, ticking away as it has done any time these hundred years or longer, and an enormous settle, capable of seating at one time an entire family of good size. The wood from which both are made is said to be cedar and has taken on with age a lustrous bronze hue. This house has the Atlantic Ocean literally at its back door. The surf breaks far away on the outlying

reefs. In line with the house and perhaps a hundred yards from shore is a semicircle of islets, scarcely more than high conical rocks, with a narrow strip of beach at the base of the largest. The sort of bay thus enclosed makes a capital bathing place, and in this mild climate, where there is little variation of temperature, there are few days in winter when any one in fair health may not take a dip in salt water.

On the crest of a hill overlooking the sleepy old town of St. George is a veritable aristocrat of an old house. Not noticeably different from others externally, within its spacious rooms have a degree of stateliness and retain traces of their old-time decoration that are quite unusual in their elaborateness. Just how old it is nobody seems to know, but its evident antiquity is endorsed by a singular circumstance. Repairs made at a comparatively recent date led to the discovery of a fine old mahogany staircase hidden away between two walls in such a manner that its presence had never been suspected by any one now living. In some bygone day, possibly rearrangement of chambers resulted in the disuse of the stairway. Instead of being removed it was, for some reason, simply walled up and its very existence forgotten. For, so the story runs, none of the old people resident in that part of the group had the slightest recollection of the stairway, though they had been perfectly familiar with the house for many years.

Like an anachronism seems the telephone on the wall amid all these reminders of lang-syne, and the French windows assuredly are innovations. For any violence they do to one's antiquarian taste, however, the wider view they afford makes ample amends—the narrow streets of the foreign-looking, white town ever climbing up hill, the harbor full of ships that will sail no more, St. David's Island and the light, the gray old forts, from the nearer of which issue at intervals mellow bugle notes marking off the day of the red-coated soldiers in the garrison from reveille to taps, and around all, stretching away and away, the brilliantly tinted sea, flashing and dancing in the sunlight.

The luxury of an open fire in the evening, here enjoyed, is far too rare in the islands, where the chill dampness of the stone houses is perceptible to the traveler if not to the native.

After the day's work and pleasure family and guests assemble for the cup of tea beloved of the English not more than of their kindred in the Bermudas apparently—fragrant tea, served in delicate old china cups, while the fitful firelight illumines the long parlor fantastically and the pleasant talk gradually ceases as the talkers, one after another, fall under the spell of the fire. Then the imagination takes a reminiscent turn and runs backward over the history of the old house and of the men and women who here have lived and loved and died. Does its career date back to those good old days when wrecking was considered a gentlemanly pastime in the islands? Could it not relate incidents, if only it could be induced to talk, of those exciting times during the American Civil War when the town there, not somnolent as now, was full of adventurers, when blackade-runners lay in the harbors and hazardous expeditions to Confederate ports were organizing, when fortunes were made in a day and revels were night-long?

A noteworthy example of the last-century country house is one old place singularly consistent in detail, harmonious as a whole, and without a jarring hint of anything modern. Fortunate in its location, it is also fortunate in retaining a sufficient number of the ancestral acres to secure to it a dignified seclusion. Set well back from the road, the approach is by a long drive overarched with tall, slender oleanders, their graceful tops a mass of spicy pink and white and crimson blooms. The house has the air of peering from beneath the spreading trees that surround it, over the grounds that saunter leisurely down to the very margin of the lagoon, and out at the gem-like islands lapped by the luminous water, the white sails in the offing, and the big steamers at their anchorage. Essentially a homelike apartment, and evidently the favorite gathering place of the family, is the living-room

that extends quite through the center of the building. Finished in dark woods and fitted with massive furniture, grotesquely carved, brought from overseas ages ago, it is presided over by dim old family portraits that look down complacently from the walls on an interior little changed since the originals' own day.

In one corner is the oddest winding stair, by which access is given to the drawing-room that comprises the entire second story. A beautiful room it is—lofty, airy, and with a quaintly original character as impressive as it is pleasing. By a peculiar arrangement opposite ends of the room, front and back, are constituted each an immensely wide window composed of smaller ones. On the wall, covering it may be two thirds of the space, is a remarkable paper, thrown into high relief by a section of white wall above and a broad dark surbase beneath. All in soft grays, the figures large, the effect is that of a series of crayon sketches illustrating some old romantic story, with its turreted castles on a river-bank where knights and ladies explore the woodland paths or sit in rustic arbors listening to the strains of the minstrels in the boats below.

Placed here in the time of the founder, when the house—not an old house then—was garnished for the home-coming of the first of its brides, the unique paper is held in high renown by the islanders as a local marvel. And from the time that the home began to resound to the patter of childish footsteps down to the present, the children of the family have ever regarded the wondrous paper as their especial treasure. For has it not fairy princes and princesses galore, and have not countless hours been blissfully spent in adapting the old tales or in inventing new ones to meet the fancied requirements of the charming folk portrayed upon the wall?

The young people come in from the tennis courts and there is much merry chatter as we sip the inevitable tea from grandmamma's tea cups—fragile bits of china that yet have outlasted a human life by many years. All the windows are open and the afternoon sunshine streams in; a faint sea-breeze sways the draperies and sets the pendants of the antiquated candelabra to tinkling musically, as we sit about the pleasant room and meditate dreamily upon the far-away past whereto it belongs.

Such are some of the old homes, fairly representative in a way, yet each possessing clearly defined characteristics of its own. Their special charm is too subtle to be described, but one gets a vivid impression of the livableness and the desirableness of the life they so faithfully represent, the tranquil leisurely life of the olden day, comparatively care-free, filled with homely duties, simple pleasures, and kindly hospitalities. To enter one of them is to surrender to a reposeful and gracious influence that makes the rush, the noise and turmoil of our modern life appear unnecessary, trivial, and even in bad taste.

Steeped in long, long memories and tender associations, they seem no longer to be houses merely, nor even homes, but to have become sentient partakers of the life at which they look on while the generations come and go. Fill them as you will with people, such companies seem ever to intrude upon the real occupants, the gentle ghosts of whose presence one cannot but be aware, for

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go;
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

. . . . . .

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

A DANISH PEASANT WEDDING.

BY MARIE HELGA PETERSEN.

SOON after my arrival in Frederiksund, Frue Seaburg informed me, among other things of local interest, that a peasant wedding was about to take place in the immediate neighborhood, to which she would see that I was invited on the strength of ancestral relationship.

On the following morning she expected her invitation and as the hours wore on without it she began to have serious misgiving concerning the wedding. "If I hear nothing by four o'clock," she said after a prolonged survey of the road toward the pastorate, "I will send Gunilde over to Neils Jensen's yard to inquire if the family have had their invitations. Something surely has happened or the *bidman* (asking man) would have been here long ago; my invitations always come in the morning—at the christening I was asked first of all. It might be that Eida Ericson has changed her mind, for they say she has a fickle heart and an eye to handsome faces, and as everybody knows Peter has no good looks to speak of but he has a well-filled barn besides eight hundred crowns in the bank. To my mind she would have to look far to do better."

Even as she spoke the *bidman* hove in sight, careening gently toward the stone wall in the garden—the most charitably inclined person could not have misconstrued the cause of that gait. Frue Seaburg withdrew from her post of observation at the window and for propriety's sake allowed him to knock twice before admitting him, then with an air of affected surprise invited him within. He got his hat off awkwardly and swung himself over the threshold with the air of a man whose duties overtaxed his strength.

"Greeting from the father and mother," he began, attempting a bow but discreetly dropping into a convenient chair—"the father and mother," he repeated more cheerfully, "and Eida; to yourself and also your guest. Your presence is truly desired at the wedding. Come early to attend the bridal party to church; return with them for dinner, remain for supper, and as long after as will be agreeable to yourselves."

Having delivered this unique invitation he made a feint of rising but the watchful Gunilde brought forth a flagon of freshly drawn beer and a wheaten cake liberally ornamented with raisins. The disposition of these refreshments necessitated some delay, which enabled the *frue* to ask what was uppermost in her mind concerning her neighbors' affairs. The *bidman* made random fragmentary answers between great gulps of beer but maintained a creditable show of interest throughout the one-sided conversation, and after a polite pause set down his empty flagon and rose to go, but paused at the door to say, as an afterthought, "Please send a convenient amount of butter, milk, and eggs."

"I will certainly," Madame answered cheerfully.

"No wonder he came late," the good woman observed, anxiously watching his slowly retreating figure from her curtained window. "He is so full of beer that he can hardly push one foot before the other. I shouldn't wonder if he has forgotten to ask some one; too much beer drives sober thoughts out of a man's head."

"Yet you offered him more," I unwisely exclaimed.

"*Gud bewahre!* But what would you have me to do?" she asked with sudden asperity. "It is an old custom to give the *bidman* a glass of beer and a bit of cake—he expects it at every house. Why should I make myself conspicuous by breaking the rule? My neighbors would soon tell it abroad that Frue Seaburg had forgotten her duty, or perhaps had no beer to offer."

On the appointed day we arrived in due time at the *bonnegaard* (literally translated, the peasant's domain) a square of substan-

tial masonry of the severest Scandinavian type, with little or no external ornamentation. Passing through massive gates into the open courtyard, from which access was had to the stables and barnyard as well as the living-room, we were ushered into a spacious family apartment—presumably a sitting room—where were seated the select few invited to accompany the bridal party to the church. I took my place among maids and matrons seated in prim array on benches ranging around the walls, and while Frue Seaburg extended neighborly greeting took opportunity to notice my surroundings.

The room, I thought, was evidently a part of the original dwelling built early in the seventeenth century. Its polished rafters ran to a sharp peak knit by wooden spikes; the heavy oak panels showed a clear outline of carved hexagonal figures regularly and deeply executed. Two windows, set in the thick outer wall, still bore traces of iron grating, showing the invincibility of old Norse masonry. Between the windows, projecting into the room, was a fireplace open on three sides, built of carved wood and stone in the likeness of an altar such as one frequently sees in old Norwegian houses. The furnishings and ornaments were of a kind to make the heart of a curio-maniac burn with envy, but as the company increased the quaint, harmonious effect was necessarily marred by the introduction of a set of incongruously ugly wooden chairs. The bride's entrance put an end to my observations.

As Frue Seaburg had said, Eida Ericson was a very pretty girl—quite out of the ordinary type of Scandinavians, I thought, and on hazarding a question I learned that she was not of pure Danish blood but a direct descendant of the famous Ramolinis of Corsica, though born on Danish soil and likely to end her life there. She was peculiarly attractive without being beautiful; her hair was a rare burnished brown color which in America would be called either very lovely or artificial, full of coppery lights and deep shadows like the stem of maidenhair fern; her long narrow gray eyes under black, finely-penciled eyebrows, were circled with the dusky shadows peculiar to Mediterranean peoples and her coloring showed a superb blending of northern and southern blood. But the possibility of rare beauty was defeated by irregular, almost angular features. Her face suggested a curious haphazard whim of a great artist in blending the exquisite Murillo tones in the cold, rough-hewn Norse physiognomy, which with a softening of contour and profile might be strikingly beautiful.

Eida's figure was a little too large for beauty, as our notion goes—it gave her a rather matronly air not at all improved by her tight-fitting but pretty homespun dress that missed the floor by several inches all around; but for all that she made a very picturesque, attractive appearance. A diaphanous white fichu crossed loosely over her bosom displayed a softly rounded throat of ivory whiteness; over a headdress of very delicate and rare lace she wore a scarlet velvet cap, or "hood," as it is called, richly gold-embroidered, with broad bows of scarlet ribbon at the back and chin. The older women present turned her about like a slowly revolving wax figure, offering kindly suggestions of improvement—a slight alteration of ribbons, the readjustment of her veil or flowers—and to these maneuvers the bride smiled a willing assent, accepting them as a flattering show of friendly interest.

When the ways and means of discussion were exhausted the bride's father observed that as the minister was asked to be at the church early it might be as well to start out in good time, and his suggestion was immediately acted upon. The bride and members of her immediate family occupied the forward "rockaway," followed in the next by a band of rustic musicians, who struck up a merry tune as soon as all the guests were seated in their respective vehicles.

The day was fraught with the indescribable sweetness of early spring; every whiff of air stirred the heart of blossoming things and wafted abroad subtle odors of wild flowers. The forest shade was deep and cool with the sunlight glinting through like little gold arrows and from every tree came

a thrilling, jubilant chorus of song. Perhaps because Denmark is a very small country and every available inch of ground is made use of, the government is able to keep the roads and forest in immaculate order, like those of our finest parks or a gentleman's private grounds. Not a dead branch or twig may be seen for miles through the grass-carpeted forests. The hedgerows are smooth as a stone wall, the sharply defined grass borders like strips of emerald velvet, and beyond the level stretch of stone masonry surrounding the *bonnegaards* of wealthy landowners one catches a glimpse of indefectible gardens in luxuriant bloom. The farm lands present the same scrupulous order, emphasizing my impression that the Danes are a thrifty race who do not do things by halves.

I had not been able to single the prospective bridegroom out of a train of attendant swains, but on reaching the church I noticed that a young man of substantial, wholesome appearance became remotely attentive to Eida, and at the critical moment took his place beside her at the altar. It was too evident from his painfully conscious attitude that he felt himself the target of all eyes, and his consequent embarrassment made him appear awkward, though he really was a fine looking fellow of the pure Saxon type, with good features and splendid physique.

He bore himself throughout the ceremony as one who accepts the inevitable under stress of immutable circumstance but sorely against the grain. However, after the main ordeal was past he recovered himself sufficiently to answer the congratulations and admonitions pressed upon him by well-meaning friends and relatives; he even smiled broadly from time to time as he glanced at Eida, whose gloved finger-tips barely touched his coat sleeve in feint of taking his arm, but looked much relieved when finally advised to lead the homeward procession.

On reaching the *bonnegaard* we found waiting us a lively, expectant company of invited guests, and after a proper interval of formalities and compliments we were invited by our host to dinner. The tables were arranged after the fashion of ancient banquet tables, forming an open square, the bridal couple taking their places at the middle of the cross tables facing the square, and after them each guest as he happened to come into the room. After an interval of silence, to make sure that every one was seated, each guest took up his spoon. Seeing no plates or other dishes I began to wonder what those implements were intended for, when the serving maids brought in great bowls full of steaming rice. Placing four of these to each table, they divided the contents into four sections by deep indentations in the form of a cross and into the grooves thus formed poured a cupful of melted butter and a plentiful sprinkling of cinnamon and sugar. Then operations began, four guests to one bowl, dipping every spoonful into the hot butter.

After this course followed meats in season, deliciously prepared and in prodigious quantity. Wheaten cakes, very much raisined, were offered as a last course, with home-brewed beer of peculiarly rich honeyed taste, very superior to any beverage of the kind I have tasted in my own country.

Directly after dinner the floor was cleared for dancing.

"Now do exactly as you see the other girls do," Frue Seaburg whispered as she withdrew to a group of matrons seated at the end of the *sal*, out of the way of the dancers. So I said "*Nei tak*" (No thank you), as my immediate neighbor had said a moment before when asked to dance. Every girl on the floor coyly refused the invitation, but the swains were in no way disconcerted.

"*Nei jeg vil helst ikke danse*" (I'd rather not dance), my little neighbor repeated.

"Oh, by Thor, you will too," the gallant answered cheerfully, turning a deaf ear to succeeding protests, and, coolly linking her arm with his, led her out on the floor. Every couple went through the same performance, myself included (though I'm afraid my protest sounded foolishly insincere).

The bridal couple led, and after the first

dance neither spoke to the other or took the faintest notice of each other for the entire evening, thus obeying an unspoken law of peasant decorum. As the afternoon wore on the music grew more enticing and bashful swains threw themselves heartily into the sport, dancing after a fashion of their own at a positively dizzy pace, while their panting, laughing partners clung to their swaying, outstretched arms and followed breathlessly. The bride danced easily and gracefully, with sinuous movements and finely poised head.

Supper was served between seven and eight—without rice—a plentiful, toothsome repast, after which the dance was promptly resumed. At four o'clock in the morning the guests dispersed for a few hours of rest and sleep. By special invitation I stayed with Frue Seaburg at the *bonnegaard* and was glad to betake myself to a damask-curtained bed—the summit of which was reached by means of a stepladder—but was awakened at what seemed a most unseasonable hour to be told that the guests were returning and the merrymaking about to begin anew. At ten o'clock the fiddlers arrived and fell ardently to work; couples formed in rapid succession and danced as if their sole business in life was to tread the merry maze.

I noticed an increase of elderly couples—old dames with rosy cheeks and snowy hair, in holiday attire, and men of seventy or over, dressed in quaint picturesque garments of brown and blue homespun and high-heeled, silver-buckled shoes. The festiveness of the occasion stirred old memories and called forth a gently-flowing tide of reminiscences; they recounted tales of their youth, colored wholly by local events shared in by playmates who grew to be friends of early manhood, and in old age still were their good comrades, as one numerous family whose interests intermingle and converge into a common end.

That day passed very much like the preceding day. Toward evening the bride began to show signs of weariness in paling cheeks and lagging steps, but she danced bravely on and her girl friends laughed as merrily as ever at the good-natured jests flung at them by the men who flanked the wall as they looked on in admiring approval.

Frue Seaburg assured me that the third and last day would not differ from the first in any particular except that fewer guests would be present. She agreed discreetly with my covert hint at absenting myself, remarking that she intended calling formally on the bride that afternoon and if I desired I might accompany her, which would be considered the height of good form. I did so, and at parting received a cordial invitation to visit the Svensens of Frederiksund forever after.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN WOMAN PHYSICIAN ABROAD.

BY S. SOLOMONS.

LONDON, ——.

MY DEAR ——: We had a most delightful voyage, and I was fortunate in being sick only one day. There were some very nice people on board, including His Highness, the prince of Greece—the first real live prince I ever saw. He was quite pleasant and sociable, and made friends with every one. I admired his enormous size, but he was young and uninteresting to me. However, I have been made to feel since I arrived on these effete shores that it was a great thing to travel seven days in company with a prince, promenade on the same deck, eat at the same table, and even enjoy occasional whiffs of tobacco smoke exhaled from the royal nostrils. These poor benighted people fall down and worship royalty, but they need not imagine for a moment that a sensible American is going to do it.

However, when a beautifully decked yacht comes half way down the Irish coast, bearing princes, dukes, and duchesses,

stops our twelve-thousand-ton vessel, and keeps us waiting for three hours while they go through with an elaborate ceremony and take the prince aboard with them, after which we pull up our huge anchors and follow along behind, then do I begin to realize that royalty has rights which even an American must respect.

Our amusement on board consisted principally in watching for sails and betting on the run made the day previous. Every day I carried fruit and cookies to the children in the steerage. I shall never forget those poor children lying about in heaps, some asleep, with nothing between their heads and the hard, dirty floor.

I have been making observations in hospitals and operating-rooms. The medical women I have met dress in ginghams and look slouchy, but the men are spruce. They have special hospitals for special diseases, but everything is heavy, awkward, and inconvenient.

I don't like their customs, such as cutting your own bread at table off a big, unwieldy loaf, and hulling your own strawberries. I object to doing the cook's work, especially as they don't use finger-bowls. But what grieves me most is the entire absence of ice cream soda water. It cannot be procured for love or money, and yet these people call themselves civilized!

I spent this forenoon in the hospital for hip diseases, and the afternoon at Windsor, visiting the castle, the royal stables, Eton College, the old church where the poet Gray is buried, and other things of interest.

I hear a man's voice in the next room. He has left his door open, and I catch the familiar murmur, "Convex surface looks upward and backward from the anterior posterior spine." No one but a medical student prays like that. I must ask the landlady about him to-morrow.

Yours————,

A————.

VIENNA, ——.

DEAR ——: I am not feeling particularly brilliant, as I have been up so much at night in the *Krankenhaus*. But my father says, "If you have no time to elaborate, please state the plain facts." So I give you one now. I ha-a-a-ate Vienna! She is evidently not my affinity. The most objectionable feature of the place to my mind is the men. The attitude they assume toward women is simply preposterous. I will give you an instance.

My landlady has a cousin—a young man of about thirty—who does not belong to the nobility by any means, but is merely a clerk in a store. He came to tea one evening when Fraulein and I were alone, the servant having gone on an errand. When we sat down to table we noted the absence of *Semmel*, or rolls, without which no meal can proceed in Vienna. Fraulein said she would run across the street to the baker's and get some if it were not for her rheumatism and the snow on the ground. I was not afflicted with rheumatism, but hesitating to offer my services when there was a young man present I ventured to suggest to the good lady that if I possessed a cousin as able-bodied and convenient as this one appeared to be I should certainly send him.

You should have seen the look of consternation on both their faces, as they proceeded to explain to me how absolutely impossible it was for a gentleman in Vienna to enter a bakery, purchase ten kreutzers' worth of bread, and walk out again without forfeiting his position in society. In short, it appeared that he was socially, politically, mentally, morally, and physically incapacitated for carrying bundles, be they ever so small—which explained the peculiar phenomenon I had witnessed several times in the most fashionable streets of men giving their bundles and packages to their lady companions to carry.

When the Austrian youth saw that I was no less surprised than disgusted at this revelation he appeared disturbed and asked me what an American gentleman would do under such trying circumstances. I told him in a way that left no doubt that I approved of the American custom. His face turned red, and making a dive for his hat he informed me with repressed agitation that he was capable of lending the dignity

of ten Americans to the purchase and transportation of *Semmel*, and with a tragic air left the house. Fraulein was much troubled over this escapade, as she is the daughter of a colonel, and "feels her position." In about three minutes the cousin returned, flaunting his paper bag, which he deposited with mock courtesy at my feet.

But the *Krankenhaus!* There I heal my wounds (mental) and forget my sorrows. It is a vast affair, covering twenty-five acres, and excellently run, being absolutely devoid of odors. I have a nice little room which I use when I am there at night on duty.

This is the first opportunity I have had to-day to sit down, but I am glad to be busy, for if I had time to stop and think, I should get so homesick that I could not endure it any longer. It's dreadful to be away so long among strangers, although every one is kind to me, and I have no reason to complain.

Your homesick

A————.

DEAR ——: You asked in your last letter about the women doctors here, and their standing. There are not many of us here at the Imperial Hospital—only three Americans, one Englishwoman, and one Russian. Two more are expected in a few weeks. Most of them go to the obstetrical wards. I alone am taking the courses in surgery and pathology. Women are not admitted to the university, but if you have ingenuity enough you may manage to attend whatever clinics you please. I am attending three at present, but I go as the guest of the professors, so there will be no complaint from headquarters. Different means are to be employed in gaining these privileges. One professor took me for the sake of the guilders, another, as he frankly expressed it, because I was young and good-looking and he liked to see me around!—and still another—God bless him!—because he believed in giving women a chance. However, there are many private courses given by as able teachers as any in the university, which are all open to women, provided they have the money to pay the fees.

As a rule I am treated with courtesy and respect. The natives do not approve of "emancipated women," as they call us, but the fact of my being an American goes far toward reconciling them. They seem to think that we are so far away that we cannot harm them if we do not insist on entering their exclusive field.

I am working in a pathological laboratory at present, and enjoy it very much. Every evening I have gross pathology and post-mortems. You should see with what neatness and dispatch I can do a post-mortem! But alas! I shall have but little opportunity to display that accomplishment when I come home, as people have an unaccountable aversion to post-mortems.

I must tell you to what straits I have been reduced in the matter of something to drink. As you know, wine and beer are the principal lubricating fluids over here, but I don't care for either, so I have been drinking water and milk with an occasional glass of seltzer thrown in. But not long ago the milk was condemned, and some days later a notice appeared in the papers warning the public not to drink a drop of water—that a sewer had broken in the reservoir and as there was a great deal of intestinal catarrh in Vienna it was not safe. So I was contemplating taking to beer, when I was informed that for the present hops had given out and the substitute was a bitter, poisonous weed. So I have been obliged to resort to distilled water.

Your————,

A————.

BERLIN, ——.

MY DEAR ——: It is but five days since I arrived here, but when I tell you what I have accomplished in that short space of time you will agree with me that I have reason to be elated.

You know Berlin is the stronghold of medical conservatism, the hospitals and clinic-rooms being absolutely closed to women. Two of my fellow-students at Vienna who preceded me here wrote me that they had used every effort and been unsuccessful. Nevertheless I—self-willed

as ever, you see—determined to make the attempt.

The result is that I have the honor to announce myself as the sole and only woman at present admitted to medical circles in Berlin. In order that you may appreciate the difficulties I have met and overcome I will relate to you the interview I had with one of the great doctors of the university, whose fame is world-wide. In appearance he is grim and stern, with a sharp and imperious manner. Moreover I was informed that he was a hater of women doctors. I had, however, made up my mind to enter his clinic. So I coolly bearded the lion in his den, and this is about the conversation that ensued:

He. "Well, madame, what can I do for you?"

I. "I am an American, and—"

He. "Ah! I am always pleased to meet Americans."

I. "And a doctor."

He. "*Der Teufel!*"

I. "No, I am not he. Only a doctor."

He (somewhat disconcerted). "Ah, beg pardon! But why have you come to Berlin?"

I. "To see you, and take some courses in surgery."

He (with emphasis). "But you are a woman!"

I. "Well, that is not my fault, and I am trying to make the best of it."

He. "But women doctors are not allowed here. Did not the registrar of the university warn you not to come to me?"

I (calmly). "He did, and others also."

He (more in amazement than in anger). "Then why have you persisted in coming?"

I (innocently). "Because I wish to take surgery of you."

He. "Your presumption challenges my admiration. What do you know?"

I (modestly). "Nothing worth mentioning. I came here hoping to learn."

He (meditatively). "Hm! My clinic is already overcrowded with male students. Besides, it is against the rules."

I. "The rules are unjust and should be abolished."

He. "That may or may not be. At any rate, it is my office to obey, or else face a power that has been known to vacate a chair."

I (in my most winning manner). "Oh, I am sure there is no danger on that score. The university could well spare all of its rules in preference to sparing Herr Professor L——!"

He (after a pause). "Come to me next month and I will perhaps admit you."

I. "I beg your pardon, Herr Professor, but an American's time is precious. If you please, I will come this month."

He. "Zounds! Have I not conceded enough to you?"

I. "But to wait a whole month before getting your instruction!"

He. "Well, as you are so persistent, I will give you a chance. Come to my clinic to-morrow morning at ten sharp, and I will find out whether you know anything."

Thus ended the interview, but I feared the battle was by no means won yet. I suspected that the great surgeon was secretly making fun of me, and chose this method of getting rid of me and my demands. I had not had a chance to mention the fact that I had already taken courses at some of the first clinics in Europe.

Well, you had better believe I presented myself promptly next morning, but I had a row with the porter before he would admit me, and on entering the clinic-room I found the holy terror of a professor and about twenty male Herr Doctors in the act of diagnosing a case. Nodding carelessly to me, the former remarked in an audible aside to the latter that they would "see what this child could do," and ordered me to give my diagnosis. I called all my wits together, and not daring to hesitate, after a moment's examination of the subject pronounced it to be a case of floating kidney. To my surprise he instantly threw up his hands and shouted, "She is right. She has beaten you all!" Then evidently repenting of his too-ready praise, he added, "But I dare say you guessed it. Women are good guessers," and ordered them to bring in the next case. This and the two following ones I also

"guessed" correctly—my guardian angel was keeping his weather eye open about this time—the Herr Doctor's astonishment increasing visibly each time. Well, I was unanimously admitted to the clinic, and have passed among the learned Berliners ever since as "the American Oracle."

You may believe I am in an exultant frame of mind, but my chief reason for rejoicing is that a woman is at last recognized in a position from which her sex has been hitherto rigidly excluded. The fact that I am that favored individual I admit adds to my satisfaction. I shall now have to work hard to keep up my reputation with the great doctors.

Your triumphant
A————.

BRITTANY AND ITS WOMEN.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

ONE is hardly over the border from Normandy to Brittany till one notes a difference in the look of the land and people. It is no longer the rich slopes, the close-clipt hedges, the long lines of poplars marking everywhere the white roads, the steep-roofed cottages with fortress-like walls. The Breton fields have a wilder and more sterile look, the roads are less perfect, the hedgerows are ragged, and often rough stone walls replace them. It is nature in her own wildness, not tamed and made servant to man as in Normandy.

Of old great forests covered this Land's End of France. Victor Hugo tells in "Ninety-three" how beneath these forests the ground was hollowed into catacombs, with streets and open places; catacombs into which the Vendéan rebel could drop as by magic to escape his pursuer. The forests have been largely cut away; but the look of the land is often ragged and rough as a western clearing. The surface is much more broken by hills and deep ravines. One looks down into narrow valleys with dark, swift-rushing streams and clusters of cabins of rough unhewn stones. Could we enter those cabins we should find mud floors and a near cow-house, but carved bedsteads in old oak and presses out of which wonderfully embroidered bodices and jackets come on Sundays. A glimpse of four cream-white oxen drawing a primitive plow, a woman with a distaff by the roadside guarding a lean black goat, as old and witchlike as herself, other women at the little stations knitting endless gray socks and chattering Breton—these touches emphasize the out-of-the-world note of the landscape.

And one might almost sum up the traveler's first impression of Brittany in a paraphrase of Browning's famous title—it is white-cotton-day-cap country. Every little village has its own cap, and wherever the Breton woman goes she keeps to it as the badge of her birthplace. They are of all possible designs; close-fitting pokes, round crowns with full ruffles like earwigs, peaked crowns with towered attachments over the ears which recall cathedral spires. But always they are dazzlingly white and clean, the frills crimped to perfection, the starched strings streaming down the back or tied neatly on top of the head. Variety, however, is limited to the caps and collars. The regular costume which goes with them all is a short full skirt, usually black, a square-cut bodice and chemisette—frilled or embroidered for best. The men wear full knee-breeches, a short, loose jacket, often of velvet with quaint silver buttons, and a broad-brimmed black hat with a wide velvet ribbon hanging down the back. A waistcoat with much tinsel embroidery, home-knit gray stockings, and leather shoes finish his gala toilet. But even in Finisterre these picturesque old costumes are going out. The artist must seek remote villages and the yearly festivals—the *Pardons*—to find them in any great numbers.

From under the broad-brimmed black felt the Breton face looks up at you, a very dif-

ferent type from the Norman. The black eyes are dreamy or fierce, the black hair long and tangled; the manner shy, wild, and yet having a certain dignity born of native pride and independence. He speaks the tongue of his forefathers—the Breton—and he only half understands French. It is four hundred and fifty years since, thanks to a king of France marrying the duchess of Brittany, his province was annexed; and still he is not assimilated as is the Norman and the Provençal. He keeps his own popular ballads in Breton, and his bagpipe to drone out the old airs; he keeps his legends, and his belief in witchcraft and fairy lore. And everywhere the Druid remains nourish these superstitions. The cross has indeed been put on top of the menhir which stands in solitary grandeur in the deep wood, the circles of Druid stones have been duly exorcised and blessed. But still to him the mystery and the sanctity of the older faith clings to them. His children learn French in school; but it is not the home, the mother-tongue.

It is from Brittany that France largely draws her sailors—and her priests. On the coast children learn to swim as soon as they have learned to walk, and the men are vowed to the sea from birth. In the little churchyards on the rocky coast you read family names which from generation to generation tell the same story—"lost at sea." The mystery and peril of the ocean lie upon the land and the people like a great shadow.

As it chanced, we were in Brittany at the time of the *Pardons*—the yearly festival in each village in honor of its patron saint. It is their Thanksgiving, the time of family reunions. And everywhere we saw the sailor lads from the great naval schools at Brest on their way home for the holiday. They were fresh-faced youths, slender, with dark, clear-cut faces all aglow as they chattered Breton to each other. And at every station the mothers in their caps and wooden shoes were waiting for them.

The Breton women's faces are not happy ones. The stolid comfort and materialism of the Norman is replaced by a melancholy born of a hard life and narrow conditions. Melancholy and a certain religious mysticism are the stamp of the people. In the interior —at Quimper for instance, where life is easier—they are gayer and more talkative. But the nearer one gets to the sterile coast and the all-devouring sea, the deeper the poverty and the gloom. Beggars abound. They haunt the churches as in Italy—all human miseries and deformities in rags and dirt; and the begging is persistent and shameless. At first these things repel you. It is medieval beggary and medieval ideas as to the proper way of relief. Nevertheless the Bretons as a race are brave, thoughtful, and religious. It is indeed the country of religious mystics. Treguie—Renan's birthplace—is the great nursery of the French priesthood, and until a few years ago religious plays were still acted here. Brittany gave France religious thinkers like Abelard and Lamennais; Châteaubriand with his poetic, esthetic faith; and Pierre Loti, the idealist, whose hero is so often the Breton sailor.

As in Normandy, the perennial occupation of the women is washing by the riverside. The river chatters over its stony bed, the kneeling women chatter above; but the voices are not as cheerful as those of their Norman sisters and there is no laughter. One feels that their life is hard and bare. The Breton peasant has always, according to the saying current in France, "belonged to his priests." It is a pity that they have not been able to teach him gentleness to his wife. He is far harsher to her than is the Norman with all his materialism. He treats her more as a beast of burden and she grows old even earlier than her Norman neighbor. Certainly she needs all the comfort her religion can give her; and the inscription which we saw carved—in Latin and Breton —over one church door seemed to us peculiarly fitted to the sad women who had dropped their burdens there for a pause of prayer: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE C. L. S. C. READINGS FOR 1896–97.

A NUMBER of benevolent persons have at different times prepared lists of what they regarded as "the best hundred books." Literary journals with equal benevolence have published these lists of good books and gravely advised their readers to read them all. The youthful Edison in his boyish passion for knowledge decided to read an entire library and actually began at one end of the first shelf. He read every book for about a yard along the shelf—and stopped. The plan did not work. It is equally unwise to attempt to read any selected list of hundred best books, be they never so wisely selected, because the best book may not be precisely the best book for any particular person to read. In a large and general way there are a few great books that every man, woman, and child should own, read, mark, and inwardly digest. "The Book" is one, but the moment we get away from the first few (say ten) of the best hundred books there arise many grave doubts as to whether the remaining best books are the best for us all.

Clearly there is a better way. Books are tools. The thing to know is to know what tool is the best for a particular purpose. The object sought in reading books is education and the kind of education decides what are the best books. Plainly books on building and architecture are better for a carpenter than books on grammar and music. What, then, is your object in reading good books? Is it to be a first-rate carpenter or to be a man of education as well as a carpenter?

The better way is to read certain books arranged in a certain definite order and to read them in a fixed period of time. The young reader who cheerfully sets out to read the whole of any one of these lists of one hundred best books is courageous, but not precisely wise, because he is not likely to carry out his noble resolve. Long before he reaches the fiftieth book he will find there are others of more value to him. He will soon see that it is simple common sense to read these books and finish the list at a more convenient season, which often never comes. A few books arranged along a definite line, a few books read in a definite time—this is the fine art of reading. Members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle recognize at once that this is the only sensible and reasonable way to read any books. We see in a general way that educated men and women, particularly college men and women, have read certain books in a certain order in a certain time (usually four years). We wish also to be regarded as educated persons. Shall we read the college man's books? Yes, if possible, but for the majority of us it may never be possible.

We can do something else, and herein lies the immense value of the Chautauqua system of education. The Chautauqua year begins now. Already its plan of reading is arranged for nine months in advance and its five books are ready for critical examination.

Open the first book, "A Survey of Greek Civilization," by J. P. Mahaffy. D.D., D.C.L. (Oxon.). Why read this book more than another? Because in Greece, art, letters, civilization reached a stage where they could and did affect the culture of modern life; because in a large sense our life and art and civilization are founded upon Greece. Education is based upon Greek learning and a true education implies that we shall know something of Greek life and civilization. Some have said that the best education implied a knowledge of the language of Greece. This may be quite true, and yet, for most of us there is no time for Greek, and we find that it is quite possible to gain a clearer and very thorough knowledge of all that is best in Greek art and literature without the language and without reading all the books required in our colleges. This book in a large and general way is a real survey of Greece, and to read

and understand it is to gain the cream of a classic education as far as it concerns Greece.

There is one side of Greek life that rises so high that it has become the model for all the world and is well worth our while to study in more detail. This is Greek art. So we find the second book of the required reading is "A History of Greek Art," by Professor F. B. Tarbell. This extremely interesting book traces the rise of art in Egypt and follows it through the prehistoric period till it culminates in the highest expression in Greek sculpture. The book is profusely illustrated, so that we can gain a very good idea of the appearance of many of the great art works that made Greek artists the leaders in art. A study of these two books will thus place us in possession of the chief facts concerning the history, civilization, and art of the great people who laid the foundations of art and civilization as we know them to-day.

Nor does a well-balanced plan of reading confine the reader to the study of ancient times and nations. Modern nations have their lessons for us, modern history can help us to understand life. So we have two books upon France and the French people. The first of these is George Burton Adams' excellent history entitled "The Growth of the French Nation." Professor Adams gives us in this book a clear, yet condensed account of the rise of the great people who have made France, showing how the warring and isolated tribes and communities drew gradually together and built up through trial, wars, suffering, and loss a people who should become in a large sense a leader among the nations.

To understand the French people as they are, to get an insight into their character, so different from our own, we need quite another style of book, and in Mr. W. C. Brownell's "French Traits" we have a minute and painstaking account of the French people as one who has long lived among them sees them. This book admirably offsets Professor Adams' history and the two give us a clear and interesting picture of the French people.

The best course of reading should include something of science. The hundred best books may in the minds of persons of a literary turn of mind quite exclude books upon science as not being really best. The best reading for education and culture must include some scientific books, and in the Chautauqua system one book or more each year brings the reader in touch with modern science. This year the subject is astronomy, and in Mr. Herbert A. Howe's book entitled "A Study of the Sky" we have a fascinating and delightful guide to the study of the stars.

These five books may not belong to any list of hundred best books. They are better. They are parts of a well-designed system of reading. They form part of a plan of reading having a definite educational end and extending over a definite time. Nor will the reader-student who takes them up be left alone to follow unaided his own, perhaps lonely, reading. Every month will come a friendly guide, commentator, and assistant, to explain and illuminate each book. In THE CHAUTAUQUAN, through the year, will be found a real help to the reader-student. Articles in the different numbers will describe the life, manners, and customs of Greece and France, will clear up points in each book. Moreover, THE CHAUTAUQUAN is a teacher, explaining, translating, and defining words and terms in the books that may seem to the reader new or unusual. It is difficult to imagine a truer union of friendly teacher and guide in reading than THE CHAUTAUQUAN, keeping step, as it does, through the year with the reader-students who are seeking instruction, entertainment, and culture through the reading course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

PEOPLE have all sorts of notions as to what "expression" means. An agreeable expression of countenance may be one thing, while an excited baseball player may indulge in an expression that nobody could countenance—which is quite another matter. Practically, it means to say something, and

the fine art of expression is to have something to say and to know how to say it in an effective and agreeable manner. A picture may express something and so may a song. Commonly, expression means speech, words, either our own or composed by another. To express yourself clearly and to the point is a simple and very necessary accomplishment. To write a letter or make a speech, or to take part in ordinary conversation, implies the ability to express yourself with reasonable ease and clearness.

Yet the fine art of expression is something much higher than mere letter-writing, conversation, or speech-making. This is the art of expressing in the finest and most artistic manner the thoughts of the poets and writers who, having something to say, have said it in the most beautiful manner. It is not exactly reading aloud, it is not elocution, or acting, or pantomime, or oratory, and yet it may be something of all these.

There are three distinct ways in which we may enjoy a fine poem: we may read it from the printed page in silence; we may listen while some one reads it aloud, or listen to some one reading it while we ourselves hold the book and follow the words as they are spoken by the reader. There is also a fourth method, and that is to commit the poem to memory and to repeat it aloud.

The first method is the most common and the least satisfactory, because we may be morally certain that we are reading it pretty badly. Besides, reading in silence is unsocial, a little selfish, and not always fair to the poet or ourselves. Reading in silence misses half the charm of reading. It is not easy to carry the cadence, rhythm, and musical form of the poem in the mind. Just try it. Read any good poem for the first time to yourself and then listen to the same poem read or recited aloud by a trained reader. Now it's quite another thing. Now to the thought we add the sound of the rhyme, the swing of the rhythm, all the music of the words, and all the charm of a beautiful voice. Besides all this, the reader may give a wholly new meaning to the words and thus add something to the poem we might never have found alone. As well look over the notes of a song and try to imagine how they will sound as to read always in silence.

Naturally, this art of expression rests chiefly on the art of reading, and yet it is not mere reading. Reading aloud or recitation makes the "medium" of this art—the art itself is the complete artistic development of the man or woman, so that in using this medium they bring out all the values of the poem they read. Nor is a trained voice, skilful inflection, or graceful gesture everything. There must be also general culture, ability to understand what is read, and the taste to select the right thing and the best thing to read. Mere "readers" or "elocutionists," those dreadful creatures who once afflicted a long-suffering public are happily disappearing. We do not care any more for the pretty girl with the bird-notes, or the sweet young thing in cheese-cloth, or the funny man who pulls his hair over his eyes and tells you stories. These are not artists in expression—they are only entertainers; and the wonder is we entertained them so long.

People will always enjoy the fine presentation of fine literature. We are getting away from the mere entertainment side of this art of expression, and those who hope to succeed in filling the demand for readers must follow broad and thorough courses of study.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE TRIAL OF THE TRANSVAAL RAIDERS.

DR. L. S. JAMESON.

THE unusual form of prosecution in English procedure, "trial at bar," was given to Dr. L. S. Jameson and his five co-raiders of the Transvaal, who were indicted on June 23 for violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. Accordingly, on July 20, the trial began before the three judges, Lord Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, who presided, Sir Henry Hawkins, and Baron Pollock, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. On July 28 Lord Russell made his charge to the jury, who after an hour's deliberation pronounced all the defendants guilty. Dr. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, Mayor Sir John Willoughby to ten months, Col. H. F. White to seven months, and Major Raleigh Grey, Major R. White, and H. F. Coventry to three months' imprisonment each. According to advices of July 25 the Cape Colony parliament unanimously adopted the majority report of the committee to investigate the invasion, which asserts that Cecil Rhodes, who was prime minister of Cape Colony when the raid took place, was cognizant of Dr. Jameson's plan. Mr. Rhodes has signified his willingness to go to London for his trial.

The Eagle. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

"Dr. Jim," the raider, has escaped with a sentence to fifteen months in prison, not at hard labor. Out of England this is not considered to be a fitting punishment for the attempt to steal a quiet and unoffending republic.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

It is quite safe to say that the terms fixed will never be served. If the Boers of the South African Republic soon released the men who were more guilty than Jameson and his associates, it is certain that the British government will not deal more harshly with its own subjects. The integrity and fairness of English courts have been vindicated.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

The conviction of Jameson and his Transvaal raiders, the dupes or tools of Cecil Rhodes, ends another chapter in the discreditable story of British greed in South Africa. The men were convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, while their master and instigator, Rhodes, was wiring for reinforcements of imperial troops to carry out his designs in Africa.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

This would hardly be accepted as adequate retribution, for instance, if the violation of neutrality laws had been directed against a power like Russia. But, considering the peculiar circumstances surrounding the trial, it may at least be accepted as proof that Great Britain does not evade her responsibility, even where the complainant is only a small African republic.

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

There is not a great deal of comfort to Dr. Jameson in the reflection that his incarceration is a mere formality and not to be accepted as an index of popular sentiment in England.

The New York Post. (N. Y.)

The sentences were certainly light in view of the bloodshed that was occasioned by the raid, but it must be remembered that almost the only sufferers were Dr. Jameson's followers, who were as guilty as he was.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. (Pa.)

Had Britain felt strong enough Jameson would not now be a convict. But Britain was not strong enough, and so justice is done. Besides, his effort was not a success, which makes it much easier to let the hand of the law smite him.

The Globe. (Toronto, Ont., Canada.)

The conviction will have a tendency to continue the confidence felt almost universally hitherto in the general impartiality of British justice. Jameson's unfortunate raid, ill-managed under any circumstances, has brought a world of evil on South Africa from which it may not recover in a generation.

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the American Nation," constitutes a Special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

EXPRESSIONS of grief from the whole nation have been called forth by the sudden death on June 16 of William E. Russell. It occurred in the fishing camp at St. Adelaide, Pabos, Quebec, whither he had gone with his brother to rest from his labors at the Chicago Democratic Convention. His ailment is supposed to have been heart disease, for he was apparently well on his arrival the day before. Mr. Russell was born January 6, 1857, in Cambridge, Mass. Here he attended the public schools and in 1873 entered Harvard College, graduating four years later. In April, 1880, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar and entered the law firm of C. T. & T. H. Russell. Acting always with the Democratic party, he was elected to the Cambridge common council in 1881 and two years later he became an alderman. In the presidential campaign of 1884 he stumped the state, using his fine powers of oratory in favor of Grover Cleveland. In 1885 Mr. Russell was elected mayor of Cambridge by a large majority, and served in this capacity three terms. His marriage with Miss Margaret Swan occurred on June 3, 1885. He was defeated for governor in 1888 and again in 1889, but his third fight for the governorship, in 1890, resulted in his election. In 1891 and 1892 he was reëlected by his party to the same post. These brilliant successes over a Republican majority of years' standing brought him wide recognition in the world of politics. Retiring from the governor's chair at the end of his third term, Mr. Russell resumed his practice of law. Still he continued to engage in politics and had a national reputation as a champion of free trade and sound money. His record is one of unswerving allegiance to the Democratic party. The deceased is survived by a wife and three children.

(Rep.) Boston Journal. (Mass.)

Massachusetts has had many able public men, but few of William E. Russell's personal attractiveness. That was recognized when he was living. It will be even more fully recognized, now he is dead, that the triumphs which he won were far more individual than party victories. He had the genius of leadership. In mourning for him there are no Democrats, no Republicans. The whole state sorrows at the untimely close of a career rich in achievement yet richer still in promise.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

He was the kind of young man who is altogether too infrequent in politics, and his death is a distinct loss to public life. He was not a man of commanding ability, but he was better than that—he was a man of direct and manly methods, a man of strong and clean convictions, and the more he indulged in politics the more he improved them.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Thousands of conservative citizens everywhere had learned to esteem him as on the whole the most promising young Democratic leader in New England. During his brilliant career he had shown great wisdom, courage, and tact, and to these qualities were joined oratorical abilities of a high quality.

(Dem.) The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

A Democrat of national reputation, and a man of brilliant attributes of mind and sterling integrity of character. His executive administrations were conspicuous for the vigor with which he enforced the statutes, especially those regarding the sale of liquor.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

AFTER nearly half a century's agitation in Great Britain the bill legalizing marriage with a sister of a deceased wife passed the House of Lords on July 10 by a vote of 204 to 142. Though it has yet to pass the House of Commons, it is almost sure to become a law, as that body is supposed to be favorable to it. The bill makes the marriage laws uniform throughout the British provinces, marriage with a deceased wife's sister having long been legal in many of the British colonies. The bill, however, provides that the ceremony for such a marriage shall not be performed by a minister of the established church, thus forcing the contracting parties to put up with a civil marriage or to employ the services of a Nonconformist minister.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

This action in the House of Lords is significant of the present trend of popular thought toward individual freedom of action. It indicates that the Upper House is losing its power to enforce a mere theological sentiment, and losing some of the halo that has circumscribed its doings and limited its usefulness.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

It doubtless appears absurd in this country, that is, to the ordinary person, that the laws of England should place no bar on the marriage of first cousins and yet forbid the union of brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, but the origin of this seeming inconsistency was in canonical history, not in the direct purposes sought by men of that land in our day.

The New York Recorder. (N. Y.)

Uniform laws on marriage and on divorce are essential in any country to the maintenance of the sacredness of the marriage tie. It must be confessed with shame that the United States of America is worse off in this matter than Great Britain ever has been. Not in one respect but in a dozen are there divergences in the marriage laws of the different states, and the divorce laws are even more mixed up.

The Buffalo Enquirer. (N. Y.)

The state authorizes what the state church holds is unfit to be done.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The fact that all these years it has been warmly championed by the queen, the prince of Wales, and the whole royal family shows how little influence royalty has in British politics.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

The English aristocracy are always anxious to keep the money in the family.

The Journal. (Lewiston, Me.)

The passage by the British House of Lords, after generations of refusal, of the sensible bill permitting a man to marry his deceased wife's sister is the most revolutionary attack on its own conservatism that the British House of Lords has witnessed in the reign of Queen Vic. Why, they'll be voting off their wigs next, these reckless old earls and dukes!

GERMANY'S CIVIL CODE MEASURE.

THE Civil Code measure, which has engaged three commissioners of German jurists for thirty years in its formulation, at last, on July 1, has passed its third reading in the Reichstag. Its adoption is adjudged the most significant event in jurisprudence since the adoption of the Code Napoleon. The bill does not go into effect until 1900. It provides for civil marriage, fixes twenty-one years as the limit of age at which one must obtain parental consent in order to marry, and regulates the property rights of women. It makes incurable insanity a ground for divorce and places numerous restrictions on women's liberty. The Centrists opposed the provision for civil marriage as being a blow at the clergy and they succeeded in striking out the divorce clause but it was restored in the final reading. Prince Bismarck showed his disapproval of the haste with which the Civil Code Bill was rushed through by instructing his oldest son to leave the house during the first vote on the bill in the Reichstag. The discriminations against them provided in the code roused German women to the unprecedented action of organizing in behalf of their own interests. On July 30 a congress of about one thousand five hundred women met in the Concert House in Berlin and formally protested "against the continued depriving of women of their economic independence, against the relations of married women to their husbands as presented by the code, against the provision that the goods possessed by a woman shall become the property of the man she marries, against the provision that mothers shall not have guardian rights over their children, and against the refusal of the law to give illegitimate children full claims upon their fathers."

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

A very strong demonstration has been made by the women of Berlin against what they consider the injustice of certain new laws affecting their interests. There are probably no more conservative women than those of Germany; and, whether they are at home or abroad, they are justly looked upon as patterns of domesticity. It need not, therefore, be supposed that they want to vote or that they are complaining because what so many of the advanced sisterhood call their "sphere" is limited. All that they ask is that they shall have control of their own property and equal guardianship of their children, demands which certainly seem just and moderate, although to a government like that of Germany they doubtless appear as if they savored of revolution.

The Press. (Albany, N. Y.)

The old school of conservatism still smiles contemptuously at these female demonstrations, but the names of countesses, baronesses, and duchesses appear on the petitions for relieving women of the disabilities from which they have suffered for so many years. Men long ago slipped the fetters of old-time intolerance but left the women tied hand and foot by absurd social and national restrictions. But they are now beginning to think that they have too long endured intolerance and neglect and are beginning to take a hand in their own deliverance.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

THE fifteenth annual International Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Washington, D. C., July 8 to 13, called together 50,000 young Christians from all ends of the earth. They found hospitable entertainment, and thirty churches together with three mammoth tents were devoted to their services. A choir of 4,500 voices from the local societies had been trained to lead the singing. The program arranged for about 200 different meetings and more than 200 speakers chosen from the leading women and men of the world. Statistics show the growth of the society to have been phenomenal. President Clark reported the formation of 46,000 societies, the enrollment of 5,000,000 Endeavorers, of whom 2,750,000 are at present members, and the donation by the Endeavorers of $2,000,000 to benevolences. General Secretary Baer's account states: "In the United States the Presbyterians lead, with 5,458 Young People's societies and 2,599 Junior societies; in Canada the Methodists lead. The 'badge' banner given for the greatest absolute gain in number of Young People's societies, goes back again to England. The banner for the greatest proportionate gain in number of societies for the first time crosses the ocean to Scotland. Pennsylvania for the third time wins the Junior 'badge' banner for the largest gain in number of Junior societies. The banner for the greatest proportionate increase in Junior societies passes from Assiniboia to Mexico." The Junior Endeavor rally, with its speeches on children's work, was pronounced very inspiring. The subject "Christian Citizenship" received much attention and discussions took place on the other great lines of Endeavor work under the heads of "The Rescue of the Sabbath," "Evangelistic Endeavor," and "Missionary Extension." On the last day, reserved for missionaries, interest centered in the Armenian cause. A pathetic appeal by Miss Rebecca Kirkorian, an Armenian, stirred the audience to cheer after cheer. The next speaker scored the United States administrative officers for not interfering to stop the Turkish outrages against the Armenians.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

The Christian Endeavor Convention in Washington is the greatest gathering that wonderful organization has ever known. All years are years of growth and progress for it.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

National union is cemented through this organization by a platform which unites the Christians of the whole land of all shades of belief in a common fraternal purpose. "Good citizenship" is here finding its most courageous, persistent, and effective allies. The whole land says, "God bless them!"

The Harrisburg Telegram. (Pa.)

The arraignment of the Cleveland administration by the Christian Endeavor people in Washington for its refusal to protect Americans in Armenia was a scorcher, but it was deserved. Such a blistering as Evangelist Mills gave Cleveland, Olney, and Terrell ought to make them hang their heads.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Whatever interference is demanded should come from European powers which have direct relations in the matter. If they will not interfere America cannot without involving possibilities by the side of which the whole Armenian question is insignificant.

The Evangelist. (New York, N. Y.)

It is indisputable that our government has not only been indifferent to the woes of a long-suffering Christian people, when a strong position taken by it would probably, without war, have checked Turkish outrages to a great degree, but worse still, it has shown itself indifferent under circumstances where indifference is a national disgrace.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is seriously to be questioned of late years if the attendance at these conventions is not becoming so large as to interfere with their usefulness and to limit the benefit and pleasure which the individual may derive from them.

Presbyterian Journal. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Christian Endeavor organization stands for whole-hearted, practical piety. It is the advocate, open and uncompromising, of temperance, strict living, purity, the Sabbath, and the infallible Word of God. It has all the elements of permanence and perpetuity.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Its influence upon public affairs cannot be doubted. Indeed, its work has already been shown in a non-partisan way in many quarters, always to the betterment of moral conditions. May the great organization continue to thrive.

The Outlook. (New York, N. Y.)

The practical effect of this interdenominational organization, and the mingling so freely of representatives of all the branches of the Church of Christ in the conventions of Christian Endeavor, has produced a larger Christian fellowship, and has developed a strong sentiment for Christian union. . . . . No other meeting, secular or religious, has such great audiences, and such variety and talent of programs.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

It is not surprising that a movement of such magnitude, but especially of such a character, has won such general, respectful, and cordial recognition as is now everywhere accorded the Christian Endeavor.

PORFIRIO DIAZ AGAIN PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.
President of Mexico.

MEXICANS do not seem to share our objections to a third term in the presidency. On July 12 they elected Porfirio Diaz to his fifth continuous term in that office, twenty-two thousand electoral colleges of Mexico casting a unanimous vote for him. The vote represented a small proportion of the lower classes.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

He is the most popular man in Mexico, and it is to the credit of the people of that country that they recognize his ability as a leader. It is to be remarked that the lower classes abstain from voting, but this should not be interpreted to mean that they are opposed to Diaz. It simply shows that Republicanism has not yet advanced sufficiently to cause the lower classes to take part in the government, even to the extent of voting. This in a nation like the United States would be deplorable, and even in Mexico it is occasion for regret. But we should bear in mind that Mexico is just emerging from a state of semi-barbarism. It is not to be expected that in its present condition it will exhibit in its lower classes the degree of intelligence and enlightenment one finds in the working classes of the United States. But we do not believe that it will be any the less appreciative than the educated class of the abilities and wisdom of such a man as Diaz, who has done more for Mexico than, with the exception of Hidalgo and Juarez, all his predecessors combined.

(Rep.) The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The advantages of the renomination of Diaz are so great as to illustrate in a marked degree the necessity of different political methods for different nations, and especially for nations at different periods in their career. There has never been a time in the history of the United States when a fifth or even a third presidential term was desirable. But while we may believe that at some future time Mexico will be able to adopt with safety and success the American rule, it is certain that at present it does not apply to her case. It is Diaz that she needs and must have.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

He may be said to be the most popular and successful uncrowned king this continent has ever produced. Gen. Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca, September 15, 1830. He was first elected president in 1876, went out of office in 1880, was reëlected in 1884, and has been reëlected every four years since that date.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The best thing that Mexico could have done was to reëlect again and again the man who first gained the presidency, in 1876, by revolution, but who has been the best ruler it ever had.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST TRADES CONGRESS IN LONDON.

THIS congress, the fourth of its series, was held in London the last week in July. The anarchist delegates were denied seats and tried to get them by violence. The sessions were disorderly and grave differences of opinion were revealed. The police took advantage of the meeting to secure photographs of anarchists. The purpose of the congress was to exchange views, reconcile differences, advise each other about local questions, and generally further the taking up of property and production by the state. The old feud between France and Germany broke out in the congress, showing that both groups of delegates still have patriotic feeling.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

This tendency to enlarge the functions of the state or government is going on in every country of Europe, with, possibly, one or two exceptions. It is seen just as well in the United States. In this country it sometimes takes the form of a demand that the government shall do something to help individuals, which under the anti-socialistic theory they should do for themselves. It takes also the form of a demand for state control of what are called natural monopolies, such as railroads, telegraphs, city water works, city lighting, and street-car service in cities. These are socialistic demands regardless of the names by which they may be known.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

When M. Delory wrote for the London Socialistic Congress his paper advocating an agricultural proletariat and the cultivation of land by society in a coöperative capacity he probably had not heard from the colony at Topolobampo, Mexico, the latest

of the coöperative enterprises on this side of the ocean. This colony, which was to exhibit the beauties of the coöperative principle, was lost to sight for a couple of years, but reported a day or two ago. All the colonists who could get away had done so; the few who were left, though they owned all the land in sight, were in abject misery, and the experiment was a totally disastrous failure. . . . . The socialists are building on no foundation at all. They must provide their ideal state of humanity before they can build their ideal structure on it.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

Perhaps the most important was the proposal that education should be made national and free up to the universities, and be compulsory to the age of sixteen, with instruction in the trades, and that during the period of instruction the scholars should be a sort of cadets supported by the state. This was one of the best propositions, and the others were mostly reaffirmations of the acts of former years against standing armies and for arbitration. The next meeting will be in Germany. We may say that one of the best results was the opening of the eyes of the British socialists and workmen to the character of the anarchists. In Germany the revulsion against this congress may be even more important, as the utterances of German socialists denying all national patriotism and even regretting the acquisition of Alsace-Loraine.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

In Germany the socialists are a real political party, and have caused respectable people a good deal of annoyance. Now that the socialists have held a convention in London, and delivered speeches and adopted a platform, they have made themselves so ridiculous that even Germany laughs at them.

GERMAN OPINION.

Vorwaerts. (Berlin.)

The congress in London was a humiliating spectacle; the fighting was due to incompetent management.

Nachrichten. (Berlin.)

The international solidarity of the socialists does not stand the test. French socialists do not respond to the German invitation to unite.

Zeitung. (Frankfort.)

Talk of fraternity was thrown away on the French, who caused a new outbreak of chauvinism.

Neuste Nachrichten. (Munich.)

The German delegates turned their backs on the Fatherland and met with condign contempt from the French delegates.

The Gazette. (Cologne.)

The denial by German delegates that they have any national feeling will estrange from them many of their patriotic comrades.

The North German Gazette. (Berlin.)

We call upon the German people not to allow the socialists to further poison public life.

A NEW MINISTRY IN CANADA.

THOUGH defeated in the elections of June 23, Sir Charles Tupper, the Conservative premier, did not resign until July 8. The Liberal leader, Mr. Wilfred Laurier, formed a new ministry. It appears that the victors in this change fought for "tariff reform," emulating the policy of the Democrats of this country in 1892. It is probable, however, that other and deeper questions—such as divide Tories from Liberals—and corrupt administration had most to do with the voting. The Conservatives had been in power eighteen years and many abuses had grown up. Besides, the Manitoba school question, which has been acute for two years, could not be settled and Sir Charles Tupper's party had angered both Catholics and Protestants by futile attempts to compromise the question, which is simply whether in Manitoba separate Catholic schools should be supported by taxation. Sir Charles Tupper says that this question undid him and will undo Mr. Laurier. It has shifted votes and majorities, and no settlement is yet in sight.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The fact is, the issue of provincial rights was that on which the Liberals won. It, and it alone, brought the French Catholics of Quebec and thousands of independent voters and even Conservatives all over the Dominion to Mr. Laurier's support. So intent were the people on that that they paid little heed to other issues. Now they see that while they have saved and vindicated provincial rights they have put protection in theoretic jeopardy. Accordingly they are rallying with might and main in support of the latter cause, and are actually organizing to prevent their own government from executing its own program. That they will be successful is not susceptible of serious doubt. They are already successful. Mr. Laurier's government will not bring in free trade, nor anything like it. As *The London Times* admits, the immediate introduction of free trade in Canada must be regarded as outside the range of practical politics.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Both parties in Canada are badly "mixed" on the Manitoba school question.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The Liberal victory in Canada corresponds, to a considerable extent, to the Democratic victory in the United States in 1892. The verdict of the people in both cases was a protest against high protection. Laurier, who will be the new premier, seems to have a higher conception of the responsibilities laid upon his party, however, than did those in control of the Fifty-third Congress.

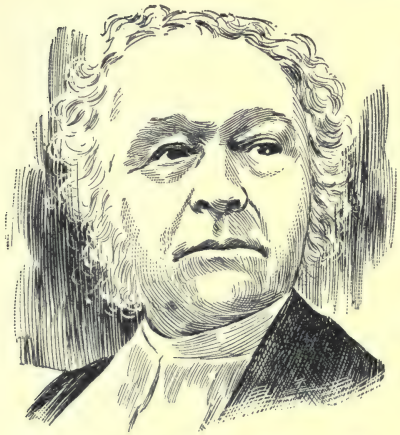
The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

It is officially announced that there will be no change in the existing tariff laws during the coming session of the Canadian Parliament. Nevertheless we may look confidently for a satisfactory declaration of tariff policy from the new premier on the reassembling of that body foreshadowing a purpose to meet the United States half way in any reciprocity negotiations that may be instituted through the medium of commissions.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Sir Wilfred Laurier has been happy in the selection of his colleagues. He has recognized all of the provinces. Hon. W. S. Fielding, minister of finance, was premier of Nova Scotia, and Sir Oliver Mowat, minister of justice, was premier of Ontario. Only two ministers who have portfolios are of French descent, except the premier himself; so that Quebec has not been given undue prominence. It looks as if the policy of the new government would be a broad and liberal one.

BISHOP A. C. COXE.



THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

BOTH the church and state suffer a loss in the death of Arthur Cleveland Coxe, the second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of western New York. He died of nervous prostration on July 20, at the sanitarium in Clifton Springs, N. Y. He was born on May 10, 1818 at Mendham, N. J., the son of the eminent Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Coxe. Two years later the family moved to Rochester, N. Y. In 1838 he graduated with honors from the University of the City of New York, and immediately entered the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York. While yet a student he gained distinction for his religious poems. Upon completing his course at the seminary he was ordained and entered on his first charge in St. Ann's Church, New York, N. Y. In 1842 he was transferred to St. John's Church at Hartford, Conn., and while there published "Athanasion and Other Poems," "Halloween and Other Poems," "Saul and Other Poems." He traveled abroad in 1851 and subsequently published "Impressions of England." This was followed by his "Apology for the English Bible." In 1854 he was called from Hartford to Grace Church, Baltimore, Md., where he labored effectively in the Union cause. He accepted the rectorship of Calvary Church in New York in 1863 and two years later was chosen for the episcopate of western New York. He was a strong anti-Roman Catholic and his controversies with Romish priests and prelates were circulated in many languages, the first appearing in 1869. In the same year (1885) that Bishop Coxe founded the Christian Literature Society in New York, he edited nine volumes of the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," which he considered his literary masterpiece. In 1887 he was Baldwin lecturer at the University of Michigan and Bedell lecturer in Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio. These lectures he published. He also published several works in French and frequently contributed to periodical literature. In 1888 he preached in Paris as bishop in charge of the "Gallicans" of France. This work he resigned in 1892 to devote himself to his diocese and literary labors. He again came into prominence about two years ago for his attack on the appointment of Cardinal Satolli for papal delegate to the United States. Bishop Coxe is survived by a wife and three children.

Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)

Though Bishop Coxe was an ardent and almost incessant controversialist he was one of the most amiable and genial of men. He was a gentleman of the old school, full of kindliness to all. He inherited remarkable conversational powers from his father. He was thoroughly acquainted with all classical literature, ancient and modern, and an apt quotation seemed always at his command to give point to what he was saying. This wide reading and profound learning added to his personal qualities of earnestness and fearlessness and a poetic temperament, and aided by his fine personal presence gave him a rare and altogether peculiar eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform. Happy the cause that was championed by him in debate.

THE VENEZUELAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE correspondence between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury on the arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute under a general arbitration treaty has been published. It shows progress, and yet there remain serious differences. The differences concern these points: (1) What may be arbitrated? Can a question of honor be submitted? (2) How shall the court be made up? (3) Must its decision be unanimous? (4) Shall the verdict be binding or only a basis for negotiation? Lord Salisbury will not submit a question of honor and wants a unanimous verdict as a basis for negotiation, and he is alert over the composition of the court. It is believed that the differences will be adjusted and a treaty of arbitration submitted to our Senate next winter. The full case of England (and also of Venezuela) has reached Washington and the Venezuelan Commission has resumed its labors there.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

To-day the tide is running strongly toward international arbitration as the only means by which sensible powers can adjust their disputes, and Lord Salisbury is moving with the tide. This is evidence of the superior quality—in this instance at least—of American statesmanship. Secretary Olney has contended steadily, logically, and powerfully for a comprehensive system of arbitration in which loopholes for the escape of the unreasonably pugnacious will be conspicuous by their absence, and this is the system which the deliberate judgment of Great Britain's mind is now prepared to sustain.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

England may not improbably have a sound claim to a part of the extensive tract which British subjects have seized and occupied within limits formerly regarded as those of Venezuela; but the claim will have to be supported by stronger evidence than that so far given to the world from London and Demarara. At the same time it is the duty of Venezuela to wait with patience and dignity for an equitable settlement of the controversy, and not forfeit American sympathy and support by hasty or aggressive action.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The most thoughtful and, we are inclined to think, most satisfactory discussion of the whole general subject appears in *The Spectator* of London. That journal lays down four principles which it deems essential to an acceptable treaty of arbitration. These are: first, exclusion of points held by a power to involve its honor and integrity; second, inclusion of all other points whatsoever; third, constitution of a court which will win the confidence and respect of both nations, and fourth, endowment of the court with power to come to an absolute decision on any matter laid before it.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE illustrious artist, illustrator, author, and naturalist William Hamilton Gibson died of apoplexy on July 17 at his home in Washington, Conn. He was born October 5, 1850, at Sandy Hook, Conn. He went to school at the "Gunnery," where the schoolmaster, affectionately mentioned in his first book, "Pastoral Days," published in 1881, discovered and brought out his artistic talents. His father's death took him from the schoolroom to become a breadwinner, and he entered an insurance office. In 1870 he resigned this position to devote himself to botanical drawing for various periodicals. This work he did with scientific accuracy. Mr. Gibson's family opposed his following a scientific career and he owed his training almost wholly to his own efforts. After several years' labor he first sprang into public favor with his illustrated article "Birds and Plumage," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. A series of papers of which this formed a part was put in book form in 1883 and critics ranked their author as a naturalist with White of Selborne, Thoreau, and Richard Jeffries. In 1872 Mr. Gibson had begun to place his work in the American Water Color Society exhibits and in 1885 he became a member of that society. His work also appeared in the London and Edinburgh exhibits. Most notable among his illustrations are those he made for "The Heart of the White Mountains," "Nature's Serial Story," and numerous poetical works. The most popular works which he both wrote and illustrated are "Camp Life in the Woods," "Tricks of

Trapping and Trap-making," "Highways and Byways" and his last book, "Our Edible Mushrooms." Encouraged by the reception accorded his books, Mr. Gibson began his popular lectures on flowers and natural history, illustrating them with his own drawings. For years Mr. Gibson lived in Brooklyn. His wife, whom he married early in life, and two children survive him.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

His illustrations and pictures were not merely pleasing and decorative, but they represented nature with scientific accuracy. Mr. Gibson was a persevering student of everything related to his line of work, and his talents were widely varied.

Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)

The field of popular lectures on natural history had not since the time of Agassiz been cultivated with such success as by Mr. Gibson. His unfeigned enthusiasm for his subject, the clearness and ease of his verbal elucidations, and the ingenuity and felicity of his illustrations, by means not only of his ready crayon, but of mechanical apparatus devised by himself, made the lectures as entertaining as they were instructive and valuable. There could be no more enjoyable treat, in its own kind, as all who have experienced it will agree, than his illustrated lecture on "Cross-Fertilization." Mr. Gibson's personal charm impressed itself upon the hearers of these lectures—a charm that came of his essential heartiness and benevolence of nature.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

On the 29th of July the Conservative ministry of Lord Salisbury obtained a great moral victory by the passing through the third reading in the House of Commons, without opposition, of their long-pending Irish Land Bill. But this success had hardly been secured when the House of Lords proceeded to amend the bill in the interest of the landlords, and trouble between the two houses began again. The chief feature of the bill is that it facilitates the purchase of their farms by the tenants, improving in that respect upon Mr. Gladstone's law of 1881. The government advances the purchase money for the tenant who buys, and payment may extend over seventy years. The bill also aids tenants who are behind in their rent by declaring that payment of two years' back rent shall confirm the tenant in his holdings. For any further claim for back rent the landlord may sue but cannot evict. In case of purchase under the bill the tenant will pay a year's rent multiplied by twenty. The objections of the House of Lords are understood to apply to details, and it is most probable that the two houses will agree and that the bill will improve the condition of the thrifty tenants.

The Mercury. (New York, N. Y.)

After many tribulations and trials of the spirit the Balfour brothers have succeeded in maneuvering their Irish Land Bill through its committee stage in the House of Commons. One of the surprises so frequent in politics was provided by Mr. Timothy M. Healy in a speech delivered upon the rising of the committee, in which the skill and industry displayed by Chief Secretary Gerald Balfour in drafting and dealing with the bill was highly praised. No better Irish testimony as to the satisfactoriness of the measure could be demanded than Mr. Healy's words of commendation.

The Pittsburg Post. (Pa.)

The Irish Land Bill . . . . is very unsatisfactory to the landlord interest, and it will fight it in the Upper House. Both sections of the Irish party in the House of Commons gave the bill a qualified support as an improvement on the land act of 1881 and on the existing provisions for land purchase.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The bill is a step in the right direction, toward bettering the condition of the Irish without danger to imperial interests, and there is no question that the Tories have been driven to it partly by the wild Liberal agitation for home rule.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

It cannot be said that the Irish Land Bill is a perfect measure or that it has satisfied either landlords or tenants. But it is admitted that it has some excellent features, and on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread it has been accepted in the hope that it will open the way for other and greater concessions.

The Irish World. (New York, N. Y.)

It did not require much capacity in the line of forecasting to predict that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour would not propose any bill to interfere to any great extent with the rack-renting and evicting "rights" of their devoted friends the landlords of Ireland. Those gentlemen are, of course, Tories almost to a man, and needless to say deadly enemies of Irish nationality in any shape or form.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

What astute observers like Messrs. O'Connor and Power regard as the probable result of the deadlock is a policy of conciliation, by which the Commons will agree to some amendments and reject others, and in this way leave a bridge for the retreat of the Lords. The Land Bill will probably pass in a mutilated form, especially as no other legislation of this class is possible for several years.

A JAPANESE LINE TO JAPAN.

It has been announced that a line of steamships flying the flag of Japan will be set going between Seattle and Tokio. At first there will be monthly departures from each port. The steamers will be Clyde-built and of about 3,000 tons and the business in view is chiefly the carrying of freight. The new line is under the management of the Imperial Japanese Steamship Company which has sixty-two vessels in the trade to Hong-Kong, Ceylon, etc., and a line to Europe.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Nothing demonstrates more clearly Japan's rapid advancement in civilization than the way in which she is making herself felt in the business circles in the New World.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The steamship line between Tokio and Seattle, about to be established by Japanese enterprise, is worthy of support by citizens of the United States, because it will compete with the Canadian Pacific steamers which land at Vancouver. It is a plucky undertaking. Not to mention the rivalry of the Pacific Mail and the American transcontinental lines, it will have to meet the competition of the heavily subsidized British line between China, Japan, and Vancouver, while its American railway connections are antagonized by the also subsidized Canadian Pacific Railway, which is taking a great deal of trade from its American rivals at all competitive points from Buffalo to the Pacific. The Japanese line is, we believe, subsidized by that government, but the American railroads are not, and only liberal patronage on the part of merchants and the traveling public will keep the enterprise from disastrous failure, whereas it should be a valuable means of preserving the advantages of competition in the trans-Pacific trade.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The advancement of any people in the arts of civilization must be of direct or indirect benefit to all the world. Japan especially is forging ahead in manufacture with an energy that cannot be stayed or gainsaid because of its detrimental effect upon certain industries elsewhere. Instead of bewailing, for mercenary reasons, that which is inevitable, the part of wisdom in the United States manifestly is to accept what Japan is only too ready to concede —closer trade relations than are possible with any European power. Therefore we welcome the proposed new steamship line as a strong entering wedge toward the consummation of what will in the end help more than it can possibly harm us.

THE TURKS IN CRETE AND ARMENIA.

The massacre of Armenians at Van, last June, is at last verified by an American woman who was an eye-witness, Miss Kimball, one of our missionaries. She says that 500 were killed, 10,000 rendered homeless, and 15,000 took refuge under the British flag. Thousands were protected and aided by our missionaries. In Crete the Turks play their game of duplicity, but gain no headway in subduing the revolt. In Macedonia the Greeks by blood and speech are rising also. There is some evidence that Europe is growing weary of Turkish atrocity, but nothing is done to stop it. It it estimated that a million of the Christians of Armenia have perished by violence or want since the persecution began last year.

The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

The Turks have again attacked the Cretans, in spite of the armistice which had been agreed upon. It is evident that no sense of honor can make the Turks keep their agreements any more than a sentiment of humanity can prevent them from murdering Christians whenever they have the power.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Bismarck's latest utterances treat the Armenian, Cretan, and Macedonian questions altogether from the Turkish point of view. If, he is stated to have said, these provinces rebel against Turkey's rule they must take the consequences.

Rhode Island Country Journal. (Providence.)

The representative whom Emperor William sent to Crete to investigate the conditions there reports that the outside world has little idea of the atrocities that have been perpetrated by the Turks. But the outside world has a sufficient idea to know that a fresh obligation has been placed on the European powers to interfere with the sultan's rule.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The island of Crete is not of much value except as a station for naval operations, and in view of this fact it would be well to let it pass into the possession and control of Greece. It would in that case be better governed than it is now, and no international jealousies would arise such as would come up if England annexed it or it fell into the hands of France or Germany.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

So far as the Christian governor general is concerned, he is powerless to effect necessary reforms. His predecessor, now made military governor, is the real power, and he, angry at being superseded, is using his power to increase the trouble.

THE GOLD DEMOCRATS.

On the 7th of August a conference of the Democrats who are opposed to the Chicago platform, on which Mr. Byran stands, was held at Indianapolis, Ind. Thirty-five states were represented. The conference was held in pursuance of a call issued by gold Democrats from nine states who met at Chicago. The Indianapolis conference decided to call a new convention, which will meet at Indianapolis September 2. The object of the movement, as declared in the call, is to give those Democrats who cannot stand on the Chicago platform a Democratic platform and candidate. In the conference, representatives of twenty-nine states favored a new convention and six opposed it. The six were three in the South and three in the East.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

In 1872 when Grant was nominated by the regular Republicans, and Greeley by the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans, there were some Democrats who revolted at the nomination of Greeley and called another convention, in which they nominated Charles O'Conor, a hard-shell Democrat and a man of eminent ability. The result was that Grant received 3,597,132 votes, and Greeley 2,834,125, while O'Conor received only 29,489 votes in the whole United States. In the state of New York, where O'Conor was best known and most highly esteemed he received only 1,454 votes. A repetition of that sort of funny business is scarcely worth while.

(Rep.) The Commercial Gazette. (Pittsburg, Pa.)

No matter what subterfuges or side-shows there may be there will be simply two parties, and the issue will be sound money on the one hand and debased money on the other.

(Rep.) The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

The failure of the sound-money Democrats to come out boldly for McKinley does not lessen the admiration felt by all Republicans for the manly attitude of the sound-money Democrats in refusing any terms whatever from the Popocrat crew, and preferring to hoist their colors over another craft, whose sound-money timbers will at least bear aloft an honorable flag, even if it is lanched on a hopeless voyage. As we have said before, the third ticket will draw many votes that might otherwise go to the Chicago candidates, and thus indirectly help McKinley and Hobart.

(Dem.) The Times. (New York, N. Y.)

The movement will not endanger the sound-money cause as a national issue, for it will be supported by Democrats as such, and will draw many more votes from Bryan than it will keep from McKinley.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The Indianapolis ticket may render good service in this campaign by providing a sort of half-way house into which Democrats can be gathered while they are getting up their determination to take the only and the straight road to saving their property, their wages, and the credit of the nation from the debasement and destruction that would be involved in Bryan's election. It will furnish a stopping place in which they can take breath preparatory to going to the polls to vote squarely for McKinley, honor, and security.

(Ind.) The News. (Galveston, Tex.)

The most serious drawback in the work of promulgating a campaign of sound-money Democrats for the defeat of Bryan by the election of McKinley is found in an excessive and highly inopportune solicitude of sound-money Democratic leaders to provide the framework of a distinct party organization for service more especially in state and local elections.

(Rep.) The Telegraph. (Philadelphia.)

Let there be no division among the friends of sound money, but a most energetic, enthusiastic, courageous, and effective union of forces all along the line.

(Dem.) The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)

We do not believe that the rank and file of the Populists in a single state of the Union can be induced to become tools of the money power and willing instruments in behalf of the single gold standard.

(Dem.) The Mercury. (New York, N. Y.)

Considering the gong-beating carried on by the "National" Democrats, they did not do much at Indianapolis. The attendance was small and the proceedings dull. The title "National Democrats," which the bolters have assumed, is not likely to be popular. The Democracy has never taken kindly to the word "nation," which implies in its ordinary meaning a people under a centralized government, rather than the union of states which Washington and Jefferson helped to found. The "Nationals" are wolves in sheep's clothing.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

Mr. William C. Whitney, who was one of the leaders of the gold forces at the Chicago convention, made the announcement that, in his opinion, events and the course of the Republican leaders make inevitable the nomination of a third ticket by the sound-money Democrats. Whether Mr. Whitney is now speaking solely for himself or for President Cleveland and his following is not made clear, but the reasons given by him do not appear to rest upon a solid foundation of facts.

THE POPULIST NATIONAL CONVENTION IN ST. LOUIS.

THOMAS E. WATSON.
The Populist Candidate for Vice President.

THE Populist National Convention was held in St. Louis on June 22. The "middle-of-the-road" sticklers for a straight Populist ticket, the delegates favoring fusion with the Bryan and Sewall Democrats, and the compromisers who advocated nominating Bryan for the presidency and a southern Populist for the vice presidency unanimously gave the temporary chairmanship to Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, leader of the compromisers. However, on the following day the faction lines were defined in uproarious discussion on the credentials committee's report. Then a contest arose for the permanent chairmanship. It resulted in a victory for the fusionists, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, being elected with a majority of 200 votes. A motion by Senator Butler was passed for the appointment of a committee of twenty-five delegates to confer with a like committee of the Silver Convention. On July 24, after hard opposition by the fusionists, the minority report of the committee on rules was adopted, by which provision was made that the vice presidential nomination should precede the presidential. Being informed of the proceedings by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, Mr. Bryan in reply advised the withdrawal of his name in case the convention failed to nominate Mr. Sewall. Mr. Bryan's telegram was not given to the convention, and ex-Congressman Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, was nominated on the first ballot for vice president. On July 25 Mr. Bryan was nominated for president by a vote of 1,042 out of the 1,375 votes cast.

In their platform the Populists "demand a national money, safe and sound, issued by the general government only, without the intervention of banks of issue, to be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private; a just, equitable, and efficient means of distribution direct to the people and through the lawful disbursements of the government." They "demand the free and unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of foreign nations," also an increase of circulation. They "denounce the sale of bonds and the increase of the public interest-bearing debt made by the present administration as unnecessary and without authority of law, and demand that no more bonds be issued except by specific act of Congress." They oppose private contracts. They "demand that the government, in payment of its obligations, shall use its option as to the kind of lawful money in which they are to be paid, and denounce the present and preceding administrations for surrendering this option to the holders of government obligations." They "demand a graduated income tax, to the end that aggregated wealth shall bear its just proportion of taxation, and regard the recent decision of the Supreme Court relative to the Income Tax Law as a misinterpretation of the Constitution and an invasion of the rightful powers of Congress over the subject of taxation." They demand postal savings banks; government ownership of railroads and government ownership and operation of the telegraph; a land policy which shall prohibit private land monopoly as well as alien ownership of land; free homes for settlers; direct legislation, and the election of president, vice president, and United States senators by the direct vote of the people. They "tender to the patriotic people of Cuba our deepest sympathy in their heroic struggle for political freedom and independence, and believe the time has come when the United States, the great republic of the world, should recognize that Cuba is and of right ought to be a free and independent state." They favor home rule in the territories; the regulation of all public salaries to correspond to the price of labor and its products; the employment of idle labor on public works. They assert that "the arbitrary course of the courts in assuming to imprison citizens for indirect contempt and ruling them by injunction should be prevented by proper legislation." They favor just pensions to disabled Union soldiers, and an honest ballot. While subscribing to the above platform they "recognize that the great and pressing issue of the pending campaign upon which the present election will turn is the financial question."

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

The men who framed it are visionaries, the men who framed the Chicago platform are plotters. The latter in event of victory could be put into effect, whereas the Populist platform is so visionary and full of glittering generalities that there would be division immediately definitions became necessary.

(Rep.) The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. (Wash.)

The insincerity is manifested in the action of the People's party by their indorsement of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, when they absolutely disbelieve in it and intend using it only as a stepping stone to fiatism.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Populism seeks to oppose class against class and section against section. Its doctrines are impracticable and visionary, and utterly at variance with every principle of safe government.

(Dem.) The Cincinnati Enquirer. (Ohio.)

The exciting days of the Populist Convention will be followed by the calm and sober thoughts of the earnest men who composed that body, and they will all acquiesce in the peaceable adjustment, sure to come, of all differences in the formation of Bryan electoral tickets in every state.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

If Bryan shall be elected, there is no doubt that Sewall will also be elected. The only effect of the interposition of Watson, if it has any effect at all, will be to prevent the choice of a vice president by the people. In that event the United States Senate makes the choice, and the United States Senate has a clear majority in its membership for Sewall.

(Rep.) The Boston Advertiser. (Mass.)

Bryan cannot accept the St. Louis nomination without such palpable treachery to his associate on the Chicago ticket as will make the whole country cry shame upon him. He cannot decline the nomination without giving up the last vestige of hope for success at the polls.

(Ind.) Staats Zeitung. (New York, N. Y.)

A government grounded upon the Democratic or Populistic platform would destroy the very foundation of public and private credit—it would destroy because it would hopelessly upset and confound all the relations created by commerce, trade, and labor within the nation.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The business men of the South are as much opposed to the Populist ticket as are the business men of any other section, and they would welcome a movement that would bring them into harmonious political association with the conservative business elements in the North.

(Rep.) The Kansas Capital. (Topeka.)

The St. Louis convention was the last of Populism. When Tom Watson "declines" or is crowded off the ticket Populism will simply be one end of Democracy—and that the tail end.

(Dem.) The Kansas City Times. (Mo.)

In defiance of common sense and political precedents and usages the Populists have split their ticket and nominated a Democrat for president and a Populist for vice president.

(Ind. Dem.) The Gazette. (Fort Worth, Tex.)

The determination of the people to recognize but one issue in the campaign, and to vote as they pray upon that issue, has been manifested at the St. Louis convention of the Populist party and in the trend of public sentiment throughout the country.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus, O.)

The Texas Populists do not take kindly to Bryan's nomination and there is talk of a fusion with the Republicans. We hope the latter will have nothing to do with them. Better go down in defeat with banners flying than a surrender of principles that such an alliance would necessitate.

(Dem.) The World. (New York, N. Y.)

In nominating Watson the St. Louis convention was more consistent than was the Chicago convention in nominating Sewall. Watson represents what the St. Louis convention stood for. Sewall, with his protectionist record, certainly does not represent what the majority at Chicago reflected.

(Dem.) The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

It looks very much as if the Populists had done the most impracticable thing possible. . . . . They have nominated Bryan and then dissipated the strength they might have given him. The nomination of Watson for vice president means a Populist electoral ticket in every state, and that amounts to the absolute obliteration of Populist strength.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

If Mr. Watson really wants silver to succeed in this campaign he should get out of the way.

(Rep.) Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. (Pa.)

It does not matter that Mr. Bryan refused in advance to be nominated unless Sewall was also accepted. That may be considered simply a skilful political play to hold his grip for political use on the barrel of the Democratic nominee for second place and to retain the fealty of the more conservative of the silver Democrats and of those Democrats who are for the ticket with the Democratic label in spite of everything.

(Ind.) The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

Taken together the Populist platform and its Chicago congener of the false Democracy (for they cannot be separated in this campaign) contain a body of political doctrine the most infamous that has ever been promulgated in any free and enlightened country. Whatever is wanting in the one in threats to the rights of property enjoyed by the citizen is supplemented by the other.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Mr. Bryan's decision not to accept the Populist nomination undoubtedly will strengthen him among Democrats. The plea of party fealty can now be made in his behalf with more effectiveness. It remains to be seen how the decision will be regarded by the Populists.

THE SILVER NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In St. Louis on July 22–5 the Silver party held its first national convention. The delegates present represented twenty-five states and a poll taken showed that in their previous political affiliations 496 were Republicans, 135 Democrats, 47 Populists, 12 Independents, 9 Prohibitionists, 1 a Nationalist, and 1 a Greenbacker. Congressman Francis G. Newlands (Republican), of Nevada, was made temporary chairman and William P. St. John, ex-president of a New York bank, was elected to the permanent chairmanship. Mr. St. John's speech was one of the most notable features of the convention, being a careful exposition of free-silver principles. At its close a committee from the convention was delegated to confer with a like committee of Populists regarding a president and vice president. On July 24 Messrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan and Arthur J. Sewall, the Democratic nominees for president and vice president, were nominated by acclamation. The platform adopted by the convention affirms: "The paramount issue at this time in the United States is indisputably the money question. It is between the British gold standard, gold bonds, and bank currency on the one side, and the bimetallic standard, no bonds, government currency (and an American policy) on the other. On this issue we declare ourselves to be in favor of a distinctively American financial system. We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard and demand the immediate return to the constitutional standard of gold and silver, by the restoration by this government, independent of any foreign power, of the unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard money at the ratio of 16 to 1, and upon terms of exact equality as they existed prior to 1873; the silver coin to be of full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts and dues, public and private; and we demand such legislation as will prevent for the future the destruction of the legal-tender quality of any kind of money by private contract. We hold that the power to control and regulate a paper currency is inseparable from the power to coin money, and hence that all currency intended to circulate as money should be issued and its volume controlled by the general government only, and should be a legal tender. We are unalterably opposed to the issue by the United States of interest-bearing bonds in time of peace, and we denounce as a blunder worse than a crime the present treasury policy, concurred in by a Republican House, of plunging the country into debt by hundreds of millions in the vain attempt to maintain the gold standard by borrowing gold; and we demand the payment of all coin obligations of the United States as provided by existing laws, in either gold or silver coin, at the option of the government and not at the option of the creditor."

(Dem.) The Salt Lake Herald. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

The action of the Populist and National Silver party conventions practically unites all the silver forces. We do not think that there will be any independent third ticket in the field. At the present time everything seems most propitious for the success of silver.

(Rep.) The Toledo Blade. (Ohio.)

The platform of the Silver convention is a *résumé* of popular ignorance and error. It is a sad commentary on the defective education of the American people that an organization representing a portion of them should set forth such a statement of fallacies and half-truths in sober earnest.

(Ind.) The Republican. (Springfield, Mass.)

We venture to predict that every silver vote in the country will be cast for Mr. Bryan, Democratic or Populist; the silver strength is now consolidated and we state simple facts when we say that this concentration of scattered political forces has never been surpassed, regarded as a simple political achievement, in American history. If the stroke be judged by the number of votes involved, it has no parallel in the history of the world. Even with a considerable defection of gold-standard Democrats it will be no child's play to defeat this powerful alliance of silver Democrats and Populists. The forces of gold seem less solidified than the forces of silver.

(Rep.) The Globe-Democrat. (St. Louis, Mo.)

Two things were made plain by the conventions which have just been held in St. Louis—the extremists of all complexions and castes have at last got into the same camp, and the Populist party has reached the end of its career.

(Dem.) The Times. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The counsels of the more conservative and patriotic leaders prevailed at the last, and the result is the nomination of a ticket and the adoption of a platform that is well calculated to unite and harmonize the elements represented by both the Chicago and the St. Louis conventions.

(Ind.) The New York Post. (N. Y.)

The result is probably a division of the free-silver crowd into two irreconcilable factions in the ensuing election. It is hardly possible that they should come together again, but we cannot advise any relaxation of efforts on the part of the sound-money forces. Although disunited, both are enemies of a dangerous kind.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The action of the Silver convention at St. Louis yesterday in suspending proceedings relative to a

platform and candidates until it should hear from the committee appointed to hobnob with the Populists fixes its political standing as a mere side-show to the Populist circus. Nor was its position bettered by the fact that it jumped in first with its indorsement of the Chicago ticket, since its action was plainly in accordance with instructions. The silverites claim to have laid down the lines on which the Pefferites are working; but, nevertheless, their present relation is simply that of camp-followers. Between the Populist gatherings at Chicago and at St. Louis, the silverites find their occupation gone; they have dwindled to a mere subsidiary silver status, and after this week, in all probability, they will disappear entirely from circulation.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PROCLAMATION ON CUBA.

At last President Cleveland has made a public utterance on the Cuban question, having, however, followed General Weyler's example of proclamation instead of the advice of Congress. He explains the neutrality laws as interpreted by the Supreme Court and warns all citizens of the United States and others within their jurisdiction that all violations of these laws will be vigorously prosecuted. The publication on July 30 of this proclamation (dated July 27) followed close on the heels of two Spanish proclamations (dated July 29) and a dispatch from Havana (July 27) which report ardent exertions on the part of General Lee for the United States government against Captain General Weyler's fruit embargo on Cuba (July 23). Of the Spanish proclamations, one, by Captain General Weyler, affirms that henceforth all foreigners must register upon landing at Havana and that all alien residents of remote provinces of Cuba may register before the nearest civil governor or local mayor instead of at Havana as required by a former decree. The other, by the consul for Spain, proclaims a reward of ten thousand dollars for any information which shall lead to the capture within Spanish waters of a filibustering expedition. A few days later this offer was extended by Captain General Weyler to include immunity from all responsibility to the filibustering captains and crews who shall give the desired information.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

[President Cleveland's proclamation] will have more effect in Spain than in the United States, and probably that was the expectation in issuing it. At all events it should have so much effect in Spain as to convince the Spanish authorities of the good faith of our government, and thus make them more disposed to grant its appeals on behalf of the Americans incarcerated in Cuban military prisons.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Whenever armed bands have been organized in the United States and transported to Cuba to fight against Spain there has been a violation of the neutrality laws. But it is no such violation to ship cargoes of arms or merchandise of any kind to the island.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

When the Spanish minister can force an unnecessary proclamation out of the president of the United States—a president who consistently and persistently closes his mouth on subjects where speech is generally regarded as essential and is demanded by the people—there is a screw loose somewhere. It may not be a mental screw, but it is certainly a moral one.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

It adds nothing to and detracts nothing from the consistent position maintained by this country during the present insurrection in Cuba.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

It is understood in Washington that this second and stringent proclamation has been issued in deference to the wishes of the Spanish minister, who ever since the passage of the concurrent resolutions has desired to give the world decisive proof that Mr. Cleveland feels nothing but contempt for the will of our federal legislature, and that the ferocious Cuban policy of the Madrid government has the cordial approval of the American executive.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

It appears that the executive is slowly coming to a realizing sense that there is "a state of war" in Cuba. . . . . Filibusters know very well they are violating the law, and the president's proclamation will throw no new light on that subject for them.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The proclamation is not a manifestation of hostility to the patriot cause on the part of the United States, though it will not unnaturally be construed in an unfriendly way by the insurgents and their sympathizers in this country.

(Ind.) The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

It does not indicate that the sympathy of the United States is with Spain; only that we mean to be faithful to our international obligations.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Mr. Cleveland's proclamation is not only a simple measure of compliance to international law, but it is in accord with the dictates of common sense. It ought to be obvious that until the nation is justified in beginning actual hostilities against Spain it cannot tolerate individual attacks upon that power by private citizens.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

July 6. The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching holds its fourth convention, in Philadelphia.——A convention of the National Education Association opens in Buffalo.——The National Association of Naval Veterans begins its eleventh annual meeting in New York, N. Y.

July 7. The Central Conference of American Rabbis of the "Progressive wing" of Judaism is held in Milwaukee, Wis.

July 10. Henry Ballentine, of New York, is appointed by President Cleveland to be United States consul at Alexandretta, Syria.

July 11. A letter is received by President Cleveland from the emperor of Japan thanking the United States for its attitude during the Japan-China war.——A collision of an excursion train and a fast freight train occurs on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad near Logan, Ia., in which 31 persons are killed and 39 injured.

July 15. The divorce law which has been in effect in Kansas for twenty-five years is declared ineffective by the state Court of Appeals.

July 16. The Baptist Young People's Union is in annual session at Milwaukee, Wis.

July 20. The National Federation of Afro-American Women holds its first convention at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, presiding.

July 21. A statue to John Brown is unveiled at North Elba, N. Y.

July 22. Cleveland, O., celebrates the centennial of its founding.

July 25. The Union Pacific Railroad is sold at auction under an order of court, at West Superior, Wis., and is bought in for $10,000,000, by a reorganized company.——At a foreclosure sale in Superior, Wis., the Northern Pacific Railroad is bought in for $13,075,000 by the reorganization committee.——The Chesapeake and Ohio Southwestern Road is bought at auction by the Illinois Central for $1,500,000.

July 30. In the collision of an express train on the Reading Railroad with an excursion on a West Jersey Railroad, near Atlantic City, N. J., forty-seven persons are killed and many are injured.

August 3. The brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America meets at Chicago in its fifth annual convention.

FOREIGN.

July 6. The British House of Commons adopts a measure making the expenses of the soldiery in Luakim payable from the India exchequer.

July 9. By the action of the International Telegraph Convention, at Budapest, the use of the official cable code between countries beyond Europe will not be required.

July 11. The Italian cabinet resigns.——French and British warships arrive off the coast of Newfoundland.

July 14. President Faure of France escapes without injury from a lunatic who fires two blank cartridges at him at the Longchamp review.——Premier Rudini's new cabinet is approved by King Humbert of Italy.

July 15. The *Britannia* wins the Campbelltown yacht race by time allowance over the *Meteor*, *Ailsa*, and *Satanita*.

July 18. The *Ailsa* wins the Royal Ulster Yacht Club regatta over the *Meteor*.——The Robert Burns centenary exhibition begins in the Institute of Arts in Glasgow.

July 22. Princess Maude of Wales weds Prince Charles of Denmark in the Chapel Royal, London. ——According to reports from China six thousand imperial troops are almost annihilated by Mahometan rebels.

July 24. In honor of the queen regent of Spain's birthday, 180 political prisoners are liberated from Havana prisons, 70 from Santa Clara, and 33 from Guanajay.—Rev. Baird succeeds the expelled missionary, Rev. George P. Knapp, at Bitlis, in Asiatic Turkey.

July 28. The Grindelwald conference begins at Berne, Switzerland.

July 31. Eight thousand and sixty-nine deaths from cholera are reported in northern Egypt.

August 1. Four thousand persons are killed by a tidal wave on the coast of Ha-chan, China.

August 2. Li Hung Chang visits London.

NECROLOGY.

July 7. A. D. F. Randolph, book publisher.——Sir John Pender, deep-sea cable magnate of England. Born 1816.

July 10. Antonio Maceo, insurgent Cuban leader. Born 1846.

July 12. Prof. Ernst Curtius, German philologist and archæologist. Born 1814.

July 16. Edmond Louis Antoine de Goncourt, French writer. Born 1822.

July 21. Joseph Wesley Harper, of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers.

July 29. Robert Garrett, ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Born 1847.

August 10. Lady Emily Tennyson, widow of the late Lord Alfred Tennyson, poet.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The C. L. S. C. Books for 1896–97.

The first book to which the members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will give their attention this year is "The Growth of the French Nation,"* the third in the "Growth of the Nation" series published by Flood & Vincent. This book is the work of George Burton Adams, professor of history in Yale University, a high authority on the subject with which he deals. He begins the story of the French people with a simple presentation of the condition of Gaul before the Roman conquest. Then follows in regular order the Roman and German conquest and the establishment of the Merovingian dynasty. From that point the author continues the account in the same masterly style through the rise and fall of the feudal system, pointing out only the most conspicuously important events which resulted in the organization of the French nation of to-day. The volume closes with a history of France since 1815 and a review summary. As a supplement to the history of our own country it is especially important, so closely related were the affairs of the two countries in the earlier centuries.

Another book which gives a deeper insight into the character of the French nationality and points out the potent influences in the development of the French nation, from the "barbaric Frankish personality" to the time when "solidarity is not only secularized but popularized," is "French Traits."† The subjects, dealing with the social, moral, intellectual, and artistic "traits" peculiar to these people, are extremely interesting to the student of racial characteristics, and they are presented in a style eminently literary. Nowhere is the contrast between America and France made more apparent than in the chapter on "New York after Paris." Throughout this collection of essays on "Comparative Criticism" there are evidences of careful study and rare discrimination in which the thoughtful reader will see a proof of the authority of the writer, gained from his several years of residence and research abroad.

That which will soonest arouse in the busy, workaday reader of to-day a permanent interest in the sciences is a book attractively written in simple language, free from the technicalities and theoretical abstrusities of the formal text-book. Such a book is "A Study of the Sky,"‡ by Prof. Herbert A. Howe, director of Chamberlin Observatory, University of Denver. We have only to read the introductory chapter, which contains an historical sketch of astronomy, to get a taste of the charm and entertainment in the style of the author as well as in the contents of the book. Practical observations are made possible during the first six months of the year by the descriptions and charts which show the position of many stars and constellations visible during those months. A visit to an astronomer's workshop is made by the reader, who will also be interested in the history of the telescope and the description of the sun, moon, meteors, planets, and asteroids. A large number of fine illustrations appropriate to the subject is an excellent and attractive feature of the book.

Written especially for the C. L. S. C. is "A Survey of Greek Civilization,"* by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, the well-known specialist in historical research and the author of several works pertaining to the different elements of Hellenic nationality. He shows clearly how the opinions concerning early Greek civilization, which were based upon Homer's literary pictures, have been revolutionized by the use of the spade and ably discusses the problems arising from the discoveries made by Schliemann at the places mentioned by Homer. The philosophers and their philosophy, art, and literature—each has an important place in the discussion, which fully shows the elements of the national culture of the Greeks. While presenting such a clear delineation of ancient Greek life, the author opens up a vast field for speculation and investigation, the wealth of which will well repay the student for the time spent in pursuing further such an interesting and prolific subject. Several full-page illustrations add much to the general appearance of the volume.

One branch of learning which we as Americans have somewhat neglected is the "study of art for art's sake," seeing in it no practical utility. We have therefore missed much enjoyment which "art alone supplies." So, for the purpose of awakening in his readers a love and appreciation of the beautiful rather than to add anything to the volumes of history on the subject, Prof. F. B. Tarbell, of the University of Chicago, has written "A History of Greek Art."† He opens his history with an introductory chapter on Egyptian and Mesopotamian art for the purpose of "making clearer by compar-

*The Growth of the French Nation. By George Burton Adams. 350 pp. $1.00.——† French Traits. By W. C. Brownell. 316 pp. $1.00.——‡ A Study of the Sky. By Herbert A. Howe, A.M., Sc.D. 340 pp. $1.00. Meadville, Penn.: Flood and Vincent.

* A Survey of Greek Civilization. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., D.C.L. (Oxon.). 334 pp. $1.00 ——† A History of Greek Art. By F. B. Tarbell 295 pp. $1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

ison and contrast the essential qualities of Greek art" and thirty pages are devoted to "Prehistoric Art," a subject about which very little was known until recently. The remainder of the book is for the most part taken up with a consideration of Greek sculpture, with a single chapter on the history of painting. Almost two hundred reproductions of sculpture, architecture, and painting make this an artistic as well as an instructive production. These five books, uniformly and substantially bound in brown cloth, stamped with appropriate artistic designs, are valuable not only as literature but also as indicating the progressive spirit pervading the broad system of education which they represent. For, excellent as have been the C. L. S. C. books in previous years, none have excelled and few have equaled the present publications in literary and artistic excellence.

Familiar Trees and Their Leaves.

During the warm days of summer when the whole world is living out of doors all nature seems eager to yield her secrets to the tireless student. Of all the beauteous things in nature none are more easily studied and few are less understood than trees and their leaves. A full appreciation of their beauty and utility is directly proportionate to the knowledge one possesses of the characteristics of the different species, of which there is an almost endless variety. But F. Schuyler Mathews, the author of "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves,"* thinks one might easily become acquainted with about two hundred trees and then he would have "a serviceable introduction to the life of the woods" and his enjoyment of the forest would be much enhanced. In a volume of convenient size he has carefully described over two hundred trees and their leaves in clear, lucid statements, particularly attractive and entertaining to the general reader because comparatively free from perplexing technicals to which the average reader objects. The species described may be easily identified by the numerous dainty illustrations—sketches made by the author from nature—which make a volume not only interesting and useful to the student of nature but pleasing to those who have a taste for the artistic in the bookmaker's art.

Briseis.

"Away up on the heights of Scoulter Hill, overlooking the wide and wooded valley of the Dee," is the place where William Black introduces Briseis Valieri,† a Greek girl—an orphan—possessing a subtle attractiveness which charms every one. It is here too that she meets only a moment Sir Francis Gordon, of Grantly, who for a time passes out of her life. The uncle of Briseis, John Elliott, a nature enthusiast whom she accompanies on his botanical expeditions, dies, soon after this meeting, of a fever which might not have proved fatal but for a joke—"a contemptible trick" which some mischievous boys perpetrated. Briseis, left with little money and no home, goes to London to live with an aunt, Mrs. Elliott, and several cousins who so impose on her good nature that her position in the family soon becomes little better than that of a servant. While living in London she again meets Sir Francis Gordon but not until he has plighted his troth to Miss Georgie Lestrange, one type of the new woman, who lacks the maidenly reserve and *naïveté* which characterize Briseis. During Miss Georgie's absence in America, where she is attending a sick brother, Sir Francis finds much pleasure in the society of the young ladies of Mrs. Elliott's household and suddenly awakes to the fact that only one of them has any attraction for him and that his "word is given one way and his heart turned another," a not unusual complication in a novel, but one from which is successfully worked out a happy *dénouement*. It is a pleasing story, not alone for the plot into which a variety of interesting characters and odd situations are introduced but also for the vividness of the delineations by which the author makes an attractive picture of the sport to be had by angling in the waters of the Dee and the Skean and of the excitement of deer-stalking in the picturesque region of the Grampian Hills. The illustrator too has shown himself to be an adept in his art by the full-page illustrations which help to make the scenes depicted more realistic.

Other Fiction.

The friends of Mary E. Wilkins may still delight in her originality—originality in plot, characters, and in descriptions; for in "Madelon"* she fully sustains the reputation she has acquired for inventive literary genius. The heroine, Madelon, is of French-Indian descent, and her swarthy complexion, her revengeful cunning, remind one of the wild man of the forest. One of the strongest characters is Lot Gordon, but every time he acts his part in the play the reader has an uncomfortable sense of his uncanniness and at once wishes for his disappearance, even as did Madelon, to whom his worshipful affection was most repulsive. But a knowledge of that fact did not prevent him from committing suicide to shield her and one whom she loved from retributive justice which their fellow-citizens were ready to mete out to them. If Lot is the strongest personage of the story the other important characters are more attractive and

* Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. Described and Illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. 330 pp. $1.75. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Briseis. A Novel. By William Black. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. 406 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Madelon. A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins. 376 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

they display unexpected qualities on various occasions. Altogether it is an interesting and excellent story, worthy of study.

After reading a few pages of "Tom Grogan"* surprise is the predominant emotion, for we discover that Tom is not a man but a woman doing the work of a stevedore. She is a remarkable character, combining the tenderness of woman with the masculinity of the opposite sex. The recital of the efforts made by the members of the trades union to compel Tom to join them shows in a very pointed way the general tendency of these organizations and the evils resulting from a strike. It is an excellent story, well written, and admirably illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart.

A perfectly delightful story† and one conveying sweet lessons which all should learn is the work of Clara Louise Burnham. An acquaintance with the one Wise Woman of the story—a woman endowed with unbounded common sense, tact, and sagacity—makes one feel that though money is a desirable thing to have, wealth and nobility of character are after all far more important. The story has its strong and its weak characters and is most excellent in its high moral tone.

The very appropriate name of a pleasing, wholesome story is "The Heart of a Mystery."‡ The death of a bank cashier, the robbery of the bank, the circumstantial evidence which almost convicts an innocent man of murder, and the parentage of a lovable young woman are the secrets which give a mysterious tone to this entertaining novel. The many personages necessary to the development of the plot, which is rather unique, are generally consistent in their conduct and represent a variety of human characteristics.

Henry James is the author of a collection of unique stories called "Embarrassments."‖ In each of the stories—"The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," "The Way It Came"—the author has artfully analyzed human motives and emotions with a style as charming as it is original and lucid.

"Maggie"§ is the title of a vivid portrayal of a certain phase of life in New York. Maggie is the daughter of inebriate parents and the sister of a dissipated brother, but her conduct, very displeasing to these friends, disgraces the family and causes a brawl between her brother and lover in a barroom.

"Where the Atlantic Meets the Land"* is a collection of tales the scene of which is Ireland. The stories, all interesting and well told, reflect the grandeur and danger of the sea and the picturesque beauty of the bold rocky coast. Tragedy with very little comedy characterizes the stories, which depict several phases of life among the Irish.

A collection of tales in English dialect is called "In Homespun."† Though a similarity in style renders them rather monotonous they are not altogether without merit.

The Annual Cyclopædia.

A recent volume of "Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia"‡ registers the important events of 1895, and fully maintains the standard of excellency for which this series of publications is noted. Among the subjects of international interest and importance treated in the present volume is that of the Monroe Doctrine and its application to the Venezuela boundary question, which is discussed in a lengthy article on "Venezuela." Fourteen pages are devoted to a detailed account of the National Guard in each state and territory of the Union, the article being amply illustrated with portraits of some of the leading officers of the Guard. An explanation of the currency and bond questions, lotteries, copyright, the Nicaragua Canal, and many other subjects of national interest is embodied in the article on the Congress of the United States, while the "Financial Review of 1895" is a summary of causes and effects of happenings in monetary centers. A description of the international exhibition held in Atlanta, Ga., is illustrated with a map and several excellent views of different portions of the grounds and the largest buildings. Among other articles prepared especially for this work by contributors of recognized ability are those on "Football," "Irish-American Alliance," "Search Light," "Polish Alliance," "Sloyd," "West Africa," and "Oleomargarine." Commerce, literature, science, agriculture, manufacturing, and ecclesiastical affairs also receive a requisite amount of attention. The large number of biographical sketches and portraits of eminent men at home and abroad, who have died during the year, forms a notable feature of the present volume. Throughout the book are numerous full-page illustrations, besides a large number of small ones in the text. A complete index to the twenty volumes composing this series closes the book, which embodies a concise, though very complete summary of current history for 1895.

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*Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by Charles S. Reinhart. 247 pp. $1.50. —— †The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. 430 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡The Heart of a Mystery. By T. W. Speight. 331 pp. $1.25. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

‖Embarrassments. By Henry James. 320 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

§Maggie, a Girl of the Street. By Stephen Crane. 158 pp. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Where the Atlantic Meets the Land. By Caldwell Lipsett 268 pp. $1.00. —— †In Homespun. By Edith Nesbit. 189 pp. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.

‡Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1895. New Series, Vol. XX. 866 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Religious.

The many eager students of the Bible will welcome the practical methods of study suggested by the superintendent of the Chicago Bible Institute in a volume called "How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit."* He gives half a dozen excellent plans, any one of which, if carefully followed, must yield beneficial results. "Fundamental Conditions of Profitable Bible Study" is the subject of the second part of this little volume, which is full of helpful suggestions.

From material gathered from the educational department of the Student Volunteer movement, the Rev. James Edward Adams has edited a small volume especially for busy pastors.† It contains many practical ideas on plans for obtaining a missionary library, themes for missionary sermons, and suggestions on conducting meetings and classes, with an extended list of literature, maps, and charts pertaining to this branch of Christian work.

Packed full of precious thoughts for laymen as well as ministers is a volume of thirteen addresses by Prebendary Webb-Peploe.‡ They were originally addressed to the Northfield Bible Conference, and written in a plain cursive style, they treat of such subjects as faith, unbelief, "True Devotion," "The Curse of Compromise," "Fellowship with Jesus," "The Rest of God," "The Peace of Christ," and "Deliverance and Service." The book is neatly bound in cloth and will be a valuable addition to any library.

A volume containing college lectures, sermons, and addresses to Sunday-school teachers, preachers, and friends, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has for its subject "The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Savior."‖ In his inimitable forceful style he has presented many ideas which will be very suggestive to the thoughtful Christian minister in his efforts to win souls to Christ.

"In "The Student's Life of Jesus"§ the main facts connected with the life of Christ are clearly and tersely presented. The author first examines critically the historic value of the four gospels and then proceeds, by comparing the four different records, to give a detailed account of the life of Christ without discussing at length any of his teachings. It is a work peculiarly suited to the needs of students.

Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities.

Pertinent to the serious problem which now confronts not only every government of Europe but also the United States are the contents of an extended work on "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities,"* by the Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss. The object of the book as stated in the preface "is not merely to set forth the situation in Turkey as it is to-day but to trace the influences that have produced it." This object the author has accomplished by considering the geographical situation and physical features of the country, the habits, customs, and religious beliefs of the people, and the relation of the Turkish Empire to the other nations of Europe. In all the delineations temperate, unimpassioned language is used, which cannot but convince the reader of the truth of the facts which he has presented. That it is the duty of every Christian nation to aid the Armenians and compel a discontinuance of the pillaging, persecutions, and massacres cannot be doubted after reading the arguments of this author. A large number of excellent illustrations increases the value of the book, which is printed in large, clear type and neatly bound in cloth.

Frederick Davis Greene, M.A., also considers a phase of the eastern question, which is proving such a troublesome one to solve, in a small volume† the first chapter of which tells of the massacre at Sassun in 1894. The horrors depicted by the letters it contains from people living in cities not far from the scenes of these atrocious deeds are in themselves enough to arouse every Christian nation from its lethargy. The work contains valuable information concerning the country, the people, and the methods of government, which the author has obtained by observation in the country of which he writes. He also discusses the results of the Berlin treaty, the connection of Islam with the great question, and gives a short history of the Armenians and shows the influence of Americans in Turkey. It is a timely and valuable work, bringing vividly before the public the appalling situation in the far East, and its influence must be to arouse public sentiment in the interests of afflicted humanity everywhere, and especially the long-suffering people of down-trodden Armenia.

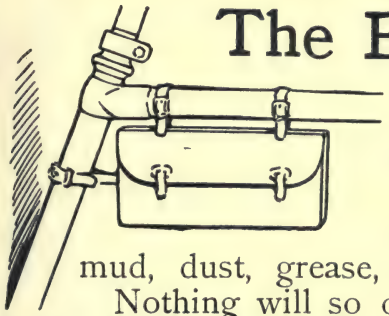
For additional information of a literary character and educational announcements see pages 353 to 384 of the July issue.

* How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. By R. A. Torrey. 121 pp. 50 cts.——† The Missionary Pastor. By Rev. James Edward Adams. With charts prepared by Robert J. Kellogg. 171 pp. 75 cts.——‡ The Life of Privilege: Possession, Peace, and Power. By the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe. Introduction by D. L. Moody. Edited by Delavan L. Pierson. 202 pp. $1.00. ——‖ The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Savior. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 318 pp. $1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

§ The Student's Life of Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. 423 pp. Chicago: Press of Chicago Theological Seminary.

* Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities. By the Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss. With an Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. 574 pp. $1.50. Philadelphia: Hubbard Publishing Co.

† The Rule of the Turk. A Revised and Enlarged Edition of "The Armenian Crisis." By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A. Fully Illustrated. 211 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



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CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE FRENCH-GREEK YEAR, 1896–7.

The new C. L. S. C. year which opens October 1st brings with it a new class—the Class of 1900, the last class to graduate in the 19th century. The class has already received large accessions to its membership from many parts of the country and starts upon its four years' course under most favorable auspices. There are many advantages in beginning the C. L. S. C. course with the French–Greek year, since the student is enabled to trace in his four years' course the natural development of history from Greece, through Rome and France and Germany to England and America.

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The course for '96–7 includes the following books, and a form of application for membership will be found on one of the following pages of this magazine:

THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH NATION (illustrated). By George B. Adams, Professor of History, Yale University. 350 pages. $1.00

FRENCH TRAITS. By W. C. Brownell, of Scribners', New York. 316 pages. 1.00

A STUDY OF THE SKY (illustrated). By Herbert A. Howe, Professor of Astronomy, University of Denver. 340 pages. 1.00

A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION (illustrated). By J. P. Mahaffy, Professor of Ancient History, University of Dublin, Ireland. 340 pages. 1.00

A HISTORY OF GREEK ART (200 illustrations). F. B. Tarbell, Professor of Archæology, University of Chicago. 295 pages. 1.00

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, a monthly illustrated magazine (Volume XXIV. begins with the number for October, 1896), one year, 12 numbers. 2.00

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THE C. L. S. C. CLASS OF 1900.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS.

Every reader of the Chautauqua course who wants to do good work and to get the best results out of his four years' training should be an enrolled member of the circle. The advantages are manifold. He pursues his course with a definite end in view, that of carrying through the four years' work and giving the plan a fair test. Then again he receives the membership book, which gives him a set of review questions by means of which he can test his attainments and also furnishes him with lists of helpful supplementary books designed to further illuminate the required work. He has also the pleasure of class fellowship, and as most Chautauqua readers expect at one time or another to visit Chautauqua or some one of the other assemblies, his class membership proves a source of the greatest pleasure. The graduates of the C. L. S. C. are already a great host and many men and women famous in the world of letters and of active life to-day are members of the various C. L. S. C. classes.

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NOTE.—This blank is only for new members joining the Class of 1900.

Give your name in full. [In future correspondence with this office be careful to sign your name as here given.]

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With what religious denomination connected? .....

Are you a graduate of a High School or College? If so, what one?

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THE CHAUTAUQUA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

This department of the Chautauqua System, which is distinct from the Reading Circle, offers the advantages of professorial guidance and instruction to individual students at home. The work is conducted by personal letters, printed instruction sheets, and various helps from the instructors, and requires written recitations upon all the lessons on the part of the student. It is not claimed that the correspondence method of instruction should be sought in preference to the established schools, but by this method Chautauqua is able to bring to students at home opportunities that would otherwise be beyond their reach. The method of study is absolutely thorough, each student by the very nature of the correspondence system being compelled to recite the whole of every lesson without skipping or dodging questions. The work is carefully criticised by the instructor and returned to the student for further review and study. The very practice of writing answers to the questions insures an accuracy of knowledge and brevity and exactness in statement which are most valuable.

The work of the College is divided into courses each of which is calculated to require about ten hours' study a week of each student who has not been over the same or similar ground. Students may select special courses in which they are especially interested or they may take a regular curriculum leading to one of the ordinary college degrees.

The courses as at present arranged include the Latin language and literature, Roman Law and Law Latin, the Greek language and literature, Sanskrit, the German language and literature, the French language and literature, the Spanish and Italian languages and literature, the English language and literature, Mathematics and Astronomy, Psychology and Physiology, Political Economy and Finance, History, Biology, Physics and Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy.

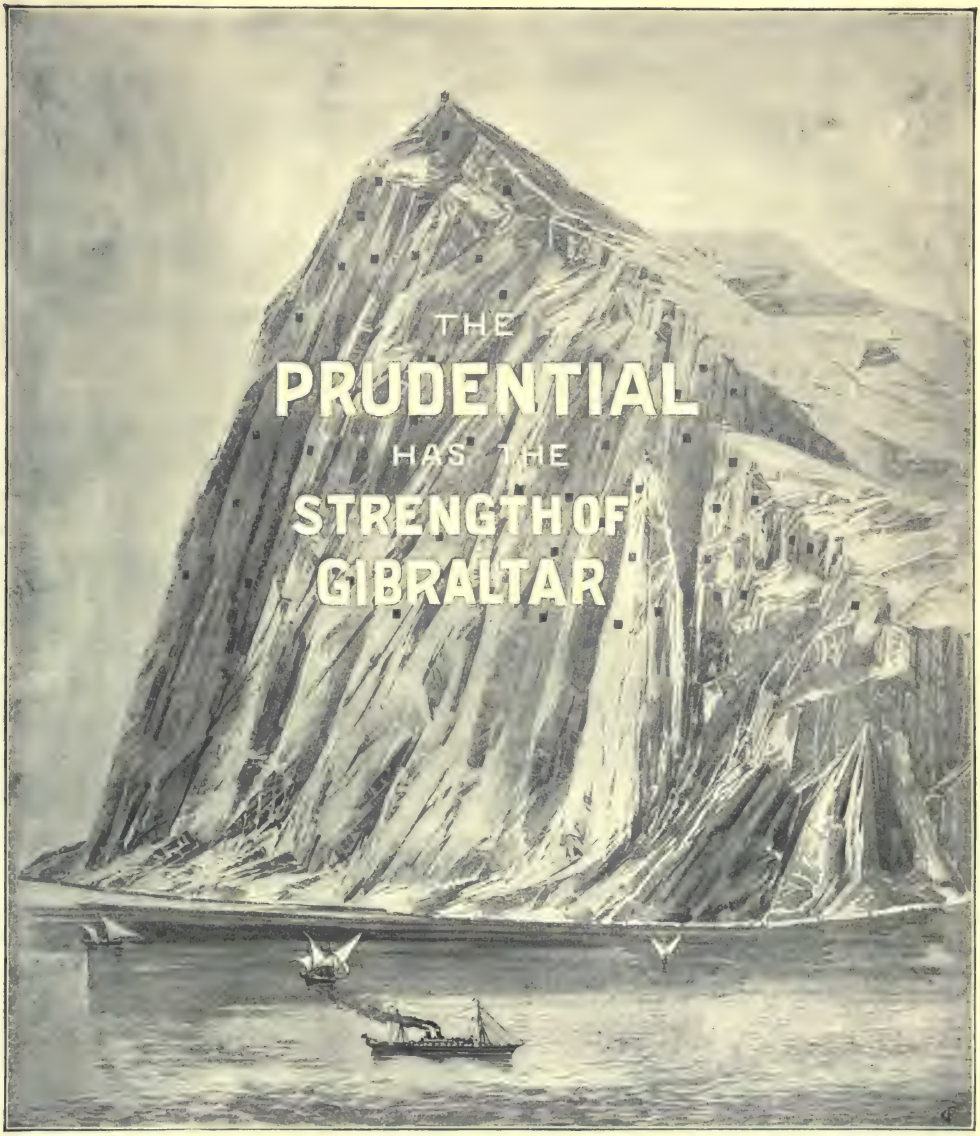
In connection with the College, preparatory courses are offered for those who are not sufficiently prepared to undertake college courses advantageously. These include high school or academy Latin, Greek, German, French, English, Mathematics, and Physical Science. The faculty is made up of instructors in leading American colleges and universities including Yale, Northwestern University, Vassar College, University of Chicago, Ohio University, University of Wisconsin, Syracuse University, Wesleyan University, and Hamline University. The courses offered in Chautauqua College are on a par with those offered in the institutions where the faculty give resident courses.

The courses in German are conducted by Prof. Henry Cohn, of Northwestern University, and include both preparatory and college work. The courses are planned logically from the literary and historic standpoint. The advanced courses are conducted entirely in the German language, no English being used. A special course has been arranged for Germans who wish to study the elements of the English language.

The School of English, conducted by William D. McClintock and Porter Lander McClintock, of Chicago, offers a very attractive list of courses. Any one who has a fair command of common school English or who can make himself understood in writing can take up preparatory work in this department. Advanced courses include Anglo-Saxon, Old English, and a study of the masterpieces of different epochs. A special course in Shakespeare may be taken independent of the regular work of the school.

In the department of Mathematics Prof. William Hoover, of the Ohio University, offers preparatory courses including arithmetic, algebra, and plane geometry, and college courses which are equivalent to those offered in the best residence colleges. Special advanced courses are offered in such subjects as Analytical Mechanics, Mathematical Astronomy, and Mathematical Theory of Heat. All the courses of this department are valuable not only for their own sake but as leading to a better appreciation and ability to grasp the exact sciences.

For full information regarding the various courses in Chautauqua College or the methods of work address John H. Daniels, Executive Secretary, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Always enclose stamp.



Assets,	=	=	=	**$15,780,000**
Income,	=	=	-	**12,500,000**
Surplus,	=	-	=	**3,300,000**

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Carntown, Ky., May 25, 1896.

It is far easier for me to feel the benefits than to point out the faults of your system—if there are any. It may be considered unjust to compare this system with resident institutions but I will say that I spent a year in the State College and judging by what I did there I have derived as much this way, according to the ground I have covered, as if I had been there. Of course I have missed the associations, societies, etc., of a college which I think are of considerable advantage and I have spoken of Chautauqua merely as far as it goes—the discipline of the mental powers. I think that the disadvantages of your system are as few as could be expected and I desire to thank you for the prompt attention which you have given all my communications.

Hurley, S. Dak., May 27, 1896.

I like your system of instruction very much; it is a great help to the person who is trying to secure an education and has not the means to attend a college, or is so situated that he cannot leave home. I am getting along nicely with my studies in arithmetic, only not quite as fast as I would like. My time during the day is wholly taken up by my business. I only have a short time in the evening after I close up my store to give to my studies. I have learned at least twice as much under your instruction as I could have learned by plodding along by myself. Wishing your school a well merited success and a large enrollment of students,

I am

Monterey, Mass., June 2, '96.

I heartily endorse the methods and think it a splendid movement, especially for those who have been deprived of a higher education and have the perseverance necessary to study without the stimulus of the classroom and personal supervision of an instructor. The course I selected was the Preparatory English under Prof. W. D. McClintock and I have found it very interesting, especially Ward's *English Poets* and Beer's *English Literature*. I have been studying alone, a fact which I very much regret, for I think that where two or more study together much more might be gained and more enthusiasm exist than by individual study.

Topeka, Kans., May 30, 1896.

I can offer nothing in the way of counsel, as I consider the system now used in the college perfect. Owing to sickness I only went through the first half of the preparatory course in Mathematics and have since been unable to take up the regular work. In the time previous to my illness I covered more ground than is usually covered on one study in school, or about what would be done in review. I was much benefited and think it one of the best investments I have ever made.

Xenia, Ohio, June 2, '96.

I enjoyed my work this winter more than I can describe. It answers my desires exactly as I cannot leave my school work to secure an education at college. I have learned a great many things which I knew very little about before and have been very much strengthened mentally. I feel the disadvantages were with myself and not with the system. I might have accomplished more if I had had the time to spend.

Nashville, Tenn., June 29, 1896.

In regard to inquiries about the Chautauqua system of teaching I may sincerely say that I see no improvements which could be made upon the present methods. The particular benefit to be derived from study by correspondence is, I think, the absolute accuracy of expression which one requires, as answers to questions must be exact. The writing also helps to impress the lessons upon the mind.

New York City, June 3, 1896.

I have found the professors willing and painstaking, and although I know personal contact would add very materially to the benefits, yet where this is impossible I believe that large permanent results can be derived from the system of work.

For full information regarding Chautauqua College and a copy of the Calendar address John H. Daniels, Executive Secretary, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Always enclose stamp.